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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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WE GIRLS: A HOME STORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE STORY BEGINS.

IT begins right in the middle; but a story must begin somewhere.

The town is down below the hill.

It lies in the hollow, and stretches on till it runs against another hill, over opposite; up which it goes a little way before it can stop itself, just as it does on this side.

It is no matter for the name of the town. It is a good, large country town, — in fact, it has some time since come under city regulations, — thinking sufficiently well of itself, and, for that which it lacks, only twenty miles from the metropolis.

Up our hill straggle the more ambitious houses, that have shaken off the dust from their feet, or their foundations, and surrounded themselves with green grass, and are shaded with trees and are called "places." There are the Marchbanks places, and the "Haddens," and the old Pennington place. At these houses they dine at five o'clock, when the great city bankers and merchants come home in the afternoon train; down in the town, where people keep shops, or doctors' or lawyers' offices, or manage the Bank, and where the manufactories are, they eat at one, and have long afternoons; and the schools keep twice a day.

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We lived in the town — that is, Mr. and Mrs. Holabird did, and their children, for such length of the time as their ages allowed — for nineteen years; and then we moved to Westover, and this story began.

They called it "Westover," more or less, years and years before; when there were no houses up the hill at all; only farm lands and pastures, and a turnpike road running straight up one side and down the other, in the sun. When anybody had need to climb over the crown, to get to the fields on this side, they called it "going west over"; and so came the name.

We always thought it was a pretty, sunsetty name; but it is n't considered quite so fine to have a house here as to have it below the brow. When you get up sufficiently high, in any sense, you begin to go down again. Or is it that people can't be distinctively genteel, if they get so far away from the common as no longer to well overlook it?

Grandfather Holabird — old Mr. Rufus, — I don't say whether he was my grandfather or not, for it does n't matter which Holabird tells this story, or whether it is a Holabird at all — bought land here ever so many years ago, and built a large, plain, roomy house; and here the boys grew up, — Roderick and Rufus and Stephen and John.

Roderick went into the manufactory with his father, — who had himself come up from being a workman to being owner, — and learned the business, and made money, and married a Miss Bragdowne from C——, and lived on at home. Rufus married and went away, and died when he was yet a young man. His wife went home to her family, and there were no little children. John lives in New York, and has two sons and three daughters.

There are of us — Stephen Holabird's family — just six. Stephen and his wife, Rosamond and Barbara and little Stephen and Ruth. Ruth is Mrs. Holabird's niece, and Mr. Holabird's second cousin; for two cousins married two sisters. She came here when she had neither father nor mother left. They thought it queer up at the other house; because "Stephen had never managed to have any too much for his own"; but of course, being the wife's niece, they never thought of interfering, on the mere claim of the common cousinship.

Ruth Holabird is a quiet little body, but she has her own particular ways too.

There is one thing different in our house from most others. We are all known by our straight names. I say *known;* because we do have little pet ways of calling, among ourselves, — sometimes one way and sometimes another; but we don't let these get out of doors much. Mr. Holabird does n't like it. So though up stairs, over our sewing, or our bed-making, or our dressing, we shorten or sweeten, or make a little fun, — though Rose of the world gets translated, if she looks or behaves rather specially nice, or stays at the glass trying to do the first, — or Barbara gets only "Barb" when she is sharper than common, or Stephen is "Steve" when he 's a dear, and "Stiff" when he 's obstinate, — we always *introduce* "my daughter Rosamond," or "my sister Barbara," or, — but Ruth of course never gets nicknamed, because nothing could be easier or pleasanter than just "Ruth," —

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and Stephen is plain strong Stephen, because he is a boy and is expected to be a man some time. Nobody writes to us, or speaks of us, except as we were christened. This is only rather a pity for Rosamond. Rose Holabird is such a pretty name. "But it will keep," her mother tells her. "She would n't want to be everybody's Rose."

Our moving to Westover was a great time.

That was because we had to move the house; which is what everybody does not do who moves into a house by any means.

We were very much astonished when Grandfather Holabird came in and told us, one morning, of his having bought it, — the empty Beaman house, that nobody had lived in for five years. The Haddens had bought the land for somebody in their family who wanted to come out and build, and so the old house was to be sold and moved away; and nobody but old Mr. Holabird owned land near enough to put it upon. For it was large and solid-built, and could not be taken far.

We were a great deal more astonished when he came in again, another day, and proposed that we should go and live in it.

We were all a good deal afraid of Grandfather Holabird. He had very strict ideas of what people ought to do about money. Or rather, of what they ought to do *without* it, when they did n't happen to have any.

Mrs. Stephen pulled down the green blinds when she saw him coming that day, — him and his cane. Barbara said she did n't exactly know which it was she dreaded; she thought she could bear the cane without him, or even him without the cane; but both together were "*scaremendous;* they did put down so."

Mrs. Holabird pulled down the blinds, because he would be sure to notice the new carpet the first thing; it was a cheap ingrain, and the old one had been all holes, so that Barbara had proposed putting up a board at the door, — "Private way; dangerous passing." And we had all made over our three winters' old cloaks this year, for the sake of it: and we had n't got the carpet then till the winter was half over. But we could n't tell all this to Grandfather Holabird. There was never time for the whole of it. And he knew that Mr. Stephen was troubled just now for his rent and taxes. For Stephen Holabird was the one in this family who could n't make, or could n't manage, money. There is always one. I don't know but it is usually the best one of all, in other ways.

Stephen Holabird is a good man, kind and true; loving to live a gentle, thoughtful life, in his home and among his books; not made for the din and scramble of business.

He never looks to his father; his father does not believe in allowing his sons to look to him; so in the terrible time of '57, when the loss and the worry came, he had to struggle as long as he could, and then go down with the rest, paying sixty cents on the dollar of all his debts, and beginning again, to try and earn the forty, and to feed and clothe his family meanwhile.

Grandfather Holabird sent us down all our milk, and once a week, when

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he bought his Sunday dinner, he would order a turkey for us. In the summer, we had all the vegetables we wanted from his garden, and at Thanksgiving a barrel of cranberries from his meadow. But these obliged us to buy an extra half-barrel of sugar. For all these things we made separate small change of thanks, each time, and were all the more afraid of his noticing our new gowns or carpets.

"When you have n't any money, don't buy anything," was his stern precept.

"When you 're in the Black Hole, don't breathe," Barbara would say, after he was gone.

But then we thought a good deal of Grandfather Holabird, for all. That day, when he came in and astonished us so, we were all as busy and as cosey as we could be.

Mrs. Holabird was making a rug of the piece of the new carpet that had been cut out for the hearth, bordering it with a strip of shag. Rosamond was inventing a feather for her hat out of the best of an old black-cock plume, and some bits of beautiful downy white ones with smooth tips, that she brought forth out of a box.

"What are they, Rose? And where did you get them?" Ruth asked, wondering.

"They were dropped, — and I picked them up," Rosamond answered, mysteriously. "The owner never missed them."

"Why, Rosamond!" cried Stephen, looking up from his Latin grammar.

"Did!" persisted Rosamond. "And would again. I 'm sure I wanted 'em most. Hens lay themselves out on their underclothing, don't they?" she went on, quietly, putting the white against the black, and admiring the effect. "They don't dress much outside."

"O, hens! What did you make us think it was people for?"

"Don't you ever let anybody know it was hens! Never cackle about contrivances. Things must n't be contrived; they must happen. Woman and her accidents, — mine are usually catastrophes."

Rosamond was so busy fastening in the plume, and giving it the right set-up, that she talked a little delirium of nonsense.

Barbara flung down a magazine, — some old number.

"Just as they were putting the very tassel on to the cap of the climax, the page is torn out! What do you want, little cat?" she went on to her pussy, that had tumbled out of her lap as she got up, and was stretching and mewing. "Want to go out doors and play, little cat? Well, you can. There 's plenty of room out of doors for two little cats!" And going to the door with her, she met grandfather and the cane coming in.

There was time enough for Mrs. Holabird to pull down the blinds, and for Ruth to take a long, thinking look out from under hers, through the sash of window left unshaded; for old Mr. Holabird and his cane were slow; the more awful for that.

Ruth thought to herself, "Yes; there is plenty of room out of doors; and yet people crowd so! I wonder why we can't live bigger!"

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Mrs. Holabird's thinking was something like it.

"Five hundred dollars to worry about, for what is set down upon a few square yards of 'out of doors.' And inside of that, a great contriving and going without, to put something warm underfoot over the sixteen square feet that we live on most!"

She had almost a mind to pull up the blinds again; it was such a very little matter, the bit of new carpet, after all.

"How do I know what they were thinking?" Never mind. People do know, or else how do they ever tell stories? We know lots of things that we *don't* tell all the time. We don't stop to think whether we know them or not; but they are underneath the things we feel, and the things we do.

Grandfather came in, and said over the same old stereotypes. He had a way of saying them, so that we knew just what was coming, sentence after sentence. It was a kind of family psalter. What it all meant was, "I 've looked in to see you, and how you are getting along. I do think of you once in a while." And our worn-out responses were, "It 's very good of you, and we 're much obliged to you, as far as it goes."

It was only just as he got up to leave that he said the real thing. When there was one, he always kept it to the last.

"Your lease is up here in May, is n't it, Mrs. Stephen?"

"Yes, sir."

"I 'm going to move over that Beaman house next month, as soon as the ground settles. I thought it might suit you, perhaps, to come and live in it. It would be handier about a good many things than it is now. Ste-

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phen might do something to his piece, in a way of small farming. I 'd let him have the rent for three years. You can talk it over."

He turned round and walked right out. Nobody thanked him or said a word. We were too much surprised.

Mother spoke first; after we had hushed up Stephen, who shouted.

I shall call her "mother," now; for it always seems as if that were a woman's real name among her children. Mr. Holabird was apt to call her so himself. She did not altogether like it, always, from him. She asked him once if "Emily" were dead and buried. She had tried to keep her name herself, she said; that was the reason she had not given it to either of her daughters. It was a good thing to leave to a grandchild; but she could not do without it as long as she lived.

"We could keep a cow!" said mother.

"We could have a pony!" cried Stephen, utterly disregarded.

"What does he want to move it quite over for?" asked Rosamond. "His land begins this side."

"Rosamond wants so to get among the Hill people! Pray, why can't we have a colony of our own?" said Barbara, sharply and proudly.

"I should think it would be less trouble," said Rosamond, quietly, in continuation of her own remark; holding up, as she spoke, her finished hat upon her hand. Rosamond aimed at being truly elegant. She would never discuss, directly, any questions of our position, or our limitations.

"Does that look —"

"Holabirdy?" put in Barbara. "No. Not a bit. Things that you do never do."

Rosamond felt herself flush up. Alice Marchbanks had said once, of something that we wore, which was praised as pretty, that it "might be, but it was Holabirdy." Rosamond found it hard to forget that.

"I beg your pardon, Rose. It 's just as pretty as it can be; and I don't mean to tease you," said Barbara, quickly. "But *I do* mean to be proud of being Holabirdy, just as long as there 's a piece of the name left."

"I wish we had n't bought the new carpet now," said mother. "And what *shall* we do about all those other great rooms? It will take ready money to move. I 'm afraid we shall have to cut it off somewhere else for a while. What if it should be the music, Ruth?"

That did go to Ruth's heart. She tried so hard to be willing that she did not speak at first.

"'Open and shet is a sign of more wet!'" cried Barbara. "I don't believe there ever was a family that had so *much* opening and shetting! We just get a little squeak out of a crack, and it goes together again and snips our noses!"

"What *is* a 'squeak' out of a crack?" said Rosamond, laughing. "A mouse pinched in it, I should think."

"Exactly," replied Barbara. "The most expressive words are fricasses, — heads and tails dished up together. Can't you see the philology of it? 'Squint' and 'peek.' Worcester can't put down everything. He leaves

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something to human ingenuity. The language is n't all made, — or used, — yet!"

Barbara had a way of putting heads and tails together, in defiance — in aid, as she maintained — of the dictionaries.

"O, I can practise," Ruth said, cheerily. "It will be so bright out there, and the mornings will be so early!"

"That's just what they won't be, particularly," said Barbara, "seeing we're going 'west over.'"

"Well, then, the afternoons will be long. It is all the same," said Ruth. That was the best she could do.

"Mother," said Rosamond, "I've been thinking. Get grandfather to have some of the floors stained. I think rugs, and English druggets, put down with brass-headed nails, in the middle, are delightful. Especially for a country house."

"It seems, then, we *are* going?"

Nobody had even raised a question of that.

Nobody raised a question when Mr. Holabird came in. He himself raised none. He sat and listened to all the propositions and corollaries, quite as one does go through the form of demonstration of a geometrical fact patent at first glance.

"We can have a cow," mother repeated.

"Or a dog, at any rate," put in Stephen, who found it hard to get a hearing.

"You can have a garden, father," said Barbara. "It's to be near to the parcel of ground that Rufus gave to his son Stephen."

"I don't like to have you quote Scripture so," said father, gravely.

"I don't," said Barbara. "It quoted itself. And it is n't there either. I don't know of a Rufus in all sacred history. And there are n't many in profane."

"Somebody was the 'father of Alexander and Rufus'; and there's a Rufus 'saluted' at the end of an epistle."

"Ruth is sure to catch one, if one's out in Scripture. But that is n't history; that's mere mention."

"We can ask the girls to come 'over' now, instead of 'down,'" suggested Rosamond, complacently.

Barbara smiled.

"And we can tell *the girl* to come 'over,' instead of 'up,' when she's to fetch us home from a tea-drinking. That will be one of the 'handy' things."

"Girl! we shall have a man, if we have a garden." This was between the two.

"Mayhap," said Barbara. "And perlikely a wheelbarrow."

"We shall all have to remember that it will only be living there instead of here," said father, cautiously, putting up an umbrella under the rain of suggestion.

The umbrella settled the question of the weather, however. There was

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no doubt about it after that. Mother calculated measurements, and it was found out, between her and the girls, that the six muslin curtains in our double town parlor would be lovely for the six windows in the square Beaman best room. Also that the parlor carpet would make over, and leave pieces for rugs for some of our delightful stained floors. The little tables, and the two or three brackets, and the few pictures, and other art-ornaments, that only "strinkled," Barbara said, in two rooms, would be charmingly "crowsy" in one. And up stairs there would be such nice space for cushioning and flouncing, and making upholstery out of nothing, that you could n't do here, because in these spyglass houses the sleeping-rooms were all bedstead, and fireplace, and closet doors.

They were left to their uninterrupted feminine speculations, for Mr. Holabird had put on his hat and coat again, and gone off west over to see his father; and Stephen had "piled" out into the kitchen, to communicate his delight to Winifred, with whom he was on terms of a kind of odd-glove intimacy, neither of them having in the house any precisely matched companionship.

This ought to have been foreseen, and an embargo put on; for it led to trouble. By the time the green holland shades were apportioned to their new places, and an approximate estimate reached of the whole number of windows to be provided, Winny had made up her gregarious mind that she could not give up her town connection, and go out to live in "sûch a fersaakunness"; and as any remainder of time is to Irish valuation like the broken change of a dollar, when the whole can no longer be counted on, she gave us warning next morning at breakfast that she "must jûst be lukkin out fer a plaashe."

"But," said mother, in her most conciliatory way, "it must be two or three months, Winny, before we move, if we do go; and I should be glad to have you stay and help us through."

"Ah, sure, I 'd do annything to hilp yiz through; an' I 'm sure, I taks an intheresht in yiz ahl, down to the little cat hersel'; an' indeed I niver tuk an intheresht in anny little cat but that little cat; but I could n't go live where it wud be so loahnsome, an' I can't be out oo a plaashe, ye see."

It was no use talking; it was only transposing sentences; she "tuk a graat intheresht in us, an' sure she 'd do annything to hilp us, but she mûst jûst be lukkin out fer hersel'." And that very day she had the kitchen scrubbed up at a most unwonted hour, and her best bonnet on, — a rim of flowers and lace, with a wide expanse of ungarnished head between it and the chignon it was supposed to accommodate, — and took her "afternoon out" to search for some new situation, where people were subject neither to sickness nor removals nor company nor children nor much of anything; and where, under these circumstances, and especially if there were "set tubs, and hot and cold water," she would probably remain just about as long as her "intheresht" would *not* allow of her continuing with us.

A kitchen exodus is like other small natural commotions, — sure to happen when anything greater does. When the sun crosses the line we have a gale down below.

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"*Now* what shall we do?" asked Mrs. Holabird, forlornly, coming back into the sitting-room out of that vacancy in the farther apartments which spreads itself in such a still desertedness of feeling all through the house.

"Just what we 've done before, motherums!" said Barbara, more bravely than she felt. "The next one is somewhere. Like Tupper's 'wife of thy youth,' she must be 'now living upon the earth.' In fact, I don't doubt there 's a long line of them yet, threaded in and out among the rest of humanity, all with faces set by fate toward our back door. There 's always a coming woman, in that direction at least."

"I would as lief come across the staying one," said Mrs. Holabird, with meekness.

It cooled down our enthusiasm. Stephen, especially, was very much quenched.

The next one was not only somewhere, but everywhere, it seemed, and nowhere. "Everything by turns and nothing long," Barbara wrote up over the kitchen chimney with the baker's chalk. We had five girls between that time and our moving to Westover; and we had to move without a girl at last; only getting a woman in to do days' work. But I have not come to the family-moving yet.

The house-moving was the pretty part. Every pleasant afternoon, while the building was upon the rollers, we walked over, and went up into all the rooms, and looked out of every window, noting what new pictures they gave as the position changed from day to day; how now this tree and now that shaded them: how we gradually came to see by the end of the Haddens' barn, and at last across it, — for the slope, though gradual, was long, — and how the sunset came in more and more, as we squared toward the west; and there was always a thrill of excitement when we felt under us, as we did again and again, the onward momentary surge of the timbers, as the workmen brought all rightly to bear, and the great team of oxen started up. Stephen called these earthquakes.

We found places, day by day, where it would be nice to stop. It was such a funny thing to travel along in a house that might stop anywhere, and thenceforward belong. Only, in fact, it could n't; because, like some other things that seem a matter of choice, it was all preordained; and there was a solid stone foundation waiting over on the west side, where grandfather meant it to be.

We got little new peeps at the southerly hills, in the fresh breaks between trees and buildings that we went by. As we reached the broad, open crown, we saw away down beyond where it was still and woodsy; and the nice farm-fields of Grandfather Holabird's place looked sunny and pleasant and real countrified.

It was not a steep eminence on either side; if it had been the great house could not have been carried over as it was. It was a grand generous swell of land, lifting up with a slow serenity into pure airs and splendid vision. We did not know, exactly, where the highest point had been; but as we came on toward the little walled-in excavation which seemed such a small

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mark to aim at, and one which we might so easily fail to hit after all, we saw how behind us rose the green bosom of the field against the sky, and how, day by day, we got less of the great town within our view as we settled down upon our side of the ridge.

The air was different here; it was full of hill and pasture.

There were not many trees immediately about the spot where we were to be; but a great group of ashes and walnuts stood a little way down against the roadside, and all around in the far margins of the fields were beautiful elms, and round maples that would be globes of fire in autumn days, and above was the high blue glory of the unobstructed sky.

The ground fell off suddenly into a great hill-dimple, just where the walls were laid; that was why Grandfather Holabird had chosen the spot. There could be a cellar-kitchen; and it had been needful for the moving, that all the rambling, outrunning L, which had held the kitchens and wood-sheds before, should be cut off and disposed of as mere lumber. It was only the main building — L-shaped still, of three very large rooms below, and five by more subdivision above — which had majestically taken up its line of march, like the star of empire, westward. All else that was needful must be rebuilt.

Mother did not like a cellar-kitchen. It would be inconvenient with one servant. But Grandfather Holabird had planned the house before he offered it to us to live in. What we were going to save in rent we must take out cheerfully in extra steps.

It was in the bright, lengthening days of April, when the bluebirds came fluttering out of fairy-land, that the old house finally stopped, and stood staring around it with its many eyes, — wide open to the daylight, all its green winkers having been taken off, — to see where it was and was likely to be for the rest of its days. It had a very knowing look, we thought, like a house that had seen the world.

The sun walked round it graciously, if not inquisitively. He flashed in at the wide parlor windows and the rooms overhead, as soon as he got his brow above the hill-top. Then he seemed to sidle round southward, not slanting wholly out his morning cheeriness until the noonday glory slanted in. At the same time he began with the sitting-room opposite, through the one window behind; and then through the long, glowing afternoon, the whole bright west let him in along the full length of the house, till he just turned the last corner, and peeped in, on the longest summer days, at the very front. This was what he had got so far as to do by the time we moved in, — as if he stretched his very neck to find out the last there was to learn about it, and whether nowhere in it were really yet any human life. He quieted down in his mind, I suppose, when from morning to night he found somebody to beam at, and a busy doing in every room. He took it serenely then, as one of the established things upon the earth, and put us in the regular list of homes upon his round, that he was to leave so many cubic feet of light at daily.

I think he *might* like to look in at that best parlor. With the six snowy-curtained windows, it was like a great white blossom; and the deep-green

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carpet and the walls with vine-leaves running all over them, in the graceful-patterned paper that Rosamond chose, were like the moss and foliage among which it sprung. Here and there the light glinted upon gilded frame or rich bronze or pure Parian, and threw out the lovely high tints, and deepened the shadowy effects, of our few fine pictures. We had little of art, but that little was choice. It was Mr. Holabird's weakness, when money was easy with him, to bring home straws like these to the home nest. So we had, also, a good many nice books; for, one at a time, when there was no hurrying bill to be paid, they had not seemed much to buy; and in our brown room, where we sat every day, and where our ivies had kindly wonted themselves already to the broad, bright windows, there were stands and cases well filled, and a great round family table in the middle, whose worn cloth hid its shabbiness under the comfort of delicious volumes ready to the hand, among which, central of all, stood the Shekinah of the home-spirit, — a tall, large-globed lamp that drew us cosily into its round of radiance every night.

Not these June nights though. I will tell you presently what the June nights were at Westover.

We worked hard in those days, but we were right blithe about it. We had at last got an Irish girl from "far down," — that is their word for the north country at home, and the north country is where the best material comes from, — who was willing to air her ignorance in our kitchen, and try our Christian patience, during a long pupilage, for the modest sum of three dollars a week; than which "she could not come indeed for less," said the friend who brought her. "All the girls was gettin' that." She had never seen dipped toast, and she "could n't do starched clothes very skilful"; but these things had nothing to do with established rates of wages.

But who cared, when it was June, and the smell of green grass and the singing of birds were in the air, and everything indoors was clean, and fresh with the wonderful freshness of things set every one in a new place? We worked hard and we made it look lovely, if the things were old; and every now and then we stopped in the midst of a busy rush, at door or window, to see joyfully and exclaim with ecstasy how grandly and exquisitely Nature was furbishing up her beautiful old things also, — a million for one sweet touches outside, for ours in.

"Westover is no longer an adverbial phrase, even qualifying the verb 'to go,'" said Barbara, exultingly, looking abroad upon the family settlement, to which our new barn, rising up, added another building. "It is an undoubted substantive proper, and takes a preposition before it, except when it is in the nominative case."

Because of the cellar-kitchen, there was a high piazza built up to the sitting-room windows on the west, which gradually came to the ground-level along the front. Under this was the woodshed. The piazza was open, unroofed: only at the front door was a wide covered portico, from which steps went down to the gravelled entrance. A light low railing ran around the whole.

Here we had those blessed country hours of day-done, when it was right and lawful to be openly idle in this world, and to look over through the

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beautiful evening glooms to neighbor worlds, that showed always a round of busy light, and yet seemed somehow to keep holiday-time with us, and to be only out at play in the spacious ether.

We used to think of the sunset all the day through, wondering what new glory it would spread for us, and gathering eagerly to see, as for the witnessing of a pageant.

The moon was young, for our first delight; and the evening planet hung close by; they dropped down through the gold together, till they touched

the very rim of the farthest possible horizon; when they slid silently beneath, we caught our suspended breath.

"But the curtain is n't down," said Barbara, after a hush.

No. The great scene was all open, still. Wide from north to south stretched the deep, sweet heaven, full of the tenderest tints and softliest creeping shadows; the tree-fringes stood up against it; the gentle winds swept through, as if creatures winged, invisible, went by; touched, one by one, with glory, the stars burned on the blue; we watched as if any new, unheard-of wonder might appear; we looked out into great depths that narrow daylight shut us in from. Daylight was the curtain.

"We 've got the best balcony seats, have n't we, father?" Barbara said again, coming to where Mr. Holabird sat, and leaning against the railing.

"The front row, and season tickets!"

"Every one, all summer. Only think!" said Ruth.

"Pho! You 'll get used to it," answered Stephen, as if he knew human nature, and had got used himself to most things.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

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IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

STILL sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescos on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered; —
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I 'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because," — the brown eyes lower fell, —
"Because, you see, I love you!"

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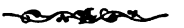
Still memory to a gray-haired man
  That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
  Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
  How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
  Like her, — because they love him.

John Greenleaf Whittier.



A STORY OF OUR MAGAZINE.

EVERYBODY called the place a Hole. There was no very just reason for such a name, for it was not a pit, or a cavern, or even much of a valley; it was simply an outlying tract of rough country land, occupied by some tumble-down houses, where lived a set of very tumble-down people, whose existence on that spot was apparently due to some tumble-down accident from the beginning.

For neither the solid old farming town of Fairmeadow on the one side, nor the flashy new factory town of Fastwater on the other, was willing to acknowledge this hamlet as belonging to it. They had a set dispute on the subject whenever the question came up as to which poorhouse should take in the paupers thereof, since the character of this place was not solid, nor even flashy. It had, in fact, no character at all, — which reminds me that its rude appellation of a Hole had, perhaps, a kind of sense in it, as denoting a vacuum, a total absence of all regular qualities, claims, or conditions.

Of course, in an irregular sort of way, most of these people made a pretence of getting their living. There were a good many geese waddling about the neighborhood, which seemed to be exported in the autumn in a plucked and roastable state; also there was a blacksmith's shop, where it was convenient to stop for a missing horseshoe on the long road between Fairmeadow and Fastwater, — which forge, by the way, was probably the beginning of the settlement; then there was occasionally a little shiftless hoeing of home corn and potatoes, and some abroad hoeing by laborers hiring out for the season on the large farms of Fairmeadow; also in the factories at Rockville, which was the outermost and smallest "ville" of the town of Fastwater, some were employed as operatives, setting out in early morning with their dinner-pails, and trudging home late at night. Yet even these mill-men were seldom regular employees, being taken in usually only for a short time during a press of work, when some one would remark to an overseer, "There's a 'Hole' a mile or two away to the north'ard

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where you might hire a few hands for a spell, shiftless fellows though they are."

Yet in this much despised Hole, as in so many other unfortunate corners of the earth, little children lived and grew. Hoddy Sands, sitting on some very rickety door-steps of a summer afternoon, was one of them. Horace Augustus Sands was the whole of his sublime name, according to his mother's testimony, but Hoddy was the name he had been called by all the days of his life, and Hoddy, therefore, shall he be to us.

Hoddy, on this afternoon, as on a good many other afternoons, found nothing very jolly in his life. He was not big enough to work, there was nobody to play with him, and he had dazzled his eyes so long, and got such a twist in his neck with gazing up into the sky, building houses out of the clouds, he was forced to come back to the door-steps again, where he found nothing novel or interesting. Now Hoddy had an immense blind longing for things novel and interesting. All his longings were blind enough, poor child! he had so little knowledge.

How, indeed, was one to get knowledge at The Forge? (I must call the settlement by some name.) There was, to be sure, a miserable little unpainted shanty on the bleakest top of the hill, which they called a school-house, where during a few winter months they pretended to have something which they called a school; but no woman was willing to come and teach in that neighborhood, and only a very poor sort of men, although the school-house was rather a lively place in its way. The way was not altogether a pleasant or profitable one, especially to small boys, since, in fact, the chief business that went on there was a strife between the big boys and the master, as to which could throw the most missiles, and knock down the flattest, — which state of things, while it might tend to liveliness, as I have said, did not greatly tend to improve anybody except in those arts wherein the boys of this region were already quite sufficiently accomplished.

So Hoddy had been at school but very little; his mother, as he was her youngest child, being afraid to trust him often in that fighting school-house, lest some day he might get trampled on there by mistake, and his small bones never come out whole again. He had learned his letters, to be sure, from a certain tin plate, which was a present from a pedler who came periodically to The Forge. But tin-plate education, although excellent in its way, is rather limited in extent; and he could as yet only call the letters by name, as he turned his circular alphabet round after eating his dinner, and spelled out a few very small words, which additional art he had probably picked up in some moment of calm in that stormy school-house.

Having mentioned the educational privileges of this neighborhood, I should mention, perhaps, that by that other New England guardian, the Church, they were even more unprovided for at The Forge. Whether the Fairmeadow and Fastwater ministers had the same difficulty as the poor-house overseers in settling which parish these people belonged to, I know not. Certain it was that they never went to church, nor did the church come to them, save through some wild Millerite preachers, who a few years before

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had come there crying that the world was certainly to be burnt up on a day that they set and named, — which preaching, I think, had done the hearers more harm than good. For, in the first place, that is rather a false kind of religion that teaches people to neglect their daily life and work, which is their proper concern, and think only of the end of their life and work, which is the concern of their Father in heaven, who asks men only to be careful how they live on the earth, leaving Him to take care of all that is to come. Then, besides, when the world did not end on the appointed day, although some of the women at The Forge had made long white gowns expressly for themselves and their families to wear when they went flying up through the sky, — when on that day the sun rose and set whole and round as ever, and the birds went on building their nests, and the buds bursting out into blossoms, and the next day and the next, and all the days went on in the old way, and the long white gowns had to be cut up to make common shirts and petticoats of again, — why, the people, seeing that the wild preachers had prophesied utterly wrong, just threw away faith in all preachers, — and mostly in all religion, I am afraid, — and so became worse than they were before. It is a very bad business, you see, to scare people with threats which do not come to pass, since they are apt to lose thereafter all fear and faith of every kind.

This was the sort of place, then, that Hoddy had lived in all the days of his life, up to this afternoon, when he sat on the rickety door-steps, longing for things new and interesting, which vague, large longing finally resolved itself into the particular pointed longing for somebody to tell him stories. Somebody to tell him stories day and night, and never to leave off except to begin new ones, — this was Hoddy's great idea of bliss.

Well, he looked up at the sky again, but no story-teller came floating down from that; then all over the stumpy fields, where there were only sheep crying "Ba-a!" then away along the Fairmeadow road; and there, to be sure, was coming a cloud of dust. Hoddy was very glad in his lonesome little heart of the cloud of dust, because that meant, at least, a strange horse and carriage to look at for a moment; but he did not imagine that it verily brought the story-teller. Yes, the cloud came rolling on, and out of it emerged the Fairmeadow doctor, — Doctor Pillsbury and his little daughter Kate, who had come out with her papa for a ride. The doctor had been sent for to see the blacksmith's wife, whose rheumatism, it seemed, had quite got beyond all the "yarbs" of Old Mother Talton, the usual doctress of the neighborhood. The blacksmith's house was the very next house to Hoddy's, and the doctor, lifting his daughter out of the chaise, left her to amuse herself outside while he went in to visit his patient. The two children spied each other very quickly. Miss Kate, to be sure, was quite grown up compared to Hoddy, being in her thirteenth year, and looking almost like a vision to the latter in her long curls, and cheeks rosy with riding, and her bright trim frock. However, she was not above being tempted by a great red-and-yellow peach grown on a little tree, which was the one precious thing on this very poor estate. Hoddy brought it out and offered it bash-

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IN SCHOOL DAYS.

DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE, JR.] [See the Poem.

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fully to her over the fence, as a proper way to propitiate visions, and make them stay. She took the peach and ate it up with great relish and as she was a very wide-awake, good-natured young Miss, fond withal of feeling her own importance, she was easily persuaded to sit down on the rickety door-steps and listen to that timid petition which Hoddy was wont to address to all new acquaintances, visionary or substantial, that promised the least chance of complying, — to "please tell him a story."

And behold, such a story-teller as this had never, never crossed Hoddy's path before. The door-steps became quite an enchanted place, as Miss Kate went on narrating the marvellous tales she knew, while her papa was hearing the catalogue of Mrs. Larrabee's aches and pains, and likewise those of several of her neighbors, who had dropped in to improve the opportunity of consulting the Fairmeadow doctor without paying a fee.

At last, however, Dr. Pillsbury was released, and being in haste to ride on to Fastwater, where he had to meet another physician, he called to his daughter to come quickly. She, running to be lifted into the chaise, just dropped the farewell word to Hoddy, — "I learnt them in a Young Folks. Subscribe for a Young Folks, and then you will know all the stories in the world." With this advice, away went the doctor's daughter, and Hoddy could only wander lonesomely out into the road, and watch the twinkling wheels out of sight. And many a day after Hoddy watched and longed for those twinkling wheels to appear again, going about, meanwhile, and inquiring so anxiously after the health of rheumatic women, that, for a child but a little while out of frocks, he was considered a very thoughtful youth indeed. But the blacksmith's wife and the rest would persist in getting better and better every day, and Old Mother Talton got a fresh supply of "yarbs"; so the Fairmeadow doctor's chaise came back no more.

Then Hoddy began deeply to ponder Miss Katy's mysterious saying about a Young Folks. Before, he had had no very distinct idea of any source for this story-telling faculty that delighted him so much; he had supposed that it was the gift of some people to tell stories, as it was the gift of robins to sing; but that — "Subscribe for a Young Folks, and you can learn all the stories in the world" — was a speech full of wonderful new suggestions. If he only knew exactly what it meant! He knew what the two words, "young folks," meant in a general way, but what they meant in Miss Katy's particular way, — that they meant the name of her pet magazine, — that he did not know at all. As for "subscribe," he understood that hard word neither generally nor particularly.

Yet he was a very bright little boy naturally, only so untaught that he was in the blindest state, you see, about the simplest things. However, he took the right way to get wiser, this poor little ignorant Hoddy, — he just went about asking questions. He got mightily laughed at in the first place. The solemn desire that he expressed for some young folks was very ridiculous to the elder people, who declared that young folks were so thick now you could n't stir for 'em; and what in the world was there less lack of at The

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Forge? For I do not think they knew anything about magazines either, since there was not even a newspaper taken in any of their houses.

Still this benighted child pondered. Down by the mills in Rockville, where he went sometimes of such little errands as a child could do, and stayed to come home with a neighbor, perhaps, he had long fits of musing on those mysterious words, — "Subscribe for a Young Folks," — which rang over and over in his ears at last, as if there might be in them a key to unlock to him all treasures. Creeping through the thick hemlocks that bordered the river, to watch the rushing water come over the milldam, and foam away in long white ripples under the dark covered bridge, — listening to the mingled hum of wheels and waters, and birds singing suddenly out of the branches, as the wind sent the sunlight through them, — all these sights and sounds, filling little Hoddy's sensitive heart with dreams and visions, reminded him of that other world of dreams and visions that story-telling gave him glimpses of, and made him long more and more to know all the wonderful things in life and nature. Fair nights, too, Hoddy often lay awake in bed, pondering the same theme, while the full golden moon rose up over the hill, and looked like a sweet, heavenly face into his poor little room, — the beautiful moon that shines just as graciously on the poorest little children that ever lived in a Hole as over a king's palace.

And at last Hoddy had a revelation. One night, his old friend, the tin-pedler, arrived at The Forge. This was always a great arrival to Hoddy. The blacksmith's house was one of the regular stopping-places of this wandering merchant, who once in two or three months might be certainly expected to spend a night there; and when the top of his hat appeared to Hoddy's vision coming over the hill, ringed round with his glittering pans and pails, and new brooms upturned, as if to sweep the sky, — when he came jingling into the blacksmith's yard with a gay "Hollo!" to Hoddy, perched on the top of the fence to greet him, — ah, what a romance of travel and adventure seemed to surround him!

The child was rather a pet with the pedler, who had bestowed on him at sundry times such gifts from his wares as the alphabetical piece of plate aforementioned; and to him, at the first opportunity, Hoddy propounded his new problem. And this man of travelled cultivation knew all about it. He actually knew that there was a magazine called "Our Young Folks," and that it cost only two dollars for a whole year; and, what was more, when these facts, clearly brought to Hoddy's understanding, set that daring understanding to devise ways and means to bring the magazine to The Forge, the tin-pedler gave twenty-five cents, cash down, towards the project. With this magnificent donation, and with the aid of Jenny Larrabee, the blacksmith's daughter, who was just about the age of that wonderful doctor's daughter, and entered into Hoddy's plan with great eagerness, — with Jenny's older help, and the pedler's twenty-five cents, the subscription was firmly started.

You boys and girls of more fortunate homes, who easily get up clubs to take a dozen and twenty copies of Our Young Folks, can scarcely imagine what an extensive clubbing was arranged among these poor children to take

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only one single copy to be lent round among them all. With what enormous anticipation they looked forward to its coming, when all the little contributions at last added up to two hundred cents! Miss Jenny did the figuring and the changing off of the small money into one two-dollar bill, and then wrote the letter to the publishers, which in itself seemed a perfectly famous performance. And ah, that day when the first number of the new magazine actually came, all the way from Boston, without being lost, directed "Horace Augustus Sands & Co., Rockville Forge," — ah, what a day was that!

The whole club, I must tell you, streamed away together to that Rockville post-office, a mile and a half off, except Jemmy Vose, — who, being the biggest (and not very big at that) of seven little brothers and sisters, had been obliged to go into the mill lately to help support the family, — and the two young sisters, Susy and Molly Starr, whose father being dead and their mother sickly, had begun to tend spindles too, — except these three, who had each contributed a mite to the magazine fund, all the other shareholders marched in a body to the far-off post-office; and when the new magazine was actually in their hands it was so overwhelming a moment, I really think it was well that the united strength of the company was present to bear the shock.

Well, they tumbled out of the post-office somehow, taking their way around by the factories, both because that way at this hour was the quietest, and they wanted to stand still in the road every other moment, to look at the pictures that every new leaf of their treasure revealed, and also because Teddy Vose, the next biggest of the seven little brothers and sisters, wished Jemmy to see, far up at his window in the dizzying mill, that the wonderful new magazine had come, — which Jemmy, looking down just at the right moment, accordingly saw. Then Jemmy told Susy and Molly as soon as the great bell rang for the evening end of toil, so the weary feet of the mill-children came over the long mile and a half that night, quite forgetting their fatigue in the rare pleasure of looking forward to something new and strange. For although these poor children who had been put to work so early could not read very fluently themselves, there was Jenny Larrabee, who could read like a preacher, and she had promised to read the whole magazine through to the rest.

This young scholar, who, with Hoddy by her side, had headed the post-office delegation, had, in fact, read all the way home to her train of fellow-subscribers, and at candle-light, or rather forge-light, surrounded by the same company, reinforced by Jemmy and Susy and Molly, was in voice still.

The great thing in life is to make a beginning, — to get the first idea; all other bright ideas are possible after that. Hoddy did not know, — the young group reading all along the country road, still reading by the red light of the forge, mingled with the white light of the moon, and at last with the clear light of his best lantern, which the blacksmith brought out of his own accord, and hung over the page to which the eager head of his child was bending, — none of these knew what a beginning they had made that day. They only knew that the fresh, wide sense of a world beyond and outside them began

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to stir in their young hearts, rousing there longings and purposes they had not felt before.

The priceless value of printed words is that they can bring those near who are born a whole world of distance apart; that, through this magic lettered page, those who have no counsel, no encouragement from the lips close at hand, can yet be counselled and cheered by the wisest, noblest voices that speak anywhere on the wide earth, so that utter ignorance and loneliness are no longer possible to those who have the simplest key to this wonderful, unseen companionship.

I should write too many pages if I were to describe all the change that Our Young Folks wrought at The Forge. One of its first results was to stimulate the children to learn to read, that they might not be dependent on Jenny Larrabee, or anybody else, to unlock to them their new treasures. As for our little Hoddy, before many numbers of the magazine had arrived, he could read with the best. And, poring over his beloved stories till he had made them his own, he became in turn the great story-teller himself. He could relate all Trotty's experiences, all the exploits of that famous William Henry; and as for the tales of foreign travel and adventure, and the world-old fables and legends made new and beautiful in those bright pages, he would narrate them by the hour together to his group of listeners, which soon comprised the grown-up people as well as the children. In fact, the grown-up people at The Forge began to be rather ashamed of themselves. On Sundays especially they changed their style. Sunday had been a very bad day at The Forge. The men, not going to their regular work on that day, and never going to church, got drunk, or played cards for money, or swapped horses, — those who had any horses to swap, and those who had none lounged round to see the others swap, and help do the swearing. I am obliged to say there was a great deal of swearing mixed up with most things that were done at The Forge.

These poor men (you must not forget that they were to be pitied as well as their children) were led into spending their time in this manner chiefly from having nothing else to do, — which want is at the bottom of a world of mischief. The longing for some change, some excitement, is so strong in human nature, that people will swap horses and gamble on Sunday, if they are without purer means of finding novelty. The children, too, were in danger of being drawn into these ill habits, as soon as they were old enough, through the vague weariness and sense of dull monotony which weighed upon them as well as the elders, in their blind, untaught life. But when, instead of looking on at the Sunday rowdyism of the place, they improved their leisure time to sit down in any corner, where they could pore over the old numbers of their beloved magazine, or gather in an eager circle, where the last number was read aloud, — when they had this great resource, they kept away from the coarse noise which profaned the gracious day, and some influence stole from these quiet little groups even to shame and correct the elders.

Good ambitions were kindled, too, in the hearts of these poor children,

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the effects of which were soon seen in those little things that mean so much, — their speech, their dress, and manners. The wild and ragged group that had come tumbling into the post-office at Rockville after the first number of their magazine, improved so month by month, that the superior natives of that village began to wonder what had come to that "Hole away to the north-'ard." And when the postmaster told them of the clubbing together of such poor children to take a magazine, they felt that it was not decent for them to be without Our Young Folks too; and, as was proper to their superiority, they sent on immediately for several copies.

I am very glad that the Rockville children had Our Young Folks, as I should be glad for all children everywhere in the world to have it; but that one precious copy at The Forge, bought with so many little offerings, and handed round till it was read all to rags, — I am more glad of that subscription than I can say.

Older magazines, newspapers, and books all came to The Forge in the train of this one juvenile monthly. First, Jenny Larrabee must have some of those new books which she saw advertised from month to month in the last leaves of Our Young Folks; and then her father, who was a very good blacksmith, and fond and proud of Jenny when he was not drunk, began to keep sober, that he need not deny his child what his smitten conscience told him were better desires than the cravings of his own bad thirst. And Jenny got ahead tremendously. And of course our little Hoddy did.

And thinking what Our Young Folks was to these two children especially, and through them to all the community in which they lived, I feel as if I should like to be a tin-pedler myself, and so go finding out where the poor Hoddys and Jennys live, and contribute at least twenty-five cents towards bringing them so great a blessing.

Lulu Gray Noble.

THE HISTORIC CATS.

"DID you ever hear of the Historic Cats?"

"No."

"Then I will tell you something about them, on the condition that you will help me do it."

"Anything, anything! Only tell us how we can help you and we will surely do it," exclaimed the three little girls at once.

"A pretty sweeping promise," said I, "but we shall see how you will fulfil it. You, Gerty, come to the library to-morrow evening, and give me an account of the old town of Chester in England. Lily, you may tell me anything you please about Napoleon Bonaparte. Little Pearl may tell me where Plymouth is."

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"O, we can never do this!" they exclaimed, in disheartened tones.

"Remember your promise," said I. "You may take any book you please, my dears, and I think you can learn at least a little to tell me. But you must let me go now, for I have an engagement."

The girls were bewildered. "Chester, Napoleon, Plymouth," they repeated. "What connection is there between them and the cats?" They asked, but could not answer the question, and the more they thought about it the greater their curiosity became, until they set about the examination of history and encyclopædia in earnest. When the next evening found us around the library-table, each of the trio was eager to tell what she had learned.

"O papa!" Gerty began, with her usual impetuosity, "I have been delighted. Chester is one of the oldest places in England. It was founded by the Romans, who called it *Deva Castra*, from which the present name is derived. It was first surrounded by a wall by Edelfleda, a Saxon, and is now a quiet, sleepy, antique, and very interesting city. It has a peculiar feature in what are called Rows, which are arched passage-ways higher than the street, through which the sidewalks run. I suppose they are something like arcades. They are said to have puzzled antiquaries very much, but the general opinion is that they were formed for places of defence in case of attack from the Welsh, for Chester is very near Wales. It is only fourteen miles from Liverpool. The city —"

"That will do. Now, Lily, what have you learned on your subject?"

"Napoleon Bonaparte was born on the island of Corsica just one hundred years ago last August. He was baptized in 1771, and when the priest sprinkled holy water on him he squirmed and kicked pretty hard. He had a good many quarrels when he was young, but generally came off master. He was emperor of France, and ruled that country for a number of years. In 1815 he was defeated by the English at the battle of Waterloo, and sent to the island of St. Helena, where he died, on the 15th of May, 1821."

"Very well indeed! Now, dear little Pearl, where is Plymouth?"

"It is a seaport in the southwestern part of England, on the sound of the same name, and at the mouth of the river Plym. Plymouth has a population of over fifty thousand people, and is therefore larger than Chester."

"Now," exclaimed the girls all at once, "it is your turn, papa, and we expect you to tell us all about the Historic Cats."

"I know you have wondered what Napoleon had to do with the cats of which I agreed to tell you. Listen, and you shall hear.

"The wars of Napoleon had attracted the attention of the whole world, and when he was defeated by Lord Wellington at Waterloo, as Lily told us, the English people were in ecstasies. Even the staid old town of Chester, that Gerty says is so quiet and sleepy now, was moved somewhat then, and just about the time of the departure of the fallen hero for St. Helena, we may suppose this excitement to have been at the highest.

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"Just then a respectably dressed man appeared in Chester. He came, no one knew from where, and quickly went about his business, which was to circulate a number of hand-bills through the city. When the good people examined them they found they read something like this.

TO THE PUBLICK!!

This is to inform the Citizens of Chester that a large Number of Genteel Families have embarked at Plymouth, and are about to proceed with the Regiment appointed to accompany the ex-emperor Napoleon to the Island of St. Helena. That Island is now dreadfully infested with Rats, and His Majesty's Ministers have determined that it be forthwith effectualty cleared of those obnoxious Animals.

☞ *To facilitate this important Purpose an Agent has been deputed to purchase as many Cats and thriving Kittens as can possibly be secured for Money in a Short Space of Time.*

Well-disposed Citizens who possess Cats and Kittens are invited to bring them to His Majesty's Agent at the Bell and Ringer Tavern, in Bridge Street on Tuesday Evening next at 6 of the clock.

The following extraordinary Prices will be paid:—

For every athletic full-grown Tom-Cat	16 *shillings.*
For every adult female Puss	10 "
For every thriving, vigorous Kitten that can swill milk, pursue a Ball of Thread, or fasten its young Fangs in a dying Mouse	½ *a crown.*

By order of His Majesty's Ministers.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

"There was quite a stir in Chester, then. The clergy wondered why so few were at church on Sunday. There were scarcely enough to read the responses in the service, and as for the chants, they would have been entirely passed over if it had not been for a few of the more devoted people of the parishes. The fact was that no one ever heard of such enormous prices for cats. Everybody was on the lookout, and by Tuesday noon you might have seen people marching from every quarter towards the Bell and Ringer Tavern. Here a delicate girl was leading a reluctant puss by a scarlet ribbon, there a rough boy was grappling a huge tom-cat which was screeching and scratching at a terrible rate. On one side were the old women hastening in the direction of Bridge Street, bearing their ten-shilling

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tabbies and half-crown kittens, and it seemed as if all the cats, kittens, bags, baskets, old women, boys and girls for miles around had been suddenly showered down upon the ancient and sleepy town. So it came to pass that before the appointed hour a crowd, with near three thousand cats, was wedged together in the street, and of course a great cat concert began. The sounds were various, for, beside the difference in the ages and voices of the singers, their positions were not all alike. One boy would crowd several together in a bag, and his neighbor might have a whole litter in one basket. Some were on their heads, and some on their backs; some were enjoying a plenty of room, and others were fearfully squeezed in close quarters."

"What a frightful, shocking noise it must have been!" interrupted Gerty, with ill-concealed disgust.

"I suppose it was; and, what was worse, it happened that the cat-bearing crowd became as quarrelsome as their burdens in a short time. Whether each feared he should fail of getting his pay, or from what reason I know not, they all became jealous, and, dropping their sacks and baskets, engaged

in an indiscriminate scrimmage. Then the small boys of Chester, who had been all the time watching their opportunity for fun, quietly opened the sacks, and let three thousand cats, more or less, out of the bag at once. The

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liberated felines climbed over the human heads, and ran along on the rolling skulls, spitting, squalling, and scratching until they reached the walls of the houses. Then they climbed the balustrades, and crept into the galleries; and when the unfortunate citizens opened their windows to see what was the matter, in popped the cats! From cellar to garret they rushed through the houses.

"Crash! went the vases in the drawing-room, down fell the china in the pantry, over went the pitchers in the bedrooms, and everywhere the people rushed after the frightened and excited intruders. The ladies jumped up on to the chairs and shrieked, the poodles barked, the gentlemen threw their boots at the innocent cats, and the butlers dropped their half-opened bottles of ale as they joined in the general chase.

"Such were some of the scenes. In the street the crowd grew every moment more passionate. The cats clawed, the dogs barked, the women pounded, and the boys hallooed, until, wearied by their own exertions, they ceased their turmoil from sheer exhaustion, and in great confusion sought their homes."

"What became of the cats, papa?" inquired Pearl, with great earnestness.

"The citizens who had been so singularly and unceremoniously disturbed, vowed vengeance, and hunted the cats to death. In the morning the bodies of over five hundred dead cats were found defiling the waters of the sweet river Dee, and floating away to the ocean."

"I should like to know where the man was who circulated the hand-bills, and caused the excitement," said Gerty.

"Nobody knew where he came from nor where he went, but I guess he was quietly viewing the success of his queer trick from some safe window, not far away. I warrant you he kept *his* window closed."

"Now, papa," said Lily, "what we told you was true. Is *your* story true?"

"It is surely *founded on fact.* Such a hand-bill as I have spoken of was really circulated in old Chester at the time I said it was, and it was very like the one here printed, and there was such a collection of cats in consequence; but as to the very street and day and words in the hand-bill, I cannot say that it is all true."

Arthur Gilman.

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NAVIGATION AND DISCOVERY BEFORE COLUMBUS.

VII.

THE FIRST SLAVES FROM AFRICA.

WE have now traced the history of ocean discovery as far as the birth of Columbus, which took place about the year 1436. It was in that year that Alphonso Gonsalvez returned to Portugal with some fishing-nets which he had found on the coast of Africa, fourteen hundred miles from Cape Sagres, on which Prince Henry lived. These fishing-nets, the footsteps of camels, and the strange conflict of the two Portuguese lads with nineteen native savages, proved that Africa was inhabited; but, so far, no navigator had been able to take any captives from the African coast home to Prince Henry, who was anxious to know what kind of men inhabited the continent.

At this point the Prince's labors were interrupted for four years.

As Prince of the blood royal of Portugal, he had important duties to perform besides exploring unknown lands and seas. All Portugal, and indeed all Europe, remembered how gallantly he had fought at the taking of the Moorish city and seaport of Ceuta, when he was but twenty-one years of age. He was now in his fortieth year; Ceuta was still spoken of as the brightest jewel in the Portuguese crown; and Christian Europe valued it as the most advanced outpost against the infidels. Prince Henry's youngest brother Fernando had grown to manhood, and had got to be thirty-four years of age, without having had any opportunity of distinguishing himself in war. Ardent to win such glory as his elder brothers had won at Ceuta when he was but a boy, he now urged the king to undertake the capture of another Moorish city, a few miles from Ceuta, named Tangier.

Prince Henry warmly favored this scheme, and at last the king gave a reluctant consent. The expedition was a miserable failure. Hurried on by their impetuous valor, and remembering the easy conquest of Ceuta, the Princes attacked Tangier with too few soldiers, and without proper preparation. Prince Henry in person led the main attack, but, the scaling-ladders proving too short, he had to retreat with the loss of five hundred wounded and twenty killed. The assault was renewed day after day, — Prince Henry always present where the danger was greatest. But every attempt to take the city failed; and the Portuguese, from being besiegers, were themselves besieged, and were at last obliged to negotiate with the Moors for liberty to depart. They promised to give up Ceuta, and to leave behind them their arms, horses, and baggage, and to keep the peace with all the Barbary States for a hundred years, both on the sea and on the land, if the Moors would let them go on board their ships and return to Portugal. Besides all this, they were obliged to leave Prince Fernando as a hostage until Ceuta should be surrendered.

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But the worst remains to be told. The Portuguese Cortes, or Congress, refused to have Ceuta given up, although they authorized the king to do anything else for the release of the Prince. Nothing, however, but the surrender of Ceuta would suffice. The Moors threw the unfortunate Prince into a dark dungeon, where they kept him for three months, after which they loaded him with chains and set him to work in the king's garden, and gave him nothing to eat but bread and water. At night he slept in a small, filthy room, with eleven other persons, upon sheep-skins and a bundle of hay.

At length the King of Portugal, hearing of these cruelties, declared he would give up Ceuta in exchange for his brother. Then the Moors, hoping for a still larger ransom, increased his torments, confined him in a still more miserable dungeon, where he languished for fifteen months, and then died. After his death his body was hung up at one of the gates of the city with the head downwards, where it remained for four days, exposed to the mockery and insults of the people.

He bore his sufferings with so much patience, that he has been called ever since, by Portuguese writers, The Constant Prince, and his imprisonment has been the subject of many a tale in prose and verse. From the time of his capture to the time of his death was a period of six years, during which he was an object of interest to all the Christian world, and his family were continually occupied in schemes for his deliverance. They could have had him the first year, but that Portugal could not bear to give up a place so dear to its pride and so important to its safety as Ceuta. When, at length, Ceuta was offered to the Moors, it was too late; their cupidity prompted them to increase his misery in the hope of getting a still more splendid ransom.

All this was terrible indeed to Prince Henry, and still more so to the king, his brother. In September, 1438, Prince Henry retired, sick and sad, to his old home at Sagres, intending to resume his efforts at discovery, when the news came that the king, his brother, had fallen sick of the plague. The king, it is said, worn down by anxiety and distress at the sufferings of his brother Fernando, had caught the plague from a letter supposed to be tainted with the infection. He died in a few days, leaving as an heir to the throne a boy six years of age.

In those rough times the minority of a king was apt to be troubled with dissensions, and even with civil war. Such would have been the fate of Portugal upon this occasion, but for the wisdom and firmness of Prince Henry, and the great respect that was everywhere felt for his character. After a great deal of trouble, he persuaded the mother of the little king to listen to reason, and to consent that the kingdom should be governed until the king came of age by his uncle, Prince Pedro, — that prince who made the twelve years' journey, and brought home such valuable books and maps to his brother. It cost Prince Henry two years to settle the affairs of the kingdom; so that it was not until 1440 that he resumed his old way of life at Cape Sagres.

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In that year the Prince sent out two small vessels bound for the African coast. One of them meeting with stormy weather soon returned, without having accomplished anything. The other kept on as far as the island on which Gonsalvez, four years before, had seen five thousand seals. The new adventurer, who seems to have been in quest of profit and not of glory, cast anchor there, and loaded his ship with seal-oil and seal-skins; after which he returned home, and, I hope, sold his cargo at a good profit. Nor, I presume, was the Prince himself unwilling, just then, to get a little money from these expeditions; for what with the Moorish war, and the plague, and the other troubles of the kingdom, the royal family had no treasure to spare.

I think the seal-skins and the seal-oil must have proved profitable, because the very next summer the Prince sent another ship to the same place, for the sole purpose of getting another cargo. He gave the command of it to a young man of his own household. This voyage, however, from which the Prince expected nothing but a little money, had most important consequences. The name of the young commander of this ship was Antonio Gonsales, though he is familiarly called in some of the Portuguese books Antam Gonsales. His crew consisted of twenty-one persons.

A few days' sailing brought them to the island frequented by the seals, where, in a short time, they loaded their little ship with oil and skins, according to the Prince's orders. But the brave Gonsales was not satisfied with this easy exploit. Being a member of the Prince's family, he knew how ardently the Prince desired to have some native Africans brought home to him, and he was extremely ambitious to gratify his master in this respect. So, when the ship was well loaded, he called together all the company, and delivered the following address: —

"Friends and brethren, we have performed the service on which we have been sent; that is, the loading of the ship; and of much reward are those servants worthy who obey the commands of those who employ them. But how much more praise shall we deserve if we do something which the Prince has not ordered us; I mean, if we carry home some inhabitants of the country! The Prince's intention in these expeditions is not so much the trade we may carry on with the countries discovered, as to get access to the nations who know nothing of the Christian Church, and to bring them to baptism; and *afterwards* to have such intercourse and commerce with them as may be for the honor and interest of the kingdom. Of this you are all convinced, and I trust that you will assist me in endeavoring to carry home some of the people. As Alphonso Gonsalvez saw signs of inhabitants on the shore of this river, we shall certainly find some of them if we persevere in looking for them. What I propose, therefore, is, that ten of us should go on shore, — the most enterprising of our company, — and I hope with your help we shall leave this country with more honor than any of the other voyagers who have been here."

The whole crew applauded, and only one objection was made, which was to the captain being one of the party, because he was the only man who could navigate the ship, or in whose skill the crew had confidence. The

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captain, however, insisted upon his right to lead the band of man-hunters, and the very same afternoon they started.

After going about ten miles into the country they caught sight of a naked man with two darts in his hand, trying to catch a camel. Instantly they gave chase. One of their number, Alphonso Gotterez by name, a very young man, one of Prince Henry's gallant band of esquires, outstripped the rest, caught the man, and held him fast. Overjoyed with this success, they started back towards the ship, but soon discovered human tracks, which they followed, and at last came in sight of a large company of Africans, numbering about forty persons. The Africans fled to the top of a hill so quickly that the Portuguese only caught one woman. The majority of the Portuguese were in favor of attacking the natives, but the commander reminded them that the sun was setting, that they were tired with their march, and that, having two prisoners, the main object of the Prince was accomplished. So he ordered them to return to the vessel.

Having the vessel loaded with a valuable cargo, and possessing two specimens of the native inhabitants, which the Prince had been for years trying to obtain, he determined to set sail for Portugal the very next morning. But when the morning arrived, and they were about to hoist up their anchor, what should they see coming from the north but another ship! This was a most unexpected sight on the lonely shore of the great African desert. Great was their joy on discovering that it was a Portuguese vessel, commanded by the brave Nuno Tristam, a young knight who had grown up with Prince Henry, and had been a member of his household at Cape Sagres ever since the Prince had lived there. The two crews, you may be sure, had a joyful meeting, and Antonio lost no time in telling his friend Nuno all about the rare adventure of the previous day, and in showing him the two captives on board his vessel.

Fired with this narration, Tristam urged his friend not to think of going home to Portugal without trying to capture more of the Africans, and offered to go with him that very evening in search of the party that had been seen the day before. Antonio consenting, they marched in the cool of the evening, — the two captains and a few others, — and soon came in sight of a large party of naked Africans. It was then nearly dark, so that the natives did not perceive the approach of the white men. At the word of command the Portuguese raised their usual war-cry, "Portugal! Portugal! St. Iago! St. Iago!" and rushed upon the poor unsuspecting Africans, who stood stupefied, and made no attempt to escape. The Portuguese, expecting resistance, attacked them as they would an armed enemy, and by wounding the natives roused them to anger, and forced them to fight. The night had now grown so dark that the Portuguese were more in danger from one another's swords than from the clubs, the nails, and teeth of the naked savages, and they were obliged to cry out continually to avoid being wounded by their own comrades. Nuno Tristam, a man of great strength and vigor, had a desperate wrestle with a powerful negro, in the course of which they fell, the white man underneath. The black would have finished Tristam's

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career on the spot, had not that hero released one of his arms, and stabbed the giant savage to the heart. The Portuguese conquered at last. Three of the natives lay dead; ten remained prisoners; and the rest fled into the darkness. None of the white men were much hurt.

As soon as they had recovered their breath, they started on their return to the ships, taking with them the ten Africans whom they had captured. It was not until after daylight in the morning that they got the Africans safe on board. Both crews now urged Nuno Tristam to reward the valor and prudence of Antonio Gonsales by dubbing him a knight, which was done; and in honor of this event the place was called by a name that signifies in our language Knight-port, which it retains to this day.

The two captains, being pupils and friends of Prince Henry, had a great desire to know what kind of people they had caught. I have called them for convenience *negroes;* but, in fact, the natives of that part of Africa are a mixture of Moors and negroes. Near Morocco the people are much more Moorish than negro; but as you go south towards Senegambia the Moorish features and color gradually disappear, until at last you come to the pure negro tribes. These people, therefore, being taken about midway between Morocco and Senegambia, were of mixed blood, and it soon appeared that there was among them one who understood the Moorish language. Nuno Tristam had brought with him a Moorish interpreter, who now entered into conversation with his countryman, and learned from him the strength and situation of his tribe.

The interpreter offered to go on shore with the woman whom Antonio had taken, and make a friendly visit to the tribe, and see if they would like to ransom some of the captives with gold. To this the captains consented, and the interpreter was set on shore with the woman.

Two days passed. Three or four dusky naked savages then appeared on the shore, and made signs of friendship to the vessel. The boats were manned, and rowed toward them; but, as the Portuguese feared an ambush, they did not land, but lay on their oars within hearing distance of the beach. Lucky was it for them that they did so; for very soon the shore was darkened with a great crowd of natives, — a hundred and fifty or more, — and in the midst of them appeared the Moorish interpreter with his hands tied behind him. The interpreter could use his voice, though not his arms, and he cried out to the Portuguese not to land, for the natives were very angry at the murder and capture of their comrades. The natives now began to throw stones at the boats, and as the Prince had given orders that they should never be injured more than was necessary for the white man's purposes, the captains ordered the boats to return to the ships.

The next day Antonio Gonsales, with his share of the captives, set sail for Portugal, where he arrived in safety, to the unbounded joy of his Prince, who saw in these captives a means of spreading abroad the Catholic religion in new regions of the earth. He promoted Antonio Gonsales to a higher military rank, and made him one of his own secretaries.

Nuno Tristam was not satisfied with his share in the glory of the expedi-

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tion; and, besides that, he had been expressly ordered to go farther down the coast than any one had gone before. So, after resting a day or two, he hoisted anchor and kept along the coast about a hundred miles farther, when he came in sight of a cape covered with fine white sand, which from this circumstance he called Cape Blanco, by which name it is still known on our maps. Here he went on shore, and made many short journeys into the interior. He saw tracks of men, and he found fishing-nets, and other signs that the country was inhabited; but he could not discover any of the people. As Cape Blanco extends some miles out into the ocean, and the season was getting late, he turned his prow northward, and made the best of his way home to Portugal, where the Prince received him with a joyful welcome.

The captives, of course, remained in Portugal as slaves; or, rather, most of them did, and there is a story about some of them which I will tell you in a moment. These poor creatures were the first of many a ship-load of Africans captured upon that part of the coast, and taken away to slavery in distant countries. It is, therefore, natural for us to be curious about them, and to want to find out all that is recorded respecting them.

The first thing Prince Henry did, after inspecting the captives and conversing with the adventurers, was to send a messenger to the Pope to inform him of the certainty that the African continent was peopled far to the southward of Morocco. For this honorable errand the Prince chose a noble knight of the Order of Christ, of which the Prince himself was the head and commander. With a proper retinue of knights and squires the ambassador journeyed to Rome, where he was presented to the Pope and cardinals, who received him with the honor due to the Prince he served and the Order of which he was a member. The knight told the Pope what a faithful and devoted servant of the Church the Prince, his master, was, and how, year after year, he had sent out expeditions to discover new countries, the people of which he feared were sunk in ignorance and superstition. The principal object of the Prince, said the knight, had ever been the glory of God, the spreading of the faith, and the increase of the fold of the Good Shepherd; in which he had been nobly seconded by the Portuguese people with their property and their lives. In acknowledgment of this the Prince requested the Pope to confer on the crown of Portugal all the lands he had discovered, and might discover along the coast of Africa as far as the Indies.

"Unbelieving nations," urged the knight, "ought to be regarded as unjust possessors of the earth, who may properly be dispossessed by a Christian king."

Nevertheless, Prince Henry, he said, only sought the salvation of their souls. The Pope was, therefore, besought to forbid any other Christian Prince to oppose the Portuguese navigators, or to plant colonies in any of those new countries.

The Pope and his cardinals were delighted with the intelligence brought by the Portuguese ambassador, and willingly granted all that Prince Henry asked.

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The Prince, meanwhile, was frequently engaged in questioning the captive chief, who could speak the Moorish language. He learned from him that he was a person of rank and wealth in his own country, and that that part of Africa was inhabited by numerous tribes, who were in the habit of fighting together, and of reducing to slavery all the prisoners they took. This chief, although kindly treated, was miserable in captivity, — unlike those of lower rank, who soon seemed contented and cheerful. He told Antonio Gonsales that if he would take him back to his country he would give in exchange for himself several good negroes, and that there were two boys among the captives, whose father would gladly give negroes in exchange for them.

On hearing this the Prince fitted out a vessel, and sent Gonsales again to the African coast, and placed on board of it the chief and the two boys for ransom; ordering him to bring home as many regroes as he could, and all the information he could gain of the country and its people.

Every one who went on these expeditions was regarded ever after as a man of courage, and was looked up to by his friends as we do to those who served honorably in our war. When, therefore, a vessel was about to sail, young men ambitious of glory used to ask permission of the Prince to take passage in her, and see the strange countries which were coming to the knowledge of mankind. A young nobleman from Germany, who had been living for some time with Prince Henry, asked to be allowed to go on this ransom voyage, saying that he had a curiosity to see a storm on the Atlantic off the African coast, as he had heard from sailors that storms in that part of the ocean were very different from those which prevailed on the coast of Europe. He was gratified to his heart's content, for soon after the vessel sailed there came on a storm so tremendous that the voyagers were obliged to put back to Portugal for repairs. He stuck to the ship, however, and sailed with her as soon as the repairs were complete.

In due time the ship cast anchor near the place where the captives had been taken, which was twelve miles up the bay, where the two young lads had their battle with nineteen of the natives. At this point the chief was dressed in the fine clothes which the Prince had given him, and he was set on shore, the captain trusting solely to his honor to bring back the six or seven negroes which he had promised for his ransom. Some of the crew were disposed to laugh at Gonsales for trusting to the word of a Moor, and when several days passed without his coming back, he doubtless blamed himself. Nor indeed did the chief come back in person, but on the seventh day there came down to the shore another Moor riding on a white camel, and bringing with him a hundred slaves. He offered to let Gonsales choose any ten of these negroes, if he would give up the two boys. Gonsales accepted the offer, picked out ten men and women, and placed them on board his vessel, giving the boys in exchange. The Moor, happy to get back his sons, gave him in addition some gold-dust, a shield made of leather, and a large number of ostrich-eggs.

As this was the first gold that had yet been obtained from Africa, the bay

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A CENT'S WORTH OF SHINE.

DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE, JR.] [See "Our Pictures."

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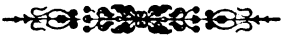
where the ship was anchored was named the Rio d'Ouro, or river of gold, and if you look on the map you will see that it is called by that name at the present day. On some maps it is called simply the Ouro River; although, as I have said before, it is no river at all, but only a bay that runs up eighteen miles into the land.

Gonsales, rejoicing in the success of his voyage, and especially delighted to find that gold-dust was an article to be had in Africa, hoisted anchor, and returned home to Portugal. He had so quick a voyage that the ostrich-eggs were still good when he arrived, and he sent several of them to the Prince, who had them cooked for his table, and found them very nice.

This voyage was exceedingly encouraging to the Prince, and made a great stir in Portugal. The white camel, the band of a hundred slaves, the gold-dust, the large ostrich-eggs, and the prospect of getting plenty more of all these things, were everywhere talked of; and many prudent people, who had shaken their wise noddles at the Prince for spending so much money in finding out new countries, now began to think that perhaps he knew what he was about, and that a profitable trade might at last result from his labors.

I shall presently have a great deal more to tell about this horrid traffic in slaves, and shall show that the expense of African discovery and settlement was henceforth almost wholly paid by the slaves brought from that country and sold in Portugal.

James Parton.



JACK'S VICTORY.

I.

JACK was a dog, and a famous dog was Jack. Among other dogs Jack was a wonder. He had remarkable originality and strength of mind, as well as unusual strength of body; to these were added extraordinary powers of endurance. Under any circumstances, such qualities would have made Jack conspicuous; under peculiar circumstances, they made him great.

All great characters are, indeed, more or less indebted to circumstances for their elevation. Thus, by way of illustration, Napoleon watched the French revolution, and, wisely waiting for the ruins, built a throne upon them. Before Pitt could become great, he had to persuade England that she had a deadly enemy, with whom it was wrong to keep faith. Julius Cæsar found the Roman state disturbed by factions, and he mounted to imperial power by encouraging these dissensions.

What Cæsar was among men, Jack was among dogs, — the greatest of the great. The like of either was never seen before, and probably never will be again.

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He was called Jack, for short. His right name was Oosisoak, but that was difficult to pronounce, and it became Jack. It might have been anything else as well as Jack, so far as at first appears.

Everybody knows that sailors have whims, one of which is to give nicknames. They nickname everything. Thus the ocean is called a "herring-pond," and to be drowned, or to be buried in the sea, is to go to "Davy Jones's locker." Any kind of intoxicating spirits is "grog"; to take a drink of grog is to "splice the main brace." A sailor is an "old salt"; a stone with which they scour the decks is a "holy-stone," because when they use it they are on their knees; and a holy-stone they call a "sailor's prayer-book," because the deck is usually scoured Sunday morning. The captain of a ship is the "old man"; the ship's cook the "doctor"; the doctor "pills" or "saw-bones." An awkward fellow is a "lubber," a carpenter "chips," a cooper "bungs"; and "Jack" may be anything, from a man to a monkey, — provided always it is something that they like. Hence the name is never given to a soldier, or a cook, or a steward. By soldiers they mean the marines on board a man-of-war, who act as a guard and police. They do not like them because they carry muskets, and are excused from going aloft to make and take in sail. They say "first a sailor, then a dog, then a soldier." This is their order of merit.

Jack may have been the English for Soak, which is short for Oosisoak. But no matter for that; they would not have made it "Jack" if they had not liked the dog. Thus Jack in this instance signified, among the sailors, what "Little Corporal," "Iron Duke," "Rough and Ready," did among the soldiers of Napoleon, Wellington, and Zachary Taylor: it was a term of endearment.

Up to the time of receiving this name, however, Oosisoak was not a civilized dog. He was, in fact, a veritable savage, and it was amusing sometimes to observe his contempt for civilized customs. He would not sleep in a house; he would not hide from an enemy; he would not harm the defenceless. These were some of his savage traits.

Thus, savage as he seemed disposed to remain, there is yet no evidence that he regretted his separation from the man who named him Oosisoak. This man was even more savage than the dog, for he could not be civilized at all. His name was Sipsu, — "Sipsu the savage" he was called; and his looks did not belie his name. He clothed himself in the skins of wild beasts, and fed upon their flesh. In summer he lived in a tent made of skins, and in winter in a hut made of snow. In such a snow-hut Jack was born. In the same hut, and at the same time, a child was born too. The dog was very large, and for that reason was called Oosisoak; the child was very small, and for that reason was called Oosisuit. These two grew up together; but before the child had cut a tooth the dog was harnessed to a sledge, and taught to drag him about.

The country where this happened was Greenland, and there the natives use dogs as we do horses. They could not do without them. Dogs are also trained in other Arctic regions for the same purpose. In some coun-

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tries the reindeer is used, as in Lapland; but though thousands of reindeer run wild in Greenland, none have ever been tamed there; and, indeed, if they were tamed they could not be used, since the country is so very rugged and mountainous that it could not be traversed by them. The people travel only on the sea: in the winter, over the ice on sledges drawn by dogs; in the summer, in boats made of tanned skins.

It was said of the dog Oosisoak, that he was born with his eyes wide open, from which circumstance great things were predicted of him, as of Richard the Third, who was born with his teeth cut.

He was seven years old when I bought him. Up to that time he had borne a good name, but otherwise there was nothing remarkable about him. This, however, *was* remarkable; for in that country the dogs, being savage, have never been taught to distinguish between *mine* and *thine*, and therefore they make bad watch-dogs. Indeed, they will not watch anything — but a chance to steal! There is something in them of the old — I was going to say Adam, but wolf I mean; for they are but a domesticated wolf, and even now do not bark like our dogs, but retain the wolfish howl, which is very distressing to the ear.

I had to pay a good round price for the dog, — that is to say, a butcher-knife, a hatchet, a paper of needles, a piece of wood two feet and a half long for a whip-stock, and another piece six feet long for a lance-staff. But although the price was unusually high, I never regretted the purchase; for besides being useful, the dog was handsome, and a favorite with all hands.

His color was a sort of yellowish-brown, very rich and glossy. His feet and breast were much lighter than the rest of his body; and over his eyes were two light spots, which gave him the appearance of having double eyes. His hair was thick and long, and, like one of Burns's "Twa Dogs,"

> "His gaucy tail, wi' upward curl,
> Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl."

His nose was short, his lower jaw rather heavy. Like a wolf or fox, his ears were pointed, and not drooping like the ears of a spaniel. His size was about that of the ordinary Newfoundland dog, though he was very differently built, being much heavier in front and lighter in the flank.

He was unusually strong. His neck and shoulders were enormous; and his legs were almost as stout as a man's arm. His head was well-developed, broad at the base and round above the eyes; and altogether he had a highly intellectual cast of countenance. His eyes were gray; his walk was dignified and firm, and it was a pleasure to watch his motions.

I bought him from Sipsu the savage to take north with me, where I was going to continue my explorations. He was one of thirty-five that I took aboard my ship for the same purpose. But Oosisoak was a stranger to the other dogs; and, having no friends to help him, would have been killed by them but for the interference of the sailors. The dogs were confined together in a great pen, and each had to stand his ground; but though Oosisoak made a fierce fight when attacked, the others got him

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down, and had hurt him badly, drawing blood in several places, when the sailors separated them. But he never once uttered a cry. This showed his pluck and spirit; and for that the sailors liked him. They put him in a little pen by himself, and when the weather was good, let him run about the deck. It was then that he received the name of "Jack."

II.

We were many days at sea; and during that time Jack suffered terribly, the motion of the ship making him seasick. The waves washing in on deck sometimes half drowned him; and since he could not be allowed to run about much, he often suffered greatly from the cold. Still, he was better off than the other dogs who had treated him so badly; for while he was given a great deal of liberty, they were kept always in confinement. It was amusing to see Jack walk up and down in front of their pen, as if mocking them. Sometimes he would stop and look at them in a half-playful, half-contemptuous manner, as much as to say, "O don't you wish you could, — don't you, though?"

By and by Jack got fully reconciled to his new life on shipboard, and learned to like the sailors who had bestowed on him his new title. He had been brought to sea without his consent, and at first was inclined to resent the indignity; but at length he seemed to forget his captivity, and even to enjoy it.

Jack was really very grateful for the favors he received. He played with the sailors, and was never so happy as when in a frolic with them. Afterward he learned the habit of wagging his tail, like civilized dogs. In this manner he expressed the state of his feelings. It was but a dumb gesture, to be sure; but a great deal may be expressed by a gesture. Jack was grateful; so he wagged his tail.

Our course, after getting Jack and the other dogs aboard, was northwards among the ice-fields and the icebergs, until the ice became so thick we could proceed no farther. Then we sought a harbor and went into winter quarters. The weather soon grew intensely cold, and the ice formed all around the ship and closed over the sea. As winter came on, instead of having alternate night and day, as in New York or Boston, it was, after a while, night all the time, as it had been day all the time in summer. But the ship was made warm and comfortable by good coal-fires. We were frozen up in that place ten months, without once moving.

As soon as the harbor was covered with ice we let the dogs out of the ship, to run about as they pleased, which was not less gratifying to them than a relief to us, for their constant howling and fighting was a great annoyance.

This was the beginning of Jack's career, that is, I should rather say, of that career which developed his character, just as the campaigns in Gaul developed the character of Cæsar.

He was placed in a situation to try the stoutest nerves, and to require

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the greatest circumspection. Turned loose among thirty-four other dogs, for whom he had previously never hesitated, with more spirit than prudence, to exhibit his contempt, it was to be expected that they would not deal with him very tenderly. In fact he had not a friend in the whole pack, and they would have taken summary vengeance upon him but for his friends, the sailors. Thus supported, Jack wagged his tail to his friends, uttered a growl of defiance at his enemies, and scratched the snow meanwhile in a very fierce manner, with both fore and hind feet at the same time. Then his hair stood on end, and he looked mighty fierce.

Occasionally the dogs would get at him and bite him unmercifully, a half-dozen or more of them at once; but they could never make him cry out with pain, and never once did they succeed in injuring him seriously; but being himself very vigilant, he often punished them, flying upon them when they were least expecting it.

Jack was not the largest dog in the pack; but he was, perhaps, the strongest. Certainly he surpassed the rest in activity and endurance. He was very proud. He did not seem to relish much the society of his comrades, preferring that of the sailors. Indeed, it was very clear that he possessed an aristocratic disposition. He thought himself above the common herd of dogs. And the feeling of dislike was mutual. Every other dog avoided Jack, except when there was a chance to pick a quarrel with him.

This, of course, only applies to the time when the dogs were not at work. When harnessed to the sledge, each had enough to do to look out for himself, and keep his trace stretched, lest the whip of the driver should cut him. So here Jack was on an equality with the rest of them; he was, as it were, a simple private in the ranks.

But this was not the case with all the dogs. Some were naturally inferior to the rest, and acknowledged it. In fact, the grades and conditions of men are not more accurately defined. There were patient dogs, who took everything without a murmur. These never asserted their rights, and, like many human beings, they never seemed to be aware that they had any. Their superiors would bite them, and they would not resist. They were always meek. Then there were grades higher, one after another, who bit those below, and stole their food, and bullied them generally. All in turn got treated by their superiors in like manner. Some would occasionally show fight, — very feebly, but still something like resistance was manifested. Then there were a few of a superior class, who lorded it over all the others but one, and this one lorded it over them, and all beneath them, and was universally recognized as the chief or leader.

This dog was called Erebus, from the color of his coat, which was jet black. There was not a white spot on him. He was a magnificent animal, taller than Jack, and perhaps a little heavier; but his shoulders and neck were not so thick, his legs were not so large, his jaws not so massive, and his head not so broad. His fur was, however, equally long and glossy. Around the neck it curled beautifully. His nose was more pointed. His eyes were black like his coat.

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Compared with Erebus, all the other dogs except Jack were nowhere. There was one named Karsuk, who came nearest to him. He, too, was a splendid dog. He was of the same general color as Erebus, only not so completely black. As a couple of lines from Burns have served to describe Jack's tail, a couple more now will even more accurately describe Karsuk's whole body: —

> "His breast was white, his towzie back
> Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black."

In build he closely resembled Jack, but he was a little smaller.

To look at Jack and Erebus, you would think Erebus the better bred dog of the two. This was not the case, however, judging them by their actions.

There was nothing mean about Jack; there was about Erebus. For instance, he would bite a dog that was down and piteously whining for mercy. This Jack would never do; but the modest and dignified Jack so seldom got a dog down, that up to this time his character was, perhaps, not fairly tested, nor even fully formed. Then Erebus would slacken his trace when the driver was not looking. This Jack would not do either.

My first care, as soon as the dogs were turned loose upon the ice, was to divide them into separate packs or teams, — seven in each. One of these five teams was composed of seven of the poorest dogs. They were, in fact, a sickly, good-for-nothing set, that had been bought up by a dog-contractor, as horses are sometimes bought for the army in war-time. They were, for the most part, set aside, and the other four teams were the working animals. These usually were combined, two and two, thus making two large teams of fourteen dogs each, instead of four teams of seven each. On ordinary occasions, however, I usually preferred the seven to the fourteen; and in my own special team I had that number, keeping the other seven in reserve. Three of these were the dogs already described, — Erebus, Jack, and Karsuk. The other four were none of them so large as either of these; but there was one called Whitey, from his color, — and very properly, to say nothing of the name having been made famous by General Taylor's "Whitey" and Richard's "White Surrey." To be sure these were horses; but if *white* in any shape will do for a horse, much more appropriate is it for a dog, — the superior animal in every particular.

Whitey was about the size of Karsuk. Next in order was Schnapps, who was not so heavy as either of the other two, but of equal height. He was a sprightly, active dog, and was always frisking about in a lively manner. His color was a light yellow. The remaining two dogs of the team were females; and they were called Arkadik and Amna-aya. The latter was so named from the peculiarity of her cry when she was hurt. "Amna-aya" is the chorus to an Esquimaux song; and her cry was so like the singing of the savages, that the sailors gave her that name. She would "amna-aya" on the slightest provocation. When she got a good cut with the whip she would run howling "amna-aya" for half a mile. I have heard her "amna-aya, aya, aya, aya" for half an hour, when another dog had bitten her on the foot, holding up the foot, and sitting on the cold snow,

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looking wretched and forlorn. It was all pretence, however, and was nothing but an appeal for sympathy, which she seldom got. I have also heard her "amna-aya" at a terrible rate when she had been eating too fast, and thought she was going to choke. There is no need, after all this, to say that she was a great coward; but still she was strong, and worked well when hitched to the sledge. Her color was a dark gray; and, altogether, she looked much like a wolf. Her nose was pointed, her ears were peculiarly sharp, and her legs very long.

Arkadik, on the other hand, had short legs, — at least, comparatively speaking. Her body appeared, therefore, unusually long. Her nose was rather stumpy; and one of her ears had a disposition to droop, which gave her a very cunning look. She had a waddling sort of gait when she trotted, that appeared awkward, — very different from the gait of Amna-aya, which was peculiarly graceful. Her color was dark brown, with rather short hair for an Esquimaux dog, which made her appear much smaller than she really was. Compared with Erebus or Jack she was as a mule to a horse in size. Like Jack, she had a pretty spot over each eye. In temperament she was very nervous. Her motions were all quick; her step was rapid and short; her head moved from side to side with a nervous twitch when she was trotting, and she always hung her tongue out, breathing very fast. She was an interesting creature to behold, particularly as she was a wonderful dog to pull, never slacking her trace for an instant; and as she looked from side to side, in her nervous way, it seemed as if she would inquire whether the other dogs were doing their duty as well as she was.

Such were the dogs that made up my own particular team. These were Jack's immediate companions; and it is proper, therefore, that I should describe them more exactly than the others, about which, however, I shall have something to say again.

In noting Jack's companions it will be seen how each differed from the other, — not only in color and form, but in individual character. No two of them were alike in moral and mental attainments. Erebus was proud and overbearing; Jack was proud and dignified; Karsuk was satisfied with anything, if only left undisturbed; Whitey was lazy, and particularly desired to be let alone; Schnapps was full of tricks, and was as fond of mischief as Mephistopheles; Amna-aya was graceful and cowardly; Arkadik was awkward, and possessed great spirit.

As for Jack, his dignity of demeanor was not on any occasion to be disturbed. It was evident at once that he was an original, and you felt that there was much in him. He inspired one with confidence, as Daniel Webster did when he rose to make a speech. There was evidence of a latent force which convinced you that he was going to do something.

III.

THE first thing Jack did was to make friends. In this he showed forethought and prudence, without loss of dignity. A man with genius may get

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along without friends, and he generally does; but a dog cannot. He must be in what we call a "ring," like the politicians.

Jack knew the nature of a "ring" as well as the next dog; or as well as any politician that you could name. Not being in a "ring," or allowed to be in one, he resolved to make one. For this he had capacity enough, but he lacked support. He had no materials to make a ring of. His first business, therefore, was to find the materials.

He cast his eyes upon Arkadik. This was a dangerous venture; but then he knew the proverb, "Nothing venture, nothing have." He knew also the song, "None but the brave deserve the fair."

It may be questioned whether, in making friends with Arkadik, Jack was not completely selfish. But whatever may have been the motive at first, it was sincere enough afterward; and Arkadik was very devoted to him. In truth, the friendships of dogs, when once formed, are rarely or never broken. It is all the same, whether the friendship is between two dogs or between a dog and a man. Among men it is very different. With them the word "friend" may be one of indifferent meaning. But the friendship of a dog is no "will-o'-the-wisp." It is a thing to rely upon. It is based upon something substantial and definite. To a man the dog gives his affection openly. He is never ashamed. Prince or beggar, it is all the same; and if the prince should become a beggar, which sometimes happens, or the beggar a prince, which ought sometimes to happen, he knows no difference. In the one case he is content with a crust for food and the pavement for a bed; in the other case he is satisfied only with toothsome dishes, and a rich hearth-rug to lie upon.

If, however, Jack was not disinterested in his first advances toward Arkadik, he had perhaps little reason to be. She had shown him no more attention than the other dogs. In fact, she was domineered over by Erebus, of whom she was dreadfully afraid. But, unhappily for Erebus, in an evil hour he neglected her for the singing and sighing Amna-aya. This deeply offended Arkadik. She grew spiteful and morose. This Jack was not slow to perceive; and now came Jack's opportunity.

Somebody has said that

> "A woman's will
> Is not so strong in anger as her skill";

and this is perhaps true of the whole female creation. It was especially true of Arkadik, who did not, in her anger, dare to bite Erebus; but she was willing enough to be even with him in another way. Jack made it his business to help her, and thereby to help himself. Cunning fellow!

Up to this time Erebus really seemed to have a liking for Arkadik; and there is no doubt that she thought so. Therefore, when he began to be attentive to Amna-aya she grew jealous.

Her place in the team was next to Erebus, who was at the extreme left, he being the leader or strongest dog. Then to the right of Arkadik came Amna-aya, then Jack, then Schnapps, then Whitey, and last of all, at the extreme right, was Karsuk. When any additional dogs were put into the team, their place was between Amna-aya and Jack.

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In order to understand this arrangement it is necessary to explain that the dogs were harnessed side by side; and their heads were just eighteen feet from the front of the sledge. Thus their traces were all of the same length. Each dog had but one trace, and the animals were not tied together. They were guided and driven, not with lines like horses, but with a whip like oxen. If you want an ox to go to the right you say "Jee"; if to the left, "Whaw"; if to start, "G'lang"; if to stop, "Woah"; and if they do not obey you, you give them a gentle reminder with the whip or goad.

In like manner with a team of dogs, if you want them to go to the right you cry "Huk, huk"; if to the left, "Nu, nu." If you want them to start you cry "Ka, ka'; if to stop, "Eigh, eigh"; and, as with the oxen, if they will not do all these things when you tell them to, then comes the whip.

This whip is necessarily very long. The lash is two feet longer than the traces of the dogs, and being tipped with hard dry sinew, by way of "cracker," it tingles very sharply where it strikes. But to handle it requires a very strong arm and a very accurate aim; for at eighteen feet distance, an awkward hand with so long a lash would hit the wrong dog nine times out of ten, and thus make a deal of mischief. A dog knows as well as a man when he is behaving himself and when he is not; and he is no more able to see why he should be punished when he is doing his duty than an inoffensive man can see why he should be arrested by a policeman and carried off to the station-house for being knocked on the head by a rowdy.

Isaac I. Hayes.

OLD THORNY.

DID you ever notice the queer fancies that birds have about their houses? Town-bred birds like them of wire, gilded, or trig little cottages on the stable-roof; but the houses of country birds are quite another thing. They are plain brown generally, made of grass or moss, with white wool carpets inside. But I *have* seen birds dig them out of the hot sand, or, down by the sea, build them of great branches, plastered with mud. It would take a cart to carry one of them. Very fierce birds those are, however,—quite tigers of birds.

A charitable person once put up some houses, for birds that could not afford to pay their rent, on the back roof of a house we used to live in. I wondered that the birds came there, even rent-free, for the house was in a mill town, and the smoke was going up night and day to the sky, and falling back in oily soot over the streets and gardens, and in the river where the boys fished, and on the babies' faces. It was very disagreeable. For a good while I thought no birds at all would come, on that account.

But one day two very old and feeble pigeons arrived. Afterwards we

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knew them to be Senor and Senora Ruta Max. It was easy to see at a glance that they were good and gentle people, and, besides that, they were great travellers; the old lady was a West-Indian, and spoke Spanish much better, I dare say, than you or I could. When the nights grew cold, and they were hungry, you could hear them talking to each other of the court-balls which they had attended.

Their house commanded a view of a village of chicken-houses and the coal-house, in which lived a little brown mouse, — a busy, cheerful little body, the best friend they had. But when the poor old Senora would come down in the morning to pick up some scattered grains of corn, the chickens would cackle and laugh at her till the tears filled her eyes.

"Pray, Madam, where did you get the fashion of your gown?" they would ask.

Those were well-meaning chickens, however, working hard to bring up their families. One must be just to everybody.

Sometimes, when Senor Ruta Max was in low spirits, his wife would try and cheer him up a little, talking of old times. When the canaries sang in the parlor window, she would say, "So the birds sang in Martinique, my dear!" Then she would go in, and put on her old state-dress of faded drab and gold, and sit where he only could see her, and sing for him. Her voice was cracked, and she only knew one song. But he never tired of listening, nodding his head to keep time, like a courtly old fellow as he was.

Down below the chickens, who were always cackling politics, would cry out, "Down with the aristocrats!" But the little mouse would say, "Dear! dear! there are my neighbors in trouble again!" So she would go trotting up with her work, and sit looking so friendly and comfortable that it was a real pleasure to see her.

So she and the Senora would talk themselves sleepy, and old Ruta Max would be left alone. That was the time he and I became acquainted. When we had grown to be friends he told me one night the story of his child White Wing and Old Thorny. I wrote it down for you young folks.

White Wing had been a beauty of a bird. Pure white, with a golden tinge about her neck. They meant to bring her to court, as is usual with Spanish families of good birth. But times changed. They brought her instead to this mill town, to the loft of an old hut down by the creek bridge, — a tumble-down place, full of rats in the cellar, and the windows stuffed with rags and old hats. At first she sang the old songs cheerfully enough; but as time went on she grew silent, sitting for hours looking into the dingy sky, her head sunk on her white breast. Now, down in the lower room of the house she found one day an old bush in a box, so thorny and covered with dust and looking forlorn that White Wing sat softly down beside it. The old bush rattled her dry branches cheerfully.

"I 'm sorry you 've come to this place," she said. "Strangers don't find it pleasant."

"It 's miserable," said White Wing. "How long have you been here?"

"Hundreds of years, I believe. A boy found me on the levée at New

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Orleans and brought me up the river on a raft. He is a gray-headed man now. I had a long Latin name then, but now I 'm 'Old Thorny.' Titles are troublesome things, anyhow," said the bush, laughing.

Now, when White Wing found that the Thorn was so old and wisely patient, she asked her a great many questions, and found her very entertaining. "What flowers do you bear in spring-time?" she asked.

Then the old Thorn was silent, but a great Stramonium weed close by flaunted its rank blossoms, and said, "No flowers; in all her life nothing but thorns and dust."

Old Thorny looked up mildly. "All through my life I 've wished to thank God for the sun and rain in beautiful blossoms. But he knows! Some time the day will come, — some time!"

"Suppose we sing a little," said White Wing, for her heart was full. But hardly had she begun one of her Spanish songs when

"Who is that?" said somebody within. And out hobbled a little boy, dressed in a fireman's old suit, miles too big. He was dreadfully sick and lame. His name was John. "Who is that?" said he, watering the Thorn-bush.

"That is a new friend I have," said Old Thorny, all in a quiver. "We 're going to have a new friend, eh, John? Always something pleasant turning up for you and me, old fellow. Only hear her sing!"

Then White Wing discovered that the Thorn was the only friend John had in the whole world. But he asked her in, and invited her to call the next day. So, when she found how agreeable they were, and delighted to have her, she went down every day, until at last the three were always together. John was very lame, and could not walk abroad far; but on sunny days he would crawl out to the end of the bridge, and sit there. "Perhaps you knew him?" said Ruta Max to me.

"Yes, Ruta Max," I said. And so I did.

"Well," said the Senor, "then you know that no pain ever could make him cry or be cross. He used to lean on his crutch, looking down into the water, and laugh at the other boys playing on the bank. Old Thorny would look sad because he could not jump or skate with them, and then White Wing would sing songs of the great forests and the bright sea and sunshine of Martinique, to entertain them. But sometimes the Thorn-bush would tremble when she heard them, and say, —

"Surely, I remember such forests and hot sunshine long ago. And it hurts me to remember."

Then John would console the poor old thing, and say, "Keep up heart. The good time is sure to come."

But White Wing saw all that he himself suffered, and in the evenings would stay in the hot air of his room to sing to him.

"O White Wing!" then he would say, "some day I shall be gone, and then you will fly back to Martinique."

"Never, master," she would say. "I never will leave you again."

Now you shall hear how she kept her word. When it grew cold in win-

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ter, John was not able to leave his room any more, but lay most of the time on a heap of rags and straw in the corner. Old Thorny stood near by. When she went in, the mullein and iron-weed outside said to her, "Next spring we shall be covered with purple and yellow blossoms; but you, miserable old creature, you will tell your tiresome stories, and bear no flowers but mud and dust."

"That is true," said the Thorn-bush. But she got into the sunniest corner she could find, and was very cheerful all winter. You have n't the least idea of the good times those three cronies used to have! White Wing sat on a chest by the fire and sang, and John told riddles; but Old Thorny knew a great many most remarkable stories, and when she began, they enjoyed even the coldest and hungriest days.

One very cold night she had told a long story, and sat silent in her corner.

"Poke the fire with my crutch," said John.

White Wing could not manage that conveniently, but she fanned it with her wings, which did just as well. It was a very low fire, for the coal was all gone.

"White Wing!" said John.

"Well," said she.

"I wish those things were true. I wish I was a prince going out to seek my fortune. I wish I had a bean to plant or an ogre to fight."

"Some day," said Old Thorny, "all good wishes will come, if one is patient."

"I wish—" said John. "What is that?" he cried, starting up. In the middle of the room, just at the foot of the bed, stood a fair, happy child. John pinched his arm, to see if he were awake. Yes, he certainly was awake. Here was White Wing and his crutches, and the soft light about the innocent child, and the duller moon looking in at the window. John whispered to the bird to wake up Old Thorny, for fear she should miss the sight.

"I am the Christmas-Child," said the fairy. "And my gift to each of you shall be to grant your wish. Now, consider."

Just then Old Thorny woke up, quite shaking with fear. But when she found that it was a real live fairy, and that things generally were going on well, she was glad to her roots, and began to consider what her wish would be.

"I am ready," said White Wing at last. Then they all looked round. "Let me stay with John," she said. "Everybody has friends but John; let me stay with him always."

The fairy child smiled and nodded, and John stroked her white head softly. Then the fairy looked at Old Thorny, to know what she would choose. The poor old bush rattled her dry branches for fear, but she said, "I want to be made patient. I don't think I shall live until next summer. I want to be cheerful with John and White Wing, and not worry the whole world with my grumbling."

"That is a good wish," said the Christmas-Child. Then he went to Old Thorny and put his hand on her dry trunk, holding it there still awhile, until the old boughs grew warm and throbbed with pleasure, through the bark, and kept the warmth and light about them through all of that winter night. Then the fairy looked at John.

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But the boy, just when he was going to wish, stopped short, looking into the child's happy, loving eyes, and smiled, — such a bright, cheery smile as Old Thorny never had seen upon his face before. "I will not wish," he said. "I will trust to you to give me the best gift for me."

The Christmas-Child bowed its head gravely. "It shall be so, — on Christmas morning. Now shall I sing for you a Christmas song?"

"Yes, yes!" they all cried; and then began the song.

It was a wonderful music which they heard, — low and clear, but filling the whole frosty night. Yet — would you believe it? — they all went to sleep. It had charmed them, you understand. So when they were asleep the fairy went away. The light faded out, the room grew dark; nothing was left but the low fire and the moon dimly shining in at the patched window.

The next morning they all awoke in high good-humor. But it was a bitter cold day, and they had but some scraps of meat for breakfast. "Perhaps, John," said White Wing, thoughtfully, "the Christmas-Child will bring you coal and something to eat."

"Perhaps he will," said John; but his eyes shone as if he looked for more than that.

About noon came along a little girl, who stopped to speak to John. "Ah, here is Old Thorny!" she said, kindly. "I wish I had her out in the country! Perhaps then she would bloom."

Old Thorny looked up pleasantly, but shook her head.

"Here are some brown buds all over the stem," said she; "but they are only gum, I see"; and she bade them good by and went on.

The day grew colder. "The Christmas-Child," said White Wing, "does not know what you suffer. In that beautiful fairy-land it is never cold, I think."

"No," said John, his pinched face shining at the very thought of it, "there is no cold nor hunger there. Only such children as He who comes to us on Christmas live there."

"Then how can they know what we want in a mill town?" said the bird, and hid her head under her wing to try and find a warm place.

"Let us wait a little longer," said Old Thorny.

It was not easy to wait. The next day was colder than before. They sat at the door, and when anybody went by, John held out his hand to beg. But it was of no use. It began to snow. The wind cut their faces, it was so cold and keen.

Now, there lived a boy close by named Peter; a wicked boy, who never had been kind to John. To-day he came and sat down beside him, however, and began to talk.

John knew what sort of boy he was, but Peter talked so pleasantly that he had not the heart to drive him away. He was hungry for a kind word, — poor John!

"Hard times these, hey, John?" said Peter. "Hungry times?"

"Yes," said John, "right hard."

"Hoh!" said Peter. "You don't beg loud enough. Listen to me!" and he began calling out to the people to look at John and give him some-

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thing to keep him from starving. One old gentleman turned around, and threw some money on the ground.

"It 's for that lame boy," said he, and went on.

Peter grabbed at it, and put it in his pocket.

"That is mine," said John.

"You wicked, wicked boy!" said White Wing.

"Don't you hope you may get it?" he said, and ran off as fast as he could. John was angry, and White Wing was much angrier; but that did not make the day warmer. O, how cold and hungry they were! How long the day was! How fiercely the night-wind came blowing down the chimney of the old house, and driving in at the windows! The fairy did not come that night.

Christmas morning came, bright and frosty. John was not able to leave his bed, but lay on the straw looking out. Presently Peter came by, and put his head in at the door.

"John," said he, "I 'm sorry about that. It was a mean job for me. But I mean to make it up now. I 'll get you some bread."

So he waited quietly at the door. After a while a lady came along, and he begged from her, but she would not listen. "Begging 's slow work," he said. "I know a better trick than that."

Across the street was a cake-stand, which was kept by a poor old woman. Peter went over whistling, and lounged about until the baker's cart stopped, and she began to buy some buns and cake from him. Then Peter slipped a big square of warm spice-cake off her stand under his coat, and ran over to John. He threw it on the bed.

"There, John," said he, "now I 've made up for yesterday."

"Take it away!" cried John. "I will not be a thief."

But Peter only laughed and strutted away.

The cake did smell so good, and John was so sick and hungry!

"I will not be a thief!" he said, shutting his eyes. But he opened them just to look at the cake. It seemed to come closer to him, and he heard Peter at the door.

"Eat it," he said; "eat it. You are so hungry. Only smell it! How hot and spicy it is! What difference if you are a thief? Who knows or cares? Take it."

But John heard a voice like that of the Christmas-Child. "A thief!" it cried. "A thief! It would be better to die first. It is n't hard to die if you are brave. Do not look at it. Do not touch it."

"Why, John!" cried Peter, "you are sick with hunger. Pick it up. It is so good and hot! Make haste."

"Is this the boy," said the Child's voice, softly, "who wanted to fight giants, and cannot bear a little hunger!"

So they talked to him, and the pain grew sharper and the day colder. At last he gathered up all his strength and threw the cake away. "I will not be a thief!" he cried.

"Hoh, hoh!" shouted Peter, walking away. But John thought he felt a child's hand laid softly on his forehead. He lay quite still there, with the poor bird folding its wings on his breast, as the day grew dark. The

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white snow glittered outside, and the gray sky looked heavy with cold. But the Christmas-Child stood quite still and shining in the middle of the room, while a strange warmth and color glowed about him.

"You talked," he said, "of my home, where there is neither sickness nor cold. People call it by different names; it shall be fairy-land for you, if you choose. Look out; perhaps you can see it afar off."

But John's eyes were fixed on the beautiful Child. "Surely," his dry lips whispered to White Wing, "God's own angels are no better than this!"

But the poor bird only fluttered her wing feebly. She was dying, — poor White Wing! And she could not but remember that she was only a bird, and that for her there was no heaven.

"Look up!" cried the Child. "Look up! And come to the far country." Then John turned his face to the gray sky.

I cannot tell you what he saw; but his dim eyes shone as if some great light had touched them. For a moment he looked, then he wrapped the bird closer in his torn little coat over his breast.

"I cannot go alone," he said, stoutly.

But she was cold and stiff, — poor White Wing!

Then the rising sun lighted up all the air like a crimson sea that rolled in great waves up into the shining gates of fairy-land. And John felt himself borne up, and floating on, on, over the sea and within the gates.

"But," he cried, sharply, "I cannot leave my friend dead!"

Then the Christmas-Child beside him, smiling, pointed to where the white wings of a lovely bird fluttered before them joyfully.

All through the dingy town suddenly was heard a wonderful music, but only by the children. Some of them said, "It is Kriss Kringle singing," and some of them thought, "It is Christmas morning coming in." But Old Thorny, bowing her head in deep silence, thought that the windows of heaven had been opened a little way.

Later in the morning great crowds of people were gathered about the door of the little hut. A box stood there, in which bloomed a great and wonderful flower, such as no one had ever seen. It seemed to have gathered all the color and light of a hundred summers into its leaves and held them there.

Rough draymen and coal-diggers took off their hats as they came near, as if they had seen a royal lady. No one spoke in all the crowd. The very winter air breathed softly, and turned by on the other side. It is always so when anything truly beautiful is born into the world.

There were some children there with their father. One of them was the little girl I told you of.

"Father," she whispered, "it is the Thorn-bush."

"It is the century-plant, my child," he said. "Such flowers as this bloom but once in a hundred years."

Inside of the hut they found a little boy quite still and cold, with a bird on his breast. There was a quiet smile on his face, and then they knew that John had taken his friend with him to the Christmas-Child in the warm sunny country far away.

Rebecca Harding Davis.

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THREE COMPANIONS.

WE go on our walks together, —
Baby and Dog and I, —
Three merry companions,
'Neath any sort of a sky; —
Blue, as her pretty eyes are,
Gray, like his dear old tail;
Be it windy, cloudy, or stormy,
Our courage does never fail.

Sometimes the snow lies whitely
Under the hedgerows bleak;
Then Baby cries, "Pretty, pretty!" —
The only word she can speak;
Sometimes two streams of water
Rush down the muddy lane;

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HUNTING EGGS.

DRAWN BY MISS M. A. HALLOCK.] [See "Our Pictures"

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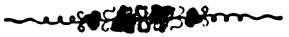
Then Dog leaps backwards and forwards,
Barking with might and main.

Baby 's a little lady;
Dog is a gentleman brave;
If he had two legs, as you have,
He 'd kneel to her like a slave.
As it is, he loves and protects her,
As dog and gentleman can:
I 'd rather be a kind doggie,
I think, than a cruel man.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."



POLLY SYLVESTER'S DREAM.

LITTLE Polly Sylvester lay fast asleep on her cot-bed in Mrs. Tarbox's garret. It was a cold, dreary place, where the rats scampered about, and the mice scuffled and squeaked in every corner; there were broken panes in the window, that let in the bitter November wind, and all about hung streaming cobwebs, bundles of dry herbs, hanks of yarn, and wisps of flax, till you could hardly see that there was a window; but through its dingy glass what little light there was on that gray morning, fell across the bed and rested on Polly. She lay very still; the tangled mass of deep chestnut curls was brushed away from her pale, delicate face, the great eyes were shut tight, and their heavy fringe of dark lashes never quivered; but there was a smile on her parted lips sweet as summer's own sunshine, and so wistful it would have made anybody with a heart ache to see it.

But Mrs. Tarbox had n't any heart, or if she had, and ever felt it throb in her breast, it had its ears boxed long ago, and was now hard and silent.

She came lumbering up the stairs this morning with Fish in her arms, in a great passion.

"Get up, you little carrot-head! get up, I say! You 're lazier than a snail. Ef I git at ye I guess you 'll move pretty consider'ble spry!"

"Dit up, tallot-hed, else I 'll bang oo!" echoed Fish, who was almost three years old, but a baby still, and a horrid one.

The smile on Sally's tender little mouth changed to a piteous quiver as she flung aside the bedclothes, and with a shiver jumped out of bed. "I was dreamin'," she said, in such a sad voice.

"Dreamin'! I 'll be bound you 're allus dreamin', day in and day out! but you 've got to dream out o' bed earlier 'n this, mornin's, now I tell ye. Hurry up 'nd come down! There, he 's most ready for his breakfast, 'nd

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I 've had to lug this great feller all round, and Vi-*oh*-ly she wants her shoes tied 'nd her things hooked up."

"Tum along tick, 'fore me kick oo!" shouted Fish; and Polly, having huddled on her thin and ragged clothes, slipped into her shoes, — an old pair of Mrs. Tarbox's, — and scuttled down stairs as fast as she could. She did n't stop to comb her hair or to wash her face, but took Fish in her arms and went into the bedroom to dress Viohly, (whose name was Viola!) a scrawny girl some eight years old, with thin light hair, weak blue eyes, and a sallow complexion; fretful and sickly, but, after all, kinder to Polly than anybody else in the house, and loved accordingly. Master Fish was set down on the floor while his sister's boots were laced, her hair brushed, her clothes fastened, and the rent in her pink calico frock basted up; and he amused himself by overturning his mother's mending-basket, which Polly must set to rights; then she spread up the bed, and shouldering Fish, went into the kitchen. There at the breakfast-table sat the rest of the family, — Jehiel Tarbox, the father, a rough, stingy, coarse farmer, whose loose lips, red eyes, and stupid expression told the road he had taken at once; Vi*oh*ly, her mother, and two big boys, Jackson and Ev*erett*, the terror and torment of Polly's life, — two young brutes who thought a poor trembling child fair game, and took pleasure in her shrieks and supplications. Now Mrs. Tarbox took Fish on her lap and fed him with fried pork, cold cabbage, and hot biscuit yellow with soda, while Polly fried cakes over the hissing stove, — not fast enough by any means to suit the boys or their father.

"Hurry up your cakes, Silly Poll!" shouted one, "or I 'll let the old bull out into the barn-yard 'nd set you to catchin' chickens there."

"Come on, Polly Syl!" chimed the other; "fetch along your slapjacks, or I 'll come 'nd stir ye up," — a process Polly had experienced before, and stood in mortal fear of.

But when breakfast was scrambled through, and Polly allowed to eat her scraps of food standing at one end of the table, and, because she had slept too late, denied the one thing that could have made her scanty meal tolerable to her, — a cup of the hot drink they called coffee, — Mrs. Tarbox began to map out her day's work.

"Come! don't be a-standin' there all day; swaller your vittles quick 'nd fly round. There 's heaps 'nd heaps to do. After you 've fed the chickens, 'nd emptied the swill-pail, 'nd drove the caows, and got Fish to sleep, 'nd righted things ginerally, there 's two barrels o' red apples thet 's got to be fixed for dryin'; Viohly she can string 'em, I guess."

"Say, Mar! can't I go down to the pastur' lot, long of Polly," whined Viohly.

"Yes, if you 're a mind ter, only don't hang round there all day; get home quick."

So when Polly had done her first "chores," and established Fish safely in a dry-goods box with a heap of sand, an ear of corn, and a string of thread-spools to play with, in which primitive nursery he was used to content himself for, an hour at a time, perhaps, the two girls put on their hoods

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and shawls, such as they were, and set off. Polly opened the cow-shed door and let the mild-eyed, friendly creatures out into the lane, saying a word or two to each of the three as they passed, quite as if they had been friends.

It is time now to introduce our little girl. Her father had been a flourishing young carpenter in a Vermont village, that hid itself among vast and verdant hills like a nest in the crotches of a fir-tree. Sam Sylvester loved his sweet little wife so much, that, when one day she died and left him, he wanted to die too; and nobody could comfort him, — not even the tiny baby that lay and wailed in an old cradle as if it felt, what it could not yet know, — the sorrows of a motherless child. There was no one in Hillvale in any way related to Sam; he was an orphan, like his wife, and any relatives he might have in the seaboard New England town where his father had lived he had never seen or heard from; so that when he made up his mind to try his fortune in California, because Hillvale was so desolate to him now, he put little Pauline, who was named for her mother, under the care of his next-door neighbor, a Mrs. Moore, leaving money enough to pay her for a year, and promising to send on more. He went away with a sad heart; but when he got to California, the voyage and the change had taken his thoughts off his own trouble, and hard work at the mines did so still more. He was quite successful. In the mean time Polly grew up under kind and motherly Mrs. Moore's care into a fat and happy baby.

One day, about a year after he left home, a couple of his mining mates, who had been down to San Francisco for stores, stepped into his tent, and after standing about uneasily for a moment, one of them spoke.

"Say, Sylvester! you did n't come from Hillvale, Vermont, did ye?"

"Yes I did, to be sure."

The two men exchanged a glance, and the one who had not spoken sauntered out. Bill Decker went on, —

"Anybody there related to ye any ways?"

"Nobody but my little girl."

"Name 's Mary, ain't it?"

"No, Pauline."

"Good Jupiter!"

"What are you asking for, Bill Decker?"

"O nothin', nothin', only suthin' or other turned up queer down in Frisco."

"Tell me what it was, quick!" said Sam, rising to his feet with a pale face and angry eyes.

"Well, my mate and I we went into a saloon like to get a drink, 'nd ther' was a paper a lyin' round loose on the bar, 'nd I chanced to see 'Sylvester' on 't. I kinder thought it might be some o' your folks hed kicked the bucket, and so I 'd tell ye about it; and I read it, an' it sed Pauline Sylvester was dead, up to Hillvale."

Sam sat down on a box and put up his hands as if to wipe away some mist before his eyes. Baby was dead then; the little creature he had hoped would grow into as sweet a woman as her dead mother, while she waited for him to come back and claim her.

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"Well!" said he, slowly, "that's the last on't; but I may as well go to work," and he did. Nothing more was heard of him in Hillvale, and he never knew that the paper Bill Decker had seen was an old one, — so old that it was his wife's death in the register, not his child's.

In the mean time good Mrs. Moore, not receiving any money, or hearing any news from Sam Sylvester, still took care of the lovely little child as if it had been her own. It had found its place in her great tender heart, and though she was poor she would never give Polly up. The child was six years old when Mrs. Moore died suddenly, and being a childless widow, with no property to leave behind her, Polly Sylvester was sent to the selectmen of the town and by them bound out to Mrs. Tarbox. Two long years ago, and six months beside, had Polly taken her place in this new family, — for it was not a new home. When she came there she was a plump and rosy child, with rows of shining chestnut curls, eyes as brown, clear, and large as a flying squirrel's, and neatly dressed. To-day she was what we have seen her; the long drudgery, unkindness, improper food, and no care had made little Polly a forlorn sight. We left her driving the cows with Viohly.

"Say, Polly, what makes you shiver so?" inquired the other little girl.

"O, I 'm dredful cold; seems as if I should freeze, Vi!"

"I ain't! the coffee was real warm."

"But I did n't have any coffee, because I did n't get up quick."

"Well, why did n't you get up? you 'most allers do."

"O Vi*oh*ly, I had such a splendid dream! Don't you know we had that picture-paper Miss Slater let us take one time, and it had about Christmas in it, and how children somewheres hanged up their stockings, and you said it was real splendid, 'nd you wish your folks had a Christmas; 'nd I said I guessed if my father and mother wa' n't dead I should have one, because Mother Moore always told me what clever folks they was? And then don't you rek'lect that queer picture of — let 's see, what 's his name? — oh! Santi Claus fillin' the stockin's? Whey, Rainbow!" — shouting to a cow that left the line of march tempted by a turnip-field with the bars down. "Well, I dreamed that Santi Claus came down chimney right there in the garret somehow, and hung the dredfullest great big red stockin' you ever did see clost to the foot of my bed; 'nd when I looked at him he kinder laughed and said, 'Get up, Polly, and look in your stockin'; it 's Christmas day.' So I looked in and the stockin' grew bigger 'n bigger, and there was a most splendid kind of a wagon or somethin' drawed by two white horses, and in it — O Viohly, what do you think? — my own really truly father and mother holdin' out their arms to me, — O dear!"

The tears streamed down those little pale, hollow cheeks, and Polly sat down on a stone sobbing bitterly; for she had driven the cows into the lot and put up the bars while she told her story.

Viola was not a bad child, and she *was* a child; a certain dull sympathy filled her heart for the poor little thing who sat there trying not to sob, and mopping her face with the corner of her ragged calico apron.

"Say! don't ye cry no more, Polly. I 'll give ye a real soft apple to stop; don't no more, now."

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"I can't help it; Viohly, I 'm so tired; 'nd sometimes I 'm so scared up garret nights, and the boys do pester me the whole time. I wish, O I *do* wish, I had a real live father and mother! Seems as if I could n't stand it no longer. Miss Slater, sometimes she talks to me about hevin' a Father up in the sky; but I expect he 's forgot about me, he has such sights of things to see to!"

Poor tiny soul! He had not forgotten you!

Day after day went by, and Polly grew yet more pale and pinched. Autumn had brought its still harder work than summer, and when winter came, with drifts of pitiless snow over mountains and valleys, and the fierce winds blew more and more keenly upon Polly's half-clothed body and poor pretence of a bed, the child seemed to shrink away daily; there was no place for her by the fire at night, no warm and nourishing food by day, and when she was worn out with hard work she crouched and shivered under her scanty bedclothes at night, falling asleep from fatigue, without being warm.

One morning — it was the day before Christmas, but Polly did not know it, for no record of any holiday but Thanksgiving was ever kept in the Tarbox family — she was found in her garret so drowsy and stiff with cold that Mrs. Tarbox took alarm lest some day her bound girl might be unbound, and leave her for the house of that Father whom the poor child thought had forgotten her.

So they told her she might bring her bed down at night and spread it in a corner of the kitchen, if it was done only after the family had gone to bed and removed before they got up. That night the moon shone full and clear over the sheeted snow, silvered the crests of the great mountains that bore up its drifted piles, and streamed into the darkest depths of the valleys. By its light Polly crept up garret and loaded her trembling shoulders with the husk mattress and cotton comfortable. Everybody in the house was warm in bed, and just as she flung her burden down on the kitchen floor there came a loud rap at the door. Polly was frightened, and Mrs. Tarbox called from her bedroom, —

"Open that are door, Poll, pretty quick; don't stand gawpin' round as ef you was city folks!"

The startled little creature did as she was bid; and there on the door-steps stood a man, while beyond him, in a sleigh heaped with furs, the moon, now shining like day, showed to Polly a lady muffled to her throat, and just holding aside a silvery veil to look out; and the lady saw a slender, pallid child, with large soft eyes and a head of tangled curls shivering on the door-step before the strange gentleman. This took but one instant's glance, and the stranger asked if Mrs. Tarbox lived there.

"Yes, sir," said Polly.

The man seemed choked with his next question, it came so painfully and so slow, —

"What is your name, child?"

"Polly Sylvester, sir!"

"My own baby!" was the deep, low answer; and Polly rested right in her

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father's arms, sobbing so herself she could not hear the answering throbs of his heart, though her poor tired head lay upon it.

"Polly, shut that door!" screamed Mrs. Tarbox; but there was no answer. Out she hopped from her bed, fully intending to give Polly a trouncing, and came upon the sight we have seen. "Well! I should like to know—"

"You shall," interrupted the stranger. "Mrs. Tarbox, I am Polly Sylvester's father; you have treated my little darling, whom I believed dead long ago, worse than a dog, and she shall not stay another minute in your house!"

"I guess there 's two folks to settle that bargain. Fustly, how do I know you be her father?"

"Look at me!" said he, lifting his cap.

"Why, Sam Sylvester!"

"Now you have committed your own self, Mrs. Tarbox. I have n't changed too much in nine years to be known again."

"Anyhow there 's the s'lectmen, and the bond, 'nd I 'll have you persecuted sure 's my name 's Tarbox, 'nd hev the law on ye ef you tetch to take her away!"

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Sam Sylvester laughed.

"Do it if you dare!" said he, and taking the great travelling shawl off his shoulders, he wrapped Polly all over in it and carried her off bodily to the sleigh.

"Darling," said he, as he put her into the lady's arms, "I have brought you a new mother as sweet and good as your first one was."

Polly did not doubt that the lovely face bending over her with kisses and fond words was all her father said; and when he sprang into the sleigh and the driver let his impatient horses bound away and shake their silvery bells along the smooth road, Polly only whispered, "This is better than my dream!"

It seems that Sam Sylvester, now a rich man, and married to a young English girl he had met and loved in San Francisco, had, about three months before, met a Hillvale man fresh from home, who, after he had got over his surprise at beholding Sam alive and well, told him all about Polly; and of course the father set out at once to find his child.

They drove over to Drayton, the nearest large village to Hillvale, and there, after a warm bath and a good supper, happy Polly fell sound asleep, holding her new mamma's hand; but when she woke up next morning her first words, in answer to the loving smile of those blue eyes were, "Mother, is it Christmas day?"

"Yes, dear!"

"And did you come out of a red stocking?"

"Why, no, my little girl!"

"O, I 'm so glad! then it is n't all a dream!"

Rose Terry.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

ALL my young friends have heard the name of Agassiz, and not a few have had the pleasure of seeing the great man; but there are not many grown folks even, who know anything of his history, and why he has so great a reputation. His life has been a most remarkable one, and I doubt not that the readers of the "Young Folks" will be glad to know something about it.

Professor Louis Agassiz is of French descent, though he was born in Switzerland; French is, therefore, his native language, but he speaks German and English almost equally well.

When the Edict of Nantes was revoked, in 1685, Agassiz's ancestors, who were Huguenot Protestants, were obliged to fly to Switzerland.

He was born on the 28th of May, 1807, in the Parish of Mottier, in the Canton of Fribourg. Next May he will be sixty-three years of age.

His father was a Protestant clergyman, as were many of his ancestors.

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His mother was a good and intelligent woman, who brought him up with care and prudence. Agassiz has shown himself an excellent son; his love for his mother is well known.

When eleven years old he was sent to school at Bienne, in the Canton of Berne, and his brother, who was younger than he, went with him. He studied Latin, Greek, the modern languages, and fitted himself for college. He was very fond of Nature, and delighted in excursions on holidays for the purpose of fishing or of collecting insects. His father moved to Orbe, near the celebrated Jura Mountains, soon after Louis went to school. There was a clergyman in that town who was very fond of the study of Nature. Young Agassiz used to meet him when he was at home on his vacations, and this clergyman talked to him so enthusiastically about natural history, that the boy soon became interested in the study of plants.

When Agassiz came to make the choice of a profession, instead of choosing the ministry, as so many of his family before him had done, he determined to be a physician, and, after he had spent two years in the college of Lausanne, he entered the medical school at Zurich. There he studied diligently for two years, when he went to Heidelberg in Germany, and soon after to Munich, and entered the celebrated university of that city.

Some of the greatest naturalists and philosophers of the time were professors in that university. Young Agassiz was so bright and so diligent a student that they became very fond of him, and gave him important aid in his studies. The students, too, were much pleased with the enthusiastic young Swiss. They had formed a scientific society called "The Little Academy," and Agassiz took an active part in its discussions. We are told that even the professors used to attend the meetings.

But Agassiz was becoming interested in the study of animals and their structure, and something happened which turned him aside from the study of medicine. Von Martius, one of his professors, had recently returned from Brazil, where he had been travelling with Spix, another distinguished naturalist. Spix and Martius were busy in writing descriptions of the animals and plants they had collected, but Spix died suddenly, before he had described the fishes of Brazil. Agassiz had shown so much ability that Von Martius engaged him to do the work. Agassiz was pleased with the task, and undertook it. In a short time he had written in Latin a large volume describing the collection. His work was so well done that it immediately gained for him a reputation as a naturalist of great promise. He was now so much interested in fishes that he determined to devote himself to their study, and he set himself about collecting the materials for a great work on the fresh-water fishes of Europe.

Up to this time he had received a small allowance from his father, to enable him to go on with his medical studies. Now that he had determined to give up medicine, the allowance was stopped, and he found himself in difficulty. Fortunately, a publisher by the name of Cotta kindly stepped forward and furnished him with what money he needed to complete the work, and by 1840 it was published.

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A DANCING BEAR.

[See "Our Pictures"

DRAWN BY EDWIN FORBES.]

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Agassiz did not entirely drop his medical studies, but kept them up until he was prepared to graduate. His examination was a severe one, but he went through it in triumph, and in the same year passed a second difficult examination at Erlangen, which earned for him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Almost all rocks were once mud or sand in the bottom of the sea, and there are often found buried in them the remains of animals, such as shells, corals, &c., &c., which inhabited the sea when the rocks were formed. Animals so buried are called fossils. Their number is immense. Even fishes are sometimes found as fossils. When Agassiz was studying the living fishes, his attention was attracted to these also, and, as a very large proportion of them were very ancient, and entirely different from the fishes that live to-day, he determined to study and describe them. Fishes, with their flesh and bones and scales and colors perfect, are perplexing enough to study, but the fossil fishes, all broken up, often shapeless, and buried in the solid rock, and frequently belonging to groups that do not live to-day, were exceedingly difficult. For seventeen years did Agassiz labor on this gigantic undertaking, travelling about with his artist, from museum to museum, all over Europe, examining the collections of fossil fishes. Everywhere he was received with honor, and museums and societies lent him their collections for study.

In travelling he met many of the most distinguished men of the day. Baron Humboldt took him under his especial protection, and the great Cuvier became his warm friend and helper, furnishing him with a part of the materials for his work on Fossil Fishes. This work consists of five volumes, and contains descriptions of seventeen hundred different species. It is Agassiz's greatest work, and it gained for him the reputation of being one of the very first naturalists in the world.

Before the work was published he was elected professor of natural history in the college of Neuchatel in Switzerland, and ever since that time he has been known as Professor Agassiz. Here, through his brilliant lectures and his excursions with the students, he waked up an immense enthusiasm in the study of nature, and many of his pupils are now celebrated as naturalists.

He enjoyed always the best of health, and he worked unceasingly. He did not confine himself to fishes, but studied other classes, and published from time to time extensive works on fossil and living animals, and on other scientific subjects.

I wonder if any of my young friends know what becomes of the snow that falls on the tops of high mountains, where it is so cold that it cannot melt, as it does lower down on the hillsides. In the Alps and other high mountains it slides off from the steep slopes and finds its way into the valleys, which it fills up to a depth sometimes of many hundred feet. This snow, frozen and packed together, turns to ice, which forms a stream like a great frozen river, filling up the valley. Strange to say, this ice-river moves downward, — exceedingly slow, it is true, — until the summer's heat will not allow it to progress any farther, just as an icicle is melted when you push

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it against a hot stove. It melts away as fast as it descends, and is thus transformed into a tumbling mountain brook or river. These ice-rivers are called glaciers, and they stretch themselves down from the Alps sometimes into the region of the vineyards.

The glaciers carry on their backs immense quantities of rocks and stones that fall upon them from the precipices. These are dumped over the end of the glacier in a heap called a moraine. Some of the stones fall into holes and cracks in the glacier, and get between it and the rock below, and are moved along, scraping and scratching the rock.

Now, away down the valleys — in the upper part of which the glaciers of the Alps are now found — the solid rock is ground down and scratched and covered by loose stones, showing that the glaciers once extended much farther downward than at present. This could only have happened when the climate of Switzerland was far colder than it is now. North of the Alps is the beautiful plain of Switzerland, on the other side of which are the Jura Mountains. Ancient moraines, composed of rocks brought down from the Alps, are found on the plain, and even at a height of over two thousand feet on the sides of the Jura: and there is no doubt that the climate of Switzerland was once so very cold that the plain was covered by the glaciers from the Alps with a sheet of ice more than two thousand feet thick, which moved northward across the plain! Just think of it!

But Agassiz saw that if it was so cold as that in Switzerland, this same winter must have extended all over the northern hemisphere. In the north of Europe and America the rocks were found to be everywhere scratched, and the ground strewn with boulders, that were usually found to have come from some point to the northward. Agassiz stated his belief that there had been an immensely long winter, which had lasted hundreds of years, during which the northern countries had been buried in a great sheet of ice, — an immense glacier, — that moved over the land, grinding down the rocks, and carrying loose fragments or boulders from one country to another; and this great winter he called the ice or glacial period. Most scientific men laughed at his great glacier; but he was not to be laughed down. He spent eight summers on the glaciers, studying their structure, the laws of their motion, and the effects they produced, and he published two large books on the subject, beside a large number of papers in scientific magazines. Now his theory is held by many eminent scientific men of the day, and it is constantly gaining new believers.

Professor Agassiz became every day more celebrated, and he was soon esteemed as one of the princes in science. He became a member of every scientific society in the world that was worth belonging to. He received many medals and prizes, and sovereigns honored him with orders of distinction.

In 1846 Agassiz came to this country on a scientific mission for the King of Prussia, and America received him with the highest honor. He was invited to lecture at the Lowell Institute in Boston, and thousands went to hear his beautiful discourses on natural history and the glaciers. Professor

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Bache, one of America's most distinguished scientific men, and chief of the Coast Survey, offered the Professor the use of vessels in which he could travel, free of expense, along the whole coast of the United States. Agassiz was so much pleased with this offer, and the kind reception he had met with, that he determined to remain the rest of his days in America. He asked an honorable dismission of the King of Prussia, which was granted, and ever since then he has been with us, laboring for American science. During the war he made himself an American citizen.

I have no space in this little article to describe in detail the events of his life in America. It has been one of constant and severe toil. After spending some time in studying the marine animals of the coast in the Coast Survey vessels, he became Professor of Zoölogy and Geology in Harvard University, where he is at present. Many years ago he accepted a professorship in the medical college of Charleston, South Carolina; but his health suffered from the climate, and he soon returned to Cambridge. At Harvard he has been engaged during term time in teaching, delivering public lectures, in arranging his enormous collections, and in studying the animals of America. During his vacation he has travelled all over the country east of the Rocky Mountains, from Canada to Florida. On one of his excursions he took a class with him to Lake Superior, and the story of the trip forms a large book, entitled "Lake Superior."

He also has made an expedition to Brazil. Indeed, ever since Agassiz had written the work on the fishes of Brazil, he had desired to explore that empire, and this desire grew stronger after receiving an invitation from the Emperor to visit the country. In 1865 he was beginning to feel the effects of his great labors, and the need of rest; but there was no such thing as rest for him, except in a change of work. He determined, therefore, to visit Brazil. Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, of Boston, generously furnished him with a large sum of money, to fit out a regular expedition. Agassiz went, taking with him an artist, several assistants, and his wife, his most efficient aid, who accompanied him during his whole journey, and who, on their return, wrote a charming book entitled a "Journey in Brazil." I must refer my young readers to that work for the description of the kind reception which the Emperor gave his illustrious guest, for the assistance he offered him, for the story of the travels of the Professor and his little party, and the wonderful results which he reached. The Professor collected an almost incredible number of species of fishes on the Amazons, but the most interesting result of the expedition was the discovery of tokens which revealed the former existence of glaciers within the tropics!

During Professor Agassiz's residence in America he has published several volumes relating to natural history. A grand work on the Natural History of the United States, to comprise ten volumes, was begun several years ago. Four volumes have appeared, and he is busy with others. This summer, in less than two months, the Professor wrote, on Radiate Animals, a volume of several hundred pages!

If I were to give a list of the writings of Agassiz, comprising, be-

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sides his books, only the more important of the articles he has contributed to the various scientific journals and magazines, I should need more space than this article has occupied; but, much as he has written, this is only a small part of the work he has actually done. Agassiz organized, about fifteen years ago, the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy in connection with Harvard University,—a Museum which has few equals anywhere. It consists of a large four-story brick building, which is so packed with specimens of animals of all kinds, fossil and recent, that only a small part of the collections can be placed on exhibition. The building, we are happy to say, is soon to be enlarged. This Museum is, of course, open to everybody, free. It is not for show, but for instruction. Here the Professor and his assistants are engaged in arranging and classifying collections, and in making investigations which, from time to time, are published. The Professor receives into the Museum, without charge, students who wish to study geology and natural history thoroughly. Some of them are ladies, and he delivers courses of lectures before them. A considerable number of the young naturalists of America have been educated in this Museum, and they all feel that they owe to their illustrious teacher much of their success in life.

Agassiz is one of the best teachers in America. He does not pour information into his student; he shows him how to get it for himself;—and that is the true way to teach.

A student presents himself to Professor Agassiz, wishing to acquaint himself with natural history. Agassiz gives him half a dozen shells, and tells him to look at them. The student turns them over and over, hardly knowing what he is about. Next day Agassiz makes his appearance and says, "Well, sir, what have you seen?" The student has very little to say; he has *seen* the shells, but he has *observed* little or nothing. Now there is a great difference between *seeing* and *observing*. Every one knows that gentlemen *see* bonnets, and perhaps admire some of them, but, for the life of them, they could not describe one, simply because they have not *observed* how it is made. Ladies observe them and can describe them. To teach the student how to observe, he is kept, perhaps a fortnight, over his specimens, making drawings of them, and examining them with the greatest care; then he compares them to see in what they agree and disagree. The Professor tells him next to nothing, but every day he comes round with his question, "Well, sir, what have you seen to-day?" and all the time he keeps suggesting points that he should look for. So the student learns how to compare specimens, and how to observe correctly. Then the Professor gives him a larger collection of animals of some one group to study. No matter how well they may have been described, the student treats them as if no one had ever seen them before, and examines everything for himself as carefully as possible, comparing his own observations with those made by others, and he is always rewarded by discovering something new.

Agassiz himself sees everything about an animal at a glance, and while another naturalist is beginning to suspect that a certain investigation will

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lead to discovery, Agassiz has worked it all out. He seems to remember everything he has seen or read. He thinks of everything, and there is not a group in the animal kingdom that he does not know something about. He thinks rapidly and accurately, and he can do more thinking in a week than most men do in a year.

Some of my readers will want to know how Professor Agassiz looks. Well, he is rather short, but heavily built and very broad-shouldered. His head is large, with long dark hair falling down over his neck. His forehead is high and broad, his face large, with well-chiselled features and a brilliant eye. His face varies with his feelings in the most remarkable manner. Sometimes it wears a tired, troubled expression. But when he speaks, or is engaged in conversation, his eyes flash, and his face is exceedingly handsome. You cannot help loving him, — you give him your heart at once.

He has been twice married. His first wife died before he came to America. He brought with him a son and two daughters. The son, Mr. Alexander Agassiz, is an excellent naturalist, and has a wide reputation. He is now in Europe.

My young readers are already acquainted with the present Mrs. Agassiz, who is just the modest, motherly woman that one would take her to be from her charming articles in "Our Young Folks." These are always read and corrected for the press by Professor Agassiz.

Mrs. Agassiz is a very great aid to her husband; and she has a reputation of her own as an author.

OUR PICTURES.

THIS New Year's number of "Our Young Folks" brings its readers five full-page engravings, — a larger number, of course, than will usually appear in the magazine, — but each worthy of special attention.

The fine portrait of Professor Agassiz will doubtless be welcomed by all. It is a pleasure to look upon the face of a man whose heart is in his work, and perhaps no one has ever done so much to make people love scientific studies as Professor Agassiz.

"A Cent's Worth of Shine" tells its own story; but it needed an Eytinge to see that there was a story to tell. Even bootblacks and newsboys do not find their life "all work and no play." They manage to get a little fun of their own out of it; and there is now and then an artist who appreciates the fun, and can reproduce for us bits of sidewalk comedy, like this. But such a gift is by no means common.

There is always something of grim pathos about a dancing bear, — the forlorn exile from the woods, to whom good society is a wilderness. Held by a keeper at his chain's length, there is little of his forest-grandeur left.

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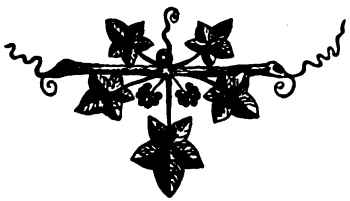
Yet those heavy feet did once crush fragrance out of sweet-fern and checkerberry-vines on the hills of Maine or New Hampshire, and that suppressed growl has blended with the thunder of the cataract and the trumpet-blast of the mountain wind. Now the Samson of the forest spends his shaggy strength in playing tricks to amuse the juvenile Philistines of the town; and pitiful enough Mr. Forbes has made his muzzled giant look, plodding along the highway with a miserable monkey for a travelling companion.

"Hunting Eggs" will interest every one who has lived in the country and has enjoyed living there. Whatever romance there was in the old-fashioned New England life, yet lingers under the eaves of ancient barns. Can you ever forget the smell of hay, that kept the wide sunny clover-fields fragrant in memory all winter long, the pigeons that cooed in the gable, the swing, the ladder, the great doors that swung open to sunrise and sunset? Oh! Ruthie and you remember it all with a dreamy longing, though then you only thought of the fun of hunting hens' nests together. But Miss Hallock's picture assures the youngsters of to-day that barns are still standing, and that in them are yet to be found hidden nests and jealously cackling hens; with many a lovely outlook through unhinged doors, or windows festooned with hay.

And there is here and there an old school-house to be seen standing in the country, homely and desolate-looking as a ragged beggar. But it is seldom that one gets freshly fringed about with romance by a poet's hand, or has its occupants of long ago brought to life again by artistic skill. Mr. Eytinge and Mr. Anthony have both done their work so well that you *feel* the snow in the air, as you do the trouble in the children's faces.

"In School-Days" — picture and poem — is as pretty an idyl of childhood as one may often meet with; and it is all the more welcome for being a winter sketch, the poetry of winter is so rare.

Let us be grateful that there are artists and poets, and that they can find pictures for us everywhere.



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SHOWMAN. — AN ACTING CHARADE.

CHARACTERS.

EDWARD PORTER, *a lad of fourteen years.*
ELLA PORTER, *a girl of twelve years.*
JAMES WALLACE, *a boy of thirteen, from the country.*
JOHNNIE PORTER, *the smallest boy who can learn the part.*
PAUL LEWIS, *the showman.*
As many boys for the menagerie as the size of the stage will allow.

SCENE I. SHOW.

Scene, a parlor. Curtain rises, discovering EDWARD *writing an exercise,* ELLA *studying a spelling-lesson.*

Edward (*looking up*). What 's the French for "show," Ella?

Ella. I don't know. Please don't bother me, Ned; I 've got a horrid lesson.

Edward. Well, tell a fellow where the dictionary is.

Ella (*passing a book*). Here (*spelling in an undertone*). Ex-hi-bi-tion, — Exhibition.

Edward (*in a low tone*). S-h — (*turning leaves of dictionary*), — Sho-show. Here it is! (*Writes.*) There, Nell, I 've finished my lessons.

Ella (*closing her book*). So have I. I wonder where Jim is!

Enter JAMES.

James. O Ned! O Nell!

Ella. What is it, cousin?

James. Uncle says we may all go to the show!

Edward. What show?

James. Why, the great show of beasts.

Ella. O, the menagerie! I 've been often.

James. Have you?

Edward. So have I! Did you never see one, Jim?

James. Never! There was one in Higginsville last summer, but it was five miles from our place, and it was a rainy day, and the old horse went dead lame, and father could n't spare another, because it was when they were hauling lumber for the new barn, so I could n't go.

Ella. Did papa say we were to go to-day?

James. If your lessons were all ready for Monday.

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Edward. Hurrah! I know mine!

Ella. So do I!

James. Then we can go. Dinner 's almost ready. But, Ned, are there real live lions and tigers?

Edward. Of course they are real!

Ella. What did you think they were?

James. Why, you know those we saw at the Museum were only stuffed.

Ella. Well, these ain't stuffed.

James. Ain't it fun? I never went to a show in my life.

Edward. Don't call it a *show*, Jim. It sounds so countrified.

James. What is it?

Edward. A menagerie.

Ella. I know. I have it in my spelling-lesson to-day. It is an *Exhibition!*

James (*mincingly*). O, an Ex-hi-bi-tion! What a mouthful. Show is twice as handy. [*Bell rings.*

Edward. Dinner! Come, we sha' n't have any time to spare.

Ella. I am all ready!

James. And then for the show, — I beg pardon, — then for the Ex-hi-bi-tion!

[*Curtain falls.*

SCENE II. MAN.

Scene same as before. Curtain rises, discovering ELLA *and* JAMES *in walking-dress.*

Ella. Where is Ned?

James. Gone to uncle for the money to buy the tickets.

Enter JOHNNIE, *in a man's coat and hat, and carrying a cane.* (*The effect is better if* JOHNNIE *is small enough to wear petticoats.*)

Johnnie. I 'm a man.

Ella. O Johnnie, what a figure!

Johnnie (*strutting round the room*). I 'm a man!

James. O, you comical boy!

Johnnie. I ain't a boy! I 'm a man!

Ella. What makes you a man, Johnnie?

Johnnie. Papa's hat, papa's coat, papa's cane.

James. So the coat, hat, and cane make a man?

Johnnie. Yes. I am a man, now!

Enter EDWARD.

Edward. Are you all ready? Why, Johnnie, you young mischief! Nurse will be after you!

Johnnie. Don't care for nurse! I 'm a man!

Edward. O, you are? Well, that alters the case!

[*Johnnie trips over the cane, falls, and cries.*

Ella. O, poor little fellow! (*Kisses him.*)

Edward. Fie! a man, and cry!

Johnnie (*sobbing*). I hurt my head.

James. A man does n't cry if he does hurt his head.

Ella. Give me the cane, Johnnie.

Johnnie (*strutting off again*). I won't fall any more. Good by! I 'm going to show mamma what a man I am! [*Exit* JOHNNIE.

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James. Come ; we shall be late, if we do not start.
Edward. I 'm all ready.
Ella. So am I. [*Curtain falls.*

SCENE III. SHOWMAN.

Scene, a room unfurnished, excepting a row of cages across background and at the sides. In each cage a boy representing some animal by gestures and sounds, but in every-day dress. (Impromptu cages can be made by some arrangement of chairs around the stage.) Curtain rises, discovering EDWARD, ELLA, JAMES, *and several other children walking up and down, looking at the cages.*

James. What is this animal, Ed ?
Edward. That is a bear.
James. Is it ? Can he stand on his hind legs ?
Edward. Of course he can !
[*Bear growls, and stands erect, holding on by the bars of the cage.*
James. Just look at him, Nell !

Enter PAUL, *with a long stick.*

Edward. Here comes the showman ; he 'll tell us all about them.
Paul (*stopping at first cage*). This, ladies and gentlemen, is the royal Bengal tiger. This superb animal was captured in India, and brought to this country by the celebrated Ow Rang Tang, at an immense cost. In his native jungle his principal diet is a raw native, but in captivity raw beef will answer for his daily fare. Having given the history of this remarkable animal, ladies and gentlemen, I will now stir him up, and make him roar. (*Stirs up the tiger with the long pole. Tiger roars as naturally as practicable.*)
Edward. Ain't he a beauty, Jim ?
James. Hush, he 's going to tell us what 's in the next cage.
Paul (*who passes to the different cages, as he describes the different animals*). This, ladies and gentlemen, is the Chimpanzee, or black orang monkey, captured on the Guinea coast. The immense strength of this animal makes his safe keeping very difficult. He can stand erect, or crawl on all-fours. Stand up, sir ! (*Chimpanzee stands up.*) Sit down, sir ! (*Chimpanzee sits down.*) They are very tractable if caught young, but ferocious when full-grown. The present specimen is four years old, and has been taught a variety of tricks. Make a bow, sir ! (*Chimpanzee obeys the orders as given.*) Shake hands, sir ! Stand on one leg, sir ! Crawl, sir ! Chatter your teeth, sir !
Ella. Did you ever see such a monkey ?
Edward. I like the little black monkeys better, they 're so full of mischief.
Paul. This, ladies and gentlemen, is the American grizzly bear ! It was captured in the Rocky Mountains, and measures nine feet from the tip of its nose to the extreme end of its tail ! It lives upon meat, but is very fond of apples. Have any of you boys an apple ? Try him ; see if he won't eat one !
James. I have one. (*Offers it to the bear, who takes hand and all in his paw.*) Oh ! oh ! oh ! He 'll eat me up ! [*Bear releases the hand.*
Ella. O, how frightened I was !
Paul. There was no occasion for fright. All the animals are so perfectly under my control, that there was not the least danger.
James. Well, you may give him the apple yourself next time. See him munch it, Ned. [*Bear growls.*

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Paul. I will stir him up, and make him growl. (*Stirs up bear, who takes the stick in his teeth, and shakes it.*)

Edward. Ha, ha, ha! See him hold on!

Paul. Let go, sir! [*Bear holds on, growling.*

James. I'm glad it is not my hand, now!

Paul. Let go, sir! [*Stick breaks.*

Ella. He minds, does n't he?

Paul. No animal likes to be disturbed while eating. We will pass to the next cage. This, ladies and gentlemen, is the tapir, a very rare animal in a menagerie. Indeed, I know of no other specimen in captivity. This animal is a native of South America, being found east of the Andes. He generally prefers to live in marshy ground, and will wallow in the shallow water like the domestic pig.

Edward. I never saw one before.

Ella. There is one in the geography.

James. Hush! let 's hear what is in the next cage.

Paul. This remarkably graceful and beautiful animal, ladies and gentlemen, is the jaguar, or American panther, which was captured with immense difficulty, being as ferocious and strong as a tiger, and at the same time as active as a cat. I will stir up the specimen, and make him roar. (*Stirs up the jaguar, who roars loudly, and bounds about the cage.*)

Ella. O, I am afraid he will get out!

Paul. No danger, miss. The cage is strong, and he would not hurt you if he did get out. All these animals are under perfect control.

James. What 's in the next cage?

Paul. A wild-cat.

Edward. O, stir him up! [PAUL *stirs up wild-cat, who yells.*

Paul. The next cage, ladies and gentlemen, contains a lion, — an Asiatic lion, — rightly named the king of beasts. This superb specimen was captured at the age of three months, and is as tame as a kitten. I will stir him up. (*Stirs up the lion, who growls without rising.*)

Edward. He 's sulky.

Paul. Get up, sir! (*Pokes the lion, who growls sullenly.*)

Ella. How savage he looks!

Paul (*angrily*). Get up, sir! [*Lion springs up in a rage.*

James. O, he 'll get out!

Paul. No, he won't. (*Pokes the lion, who bounds against the bars, upsets the cage, and gets out.* PAUL *runs.*)

Ella. Oh! oh! oh!

(*All run away, the lion following in bounds. All the other animals roar, yell, or growl with the full force of their lungs.*)

[*Curtain falls.*

S. ANNIE FROST.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 1.

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ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 2.

(Hamlet, Act I. Scene 5.)

CHARADES.

No. 3.

My *first* has always eaten my *second*,
And will, I suppose, to the end of time.
Though the terrible twenty-four-titled Turk
Should issue a firman and call it a crime,
Still under the shadow of Istamboul,
The best of Moslem would dare the worst,
And laugh at his beard, while, spite of my *whole*,
My *second* would still be devoured by my *first*.

No. 4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

Foundation Words.

So cold, so white, so smooth, so pure!
Unchanged for ages, I endure.
A thing of beauty, though a stone;
'T is genius gives me worth alone.

Cross Words.

A famous king, in days of old;
Whate'er I touched was turned to gold.

How Noah's heart was filled with rest,
When on my soil his feet he pressed!

For joy I opened not the gate,
But made the bold disciple wait.

Within my white and narrow fold
The secrets of the heart I hold.

A French name for coach, in Webster I 'm found;
How proudly and smoothly I roll o'er the ground!

What you would oft most gladly do
With all your faults, and start anew.

M.

ALPHABETICAL PUZZLE.

No. 5.

What letter clothes a boy?
What letter once brought gloom into the home of all men?
What letter makes the truth lucid?
What letter extends skill by two wheels?
What letter changes a tree into mince-meat?

A. M.

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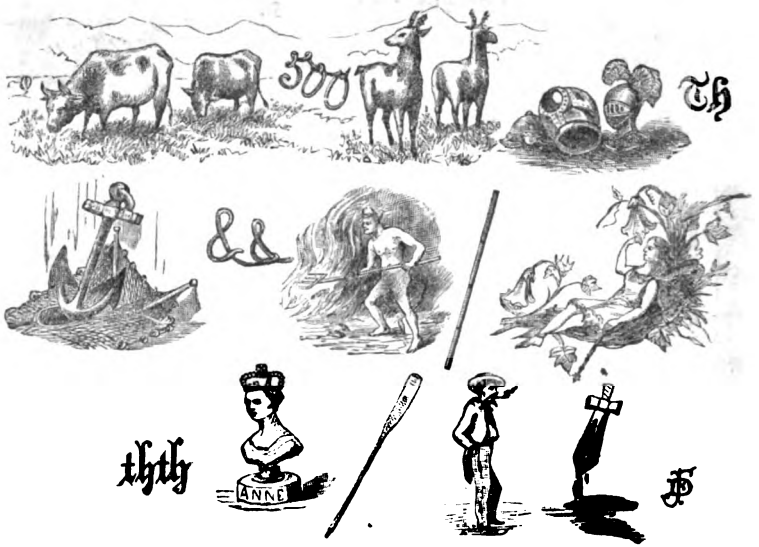
ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 6.



ENIGMA.—No. 7.

I am composed of 56 letters.

My 6, 45, 35, 32, 48, 10, 20, 36, 52 is one of T. B. Aldrich's poems.

My 9, 47, 8, 11, 13 was the name of Great Britain until Cæsar's time.

My 43, 18, 5, 34, 51, 16 is something very useful to every mother.

My 19, 44, 50, 33 was an early name for Ireland.

My 4, 25, 5, 33 is an Eastern inn.

My 12, 21, 14, 54 is the name of a German boy.

My 23, 30, 44, 40, 15 is a town in Scotland.

My 31, 50, 3, 56 is something used in lamps.

My 55, 1, 2, 24, 27 is what Lady Macbeth most wished.

My 53, 37, 49, 46, 7 s a very rough character.

My 29, 26, 9, 17, 41 is a common shrub in Great Britain.

My 38, 42, 39, 28, 22, 13 is a man who has made much use of his understanding.

My *whole* is a couplet from what is said to have been the first poem written in America. *A. C. E.*

ANSWERS.

87. Begin at the middle and read around:—
"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

88. Whole word, "Gray." Initials, "Gay," "Rogers," "Addison," "Young."

89. B–ore. B–ode. B–old. B–ring. C–age, C–hat. P–lace. C–ell.

90. A sailor *going round the Horn* looks for foul weather (Fowl, Wether).

92. The Story of a Bad Boy.

93. Jonathan Oldstyle.

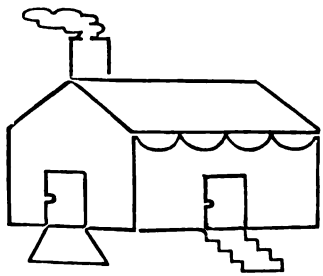
94. Last, but not least. [(Last) (butt) (knot) (Ell, east)].

95. Grandmother.

96. Pumpkin-pie.

97. *Foundation words:* Weir, Fenn. *Cross words:* WolF, EytingE, InmaN, RuskiN.

91.



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THE awards for the three best compositions are as follows: —

PEARL EVTINGE (aged thirteen years), New York City.

HATTIE ADAMS (fourteen last July), Stony Creek, Connecticut.

LOTTIE E. HAMILTON (aged eleven years), Oswego, New York.

All three of the compositions are written by girls, you see. We tried hard to think that one of the boys' sketches deserved a prize, but, after all our readings, and consultations, and re-readings, we had to return to these three. Some of the boys did quite well, but none of their sketches were free from mistakes; — in the very best one, besides other errors, there was no division of paragraphs, from beginning to end. But there will be another opportunity for them. Perhaps the reason of their failure this time is that fewer boys than girls tried for the prizes.

Naturalness is more desirable in writing than almost anything else; and it will be seen that the sketches which won have that merit. There is nothing bookish or high-flown about them. The little girls say on, in their own words, what they have to say. We hope they will keep this good habit, if by and by they become authors, — as well as their neat penmanship, and correct spelling and punctuation, about which writers for the press are sometimes quite too careless. Not that it is the most desirable thing in the world to be an author. Aside from that, everybody who has a letter to write needs to know how to put the English language on paper clearly and correctly; and this is what we wish to help our boys and girls to do.

The compositions, as a whole, we can speak of with high praise. We did not expect that so many would be so well written. The average penmanship is very good indeed. Most of the subjects, too, are well-chosen, and simply and pleasantly treated.

We will name the titles of a few that were nearly good enough for a prize. The first three were written by boys.

"A Visit to Arlington Heights."

"Something about Monitors and War-Ships."

"Benedict Arnold."

"How my Christmas was made Happy." (We wish we had another prize for the kind-hearted little girl who wrote this.)

"How we defended the Fort."

"Wormwood."

"Lost Lilly."

"The Travels of a Butterfly."

"The True History of Three Little Red Squirrels."

The last two are nice sketches by very small girls. Perhaps we shall print them some time, to show how well the little ones can do.

Here is one of the successful compositions. The others will be given in February and March.

BABIES.

I am devoted to babies, and they know it, dear little things! for whenever I come in contact with one, it holds out its round dimpled hands and coos like a pretty pigeon. They know who loves them, I can tell you. Great authors have written many pages about these little darlings; but, as they are always saying and doing something new, the subject will never be old. Nothing pleases me better than to take one of the precious tots on my lap, and kiss its soft velvety cheeks, and pure rosebud mouth, and tiny hands, and funny pink toes. O dear! how they change when the shoemaker begins to be interested in them! And then their talk: how cunning! full of "coos," and "guggles," and "la-las."

Why, to me, it is much more musical than French, Spanish, or even Italian!

One girl baby, that I knew, invariably made use of one phrase to express her joy. Give Tiny the cat to play with, or a stick of candy to suck, and she smiled like a cherub and said "Doddle doddle day." Tell her, by the aid of her queer little toes, how "This pig went to market, and this pig stayed at home," &c., and still she said "Doddle doddle day." So I suppose this declaration means a great deal in baby language, and I am quite sure that it is just as sensible as grown people saying "O dear, how nice!" about a piece of cake, or a fine piece of music, or a grand poem.

Luckily for me, there are a great number of these smallest of people in our street, and, during the holidays, I borrow them as often as possible.

Although many children are afraid of caterpillars, I have known a few who had no fear of them at all, and I once had a little friend who was quite fond of them. She would let a great furry caterpillar run up her white dimpled arm to the shoul-

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der, and say, "O you tunnin sing! have n't you any mouth to kiss me with?"

One morning I had a blue-eyed baby boy in our garden. Wishing to water my flowers, I left him on the grass-plot. In a few moments I heard a little low laugh, coming, apparently, from the roots of the grass. I ran to see what pleased Blue-eyes so much, and was just in time to rescue a large yellow caterpillar from his grasp, — a choice morsel just entering the rosy mouth, and with which, no doubt, baby thought to regale himself during my absence.

In the country, a couple of summers ago, where I spent my vacation, there were no little girls to play with, but, to my great delight, I found there one of the sweetest and best-natured babies I ever saw. I gave just half my spare time to that baby. I fed it on bread and milk, and put it to sleep whenever I got a chance. When I sewed (which I fear was not often), I used to allow him to put all my squares of patch-work into his mouth, as soon as I had them finished. Sometimes, when we were out under the trees, I would want to read a book; so baby was given the newspaper, that he might also be intellectually engaged. He would constantly interrupt me with some, to him, important piece of news, communicated in these words: "Ah-h-h-goo-goo-da-da-da." When the contents of the paper were exhausted, he finished the paper *itself* — by tearing it up in small pieces; and, climbing up, with great difficulty, to hold on to my shoulder, would poke the fragments down my back.

The poor cat (Mary Ann Haskins was her name) had a rough time of it with this baby. He loved her so dearly that he choked the life nearly out of her when he caught her. I rescued Mary Ann twice, when she was almost suffocated, and scolded baby about it; but he only smiled way out to the dimples in his cheeks and said "Put, Put." Put, that is Mary Ann, refused to make up.

By the by, there was a single lady visiting at the baby's, to whom I once made the remark "Is n't baby lovely?" "Only one cause to dislike him," said she, in a quick, sharp tone. "What 's that?" asked I, in wonder. "He 'll grow to be a man." — What in the world did she mean?

Before I close, let me breathe a prayer of thankfulness to God for these numberless little sunbeams, scattered over our homes, bringing light and happiness to their mothers' hearts, who, by their unconscious sweetness and innocence, lead many an erring one from wrong, and point the way to Heaven.

Pearl Eytinge, age 13.

"Bobus" gives this solution to his arithmetical puzzle in the last Letter Box: —

"I carry in my memory the first line dictated. For each figure dictated by my boy, I write one which being added to it will make 9. Thus each couplet of the column makes 9999, or one less than 10000. I carry in my memory the number of couplets dictated, and by *prefixing* this number to the first line, and *deducting* it from the same, I get the sum of the column. Thus, in the example given, six couplets are dictated. Prefix 6 to the first line dictated, making 64742
and deduct 6
will give the sum 64736
It is obvious that, to prevent as far as possible a repetition of the same figures in the first line and in the product, the first line should end with a figure not larger than 2 or 3."

A friend of "Our Young Folks" sends us some capital descriptions of familiar

EVENING AMUSEMENTS.

"WHAT IS YOUR THOUGHT LIKE?"

One of the pleasantest games we have ever played is called "What is your thought like?" There are two ways of playing it. The first, and by far the best, is as follows: A goes out, and in his absence the others decide what one thing they will all think about. It may be anything they choose, in nature, art, or fiction. We will suppose, by way of illustration, that it is *the sky*, and that only four persons are present. A being now recalled, inquires of one of the party, "B, what is your thought like?" B. "Like an umbrella." A then asks the next, "What is *your* thought like?" C (thinking also of the sky). "Like a woman." D says in his turn, "Like a ballet-dancer's dress"; and E compares it to Joseph's coat. A being quite unable to determine what one thing is like all these, begins at B again with the old query, "What is your thought like?" and goes round the circle once more. Where the party numbers six or less, he may ask each one three times; but when more are playing, it is as well to go round but twice. B's second answer is, "Like Mr. Dombey." C says, "Like the seams of a dress"; D, "Like a literary lady"; and E, "Like a rat." After asking all a third time, A is at liberty to inquire, "B, why is your thought like an umbrella?" B. "Because it arches overhead." "Why like Mr. Dombey?" "Because it has but one sun (son)." "C, why is it like a woman?" "Because it is very variable, and like the seams of a dress, because often 'overcast.'" D explains that his thought is like "a ballet-dancer's dress, because often spangled with stars, and like a literary lady, because decidedly *blue*." E says, "Like Joseph's coat, because it is of many colors, and like a rat because spelled with three letters." A (reflecting). "If it is blue, arched, star-spangled, variable, often overcast, and has but one sun, it is surely the *sky*, and as B's answers gave me my first light on the subject, she must go out next."

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"FOLLOW YOUR LEADER."

A good game to begin with, in an evening party, where there is any danger of silence and stiffness among the guests, is "Follow your Leader." A, having obtained a promise from the rest to repeat whatever she says, begins as follows: "A good fat hen, and about she goes." B immediately says the same, C, D, E quickly repeat it, and so on, round the circle in rapid succession. When all have in turn uttered the mysterious words, A leads off again with "Two ducks, a good fat hen, and about she goes," and this must also be repeated by all, after which "Three plump partridges, two ducks, a good fat hen," &c., becomes the formula. The fourth time it begins with "Four screaming wild geese, three plump partridges," &c.; and so on, one new sentence being prefixed by the leader at each round, and repeated by all the rest. At the twelfth circuit (should the patience and memory of the party endure so long) the formula has grown to this length: "Twelve Californian catamounts, cautiously careering over Corinthian columns, closely contiguous to a Catholic cemetery; eleven belted and booted, bewhiskered bravadoes, biting a bit of a bitter butternut before a better breakfast; ten aspiring allopathic Abyssinian acrobats, ambling after anacondas on Arabian antelopes; nine pragmatical, double-and-twisted left-handed physicians; eight ships sailing from Orinoco to Madagascar on Prince Gilgal's wedding-day; seven bones of a Macedonian horse; six Limerick oysters; five pairs of Don Alfonso's pincers; four screaming wild geese; three plump partridges; two ducks; a good fat hen, and about she goes."

The boys and girls who are not pretty thoroughly roused and enlivened by this farrago of fun and nonsense must be dull indeed. With very young children the last three or four sentences might be omitted.

"CRITICISM."

Another interesting game, and one in which younger children can take part, is "Criticism." Let A leave the room for a few minutes, and in her absence let each one of the company make some remark about her, which B (who is previously furnished with pencil and paper) shall record. A is then called in, and the list of criticisms read aloud to her by B, somewhat as follows: "Somebody says you are the light of the house; somebody says you are a terrible tease; somebody says you play croquet well; some one says you are very fond of ginger-snaps; some one else wants to know if you remember last 'Class Day'; some one says you have fascinating dimples"; — and so on, compliments, teasing, and personal allusions mingled together. After each remark A must guess its author, and much fun results from her mistakes. The first person whose criticism she guesses correctly must be the one to go out next time. If any one should offer a harsh comment, or make any allusion which would wound the feelings of the absentee, the recorder is at liberty to refuse it; for the object of the game is to make happy all who take part in it.

L. D. N.

THERE is a new game for the field and parlor to be had of D. B. Brooks & Bro., Boston, somewhat similar to Croquet, but occupying much less room. It is called "Le Cercle," and is quite a favorite with the few who have become familiar with it.

THE perfection at which the art of wood-engraving has arrived is something wonderful. We are struck with it more than ever in looking over the illustrated "Gates Ajar," and the "Building of the Ship," and Whittier's "Ballads," — and *C. Scribner & Co.'s* illustrated "Songs of Life" and "Lady Geraldine." The pictures in the "Gates Ajar" are especially beautiful and original. Jessie Curtis is a true artist, and her work shows a strength which has been supposed to belong only to men, as well as a woman's tenderness. Some of her best pictures have appeared in "Our Young Folks" for the last year; which, by the way, is also a very pretty illustrated book, and can be bound as elegantly as one pleases.

The "Trotty Book" is just as funny and enjoyable as can be imagined. The new chapters — which make up more than half the book — show the young hero in some of his most irresistible moods and exploits. In whatever scene he figures, he is nobody but Trotty.

The "Story of a Bad Boy" makes a very attractive volume, without and within. "Tom Bailey" will doubtless have a wide popularity, during the holidays, and long afterwards.

"The Fairy Egg, and what it held," which Messrs. *Fields, Osgood, & Co.* have just published, is one of the most fascinating juveniles of the season. We have spoken of it before, but we did not know how pretty it was until we saw it in type, with Miss Lucy Gibbons's graceful illustrations. The pictures are very original and the book is altogether unique and charming. "Little Bo Peep" and "Little Boy Blue," the "Old Woman who swept the Cobwebs from the Sky," the "Little Husband," the "Little Bachelor and his Journey to London," the "Man in the Moon," and other favorites of "Mother Goose," are made the centres of ingenious little romances. Every lover of the dear old nursery rhymes will want the book.

Besides these there are many old favorites, by the same publishers, of which the children will be glad to be reminded. "The Seven Little Sisters"

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are as charming as ever, and so are Mrs. Mann's "Flower People." Then there are Gail Hamilton's "Red Letter Days," and Alice Carey's "Snow-Berries," and ever so many others, which may be found in the catalogue of illustrated juvenile books issued by the above firm.

"In Fairy Land" is a present splendid enough to offer Queen Mab herself. Its pages overflow with graceful fancies of whatever may be supposed to be at home in the elf-world. The poetry is William Allingham's, illustrated by Richard Doyle. *D. Appleton & Co.*, New York, are the publishers.

Roberts Brothers have, as usual, some fine English reprints. "Little Max," illustrated by Rudolf Geissler, is pretty and new. "Miss Lily's Voyage round the World," and "Frölich's Picture-Book," and "Five Days' Entertainment at Wentworth Grange," were issued last year, but they have lost nothing of their beauty since then.

Lee and Shepard also publish many interesting books for boys and girls. They have begun a "Frontier Series," which promises well. Then they have always some new story-book by "Oliver Optic," and frequently one by Sophie May, — though not so often as children and lovers of children wish. "The B. O. W. C., a Book for Boys," by the author of "The Dodge Club," — a description of a vacation cruise, by school-boys, around Minas Basin, — is one of the best of their recent publications. It is admirably written, and has the true Crusoe flavor about it. They also keep supplies of English holiday books, among them Warne's "Picture Toy-Book," where the figures are in separate sheets, for the children to cut out and paste in again. Odd enough the pages look, with little white ghosts of boys and babies and kittens scattered over them, for small hands to bring to life.

There are nice books for the tiny folks, less expensive than some of these. With "The Adventures of a German Toy," and "Aunt Zelpeth's Baby," and "Rainy Days in the Nursery," published by *William V. Spencer*, many are already familiar. The "Play School Series," which *Gould and Lincoln* have just published, is a pretty little boxful of childish entertainment.

But we must stop, or Santa Claus himself will be perplexed about choosing. We allow ourselves this postscript only, — that whoever buys Björnson's "Happy Boy," published by *Sever and Francis*, and Auerbach's "Little Barefoot," published by *H. B. Fuller*, may be certain of having something good.

We shall give, in the February number, a capital specimen of nonsense-poetry, by Edward Lear, an English artist. It will be followed by others from the same hand. The author is one of Tennyson's intimate friends, and the fact that these verses have been read and laughed over by the poet and his children, adds to their interest.

It takes a genius to write real nonsense. Few besides the immortal "Mother Goose" have ever had the gift of doing so, in a manner acceptable to children. These will be acknowledged genuine by all who can appreciate the ludicrous.

Our readers will see, from the Prospectus, that we offer much larger prizes this year than last, and more of them.

The prize compositions are to cover only one page of the Letter Box.

The prize Rebuses will be judged according to their merit as drawings, as well as the ingenuity of their construction. The shorter and more compact a rebus is the better it is, usually.

The Charade or Riddle which takes the first prize must excel the rest in poetic merit. All of them need not be written in rhyme, of course; for many kinds of puzzles do not admit of that. But the *best* Charade or Riddle must also be a good poem.

Fifteen hundred dollars in prizes! Here is something for old and young to think of, and act upon. Everybody may have a finger in this pie.

"Our Young Folks" will be made especially suitable for the inside of the school-room the coming year, and, we hope, will be universally welcomed there. Brief dialogues and poems adapted to school uses will frequently be given. As a book to select reading exercises from, it has already become popular. It is a pleasure to be able to say that the more generally our Magazine is known, the better it is liked. *Our Letter Box* overflows with kind messages.

Look over the second and third pages of the advertising sheet in this number, young folks, and see if you cannot do a good thing for yourselves by helping us to make the Magazine more popular still. Three hundred dollars in money is a sum worth trying for, — and so, indeed, are the forty-nine other prizes, and the premium books, too.

The Publishers have certainly made very liberal offers this year. And the Editors mean that "Our Young Folks" shall always be worth everybody's reading, — something that no family or school can afford to do without. It ought to be excellent, for we have the best talent in the country to help us.

Believing in your good wishes for us, dear readers and subscribers, and grateful for the kindness so many of you have expressed by words and deeds, we wish you all

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

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SNOW.

DRAWN BY JESSIE CURTIS.] [See the Poem.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. VI. FEBRUARY, 1870. No. II.

WE GIRLS: A HOME STORY.

CHAPTER II.

AMPHIBIOUS.

"WHAT day of the month is it?" asked Mrs. Holabird, looking up from her letter.

Ruth told.

"How do you always know the day of the month?" said Rosamond. "You are as pat as the almanac. I have to stop and think whether anything particular has happened, to remember *any* day by, since the first, and then count up. So, as things don't happen much out here, I 'm never sure of anything except that it can't be more than the thirty-first; and as to whether it can be that, I have to say over the old rhyme in my head."

"I know how she tells," spoke up Stephen. "It 's that thing up in her room, — that pious thing that whops over. It has the figures down at the bottom; and she whops it every morning."

Ruth laughed.

"What do you try to tease her for?" said Mrs. Holabird.

"It does n't tease her. She thinks it 's funny. She laughed, and you only puckered."

Ruth laughed again. "It was n't only that," she said.

"Well, what then?"

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"To think you knew."

"Knew! Why should n't I know? It 's big enough."

"Yes, — but about the whopping. And the figures are the smallest part of the difference. You 're a pretty noticing boy, Steve."

Steve colored a little, and his eye twinkled. He saw that Ruth had caught him out.

"I guess you set it for a goody-trap," he said. "Folks can't help reading sign-boards when they go by. And, besides, it 's like the man that went to Van Amburgh's. I shall catch you forgetting, some fine day, and then I 'll whop the whole over for you."

Ruth had been mending stockings, and was just folding up the last pair. She did not say any more, for she did not want to tease Stephen in her turn; but there was a little quiet smile just under her lips that she kept from pulling too hard at the corners, as she got up and went away with them to her room.

She stopped when she got to the open door of it, with her basket in her hand, and looked in from the threshold at the hanging scroll of Scripture texts printed in large clear letters, — a sheet for each day of the month, — and made to fold over and drop behind the black-walnut rod to which they were bound. It had been given her by her teacher at the Bible Class, — Mrs. Ingleside; and Ruth loved Mrs. Ingleside very much.

Then she went to her bureau, and put her stockings in their drawer, and set the little basket, with its cotton-ball and darner, and maplewood egg, and small sharp scissors, on the top; and then she went and sat down by the window, in her white considering-chair.

For she had something to think about this morning.

Ruth's room had three doors. It was the middle room up stairs, in the beginning of the L. Mrs. Holabird's opened into it from the front, and just opposite her door another led into the large, light corner room at the end, which Rosamond and Barbara occupied. Stephen's was on the other side of the three-feet passage which led straight through from the front staircase to the back of the house. The front staircase was a broad, low-stepped, old-fashioned one, with a landing half-way up; and it was from this landing that a branch half-flight came into the L, between these two smaller bedrooms. Now I have begun, I may as well tell you all about it; for, if you are like me, you will be glad to be taken fairly into a house you are to pay a visit in, and find out all the pleasantnesses of it, and whom they especially belong to.

Ruth's room was longest across the house, and Stephen's with it; behind his was only the space taken by some closets and the square of staircase beyond. This staircase had landings also, and was lighted by a window high up in the wall. Behind Ruth's, as I have said, was the whole depth of a large apartment. But as the passage divided the L unequally, it gave the rooms similar space and shape, only at right angles to each other.

The sun came into Stephen's room in the morning, and into Ruth's in the afternoon; in the middle of the day the passage was one long shine,

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from its south window at the end, right through, — except in such days as these, that were too deep in the summer to bear it, and then the green blinds were shut all around, and the warm wind drew through pleasantly in a soft shade.

When we brought our furniture from the house in the town, the large front rooms and the open halls used it up so, that it seemed as if there were hardly anything left but bedsteads and washstands and bureaus, — the very things that make up-stairs look so *very* bedroomy. And we wanted pretty places to sit in, as girls always do. Rosamond and Barbara made a box-sofa, fitted luxuriously with old pew-cushions sewed together, and a crib mattress cut in two and fashioned into seat and pillows; and a packing-case dressing-table, flounced with a skirt of white cross-barred muslin that Ruth had outgrown. In exchange for this Ruth bargained for the dimity curtains that had furnished their two windows before, and would not do for the three they had now.

Then she shut herself up one day in her room, and made them all go round by the hall and passage, back and forth; and worked away mysteriously till the middle of the afternoon, when she unfastened all the doors again and set them wide, as they have for the most part remained ever since, in the daytimes; thus rendering Ruth's doings and ways particularly patent to the household, and most conveniently open to the privilege and second sight of story-telling.

The white dimity curtains — one pair of them — were up at the wide west window; the other pair was cut up and made over into three or four things, — drapery for a little old pine table that had come to light among attic lumber, upon which she had tacked it in neat plaitings around the sides, and overlapped it at the top with a plain hemmed cover of the same; a great discarded toilet-cushion freshly encased with more of it, and edged with magic ruffling; the stained top and tied-up leg of a little disabled teapoy, kindly disguised in uniform, — varied only with a narrow stripe of chintz trimming in crimson arabesque, — made pretty with piles of books, and the Scripture scroll hung above it with its crimson cord and tassels; and in the window what she called afterward her "considering-chair," and in which she sat this morning; another antique, clothed purely from head to foot and made comfortable beneath with stout bagging nailed across, over the deficient cane-work.

Tin tacks and some considerable machining — for mother had lent her the help of her little "common sense" awhile — had done it all; and Ruth's room, with its oblong of carpet, — which Mrs. Holabird and she had made out before, from the brightest breadths of her old dove-colored one and a bordering of crimson venetian, of which there had not been enough to put upon the staircase, — looked, as Barbara said, "just as if it had been done on purpose."

"It *says* it all, anyhow, does n't it?" said Ruth.

Ruth was delightedly satisfied with it, — with its situation above all; she liked to nestle in, in the midst of people; and she never minded their

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coming through, any more than they minded her slipping her three little brass bolts when she had a desire to.

She sat down in her considering-chair to-day, to think about Adelaide Marchbanks's invitation.

The two Marchbanks houses were very gay this summer. The married daughter of one family — Mrs. Reyburne — was at home from New York, and had brought a very fascinating young Mrs. Van Alstyne with her. Roger Marchbanks, at the other house, had a couple of college friends visiting him; and both places were merry with young girls, — several sisters in each family, — always. The Haddens were there a good deal, and there were people from the city frequently, for a few days at a time. Mrs. Linceford was staying at the Haddens, and Leslie Goldthwaite, a great pet of hers, — Mr. Aaron Goldthwaite's daughter, in the town, — was often up among them all.

The Holabirds were asked in to tea-drinkings, and to croquet, now and then, especially at the Haddens', whom they knew best; but they were not on "in and out" terms, from morning to night, as these others were among themselves; for one thing, the little daily duties of their life would not allow it. The "jolly times" on the Hill were a kind of Elf-land to them, sometimes patent and free, sometimes shrouded in the impalpable and impassable mist that shuts in the fairy region when it wills to be by itself for a time.

There was one little simple sesame which had a power this way for them, perhaps without their thinking of it; certainly it was not spoken of directly when the invitations were given and accepted. Ruth's fingers had a little easy, gladsome knack at music; and I suppose sometimes it was only Ruth herself who realized how thoroughly the fingers earned the privilege of the rest of her bodily presence. She did not mind; she was as happy playing as Rosamond and Barbara dancing; it was all fair enough; everybody must be wanted for something; and Ruth knew that her music was her best thing. She wished and meant it to be; Ruth had plans in her head which her fingers were to carry out.

But sometimes there was a slight flavor in attention, that was not quite palatable, even to Ruth's pride. These three girls had each her own sort of dignity. Rosamond's measured itself a good deal by the accepted dignity of others; Barbara's insisted on its own standard; why should n't they — the Holabirds — settle anything? Ruth hated to have theirs hurt; and she did not like subserviency, or courting favor. So this morning she was partly disturbed and partly puzzled by what had happened.

Adelaide Marchbanks had overtaken her on the hill, on her way "down street" to do some errand, and had walked on with her very affably. At parting she had said to her, in an off-hand, by-the-way fashion, —

"Ruth, why won't you come over to-night, and take tea? I should like you to hear Mrs. Van Alstyne sing, and she would like your playing. There won't be any company; but we're having pretty good times now among ourselves."

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Ruth knew what the "no company" meant; just that there was no regular inviting, and so no slight in asking her alone, out of her family; but she knew the Marchbanks parlors were always full of an evening, and that the usual set would be pretty sure to get together, and that the end of it all would be an impromptu German, for which she should play, and that the Marchbanks's man would be sent home with her at eleven o'clock.

She only thanked Adelaide, and said she "did n't know, — perhaps; but she hardly thought she could to-night; they had better not expect her," and got away without promising. She was thinking it over now.

She did not want to be stiff and disobliging; and she would like to hear Mrs. Van Alstyne sing. If it were only for herself, she would very likely think it a reasonable "quid pro quo," and modestly acknowledge that she had no claim to absolutely gratuitous compliment. She would remember higher reason, also, than the *quid pro quo;* she would try to be glad in this little special "gift of ministering"; but it puzzled her about the others. How would they feel about it? Would they like it, her being asked so? Would they think she ought to go? And what if she were to get into this way of being asked alone, — she the very youngest; not "in society" yet even as much as Rose and Barbara; though Barbara said *they* "never 'came' out, — they just leaked out."

That was it; that would not do; she must not leak out, away from them, with her little waltz ripples; if there were any small help or power of hers that could be counted in to make them all more valued, she would not take it from the family fund and let it be counted alone to her sole credit. It must go with theirs. It was little enough that she could repay into the household that had given itself to her like a born home.

She thought she would not even ask Mrs. Holabird anything about it, as at first she meant to do.

But Mrs. Holabird had a way of coming right into things. "We girls" means Mrs. Holabird as much as anybody. It was always "we girls" in her heart, since girls' mothers never can quite lose the girl out of themselves; it only multiplies, and the "everlasting nominative" turns into a plural.

Ruth still sat in her white chair, with her cheek on her hand and her elbow on the window-ledge, looking out across the pleasant swell of grass to where they were cutting the first hay in old Mr. Holabird's five-acre field, the click of the mowing-machine sounding like some new, gigantic kind of grasshopper, chirping its tremendous laziness upon the lazy air, when mother came in from the front hall, through her own room, and saw her there.

Mrs. Holabird never came through the rooms without a fresh thrill of pleasantness. Her home had *expressed* itself here, as it had never done anywhere else. There was something in the fair, open, sunshiny roominess and cosey connection of these apartments, hers and her daughters', in harmony with the largeness and cheeriness and dearness in which her love and her wish for them held them always.

It was more glad than grand; and she aimed at no grandness; but the

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generous space was almost splendid in its effect, as you looked through, especially to her who had lived and contrived in a "spy-glass house" so long.

The doors right through from front to back, and the wide windows at either end and all the way, gave such sweep and light; also the long mirrors, that had been from time unrememberable over the mantels in the town parlors, in the old, useless, horizontal style, and were here put, quite elegantly tall, — the one in Mrs. Holabird's room above her daintily appointed dressing-table (which was only two great square trunks full of blankets, that could not be stowed away anywhere else, dressed up in delicate-patterned chintz and set with her boxes and cushions and toilet-bottles), and the other in "the girls' room," opposite; these made magnificent reflections and repetitions; and at night, when they all lit their bed-candles, and vibrated back and forth with their last words before they shut their doors and subsided, gave a truly festival and illuminated air to the whole mansion; so that Mrs. Roderick would often ask, when she came in of a morning in their busiest time, "Did you have company last night? I saw you were were all lit up."

"We had one candle apiece," Barbara would answer, very concisely.

"I do wish all our windows did n't look Mrs. Roderick's way," Rosamond said once, after she had gone.

"And that she *did n't* have to come through our clothes-yard of a Monday morning, to see just how many white skirts we have in the wash," added Barbara.

But this is off the track.

"What is it, Ruth?" asked Mrs. Holabird, as she came in upon the little figure in the white chair, midway in the long light through the open rooms. "You did n't really mind Stephen, did you?"

"O no, indeed, aunt! I was only thinking out things. I believe I 've done, pretty nearly. I guess I sha' n't go. I wanted to make sure I was n't provoked."

"You 're talking from where you left off, are n't you, Ruthie?"

"Yes, I guess so," said Ruth, laughing. "It seems like talking right on, — does n't it? — when you speak suddenly out of a 'think.' I wonder what *alone* really means. It does n't ever quite seem alone. Something thinks alongside always, or else you could n't keep it up."

"Are you making an essay on metaphysics? You 're a queer little Ruth."

"Am I?" Ruth laughed again. "I can't help it. It *does* answer back."

"And what was the answer about this time?"

That was how Ruth came to let it out.

"About going over to the Marchbanks's to-night. Don't say anything, though. I thought they need n't have asked me just to play. And they might have asked somebody with me. Of course it would have been as you said, if I 'd wanted to; but I 've made up my mind I — need n't. I mean, I knew right off that I *did n't*."

Ruth did talk a funny idiom of her own when she came out of one of her

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thinks. But Mrs. Holabird understood. Mothers get to understand the older idiom, just as they do baby-talk, — by the same heart-key. She knew that the "need n't" and the "did n't" referred to the "wanting to."

"You see, I don't think it would be a good plan to let them begin with me so."

"You 're a very sagacious little Ruth," said Mrs. Holabird, affectionately. "And a very generous one."

"No, indeed!" Ruth exclaimed at that. I believe I think it 's rather nice to settle that I *can* be contrary. I don't like to be pat-a-caked."

She was glad, afterward, that Mrs. Holabird understood.

The next morning Elinor Hadden and Leslie Goldthwaite walked over, to ask the girls to go down into the wood-hollow to get azaleas.

Rosamond and Ruth went. Barbara was busy: she was more apt to be the busy one of a morning than Rosamond; not because Rosamond was not willing, but that when she *was* at leisure she looked as though she always had been and always expected to be; she would have on a cambric morning-dress, and a jimpsey bit of an apron, and a pair of little fancy slippers, — (there was a secret about Rosamond's slippers; she had half a dozen different ways of getting them up, with braiding, and beading, and scraps of cloth and velvet; and these tops would go on to any stray soles she could get hold of, that were more sole than body, in a way she only knew of;) and she would have the sitting-room at the last point of morning freshness, — chairs and tables and books in the most charming relative positions, and every little leaf and flower in vase or basket just set as if it had so peeped up itself among the others, and all new-born to-day. So it was her gift to be ready and to receive. Barbara, if she really might have been dressed, would be as likely as not to be comfortable in a sack and skirt and her "points," — as she called her black prunella shoes, that were weak at the heels and going at the sides, and kept their original character only by these embellishments upon the instep, — and to have dumped herself down on the broad lower stair in the hall, just behind the green blinds of the front entrance, with a chapter to finish in some irresistible book, or a pair of stockings to mend.

Rosamond was only thankful when she was behind the scenes and would stay there, not bouncing into the doorway from the dining-room, with unexpected little bobs, a cake-bowl in one hand and an egg-beater in the other, to get what she called "grabs of conversation."

Of course she did not do this when the Marchbankses were there, or if Miss Pennington called; but she could not resist the Haddens and Leslie Goldthwaite; besides, "they *did* have to make their own cake, and why should they be ashamed of it?"

Rosamond would reply that "they *did* have to make their own beds, but they could not bring them down stairs for parlor work."

"That was true, and reason why: they just could n't; if they could, she would make up hers all over the house, just where there was the most fun. She hated pretences, and being fine."

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Rosamond met the girls on the piazza to-day, when she saw them coming; for Barbara was particularly awful at this moment, with a skimmer and a very red face, doing raspberries; and she made them sit down there in the shaker chairs, while she ran to get her hat and boots, and to call Ruth; and the first thing Barbara saw of them was from the kitchen window, "slanting off" down over the croquet-ground toward the big trees.

Somebody overtook and joined them there, — somebody in a dark gray suit and bright buttons.

"Why, that," cried Barbara, all to herself and her uplifted skimmer, looking after them, — "that must be the brother from West Point the Inglesides expected, — that young Dakie Thayne!"

It was Dakie Thayne; who, after they had all been introduced and were walking on comfortably together, asked Ruth Holabird if it had not been she who had been expected and wanted so badly last night at Mrs. Marchbanks's?

Ruth dropped a little back as she walked with him, at the moment, behind the others, along the path between the chestnut-trees.

"I don't think they quite expected me. I told Adelaide I did not think I could come. I am the youngest, you see," she said with a smile, "and I don't go out very much, except with my — cousins."

"Your cousins? I fancied you were all sisters."

"It is all the same," said Ruth. "And that is why I always catch my breath a little before I say 'cousins.'"

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"Could n't they come? What a pity!" pursued this young man, who seemed bent upon driving his questions home.

"O, it was n't an invitation, you know. It was n't company."

"Was n't it?"

The inflection was almost imperceptible, and quite unintentional; Dakie Thayne was very polite; but his eyebrows went up a little — just a line or two — as he said it, the light beginning to come in upon him.

Dakie had been about in the world somewhat; his two years at West Point were not all his experience; and he knew what queer little wheels were turned sometimes.

He had just come to Z—— (I must have a letter for my nameless town, and I have gone through the whole alphabet for it, and picked up a crooked stick at last), and the new group of people he had got among interested him. He liked problems and experiments. They were what he excelled in at the Military School. This was his first furlough; and it was since his entrance at the Academy that his brother, Dr. Ingleside, had come to Z——, to take the vacant practice of an old physician, disabled from continuing it.

Dakie and Leslie Goldthwaite and Mrs. Ingleside were old friends; almost as old as Mrs. Ingleside and the doctor.

Ruth Holabird had a very young girl's romance of admiration for one older, in her feeling toward Leslie. She had never known any one just like her; and, in truth, Leslie was different, in some things, from the little world of girls about her. In the "each and all" of their pretty groupings and pleasant relations she was like a bit of fresh, springing, delicate vine in a bouquet of bright, similarly beautiful flowers; taking little free curves and reaches of her own, just as she had grown; not tied, nor placed, nor constrained; never the central or most brilliant thing; but somehow a kind of life and grace that helped and touched and perfected all.

There was something very real and individual about her; she was no "girl of the period," made up by the fashion of the day. She would have grown just as a rose or a violet would, the same in the first quarter of the century or the third. They called her "grandmotherly" sometimes, when a certain quaint primitiveness that was in her showed itself. And yet she was the youngest girl in all that set, as to simpleness and freshness and unpretendingness, though she was in her twentieth year now, which sounds — did n't somebody say so over my shoulder? — so very old! Adelaide Marchbanks used to say of her that she had "stayed fifteen."

She *looked* real. Her bright hair was gathered up loosely, with some graceful turn that showed its fine shining strands had all been freshly dressed and handled, under a wide-meshed net that lay lightly around her head; it was not packed and stuffed and matted and put on like a pad or bolster, from the bump of benevolence, all over that and everything else gentle and beautiful, down to the bend of her neck; and her dress suggested always some one simple idea which you could trace through it, in its harmony, at a glance; not complex and bewildering and fatiguing with its many parts and folds and festoonings and the garnishings of every one of these.

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She looked more as young women used to look before it took a lady with her dressmaker seven toilsome days to achieve a "short street suit," and the public promenades became the problems that they now are to the inquiring minds that are forced to wonder who stops at home and does up all the sewing, and where the hair all comes from.

Some of the girls said, sometimes, that "Leslie Goldthwaite liked to be odd; she took pains to be." This was not true; she began with the prevailing fashion — the fundamental idea of it — always, when she had a new thing; but she modified and curtailed, — something was sure to stop her somewhere; and the trouble with the new fashions is that they never stop. To use a phrase she had picked up a few years ago, "something always got crowded out." She had other work to do, and she must choose the finishing that would take the shortest time; or satin folds would cost six dollars more, and she wanted the money to use differently; the dress was never the first and the *must be;* so it came by natural development to express herself, not the rampant mode; and her little ways of "dodging the dressmaker," as she called it, were sure to be graceful, as well as adroit and decided.

It was a good thing for a girl like Ruth, just growing up to questions that had first come to this other girl of nineteen four years ago, that this other had so met them one by one, and decided them half unconsciously as she went along, that now, for the great puzzle of the "outside," which is getting more and more between us and our real living, there was this one more visible, unobtrusive answer put ready, and with such a charm of attractiveness, into the world.

Ruth walked behind her this morning, with Dakie Thayne, thinking how "achy" Elinor Hadden's puffs and French-blue bands, and bits of embroidery looked, for the stitches somebody had put into them, and the weary starching and ironing and perking out that must be done for them, beside the simple hem and the one narrow basque ruffling of Leslie's cambric morning dress, which had its color and its set-off in itself, in the bright little carnations with brown stems that figured it. It was "trimmed in the piece"; and that was precisely what Leslie had said when she chose it. She "dodged" a great deal in the mere buying.

Leslie and Ruth got together in the wood-hollow, where the little vines and ferns began. Leslie was quick to spy the bits of creeping Mitchella, and the wee feathery fronds that hid away their miniature grace under the feet of their taller sisters. They were so pretty to put in shells, and little straight tube-vases. Dakie Thayne helped Rose and Elinor to get the branches of white honeysuckle that grew higher up.

Rose walked with the young cadet, the arms of both filled with the fragrant-flowering stems, as they came up homeward again. She was full of bright, pleasant chat. It just suited her to spend a morning so, as if there were no rooms to dust and no tables to set, in all the great sunshiny world; but as if dews freshened everything, and furnishings "came," and she herself were clothed of the dawn and the breeze, like a flower. She never cared so much for afternoons, she said; of course one had got through with

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the prose by that time; but "to go off like a bird or a bee right after breakfast, — that was living; that was the Irishman's blessing, — 'the top o' the mornin' till yez!'"

"Won't you come in and have some lunch?" she asked, with the most magnificent intrepidity, when she had n't the least idea what there would be to give them all if they did, as they came round under the piazza basement, and up to the front portico.

They thanked her, no; they must get home with their flowers; and Mrs. Ingleside expected Dakie to an early dinner.

Upon which she bade them good by, standing among her great azalea branches, and looking "awfully pretty," as Dakie Thayne said afterward, precisely as if she had nothing else to think of.

The instant they had fairly moved away, she turned and ran in, in a hurry to look after the salt-cellars, and to see that Katty had n't got the table-cloth diagonal to the square of the room instead of parallel, or committed any of the other general-housework horrors which she detailed herself on daily duty to prevent.

Barbara stood behind the blind.

"The audacity of that!" she cried, as Rosamond came in. "I shook right out of my points when I heard you! Old Mrs. Lovett has been here, and has eaten up exactly the last slice of cake but one. So that 's Dakie Thayne?"

"Yes. He 's a nice little fellow. Are n't these lovely flowers?"

"O my gracious! that great six-foot cadet!"

"It does n't matter about the feet. He 's barely eighteen. But he 's nice, — ever so nice."

"It 's a case of Outledge, Leslie," Dakie Thayne said, going down the hill. "They treat those girls — amphibiously!"

"Well," returned Leslie, laughing, "*I 'm* amphibious. I live in the town, and I *can* come out — and not die — on the Hill. I like it. I always thought that kind of animal had the nicest time."

They met Alice Marchbanks with her cousin Maud, coming up.

"We 've been to see the Holabirds," said Dakie Thayne, right off.

"I wonder why that little Ruth did n't come last night? We really wanted her," said Alice to Leslie Goldthwaite.

"For batrachian reasons, I believe," put in Dakie, full of fun. "She is n't quite amphibious yet. She don't come out from under water. That is, she 's young, and does n't go alone. She told me so."

You need n't keep asking how we know! Things that belong get together. People who tell a story see round corners.

The next morning Maud Marchbanks came over, and asked us all to play croquet and drink tea with them that evening, with the Goldthwaites and the Haddens.

"We 're growing very gay and multitudinous," she said graciously.

"The midshipman 's got home, — Harry Goldthwaite, you know."

Ruth was glad, then, that mother knew; she had the girls' pride in her

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own keeping; there was no responsibility of telling or withholding. But she was glad also that she had not gone last night.

When we went up stairs at bedtime, Rosamond asked Barbara the old, inevitable question, —

"What have you got to wear, Barb, to-morrow night, — that 's ready?"

And Barbara gave, in substance, the usual unperturbed answer, "Not a dud!"

But Mrs. Holabird kept a garnet and white striped silk skirt on purpose to lend to Barbara. If she had *given* it, there would have been the end. And among us there would generally be a muslin waist, and perhaps an overskirt. Barbara said our "overskirts" were skirts that were *over with*, before the new fashion came.

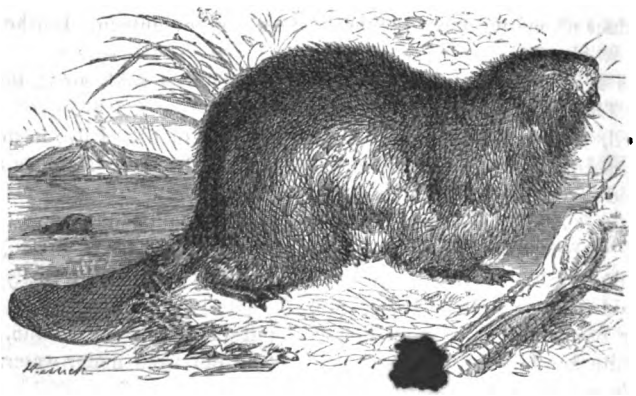
Barbara went to bed like a chicken, sure that in the big world to-morrow there would be something that she could pick up.

It was a miserable plan, perhaps; but it *was* one of our ways at Westover.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

OUR MENAGERIE.

BEAVERS.



WHEN I was a boy there was nothing I should have liked so much as to travel with a menagerie. A circus would have seemed very pleasant; and O, how we all wished that we could go into the navy! But a menagerie would have been best of all. Then we could have travelled all the time, and slept in a tent, and tended the animals.

Indeed, I think I have never seen a boy who did not think that he would like to keep a menagerie, except one. That boy's father actually kept one, and the boy said he had seen enough of it, and it was much better fun to go fishing!

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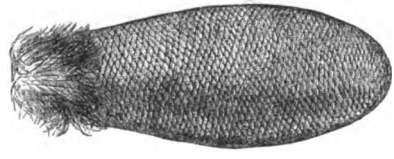
But there is one way in which we can all keep a menagerie, and that is, on paper. Let us keep it in the pages of "Our Young Folks," and have pictures of animals instead of the real ones. Pictures will not run away, and you do not have to feed them, and they are really much less trouble than the creatures themselves.

And I will tell you what animals we will put in our paper menagerie first; the most intelligent. If an animal is only pretty and playful, children soon get tired of it. There are rabbits, for instance; I used to keep rabbits, but they only know how to sleep and eat and hop about a little, and let you take them up by the ears. It is only very young rabbits that play much. But when an animal is ingenious and skilful, and seems to think and act as a man would do, then you like to watch it, and do not get tired of it. For instance, there is the beaver. If you could only see the beaver build its dam! But that is not easy to see. For, in the first place, they build at night, so that even the hunter can hardly watch them. And, in the next place, though beavers used to be common all over the country, you can now hardly find them except in Michigan or Canada, or near the Rocky Mountains.

It is strange that the beavers should have been driven away so fast, because their cousin, the musquash, does not seem to be driven away at all. He is shot and speared and trapped, and still you can hardly go skating in winter without seeing some of his houses. And though he is sometimes called musk-rat, he ought to be called musk-beaver, because he is really a beaver, and no rat at all. And if you want to know about the beaver, the best thing you can do is to observe the habits of the musquash. His house is very much like the beaver's house, only smaller, and he can do almost everything that his cousin does, except make dams and canals. And even the beaver does not build those, except when they are really needed, as I shall show.

A beaver is two or three times as large as a musquash; indeed, sometimes he is as heavy as a stout boy, weighing seventy or eighty pounds. His tail is flattened, like that of the musquash, only much more so, and the edges are horizontal instead of vertical. It was once thought that he used this broad flat tail as a spade or trowel, but this is not now generally believed. At any rate, the tail is the most curious part of the animal, it is so long and large and covered with rough scales instead of fur, as this engraving shows. The beaver sculls his way with it in the water, as you can scull a boat by one oar in the stern. And he supports himself by it when he rears on his hind legs to cut down a tree. I suspect a beaver who had lost his tail would find it hard to get a living.



I said that the beaver does not always build dams. That is one thing which shows his intelligence. If he lives beside a lake, with plenty of water,

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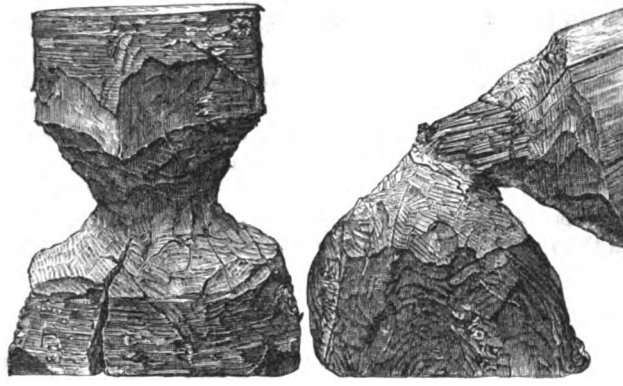
why should he need a dam? In such a case he has a hole in the bank, and a hut in front of it, and keeps house just as a musquash would. But if he has to live by a stream where there is not water enough to surround his hut, he then goes to work, just as a man would, to make an artificial pond by means of a dam.

In the first place he and his family cut down small trees, and then divide them into shorter lengths, such as they can carry in their mouths. Some-



times the trees are as much as two feet thick. They are really cut, as this picture shows, not merely nibbled or hacked. The beaver's front teeth are shaped like chisels, and his work looks as if done with a chisel, in long cuts. It is smoother than boy's hatchet-cutting is apt to be, and looks at a distance as if done with an axe. Many specimens of these cuttings are now preserved in museums, and they are very curious.

Then the beaver drags these cuttings to the place where he is to build his dam. He brings branches in his mouth, and pushes earth with his paws, and rolls stones along, and sometimes has been seen swimming with hay and brush upon his head; all to be piled together and made into a dam. At first the dam is rough and loose, like the mound of a musquash. But when once made it lasts for years and even centuries, and the beavers keep constantly at work on it, smoothing it and pressing it down and stopping all the gaps, so that at last it is a solid dam, that will bear the weight of many men. These old dams are neatly finished with earth-work on the upper side and with rough stick-work on the lower side, and gradually they are overgrown with grass

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and bushes, and look as if they were natural banks. A millwright in Michigan told me that the beaver-dams were as solid as any that he could build, and that he built his upon just the same plan, — filling the stream with boughs, and gradually pressing these down with stones and gravel and logs.

The best book about the beaver is that by Morgan,* and he gives engravings, from photographs, of some of the largest dams. There is one, for instance, at what is now called Grass Lake, which is two hundred and sixty feet long and six feet high; and in the region where this was found, near Lake Superior, there were sixty-three dams within a district seven miles square. These dams varied from fifty to five hundred feet in length, and some of the ponds caused by them covered sixty acres.

The beavers keep these dams constantly in repair, and may sometimes be seen by night at work on them, when the trappers have made holes in them. There are sometimes several dams on the same stream, one below another, so that the water of each flows back nearly to the foot of that above. Sometimes they seem to protect a large dam by a smaller one below, so that the pressure of the water from below may resist the pressure at the bottom of the principal dam. In one case seven dams were found on the same stream within a distance of one hundred and sixty feet, as represented on the next page.

The beavers do not hew down trees merely to make dams, but also to cut up the small branches and pile them near their lodges for winter food. And they need so many for these purposes, that a single surveying party in Northern Michigan heard nineteen trees fall round them, all cut by beavers, in a single night. Of course these great dams change the whole appearance of the country; the trees die, being surrounded by water; the firm ground is turned into a wet meadow; and you see the traces of the beavers' work for hundreds of years. There is hardly a State in the Union which has not some village or county or lake named after the beavers.

* The American Beaver, his Ways and Works. By Lewis H. Morgan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 8vo. pp. 330. 1868.

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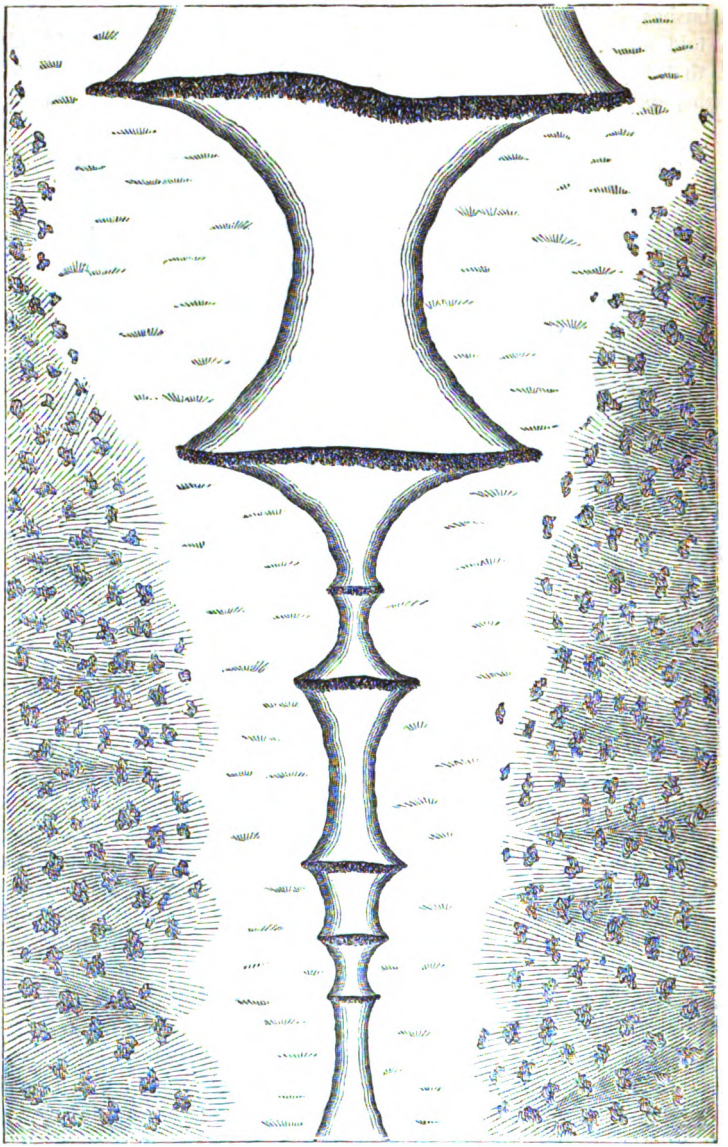

But I do not think that even the dams made by beavers show so much thought or ingenuity as their canals. It is much easier and safer for them to carry their food and building material by water than by land. So sometimes they cut a canal across the bend of a stream to shorten the distance. Sometimes, again, it is cut through the mud until they reach firm ground for

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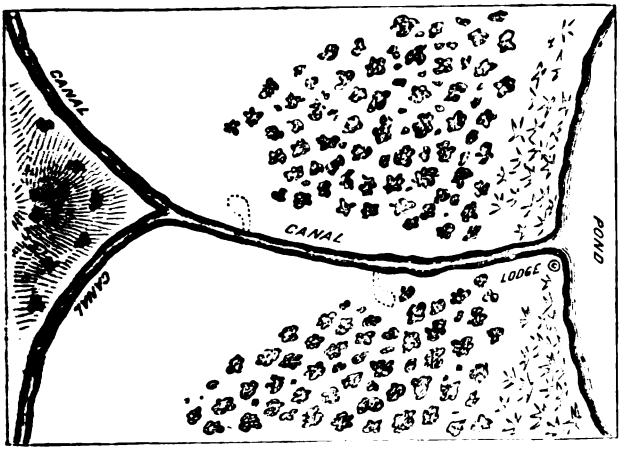
their burrows. These canals are usually about three feet wide and three deep, and they are sometimes five hundred feet long. Any engineer will tell



you that it needs a good deal of skill and ingenuity to decide where to lay out such a canal as that, and then to cut it regularly, so that the water shall flow smoothly through. And the most remarkable thing of all is, that they know how to combine the principles of the canal and the dam, so that when they come to an obstruction, such as a rock in the bed of their stream, they immediately make a dam to secure the necessary flow of water. Successive generations evidently work for many years upon these canals, and I can hardly think of anything else, done by an animal, that shows so much contrivance.

The house or lodge is always separate from the dam, and it looks like that of the musquash, only that it is much larger, and built of stronger materials. Sometimes a cord of wood is used in building one house. There is an entrance under water like that of the musquash, and sometimes two. These openings are very neatly made. The beavers drag their branches and pieces of bark into the water, and then take them into the dining-room by the hidden entrance. Indeed, I believe the house is all dining-room, but it is always very neatly swept.

There are not often more than eight or ten beavers, old and young, in a single house. Hearne, an old traveller, once found thirty-seven under a

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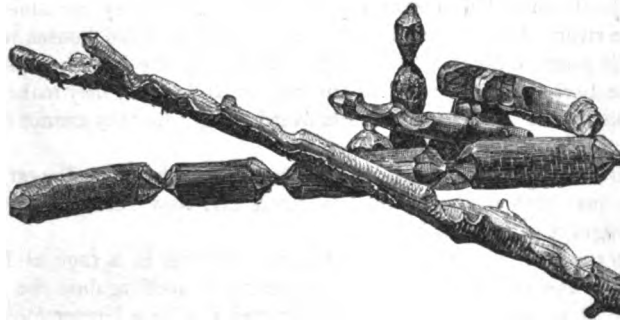
single roof. But I suppose that was a kind of "tenement-house" with several families. Besides the houses, they like to have burrows in the banks, and spend part of their time in each. The young beavers live at home for about two years before they go to housekeeping for themselves. They are queer little things, and their cry is like that of a young child. Mr. Morgan once saw a little beaver in an Indian's house, and it was lapping milk out of a saucer, like a kitten, and an Indian baby was pulling its fur. Then there was a little cry, and Mr. Morgan thought it was the Indian baby, till he found it was the baby beaver.

You know that the beaver is amphibious. I once heard of a showman who defined an amphibious animal as "one that can't live on land and dies in the water." It was a droll definition, but there was some truth in it. At least, an amphibious animal will die if you keep it under water altogether. The beaver can only live without air about fifteen minutes. And yet he travels long distances under the ice in winter. Can you tell how he manages to do that? If you had observed the habits of the musquash very carefully you would know, for they both do it in the same way. I will tell you.

When the marshes where musquashes live are first frozen over, and the ice is thin and transparent, if you go and strike hard on one of their houses, you may, perhaps, see the whole family plunge into the water and swim away. They do not like that rude knocking at the door. Then, if you follow one, you may see him come up to the under side of the ice to breathe. Then he will breathe out the air from his lungs. It makes a bubble against the ice, and in a little while becomes pure again. Then he breathes it in, and dives again, and swims till he has to come up once more. I have never seen this; but this is what the trappers describe, and they say that the mink and otter and beaver travel under the ice in the same way.



Beavers feed on roots, bark, wood, leaves, and berries. They breed in the spring and have from two to four young ones in a litter. They are caught in steel traps, which are usually set under water near their haunts. The traps are not baited, but rubbed with some odor or essence of which the animals are fond. Not so many beavers are trapped now as formerly,

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because they now live in remoter places, and because their fur is rather less used. The Hudson's Bay Company alone has sometimes sent more than one hundred and fifty thousand beavers' skins to England in a single year.

It has always been an interesting question for naturalists, how the beaver learns to build. Does he learn it by observing his parents, or would he know how to do it if he were brought up alone?

Buffon, a great naturalist, thought that it was all learned by observation. So Cuvier, another great naturalist, took a very young beaver and brought him up by hand, apart from all his kind. He was fed with branches of willow. He ate the bark, then cut the branches in pieces and piled them up in the corner of the cage. Then they gave him earth, straw, and other branches. They saw him form the earth into lumps with his fore feet. Then he pushed these lumps together with his mouth and chin, and piled them with the straw and branches into a solid mass. This shows that an instinct taught the little beaver to build, even without any other beaver to set the example.

Now there are several remarkable things about the instinct of beavers.

First, the way they act together, in so large a family. Most quadrupeds act singly or in pairs.

Then the way they use their judgment in their own affairs. This is what makes it so hard to tell the difference between what we call instinct and what we call reason. Animals like beavers seem really to think and decide, for instance, whether they need a dam, instead of going on blindly and building one whether they need it or not. If the water is already wide and deep enough they save themselves the trouble, and live comfortably in their houses, like musquashes.

Then, again, when they are placed in wholly new positions, they are said to change their habits altogether. When very hard pressed, they not only do without a dam, but they do without a house, and they live almost alone. On the river Elbe, in Europe, they have ceased to build houses within the last fifty years, and live in holes in the cliffs along the banks of the stream. On the banks of the Rhone, where they are still found, they make holes in the dikes which keep the river from overflowing. So they cannot be hunted without destroying the dikes.

This I learned from a very interesting French book by Ernest Menault. It has just been published by Scribner & Co., New York, under the name "Intelligence of Animals."

The same writer tells a story of a young beaver in a cage at Paris, and describes the skill he showed in sheltering himself against the cold and snow. It snowed very hard, one night, and the little beaver looked round for shelter. He had only some boughs that he had been gnawing. In the morning they found these boughs piled against the side of the cage, and some of them woven in and out, as a basket-maker would have done. A few carrots and apples that the beaver had were used in filling up the gaps, and then the snow was also piled up, making a solid wall, that protected the cage very well.

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Now if a poor little child, shut up in a cage, had done all this, it would have been thought to show ingenuity and sense. And when dumb animals do such things it certainly shows them to have an intelligence more like ours than we sometimes imagine. You know they say of a very industrious person, "he works like a beaver." I think we might say "as ingenious as a beaver," also.

T. W. Higginson.

SNOW.

FOR F. C.

LOOK up in the sky, my darling,
And see the snow come down
On the north-wind's breath, a wandering wreath,
To cover the hillsides brown.

Look up in the sky, my darling,
And see the glittering whirl
Of eddying flakes the wild wind rakes
In drifts that topple and curl.

White is the air above us,
And white the earth below,
For the azure skies, like thy sweet eyes,
Are sealed with lids of snow.

Silent as fairy footsteps
Its light feet tread the air;
With a thrilling kiss of slumberous bliss
It lulls the wanderer's care.

The flowers lie shut and sleeping
Under its spotless fleece;
Cold is the storm, but its drifts are warm,
And the blossoms rest in peace.

Shut thy blue eyes, my darling,
Safe in thy little bed;
My heart is old and stormy and cold
But it warms thy fair young head.

Rose Terry.

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BURTON AND THE BABY.

AN August morning, — cool and clear as August mornings in Minnesota are almost sure to be, — the sun shining out over the little settlement, and the blue waters of Lake Shetek, and gilding the dark pines on the northern shore. Only five o'clock, but the people are all astir, for harvesting has just begun, and the great fields of wheat and corn must be gathered in by fewer hands than last year. It was war-time, — 1862, — and the first battle of Bull Run was still fresh in the minds of every one; and sitting on the doorstep, little Burton Estlick spelled out the account of it in the weekly paper, which had come in only yesterday, while the baby pattered about with his small bare feet, and talked in an unknown tongue about everything.

Burton's father was a private in one of the Western regiments, and had left his wife and two children in a neighbor's charge, till his two years of army life should be over. Burton, though but just nine years old, was learning in good earnest to be a farmer's boy. For two years he had lived with his mother in this lonely country, half a dozen families having left Mankato, some seventy miles east, and settled on the prairie back of Lake Shetek.

The Sioux, Chippewas, and Winnebagoes still roamed over the greater part of Minnesota, and no one thought of fearing them, as all professed the friendliest feelings toward the whites. Now and then the Sioux and Chippewas, who have always been deadly enemies, went on the war-path against each other, and Burton had seen some Chippewa scalps brought in by a neighboring band of Sioux, some of whom came often to the house to beg for provisions.

So this morning, as his mother took the milking-pail, and went out toward the barn, where the cows stood lowing, he picked up his little brother and followed her slowly, thinking of the great battle, and wondering if his father would be in any, and how it must seem to hear the bullets whizzing around one's head. Looking up as he heard the clatter of hoofs, he saw some twenty Indians riding towards the next house, hardly a stone's-throw away, and he went on, meaning to ask if they were going out against the Chippewas. Willie stopped him a moment to ask for a bright flower growing near the fence; as Burton stooped to pick it, he heard two shots fired in quick succession, and then a terrible yell, — and Mr. Hurd, who had been standing near the door with his baby in his arms, fell dead. At the same moment his mother, with white, scared face, pulled him away by the hand.

"Run into the brush," she whispered, "or the Indians will kill us all."

As she spoke she caught little Willie, and ran down the road toward the thick brush, but was stopped half-way by two Indian women, who rose up suddenly from behind a log where they were crouching. As Mrs. Estlick tore herself away from them, they ran toward the house screaming that a woman was escaping. Two of the Indians fired; one ball glancing from

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Burton's shoulder, made only a deep cut; the other striking Mrs. Estlick's ankle, crushed the bone. She fell, but in a moment was up again, and, leaning on Burton, pulled herself painfully along. The Indians, more anxious to plunder than to kill, turned again to the house, telling Mrs. Hurd that if she would give no alarm, she might go with her children by the trail they pointed out, leading eastward over the prairie to New Ulm. As Mrs. Estlick looked back a moment, she saw her hurrying toward the trail, and had she dared to leave the brush would have followed.

For a mile she dragged herself on, the agony from her wounded foot growing greater every moment. Then she sank down with a groan.

"It's no use, Burton. I may crawl along on my hands and knees, but that is the only way I can go, and you must leave me. Take little Willie, and follow the trail to Mankato. Carry him all you can, and perhaps you may get in alive. You won't leave him on the road to die, Burton?"

"No, mother," Burton said, looking into her eyes, in which were no tears; — both of them were past crying. "He sha' n't die unless I do, and I 'll try and send somebody back for you."

"Kiss me, and then go on as fast as you can with Willie"; and for a moment she held the children tightly to her heart. Then she fell back and

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covered her eyes, and Burton, with Willie in his arms, walked swiftly on through the tall brush, starting at every sound, and crouching low, as a crackling in the bushes made him think the Indians might be following them. Little Willie, hardly two years old, knew no reason for fear, and perfectly happy in being with Burton, would have talked and played all the way, had not Burton told him he *must* keep still, because there was something dreadful that might come through the bushes after him. Even then he could hardly understand it, and put up a pitiful, grieved little lip at the idea that Burton was frightening him. Soon he settled down contentedly and went to sleep, and Burton, who found he could not carry his heavy little body any farther without resting, went aside into the thickest brush he could find, and laid him in some soft high grass. Here was a wild plum-tree, and he filled his pockets and handkerchief with the fruit, knowing that soon he should be upon the open prairie, where there would be small prospect of finding any food.

Then he waked Willie, not daring to stay here longer, and, too tired to carry him, led him slowly, for the little feet could not travel more than a mile an hour. So they went on through the long afternoon, stopping now and then to rest, till at last, almost at sunset, they came out on the open prairie. Willie, who had thought for an hour or two that he was going home, began to cry, when he saw only the red sky and waving grass before him. For another mile Burton coaxed him along, by running before him a little way and saying, "Now, Willie, see if you can catch me." Then the weary little feet could go no farther, and Burton sat down by him on a sand-knoll, determined to watch all night; but, too exhausted to keep awake, he soon fell asleep. Dawn awaked him, and he roused Willie and started on, frightened at having lost so much time.

This day's journey was a hard one. The want of proper food began to tell on both children, most of all on Burton, who, when the second night came, lay down at once, too weary to think even of watching. Willie cried pitifully for his supper, and could not be comforted by the promise of something "to-morrow"; but he slept quietly all night. So the third day came and passed, Burton finding only a few wild plums; and the fourth, and the fifth, on which they came to a deserted house and a cornfield. Everything had been destroyed by the Indians; but, searching carefully, part of a spoiled ham was found, and the two children ate heartily of this, saving the remainder for future use. This, with wild plums and raw green corn, was their only food, till late on the eleventh day, when Burton, carrying the baby brother, who was now too weak to walk, entered Mankato, where fugitives from all directions had come in.

Here every house was thrown open, and the two children were soon cared for. When he had seen Willie drink a glass of milk and lie down in a comfortable bed, Burton asked for some crackers and a bag to put them in.

"What do you want of crackers?" asked the lady who had taken the children into her house.

"To eat on the road. I am going back to look for mother."

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"But, my dear child, you cannot find her! If she is alive at all, some of the wagons have picked her up and brought her in. She may be here in town."

"Then I will look here first," said Burton. As he insisted, Mrs. Hutchinson went with him through the town, asking one after another if they knew whether any of the people at Lake Shetek had been saved. At last, as they were passing one house, Burton saw their old neighbor, Mrs. Hurd, at the window, and running in he found his mother, too weak from pain and starvation to speak, and sorrowing for the children whom she supposed to be dead. Little Willie was brought to her at once, and the thankful mother scarcely thought of her past suffering, as she held the two close to her again. There were few questions that night, but the next day Mrs. Estlick told Burton how she had crawled along for three days, till found by the mail-carrier, who in his little wagon had turned back from Lake Shetek, having heard that the Indians were on the war-path against all whites. He had given her a seat, and driven on night and day till they reached Mankato, where she had been for a day or two, unable to move, but sending out to inquire of every party of fugitives if her children had been seen.

For a fortnight the terrible massacre lasted. The people of the State, trusting in the friendship of the Indians, had been totally unprepared for such an outbreak, and the Indians themselves, who had been assured by half-breeds that the white people were too busy fighting each other to pay any attention to them, expected fully to take possession of the whole State, and burn and murder where they would. Terrible wrongs had been done them, and they avenged them even more terribly. Two hundred miles of beautiful country were made desolate. Hundreds died by savage hands, while hundreds more were taken into a captivity worse than death, which lasted till late in the fall, when they were rescued by General Sibley's command. Long before this Mrs. Estlick had left Minnesota far behind. But even now, at times, in her quiet New England home, a shudder creeps over her, as she recalls that August morning eight years ago, and remembers the weary way over which Burton carried the baby.

Burton is a real boy, for this is no "make-believe" story, as you may think. In the history of his native State, and the long chapters on the Sioux massacre of 1862, you will find his name, and a hint of all I have told you here.

Helen C. Weeks.

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MR. CLARENCE AT THE CAPITAL.

AMONG the distinguished figures seen on Pennsylvania Avenue, one pleasant forenoon last winter, were two that you, my dear Young Folks, would have looked at twice.

You would have noticed that one was a very young gentleman with a wonderfully easy air of self-possession. His boots (I must begin somewhere if I am going to describe him, and why not at the foundation?) were so brightly polished that you might have seen the dome of the Capitol reflected in them. His slim legs were encased in a pair of extraordinarily tight-fitting plaid pantaloons, the maker of which appeared to have saved all he could of his material in order to put it into the outside seams, or welts; and then to have been so highly pleased with his work, that he was actuated by a desire to show as much of it as possible when he cut the coat. This was almost painfully short. It looked as if it had been originally designed to have no skirts at all, but that, on reflection, skirts of the briefest dimensions had been given it, solely for the accommodation of a pair of side-pockets. In those the wearer carried his hands; and out of one of them a little cane stuck up behind, at about the angle of a plough-handle.

This distinguished figure was accompanied by three dogs, — two of which, however, were only prints in red ink on the corners of his dickey, but so very lifelike that they seemed to be leaping simultaneously, from a wall of coat-collar on each side, into the cavern of his mouth. One could hardly help looking to see what game had darted before them into that den.

The third was a real dog, — if it was n't a little bundle of white wool on four feet trotting at the young gentleman's heels. This was, in fact, the other distinguished figure at which I said you would have looked twice.

The two were moving in the crowd slowly down the avenue, when the young gentleman seemed suddenly to perceive, in the crowd coming up, an object to be avoided. He turned aside from the throng, stepped from the curbstone, stooped very low, bending one knee (until you would have trembled for his tight trousers), and looked through the crook of his arm at the little bundle of wool.

"Spring, sir!" said the young gentleman.

And the bundle, winking a pair of small bright eyes behind comical shaggy eyebrows, sprang up into the crook with an agility that seemed decisively to settle the question of dog or no dog, if the eyes did not. There he lodged, and, the arm tightening about his body, he was carried over the mud to the street-car track, beside which the young gentleman stood carelessly, as if waiting for a car.

Immediately a tall, awkward boy, in a dreadfully new-looking suit of stiff black clothes, and a dreadfully uncomfortable-looking necktie and shirt-collar (which might have been the occasion of his eyes bulging out so and his cheeks being so red), made long strides after him, calling out, "I thought 't was you! — hullo!"

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The young gentleman appeared deeply interested just then in the public buildings of the city. First, he glanced up the long, spacious avenue, — ruled by the iron rails of a double car-track, bordered by trees, and thronged by carriages and pedestrians, — till his eyes took in the gray granite of the immense Treasury building, throwing its pillared south front across the end of the vista. Then, as the tall youth edged around on that side, he turned, and gazed long and admiringly at that white wonder, the Capitol, — its many-windowed marble walls rising above the trees, and its superb dome soaring far away in the sunlight, at the other end of the avenue.

"Say! don't ye know a fellah?" and with a low chuckle the awkward youth gave the gay young gentleman a little dig in the ribs with his forefinger.

Thereupon the young gentleman came down at once from the dome of the Capitol, turned square about, held up the little dog, and thrust him, snarling and yelping furiously, into the red face and bulging eyes of the tall

boy, who shrieked "Git eout!" and leaped backwards so abruptly that he lost his hat in the gutter, and barely escaped tumbling after it.

"I say! that 's dangerous!" picking up his hat, — eyes more protuberant and face redder than ever.

"You will always find it dangerous to come up unawares behind strangers, and poke 'em in the ribs that way," said the young gentleman, and returned to the dome of the Capitol.

"Strangers! ain't you Clarence?" said the tall boy, scraping the mud from his hat with his knife-blade.

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"I am *Mr.* Clarence Fitz Adam. Stop your noise, Muff!" And Mr. Clarence (for it was indeed he with his dog, and now we know why we looked twice at them) cuffed the animal's ears softly, as he tucked him back under his arm.

"I 'm Young Frogmore; I live in the same house with you; don't you remember?" And the tall boy, snapping his blade, returned the hat to his head and the knife to his trousers pocket.

"Frogmore? Young Frogmore? Then who, may I ask,"—Mr. Clarence looked at him quizzingly,—"is Old Frogmore?"

"There ain't no *Old Frogmore!*" retorted the tall boy, indignantly and ungrammatically. "Mr. Frogmore is my father, and HE 'S A MEMBER OF CONGRESS!" uttering these last words in a tone that can only be expressed by large capitals.

"You don't say so! I think I do remember you now. I saw you in the parlor, or on the balcony, where was it? But I thought you the son of that funny old lady with the knitting-work,—always knitting, you know, except when she stops to take snuff, which is about two thirds of the time."

"That 's my Aunt Polly," said Young Frogmore, with an offended air.

"Beg pardon," said Mr. Clarence, not in the least disconcerted; "very fine old lady, I 'm sure,—though she did call a servant to put my dog out, because he was inclined to be too sociable with her ball of white stocking-yarn; he took it for a relation, I suppose; he 's mostly yarn himself. Come, let 's walk; I was waiting for the street car, but I believe it 's off the track up there."

Now if you fancy that Mr. Clarence changed his attitude thus suddenly towards his awkward acquaintance because he heard he was the son of a member of Congress, and thought better of him on that account, you are guessing only half the truth. The other half is, that Mr. Clarence had been in Washington long enough (that is, about three days) to begin to be something of a politician. His uncle was there, trying to get a bill through the House; "and to get bills passed, you must *lobby* for them, you know," the nephew wrote that night to his friend Lawrence Livingstone; "that is, you must use personal influence with the members, which is often done by seeing and talking with them in the *lobbies* of Congress; I 've elected myself a *lobby-member*, and I 'm going to secure Mr. F.'s vote for our bill by delicate attentions to his son. A vote 's a vote, you know."

Smiling with secret pride at the thought of this new sphere of action opening to his fine talents, Mr. Clarence put Muff on the sidewalk and offered the arm thus set at liberty to—

"Shall I say Mr. Frogmore?" he asked, with flattering politeness.

The member's son grinned and said, "I ain't no *mister*. Call me by my name; Young Frogmore 's my name, and always will be."

"Not when you get to be *old*, though?"

"Yes, I 'll still be Young, when I 'm old as Methuselah. Young 's my name, I tell you. My Aunt Polly—her name 's Young—"

"Indeed? I had somehow got the impression 't was Wogg," said Mr. Clarence, facetiously,—even at the risk of losing the Frogmore vote.

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"Wogg? No!" said the member's son, seriously; and the witty surmise that so near a relative of the Frogmore family must be Mrs. Polly Wogg passed unnoticed. "She wanted to have me called after her, and as I wa'n't born a girl, and could n't very well be called Polly, she had me christened Young. She 's got prope'ty, ye know, and I 'm to have it for the name."

"Well, I don't know but what I would consent to be called Young Mr. Clarence to the end of my days on those pleasant conditions. How long have you been in Washington, Young F.? — if you will allow me to call *you* so, and drop the *rogmore*."

"Of course!" said Young F.; and he added, "I 've been here with my folks ever sence before Congress met."

"Dear me! then I suppose you know all about the city and can tell me lots of things. Let me see, — what are the dimensions of the Capitol?"

They had by this time entered the pleasant grounds of the west front; and Young F., lifting his eyes above the tree-shaded paths, and the lofty flights of steps above, to the face of the great national edifice, gleaming through the bare wintry boughs of the park, like the sun-streaked front of a huge sculptured iceberg, said all he knew was, it was awful big and awful high.

"It stands on a plateau ninety feet above the Potomac water," said Mr. Clarence, with bewildering volubility. "It covers nearly four acres of ground. Its entire length, from north to south, is seven hundred fifty-one feet four inches; greatest breadth, three hundred twenty-four feet, including porticos and steps. The top of the dome is two hundred eighty-seven feet eleven inches above the base line of the east front, which is ever so much higher than where we stand. And I 've been here only three days."

Mr. Clarence proceeded to display the knowledge he had gained in that brief time by relating the history of the famous structure, — how the corner-stone of the original building was laid by George Washington, in 1793 (and you would have thought he had stood at the first President's right hand on that memorable occasion); how the British burned the unfinished Capitol in 1814, and left only the walls standing; how it was rebuilt, completed in 1827, and afterwards extended to its present proportions, between 1851 and 1867, — costing altogether some twelve million dollars. "The main building," he added (and now you would have thought him the architect), "is built of Virginia sandstone, painted white. The extensions which form the north and south wings are of Massachusetts marble. The original dome was of wood. The new one — though you would n't think it, being painted white, and looking so light and airy — is built entirely of cast-iron, of which it took nearly five thousand tons."

Young F. stared alternately at the building and at his companion, whose facility for acquiring and imparting information amazed him even more than the Capitol itself.

"The east front is the thing," said Mr. Clarence; and they walked round to it, ascending the steep grade of the street, past the Senate, or north wing, and standing in the great square east of the Capitol. Before them rose the enormous snowy pile, with its three lofty porticos, its groves of marble

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columns, its frozen cataracts of descending steps, and the wondrous bubble of the dome piercing the sky over all.

Young F., with his neck stretched back, and his mouth open, seemed to be staring at the statue of Freedom crowning the summit of the dome.

"Don't fall in love with that young woman, I beg!" said Mr. Clarence. "It would be a hopeless passion. She is in station high above you. Besides, she has no heart, — being of bronze, cast hollow. She is a great girl, — nineteen feet and a half high, and weighing (think of that for a nice armful!) fifteen thousand pounds!"

Young F., gazing till his neck ached, declared that he "could n't see no statue," but that he was thinking how much like an inverted spinning-top the dome was, — and what a whopper! and how he would like to see it tip over and spin! "What statue?" he asked.

"Don't you see it standing on the very top of the lantern, which is atop of the dome?" Mr. Clarence asked; but Young F. could see nothing up there but the point of his big spinning-top.

"Why, then, you must be near-sighted; too great convexity of the crystalline lens, which accounts for the prominence of your eyes."

"How does it look to you?" said Young F., still gazing and trying to make out the statue.

"To tell the truth, the lovely creature appears to my eye as a tall Indian, in a big blanket and with a heavy bunch of war-feathers on his head. But this is the way she really looks." And Mr. Clarence took from his pocket-book a card photograph of the statue. "How do you like it?"

Young F. said "he liked it all fustrate but the odd head-dress."

"That," said Mr. Clarence, "is intended for a sort of ornamental helmet, composed of an eagle's beak and plumes. Since you don't fancy it, I am happy to inform you that it was not a part of the original design of the artist, Crawford, but that it was added at the suggestion of Mr. Jefferson Davis, then our Secretary of War, — a gentleman who has since done other things which we of the North consider — well, not in very good taste, to say the least," he added, diplomatically, not knowing yet what Young F.'s political sentiments might be.

Ascending the steps of the central portico, Young F. looked up at the groups of colossal statuary on the marble abutments, and asked, "Who is that big fellah pitchin' the ball? — looks as if he was in for a ten-strike!"

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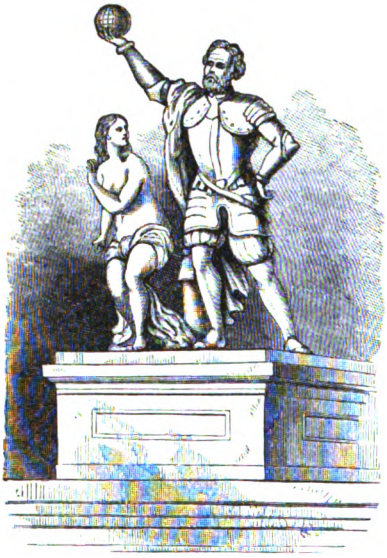

"If it had n't been for that *big fellah*, as you rightly call him," said Mr. Clarence, laughing, "you and I would n't be here now; American civilization, probably, would n't be here. He is the Noah of the New World. I mean, Christopher Columbus. The ball he holds up is the little globe we live on, — or a symbol of it. The crouching figure beside him is an Indian girl, — showing the astonishment of her race at the sight of Europeans."

On which theme the young gentleman was inclined to be eloquent. But Young F. turned to observe "the two chaps a 'ras'lin'," as he named the principal figures in the opposite group, — a backwoodsman wrestling with a savage for his tomahawk. "The mother, leaning over her rescued babe, is good," remarked Mr. Clarence. "But the dog is n't natural. He should be diving at the savage's legs, instead of standing by and looking on, with that mild expression of countenance."

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Turning to see how the criticism struck Young F., he was pleased to observe that much edified individual standing, also with *his* mouth open, as if in sympathetic imitation of the marble dog.

Having called attention to the fact that this was "the famous eastern portico on which the Presidents are inaugurated in the view of multitudes," Mr. Clarence led the way onward, beneath the shadows of the massy marble columns, and they entered the Rotunda, — that vast circular hall occupying the centre of the main building, beneath the dome, which hangs its lofty canopy — pictured with azure and golden clouds, and flying angelic forms — high above it, like a mimic sky.

"This is the inside of your big top," said Mr. Clarence, as they looked round at the large paintings on the walls, and up at the springing, airy galleries above, from which two or three men, appearing no bigger than boys at that height, looked down on them. "It almost makes me dizzy to look up where they are; I wonder how it seems to be up there and look down!"

Young F. said he should like to try it; and they found a custodian who showed them the way to the staircases. He also took charge of Muff, who took charge of Mr. Clarence's cane, sitting sedately with it in his mouth, beside the custodian's chair, within the Rotunda, waiting for his master's return.

Ascending a series of gloomy iron staircases, which rang beneath their feet; glad enough to stop and take breath when there was a chance to look out on the acres of sheathed roof above which the dome still carried them, or to get glimpses of the blue world around; up, up, up, betwixt the outer and inner shells of which the vast bubble is built, — winding among numberless iron braces and arched supports, upon which windows in the outer shell here and there let in the light, they reached at last, at an opening between the inner shell and the canopy, a lofty gallery, high up in the dome.

There Mr. Clarence uttered a shout of glee, the echoing ring of which, beneath the metallic vault, and down the hollow sphere of the immense Rotunda, quite astonished him.

"Upon my honor, I did n't know I had such a voice, or I would n't have spoken. O, see the little people moving down there! and Muff with my cane, — though I can't see the cane; and he looks like a little white rat!"

"I can't see no people," said Young F., gazing down from the gallery, — "only somethin' that looks like mud-turtles crawlin' along the ground!"

When below, he could not see the figures painted in the canopy; and to the eyes even of the sharp-sighted Mr. Clarence these had appeared airy and fine, floating in the clouds. But now —

"Gracious! ain't they coarse, though?" cried Young F., looking up at the nearest, close above his head.

"Call them not coarse, but colossal," said Mr. Clarence, in his fine way; — "as they must be, to be seen with effect from below. Will you have the kindness, sir," — addressing the custodian of the gallery, — "to explain to us the meaning of these allegorical groups?"

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"Painting by Brumidi," said the man. "An Italian. Came to this country in eighteen fifty-two. Area of painting, four thousand six hundred sixty-four square feet. Circumference of canopy, two hundred five feet; height from base to centre, twenty feet seven inches. Interior group of thirteen star-crowned female figures, floating with joined hands, represents the thirteen original States. Washington, seated between the figures of Liberty and Fame, completes the circle."

He went on to explain the other groups, illustrating the Arts and Sciences, Agriculture, Commerce, and the usual range of kindred allegorical subjects; in all which Young F. took not the smallest interest until he came to War, — a spirited figure, with drawn sword, and an accompanying Eagle, driving down to perdition a terrified rebel rout, with faces intended for portraits of leaders in the late rebellion, — Jeff Davis fleeing affrighted in a female hood, Breckinridge with finger on mouth, Stephens, Jackson, and Lee.

These details tickled Young F. immensely. But Mr. Clarence assumed a dignified patriotic air, and said he thought such personalities degraded an otherwise noble work, and that the time would come when the country would be ashamed of them.

Being told that they could go up still higher to the tholus, or lantern, which forms a sort of pedestal to the statue of Freedom, on the summit of the dome, he dragged Young F. away from the contemplation of the group of War, and commenced the ascent.

The dome, as I have said, is composed of two separate shells; each is made of strong cast-iron plates firmly bolted together, and the two are rendered mutually self-supporting by an endless array of iron arches and braces. The canopy is a sort of continuation of the inner shell. Upwards, over that, and within the outer shell, by staircases winding amid a wilderness of props and pillars, they climbed to a little gallery surrounding the tholus.

"O heavens! what a view!" exclaimed the enthusiastic Mr. Clarence. "It's as good as going up in a balloon. Now you can get a good idea of the way the city is laid out. There are the alphabetical streets, — A Street, B Street, and so on, — running east and west. The numbered streets — First, Second, Third Street, and so on — run north and south. The broad avenues, named after the States, run diagonally across the streets, in various directions; see them radiating from the grounds of the Capitol beneath us, like the spokes of a magnificent wheel!"

But Young F. complained that the higher he went the less he could see.

"What! don't you see Pennsylvania Avenue, for instance, running a mile and a half northwest, or rather north of west, straight as an arrow, to the Treasury?"

"I see something looks like a straight canal with boats and little skiffs in it, — that's all."

"The boats are street-cars and the skiffs are carriages! If you want to see real water, look off on the broad and misty Potomac; you can see

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THE CLEAN SWEEP.

DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE, JR.] [See page 107.

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that?" Young F. thought he could. "And the Virginia shore over beyond, — Arlington Heights up yonder, and Alexandria below; is it possible you don't see 'em? And, on this side, that huge, unfinished Washington Monument; the Smithsonian Institution, near to us; and all this beautiful, blue, hazy, hilly country around — O, had I the wings of a dove!" cried the excited Mr. Clarence, flapping his arms in an alarming manner, as if he was going to take flight from the top of the Capitol.

"What 's this 'ere tholus for?" asked Young F., looking up into it.

"That is the lantern which is lighted when Congress has night sessions, to be seen for miles away, as you must have observed; or are n't your eyes good for even that?"

Mr. Clarence wished to remain viewing the world from the gallery; but poor Young F., who could see nothing, complained that "'t was thunderin' cold up there, besides," and he had left his overcoat at the house.

"So have I, but enthusiasm keeps me warm," said Mr. Clarence. "Hurrah!" he suddenly exclaimed. "It 's twelve o'clock; there go up the flags over the House and Senate; Congress is in session! — now I 'm ready to go down."

So they returned, clattering down the ringing staircases, to the Rotunda, where they found Muff, lying on the floor, with his paws on the cane, — which, however, he took up again immediately, and held in his mouth, with a countenance full of white curls and innocence, as soon as he saw his master coming.

J. T. Trowbridge.

A CLEAN SWEEP.

"SWEE-EP, OH-H!" I can give you no idea, on paper, of the wild, almost sorrowful sound of those two words uttered in the manner usual to the wandering cleaner of chimneys. The first time I ever heard the plaintive cry it arrested my attention at once, and interested me more in its source than did any other of the familiar street sounds.

"Swee-ep, oh-h!" It rose into the clear air of a bright morning, just opposite to a pleasant house on West Eleventh Street. And Harry, from the window, cried, "Look! look, Flora! Here 's old Nick!"

Flora had heard of "old Nick," though she never had seen him, and as "Brother Harry" was nearly twice her years, she supposed he knew everything, so she hurried to the window, not doubting that the veritable Prince of Evil would greet her sight.

He was just crossing the street towards them. He began with an old cap with ear-pieces that tied where his chin would be if he was a little boy, and he ended with what must be feet, bare and *very* black. Something like

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a woollen tunic still hung on him, and below the skirt of it showed through a hole as he walked something round like a knee, but ever so much whiter than face or hands; indeed, you could not have told whether there were black eyes or blue ones in that face; but when he sung "Swee-ep, oh-h!" he opened a mouth set round with red lips and white teeth, as red and as white as Harry's.

"Why, it 's only a little negro boy, after all!" exclaimed Flora in a disappointed tone.

"Negro!" said Harry with an air of superior wisdom. "He is n't a negro at all. I guess you or I 'd be black if we had to go up chimneys. He 'd be as white as we, if he was washed. Would n't he, Uncle Launt?"

Uncle Launt answered carelessly, "I guess so," without comprehending what they were talking about, for he was busy at the piano, composing a voluntary for his next Sunday morning opening of the new church organ.

Flora, though hearing Harry's words, was absorbed in wonder at the sooty elf outside. She wondered much what those things might be which he carried on his shoulder. There was a three-cornered sharp thing a little like a hoe, a long brush, a short brush, a pole with a hook on the end of it, and a coil of very dingy rope. It began to dawn upon her mind that intimate acquaintance with these articles might be the cause of their owner being dingy too.

While she thought about it, "old Nick's" miniature had reached the middle of the crossing just as an elegantly dressed little boy with a bright new wheelbarrow, and escorted by an older brother, was about to cross. The elder boy seemed fearful that they should soil their nice suits by contact with the sweep and his brushes, and, burdened somewhat with a sense of importance, he rudely called, "Get out of the way there, Sooty!" that the sweep might step aside and leave the little one and wheelbarrow a free, dry passage.

But Sooty felt his rights, if he *was* poor and dingy. Without this feeling, and courage to fight for themselves in life's hard battle, what would become of such as he? He did n't stop to think that, had he been clean and well dressed, the other boy would never have spoken to him so; but he knew by sensitive instinct that very many children look upon the poor as objects to be shunned, they scarcely know why.

So he stood his ground, refusing to move till they should pass. The boy with the wheelbarrow, rather afraid of so queer an object, looked up at his brother and hesitated to move on.

"Go along, Charley," said his brother. "He sha' n't touch you." Just as if poor "Sooty" had any idea of doing so. He only claimed his share of the crossing. But Charley's "big brother" wished to plume himself on protecting Charley, so he straightened up and looked very fierce.

This was too much for "Sooty." It was sad enough to his little heart to see other boys so favored, so happy with their beautiful playthings, when he never in all his life had even so much as a wheelbarrow; sad enough, without unkindness from those to whom he and his slavish life were such a

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contrast. It was a mean act, a thought worthy of "old Nick" himself; but after the children passed, as they did without other molestation of him than scowling looks, "Sooty" turned, and reaching out his long brush, wiped it on the rich cloth dress of the child. He felt no ill-will towards the poor little fellow, but he thought the other boy would be spited worse than by an injury done to himself. He knew it was very wrong, and hastily shouldering his brush, he turned to run. But before he could wink he lay sprawling in the mud, and the "big brother" was moving off with a mutter and backward shake of the head, wiping his hands with his white handkerchief, as if the touch of the sweep had soiled them. A little ashamed I think he felt too, as he glanced up at the window and saw little Flora's look of sorrow, and Harry shaking his fist at him.

"Oh!" cried Flora in a prolonged sigh, as "Sooty" picked himself up and came and sat on the curbstone, rubbing his bare knee and making with tears two canals through the grime on his face.

"I — I just wish *I*'d been out there," said Harry, indignantly; "that little dandy could n't 'a' made *me* get out o' the way."

"What 's the matter, children?" questioned Uncle Launt, coming to the window. While Harry explained all, in an excited manner, and with appropriate gestures, Flora crept to Uncle Launt's side, and holding his hand in both hers, hung upon him, with her cheek against him, and a most pitiful expression on her face.

"Give him a penny, do, Uncle Launt, and then he won't cry." Uncle Launt was Flora's great friend, and a penny was her grand cure for all trouble. She remembered with gratitude the many times when the dear uncle had wiped her eyes with his soft silk handkerchief, putting a kiss on her cheek and a penny in her hand at the same moment.

"I declare!" said that sympathizing gentleman, "it's a shame! Here, Bub!" and he opened the window as he spoke; "don't cry any more; you are n't hurt much. Go down in the area and get something to eat."

At first the little sweep took no notice, except to lift his dirty face and look at them. Seeing the streaks upon it, Flora's mind reverted to what Harry had said, and she anxiously appealed to Uncle Launt with, "*Would* he be as white as we, if he was washed? Can't he *be* washed, Uncle, and not go in dirty chimneys again?"

At that moment Flora's mother entered, and laying her hand on her brother's arm, said, "Launt, dear, don't you think that little blackamoor out there could go into the spare-room chimney and take down the swallow's nest? You know how they disturb us with their noise, and the other day, when one of the young ones fell into the fireplace, we were obliged to have a mason come and take the register-front all away to get it."

"Would it hurt the birds, ma?" inquired Harry.

"Not if the boy is careful; and we can put them in the garden till they can fly. The old birds will find them."

So out went Uncle Launt, closely followed by the children, and all three escorted the sweep into the kitchen. He was quite ready to explore the

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spare-room chimney, to do which he must go on the roof and reach the nest from the outside.

While he was up there, Flora renewed her questions to her mother on the propriety of having him washed, and Harry seconded her with, "O yes, ma. Just for fun, let 's wash him and put on some of my old clothes and see if he would look like other boys."

But all "mamma" said was, — "We 'll see. Now run away, darlings, into the parlor."

While they speculated in their childish way as to how the nest was to be taken and the birds provided for, "mamma" held a consultation with Uncle Launt, who then went on the roof.

It seemed to Harry and Flora that they never would come down. At last they heard them in the hall, and as Flora ran to open the door, Uncle Launt said, with a flourishing bow, "Miss Flora Florimel, let me introduce my young friend, 'little Nick,' — no relation to 'old Nick.'"

"O my!" said Flora.

"I declare, ma!" said Harry, in a patronizing tone, "that gray suit looks better on him than it does on me. You know pa never liked it."

"Little Nick" cast down his eyes bashfully, but with such a pleased expression that he showed two dimples, and these, with bright brown eyes, made him almost handsome.

"Walk in," said Uncle Launt with a polite wave of his hand towards the parlor. "Walk in and let 's hear something about yourself. Can't you do anything besides sweep chimneys?"

"I kin dance," said "little Nick," shyly. "'Fore I lived with Gripps, I used ter dance with a tambourine fur a old Dutch woman with a organ; but her husband went to the war and her organ got took fur rent."

"Dance! the very thing! Organs are just in my line," said Uncle Launt, seating himself at the piano and rattling off the "Fisher's Hornpipe." "What tune do you dance to?"

"Muggy Moll's organ played six tunes when it was new, but the 'Washerwoman' would n't go after a while. 'Lannagan's Ball' used to pick up the most pennies."

"Muggy Moll! Mercy! Launt, can you understand what he is talking about?"

"Certainly, Jenny," replied her brother, more familiar with street lingo. "'Muggy Moll' was the old woman —"

"Yes," interrupted "little Nick" with an intelligent, sidelong glance, "her name was Mrs. Molschicksey, but we fellers called her 'Muggy' 'cause she could drink more beer 'n any woman in Ratsbane Row."

"Shocking! Launt, we must n't let the children hear such talk. Come, play and let him dance and go."

Away flew Uncle Launt's fingers in the mazes of the "Washerwoman," and, overcoming his shyness, "little Nick's" feet flew in time, and with gestures of the tambourine after his old familiar way. He seemed to enjoy it quite as well as the rest. His cheeks grew red, and eyes and mouth

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beamed with smiles, while his lithe little limbs seemed endued with perpetual motion. But the music ceased, and an instant change came over him. The light was all gone out of his face.

"Oh! I must go," he cried. "Gripps will lick me orful!"

"Gripps? Who *is* Gripps?" questioned "mamma."

"Oh! he 's the man I works fur. He finds brushes and a many little chaps like me, and eats and sleeps us fur our work. We sweeps and gives him the pay, — three shill'n a chimney; an' if we don't clean many 's two a day we gets no supper and maybe a orful lick'n."

"Well, here 's pay for two chimneys, — once for getting the swallows' nest and once for the dance."

But "little Nick" drew back; he knew he had n't earned it.

"Please, sir," he faltered, "I 'd rather go home in my old clothes, for Gripps would take these and sell 'em. They 're no good to me; I 'd spoil 'em in a week."

"Quite a philosopher, upon my word. Well, let 's know all about yourself. Maybe I 'll talk to Gripps and get you a better place. Where 's your father and mother? where did you come from?"

"Ha' n't got no father. Mother lives to Sing Sing. I 'a'n't seen her since I was so high. She got took off fur taking things."

"And how did *you* manage to live without stealing?" questioned Uncle Launt with a keen glance.

"Little Nick" hung down his head. How could it be possible that such wretchedness should not lead to lying and stealing?

"So you never take anything, never tell lies?" continued the inquisitive gentleman.

"I never took only victuals. When mother was took, and I had no place to go, I went shares with Larry Maguire and sold newspapers, an' we slept in the cellar of the printing-office. The ingin was in there and it was warm. I was n't used to sell'n' papers, and when I did n't make my pile, I cribbed a loaf o' bread or a handful o' taters from the market, an' we roasted 'em by the ingin biler."

"Would you like to get away from Gripps? Would you like to have a home, and go to school?" asked mamma.

"I dunno. He 's purty good to us when we makes a good job. He gives us a half a glass o' beer apiece some days, an' allers fresh meat of a Sunday."

"Well, it grows late. I think you had better go. Tell us where you live, and we 'll see about Gripps. You 'd better leave your new clothes here till you come again, so they 'll be safe."

Very long faces were Harry's and Flora's when they saw the little sweep going away in his dingy rags, but it was a clean though rather sad face that he lifted towards the window where they looked after him. However, his pleasant visit and good dinner had lightened his heart somewhat, and Uncle Launt promised to see him soon again.

Harry and Flora were among those fortunate children who have a "grand-

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pa" and "grandma." The father and mother of "mamma" and Uncle Launt lived "away out West" in Illinois, with other uncles. Two of the uncles kept a large store in a country town.

One day, at dinner, Uncle Launt said, "Well, Jenny, I have bought 'little Nick.'" Flora and Harry stared in open-mouthed wonder, and "mamma" said, "I 'm very glad."

"Yes, the old fellow hated to give him up; he was 'sich a foine stiddy lad,' he said, and 'worth a gra' dale' to him in the 'thrade.' He should have to charge something for the loss of him, but 'a gintlemin' like me would make it all right 'av coorse'; with plenty more blarney. I got him off for two dollars, after the old scamp had asked me five, but he knew I was in no wise bound to pay him anything, and that he could get hosts more of just such boys, for barely keeping them from starvation."

"And when is he to start?"

"Start! Where, ma?" eagerly inquired Harry.

"To your grandfather's, my child. Uncle John has written that he will take him into the store, and he will live with grandpa; for they have no little boys now, and Uncle John does n't want him with his, till he is sure he is a good boy."

"And sha' n't we see him any more?" said Flora.

"Yes," replied her uncle, "he will be here to-morrow, and the next day I shall start him off on the cars in care of one of my friends."

The sun shone very brightly on three childish faces, when Harry and Flora went to the railway station to bid their new acquaintance "good by." He was not to be "little Nick," or "Sooty," or "Sweep," any more, but his own manly self, — "William Farwell." The children told him they should write to him when they wrote to "grandpa and grandma," and he promised to try to learn to write soon, so that he could reply. Everything seemed new and strange to him, and never having been out of the great city he was leaving, he felt doubtful at times of being happy anywhere else; but the gentleman with whom he was to go seemed kind, and every novelty diverted him. He carried a small carpet-bag, in which were several nice little gifts from the children, with more useful things from "mamma." Uncle Launt was greatly amused to see his pleased survey of his clothes and glances of comparison at other boys, as if he was conscious that he now looked as respectable as the best. And though smiling at the vanity, Uncle Launt reflected that there is much in that same feeling of *looking* well to make us all more anxious to *be* what we look.

* * * * * *

And so they parted five years ago, — the children of wealth to return to their happy home, the child of poverty to start anew in life, to make his character and his fortune whatever they might prove.

Five years can change people a great deal. Little Harry's gray suit was worn out long ago, and one or two others were outgrown before they had a chance to wear out, and the little boy that wore them wears such no more. He is grown to the dignity of coats and vests, and that greater and better

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dignity of a good reputation. If he continues to grow and improve, I should not be surprised if, when you and I go "out West" together, we should find him in a store with a large handsome sign on its front, on which we shall read "CLEMENT BROTHERS & FARWELL."

Caroline Augusta Howard.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

THE Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love!
What a beautiful Pussy you are, —
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

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Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How wonderful sweet you sing!
O let us be married, — too long we have tarried, —
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood, a piggy-wig stood
With a ring in the end of his nose, —
His nose,
With a ring in the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon, —
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

Edward Lear.

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JACK'S VICTORY.

IV.

FROM what has been already said, it will be seen that Jack's companions were quarrelsome. They quarrelled over their food, over their sleeping-places, and, indeed, whenever there was the slightest provocation. Their food was the flesh of the reindeer, the seal, and the walrus. Their sleeping-place was on the snow, outside the ship; but some parts of it were better protected than others, and there was often a fight among them for a snug corner.

At first the fighting was general. But when I arranged the dogs in separate teams they gradually got used to each other, and came to look upon themselves as so many little separate knots or communities. In fact, each team became, after a while, a sort of clan, ruled over by the strongest and most active dog of the number, who could, in fair fight, whip any single dog among them. In any general quarrel within the team he always had backers enough to win an easy victory, and in every team there was at least one dog when disposed to dispute the superiority of the leader; but he usually suffered severely for it, if he made the attempt.

Erebus was the leader of the leaders, or rather the master of the masters. In any general fight he always came off victorious, and his was, of course, the conquering team. Sometimes one team regularly squared itself for battle against another; and fierce and furious was the contest. If one of these happened to be the team of Erebus, Jack, as in duty bound, followed his leader into the fight, and helped to win. But he had no heart in the business. Erebus did not like him, nor he Erebus; and thinking himself an ill-used dog, he resolved to become a conspirator. He aimed at nothing less than the supreme power himself. He determined to hurl Erebus out of his lofty place, and mount to it over his bleeding body.

The difficulties in the way of this will be at once apparent. The society of my dogs was the most completely organized that can be imagined. There was, as we have seen, first, a supreme ruler, then subordinate rulers, then patient subjects. There were, to be sure, many local and temporary disturbances, many private quarrels. There were always dissatisfied dogs who believed in their own claims to be the rulers and not the ruled; but these got badly whipped whenever they undertook to make their claims good. Then there were those who never attempted a fight after their first defeat, but, on the contrary, made themselves miserably happy over the quarrels of their successful rivals. By growling "I told you so," "I told you so," day in and day out, they showed their unalterable conviction that dog society was going to pieces. These, had they been human beings, would have been called "croakers"; being dogs, they were only "yow-yows."

Of course this dog society, like human governments, was liable to revo-

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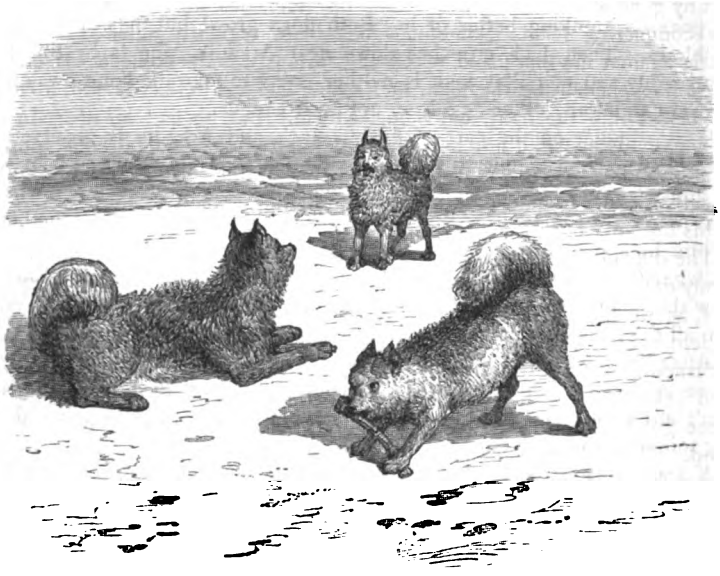
lution. That it was liable to domestic disturbance we have already seen. But a revolution was now about to shake the old established system to its foundations. For a wonder the "yow-yows" proved to be right this time, though not in the way they expected.

Seeing how matters stood between Erebus and Arkadik, Jack watched his chance. We had camped and built a snow-house (being on a journey of some length), and were preparing for a much needed rest, when Jack was observed to pick up his supper, which had just been dealt out, and move off after Arkadik, who had gone behind a snow-bank to have her supper all alone. Heretofore she had always taken her meals under the protection of Erebus.

She growled a little when Jack came near her; but the cunning fellow stopped immediately, and began eating, or pretending to do so, as hard as he could. His supper was the half of the leg of a reindeer, very hard frozen, and with the bone in it.

Arkadik's supper had no bone in it at all, and was soon all eaten up. Then she began to sniff round for more; but there was no more. She looked at Jack and seemed to envy him the leg that he was leisurely gnawing at.

Now Jack had not gone there within sight of her for nothing, nor had he eaten slowly without a purpose. As soon as he saw Arkadik looking at him he looked at her; but he did not growl as Erebus always did when he



was eating and she looking at him. On the contrary, he looked particularly amiable, and wagged his tail in an engaging manner. This unexpected treatment induced Arkadik to approach nearer. Jack looked even more

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pleasant than before, and he gave a little cry of satisfaction. Arkadik pricked up her ears, and tried to wag her tail in imitation of Jack, but she could n't. Jack, seeing this, seized what was left of his supper, — about half, — threw back his ears with a most affectionate expression, and, after running all the way around Arkadik, bounced right up in front of her, and dropped the supper at her feet. Then he bounced round her again, and, fetching up once more in front of her, he crouched upon the snow and watched her.

Arkadik at first looked much surprised; but, being very hungry, she fell to work upon this unexpected addition to her supper, without asking a single question; and when she had finished it she began to gnaw away at the bone in the same self-satisfied manner.

Meanwhile Jack never once took his eyes off her. It was very plain that he was hungry himself, and, on that account, repented of his generosity; but then he had a point to gain, and he wagged his tail in the prospect of a certain triumph. Altogether he was a very confident, happy-looking dog.

Jack and Arkadik repeatedly exchanged glances; and it was soon clear enough that an understanding had been reached. Then along comes Erebus. He pauses a little way off, looking first astonished, as much as to say, "What does this mean?" Then he looks mighty fierce, as if he would say "I 'll settle with you, sir"; whereupon Jack gets up, and goes between Erebus and Arkadik, and sets his hair all on end, and paws the snow, and gets his back up generally. Erebus does the same. Then, turning to one side, he goes on, thinking better of it. Both dogs growl, but they do not come to blows. Then Jack crouches down near Arkadik, who is by this time thoroughly satisfied that Jack is neither going to take the bone away from her, nor to let any other dog do it, not even Erebus.

This conduct on the part of Erebus, Jack, and Arkadik is observed by Karsuk, who comes along to see what is the matter. He seems to be saying to himself, while he is coming up, "Hallo, what 's going on here? what 's that fellow got to do with Arkadik?" Then, his curiosity getting the better of him, he approaches Arkadik, as if to get the bone away from her. At this Jack gets his back up again, paws the snow, bristles and growls, and Karsuk, now thoroughly satisfied, trots off, seemingly muttering to himself, "What can all this mean? I really should like to know!"

After Arkadik has been gnawing at the bone for some time Jack goes close up to her. She growls a little, but Jack looks so amiable that she is n't afraid of losing her bone. Then Jack gives her a lick or two with his big tongue about the chaps, and trots off after Karsuk.

Karsuk growls too when Jack comes up to him, but, satisfied that Jack is in an amiable mood and not seeking a fight, subsides immediately, and after they have exchanged glances, they trot off together a little way in the most sociable manner. In about five minutes they return, by different routes, however, and both lie on the snow and go to sleep. It is evident they have had a "talk" together; or, to use a political phrase, Jack had "seen" Karsuk.

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Arkadik lies down too; but by and by she goes over to Jack and crawls close up to him, and puts her head on his big shoulder, and her nose in the great thick fur of his neck, and then goes to sleep.

Thus had Jack already begun to make a "ring." He had one strong link forged already. He had almost forged another. We will now see what came of it.

V.

EREBUS was evidently very tired and not in a fighting mood, or he would have broken up this nice little arrangement. He was too shrewd a dog not to perceive it all. But in the morning he went around to the three offenders separately. First he made at Karsuk, and bit him on the side of the face, which did not, you may be sure, make Karsuk love Erebus any better than before. Then he did the same to Arkadik, before Jack had a chance to interfere. When he did so it was in a very fierce manner, and Arkadik ran away crying, while Jack and Erebus stood facing each other, pawing the snow, and growling. Neither of them made any further advances toward a fight, but after a minute or so, as if by mutual consent, they both turned around and deliberately walked off in opposite directions.

At these novel movements Whitey and Schnapps looked on wonderingly, and so did Amna-aya. Clearly they could not tell what to make of the affair. That Erebus should allow anything like this to go on under his very nose, without instantly offering fight, and calling on them all for help, was what they could not understand. They began to have a sort of respect for Jack, since he could bully their master in this way. Everybody must have observed the fact, that while few men like to attack those who are in power, all applaud those who do, crying, "Bravo! bravo!" "Hit him again!" "Give it to him!" and so on. Dogs are not unlike men in this respect. Jack was making rapid strides towards civilization.

But this little by-play was speedily put an end to by the driver summoning the animals to be hitched to the sledge. Then they were all quiet enough, being afraid of the whip.

When we had started it was observed that Arkadik was looking inquiringly back over her shoulder. She did it several times, then, suddenly, when she thought the driver was not noticing her, she fell out of her place. Then she darted under Amna-aya's line, and, quick as lightning, crowded in between Amna-aya and Jack.

Jack looked round at Arkadik kindly and approvingly, and both of them pulled away at a tremendous rate, as if they were afraid of the whip. Arkadik knew well enough that she had done wrong in slipping out of her place. so she tried to make up with the driver by extra duty. And indeed the poor little thing did pull for dear life, panting as if her heart would break, and bending down to her work as if she would drag the whole sledge herself.

Seeing where Arkadik was, I said to the driver, "Arkadik is out of her place." He said in reply, "I see it; but she pulls harder there, I think.

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We had better try her alongside of Jack." So the cunning little cock-nosed Arkadik and the big ambitious Jack had their own way of it.

All this was observed by Erebus, but that tyrant did not dare leave his place to punish Arkadik, for he respected the whip as much as the rest of the dogs. Still less could he spring over Amna-aya and Arkadik to attack Jack; but he looked unutterable things, and growled in a manner to strike terror into any dog's heart less brave than Jack's. Worse than all this, he let fly with his sharp teeth in a most spiteful manner, to say nothing of its meanness, and made poor innocent Amna-aya's nose bleed. This caused her to cry as if she had been half killed; and, without waiting for another hint, she fell back and shot in between Arkadik and Jack.

She had scarcely got there, however, before the driver, seeing what she was about, cried "Hi! hi!" and struck her with his whip, cutting her sharply, and making her cry worse than ever. Taking this as a hint to get back where she came from, she was leaving her place, when Arkadik, enraged at perceiving how she had been treated, fell upon Amna-aya's neck and shook her unmercifully. Amna-aya seemed now to forget her pain and to get angry too, for she made fight with Arkadik, and the two rolled over on the snow. "Hi! hi!" shouted the driver. On went the other five dogs, as fast as they could run, and the two that were fighting fell to the rear and were dragged along after the sledge at some distance behind.

As soon as this happened they stopped fighting of course, and tried to get on their legs, which was not accomplished for several minutes, however. They had been drawn a considerable distance, and poor unfortunate Amna-aya had struck her head against a sharp piece of ice that was sticking up about a foot above the surface. This made her yowl worse and worse. Her shrieks of "Amna-aya, aya, aya, aya" were most distressing to hear.

While this was going on, Erebus and Jack — Arkadik and Amna-aya having fallen out of their places — were brought side by side. Full of anger, and forgetting all about the whip, they flew at each other's throats. In an instant they also were rolling on the snow, tearing away at each other, and growling in a very loud and vicious manner. They were right in front of the sledge, which in an instant brought up against them with a bang. Jack managed to roll to one side, and the runner passed over only one of his legs; but Erebus, less fortunate, got jammed under the sledge, and was dragged along by one of the runners before our headway could be stopped. When he released himself, and sprang up, the driver gave him a crack over the head with his whip-stock, which sent him to his place whining with pain and probably with considerable buzzing in the ears.

By this time the other dogs had gained their feet. Jack came up, looking a little humiliated, and as he passed the sledge to his place, he got a touch of the whip too, so severe that he could not restrain a yelp. Then up came Arkadik and Amna-aya, both of whom were pretty well punished for their pains. What with the whining of Erebus, the crying of Arkadik, and Amna-aya's doleful singing, we had, for the next quarter of a mile, a very lively concert of it.

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VI.

NOTHING of importance happened during our journey that day. Arkadik managed to keep her chosen place beside Jack, although of course she could not have done it without the connivance of the driver. After this little fight we got on famously.

But when we halted for the night, and the dogs were unharnessed, the feelings which had been excited to fever-heat in the breasts of Erebus, Jack, Arkadik, and Amna-aya, broke out in the most angry manner.

Erebus, incensed to the last degree, trembling with fury, his head up, his eyes dilated, his ears stuck sharply forward, his hair bristling all over his body, his tail curling proudly, made directly for Jack, who, clearly enough, had expected the assault, and stood on guard to meet it.

The powerful impetus of Erebus defeated its own object. He was so furious that he lost prudence, and overshot the mark. It was evidently his purpose to overthrow Jack with the force of the shock, and, by rolling him over, get the advantage of him. But he was mistaken. Jack sprang a little to one side, and Erebus, scarcely touching him, passed a little beyond, and in the effort to recover himself lost his chance. Quick as thought Jack was upon him, and the two powerful and infuriated animals, like two wild beasts, were grappling each other by the throat, and filling the air with their angry cries.

This was the opportunity that Jack had been waiting for, and he fought as if it were a matter of life and death. The energy of the assault and the sturdy resistance with which it was met seemed for a moment to paralyze the other animals. But they could not stand it long. Hitherto there had never been any hesitation in a fight. Following the lead of Erebus, they all fell upon what he attacked, and the victory was soon won. But now there was irresolution. Karsuk looked on with indifference. Whitey and Schnapps glanced at each other and growled. Arkadik made at Amna-aya, and, after knocking her down, gave a new character to the battle by falling upon Erebus, her old master, and biting him unmercifully on the leg. This was clearly all that was needed to assure Karsuk, who had so lately made friends with Jack. Following the lead of plucky Arkadik, he too fell upon his old leader. Then Amna-aya, moaning from her recent beating, fell upon Arkadik and began to gnaw away at her hind leg. This forced her to let go her hold upon Erebus, and she once more attacked her whining assailant.

Utterly confused by this novel turn of affairs, Whitey and Schnapps did not know which way to turn. But something they must do; so they got up a private fight on their own account.

The battle waxed hot and furious, — Arkadik and Amna-aya fighting tooth and nail, Whitey and Schnapps doing the same thing with less energy, and Erebus making desperate battle against Jack and Karsuk. The pure white snow was dyed with blood, and the air was filled with cries of pain and anger.

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The combat could not long be doubtful. Of course, Arkadik won her battle, and sent her antagonist "Amna-aying" behind a snow-bank, where, for the space of half an hour, she never once left off wailing over her woes. Whitey and Schnapps, by mutual understanding, ceased making a show merely for the sake of appearances. But, before this was accomplished, Erebus had been completely vanquished. Bleeding from a dozen ugly wounds, his right fore leg fearfully cut, his left ear almost torn out by the roots, he could no longer continue the combat against such fearful odds, and he cried for quarter.

He was fairly down upon his back. Karsuk let go his hold, and Jack stood proud and triumphant over his vanquished adversary. Then he stepped away, slowly, with dignity and deliberation, while Erebus lay moaning on the snow. He turned around once, looking back in a most self-satisfied manner at his late enemy, now left a helpless lump of pain, and then trotted off. Seeing Whitey, he made at him and did not leave off biting him until he had made him cry loudly for mercy. His reason for doing this was scarcely clear, according to any established rules of justice. He probably meant to give Whitey a proper sense of his power, and make him understand the new state of affairs.

Having satisfied himself that Whitey was all right, he next hunted up Schnapps; but that sagacious animal, seeing how things were going, had hidden himself away, and could not be found. Amna-aya next came in for a good hearty shaking, which made her sing her old song over again without the least variation. Then he went kindly up to Arkadik, who crouched down before him in a half-submissive, half-playful manner, and licked his chaps. He in turn signified his approval of her conduct by licking her eyes with his big tongue, it must be owned, in a rather supercilious manner; but for this we must not blame him, since he was a conquering hero.

His treatment of Karsuk was most remarkable, to say the least of it. Karsuk came up to play with him, looking as if he would like to pay court to the new ruler, and yet withal be slightly familiar, fully impressed, no doubt, with the importance of his own services. But Jack was too shrewd a dog to be caught in that way. He only growled at Karsuk, as much as to say, "Keep your distance, sir"; whereupon Karsuk, much astonished, trotted off, looking meek and humiliated. This seems ungrateful in Jack, when one remembers what Karsuk had done for him. But then a dog could hardly be expected to do better than most human beings would in the same circumstances.

After this Jack lay down to rest with Arkadik's nose tucked into his great warm neck. Amna-aya came up soon and coiled herself on the snow as near by as she thought safe; for Arkadik growled viciously at her. Karsuk joined the group very quickly, and took his place at Jack's back like one determined, at all hazards, to worship the rising sun. Then Whitey trotted in and took his place beside Karsuk. After a while Schnapps came timidly to bed; but he did not venture too near.

Thus situated they fell asleep; while poor Erebus lay moaning by himself,

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with not a dog among all his late followers to do him the slightest service. Even Amna-aya forsook him, and linked her fortunes to the new master, not even going near Erebus to lick his bloody wounds, as she would have done the day before. Once she made the effort, and got very near, but thinking better of it, she forsook the poor fellow completely, and went over "bag and baggage," as they say, to the enemy.

Thus was Jack's victory won. And it was complete. The whole team now acknowledged him at once as master, and proffered him their allegiance. Poor Erebus was as badly off as old King Lear. The little dogs and the big dogs all barked at him now.

The next day he was so lame and sore that he could not be hitched to the sledge; and we went on, leaving him to follow behind at his leisure. What must have been his feelings when he saw Jack take his place in the team, and set off with Arkadik at his right, and Amna-aya next! and how he must have sighed and soliloquized with King Henry over the fleeting pleasures and delights of kingly power.

This day's journey brought us to the vessel, and there was evidently much wondering among the other teams of dogs at Jack's new position. Seeing this, Jack determined to give them still greater cause to wonder. As soon as he was unharnessed from the sledge he flew upon the first dog that he saw impudently staring at him, and made the poor animal sing an unpremeditated song. Noting the disturbance, Arkadik flew to Jack's side; then up came all the rest of his team, and now the six dogs, with Jack at their head, were drawn up in battle array. Startled by this strange proceeding, all the dogs scampered away, clearly preferring to consult Erebus as to the state of affairs, before taking any active steps. But Erebus was very much dejected, and as soon as he got his supper he hobbled off by himself, giving no dog any encouragement whatever to follow him. Two or three made the attempt, but they soon discovered for themselves how matters stood, and quickly returned.

Where Erebus dragged himself, nobody knows; but he did not come back again for two days. At the end of that time he was still quite lame. He was, in every respect, a changed dog. His spirits seemed to have left him. He hung his head, and avoided association with his kind. Had he been a human being, you would have said he was in love, or was repenting of a crime. But he was a heart-broken dog. His tail was down,—a bad sign. He did not take the slightest interest in anything. How the teams managed among themselves he did not care in the least; and he offered no obstacle to the elevation of Jack to supreme rule by the entire republic of dogs.

Jack's success cost him a few trifling fights after the defeat of Erebus; but they did not amount to much; and before forty-eight hours had elapsed he was duly installed in office, and universally recognized as leader of the pack, master of the masters, the great hero of dog society, the great dog of the time.

And here, for the present, we must leave him.

Isaac I. Hayes.

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HOW BATTLES ARE FOUGHT.

II. Fighting for Forts.

IN the very next evening after their father had told them how armies marched and lived and fought, Willie Blake and his sister were early in the library, anxious to learn more about war and battles. But Mr. Blake said he was not ready to begin again, and that he thought it was his turn to listen and Willie's to talk. Then he asked Willie to tell him, as nearly as he could, all that had been related the evening before. So Mr. Blake listened while Willie talked, and the evening was spent in finding how much Willie remembered of what had been told him. Mr. Blake did this because he knew that Willie would not understand what he was now to hear if he did not clearly remember what had already been told him. You who will read this will have the same trouble if you do not fully recollect what was said last month about "fighting in the field."

The next evening Mr. Blake was ready with his story and pictures. Tea was no sooner over and the lamps lit in the library, than the children gathered around their father's table and waited impatiently for him to begin.

"I am going to tell you," said Mr. Blake, when all was ready, "about what soldiers call 'siege operations.' You will understand it better if I call it 'fighting for forts.' I have told you that, when two opposing armies were marching and countermarching, they fought to destroy one another and to gain possession of the battle-field. In siege operations one of the armies shuts itself up in some great fort, and to capture this army and get possession of the fort is the main object of the other army. There are various ways of doing this, but still all armies in fighting for forts, as in fighting in the field, are guided by general rules; and it is of these I will tell you. But first of all you must know what forts are, and something about those of our own country.

"The best way of describing a fort to you is to call it a gate. It serves, or is intended to serve, precisely the same purpose that a gate on a farm does, — that is, to prevent or regulate the passage of persons and animals from one field to another. The gate is meant to obstruct the passage of animals, and the fort that of armies. Sometimes, as every country lad knows, the gate is carelessly left open, and the animals get into the wheat or corn field and destroy the grain. Sometimes forts are just as carelessly left unguarded, and the enemy captures them and conquers the country

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to which they are the gates. Every country boy has seen animals with sense enough to open the gates themselves, or strong enough to break them down. Just so there are generals who know how to open forts, and there are armies strong enough to batter them down. They are called 'the gates of the country' for the reason also that they are always built on the rivers and roads by which ships and boats and rail-cars and wagons usually enter and leave a country in time of peace, and which are the same that armies must follow in time of war. The aim of one army is to hold these gates, — to keep them shut so that the enemy cannot get in; the aim of the other is to break them open in order to gain an entrance into the country it seeks to conquer.

"These gates are variously constructed. Some are of earth only; some are of stone and earth; and some few are of earth, stone, and iron. Their form depends on the formation of the ground where they are built; and there are hardly any two forts in the country precisely alike in shape or dimensions, because of their different localities. You will find a fort of some kind in every seaport of importance in the country, and a visit to one is at all times very interesting. You can gather a very good idea of the form and appearance of one from a picture which I will presently show you.

"Before the rebellion, our country owned a great many forts of various kinds, but none of them were very strong, and they were all along the sea-coast. There were none in the interior of the country, for it was never thought that any portion of our people would be wicked and ignorant enough to conspire against their own government. Strange enough, the people of the seaboard cities at the South were the first to fire on the forts built for their own defence at the expense of the country. When the wicked rebellion of the slaveholders began, it became necessary to build forts in all the inland States and along the interior rivers and roads. Washington and Richmond, and hundreds of other places, were strongly fortified. Several hundred forts of all sizes and kinds were built. Among them was one in Tennessee, called Fortress Rosecrans, which was a mile in width; it took a whole army of fifty thousand men five months to build it. And yet its guns never fired a shot at an enemy, because it was not in their way on any of the great roads or rivers of the country. If the walls of earth which were thrown up during the war could be stretched in one unbroken line, they would reach from Boston to San Francisco. They might have fenced in the whole Southern Confederacy with a wall as thick and high and strong as that around the great Empire of China.

"An army approaches one of these forts to take it, in precisely the same manner that it approaches another army, — by as many roads as it can find, and with as much care and caution. 'Investing a fort' is about the same as surrounding it, though it may be invested by guarding only those sides by which the enemy might escape. The advancing army will have some fighting to do, — not very hard fighting, but still brisk enough to be very exciting and dangerous. While this is going on, the general gathers the information which decides his plan of attack. The fighting reveals the

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enemy's strongest and weakest points, and the situation of most of his troops. It enables the general to learn how the ground lies, and what points of the field overlook, or, as a soldier would say, 'command' the fort. There is always some place which commands every fort, if it can only be found. This is called the 'key of the position,' because when it is obtained the surrender of the fort, or opening of the gate, is sure to follow. The first light fighting, or skirmishing, as it is called, is to find this key; the next thing is to take it. Sometimes this key is a corner or side of the fort itself; sometimes it is a hill overlooking the fort; at other times it is a road by which those in the fort obtain their food; at others it is a stream which supplies them with water; and sometimes it is miles away in the interior of the country which the fort is meant to defend. Sometimes this key is taken by assault, — by a charge with bayonets, — as General Sherman captured Fort McAllister, and as General Grant captured the hill overlooking Fort Donelson and compelled its surrender.

Sometimes the besieging army take a fort by marching around it and into the country it defends; this makes the enemy come out, and the matter is settled by battle in the open field. That was the way that General Sherman won Atlanta, and General Grant took Petersburg and Richmond. Sometimes an army gets possession of the roads which lead to the fort, and, cutting off supplies of food from those inside, starve them into surrendering. And at other times when assaults fail and marches cannot be made, and the starvation plan will take too long, the besieging army digs and digs, and at length digs its way into the fort, or digs the bottom out of it."

"Digs the bottom out of a fort, papa!" exclaimed Willie.

"Precisely. They dig under a fort and then blow it up, — cannon, men, and all! This digging into and under a fort is what properly constitutes 'siege operations,' which I am now going to describe to you as clearly as I can. The picture on page 127 represents a fort on a high hill, with a besieging force making gradual approaches to it by digging; and the various ways of doing this you will find illustrated there.

"First of all, the besieging army gets as close as it can to the fort by fighting and driving the enemy inside his works. Sometimes this is hard to do, for the besieged not only obstruct the advance of their opponents by firing at them, but by felling trees and sinking torpedoes, which are arranged to explode when a soldier steps on the ground above them. The trees are cut down in a way to make their tops intertwine so closely that it is almost impossible for any one to get through them at leisure. You can imagine how difficult it must be, then, to charge through them with the enemy firing at you. But while some of the army are fighting, others cut away the trees, and thus they get beyond them. The torpedoes have to be carefully dug out of the ground. During the late war the Rebels frequently sunk torpedoes in the ground before forts, in order that our soldiers might be blown up by them. But the Yankees, as the Rebels used to call our troops, were too smart for them. They first captured a number of Rebels, and put them at the dangerous work of removing the torpedoes in full view of their own friends.

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"After getting as close to the fort as it can, the besieging army builds works for its own protection. The moment darkness comes on and puts a stop to the firing, the men lay aside their guns, and take up their axes and spades and picks. The great trunks and limbs of the trees, and the rails of the fences on the farm near by the field, are gathered together and built into a kind of rude fence along the whole front of the army, as it lies spread out around the fort. Then the men with spades and picks dig a ditch, six or seven feet wide and two or three deep, and throw the earth over the logs and rails until they are covered so thick that a cannon-ball cannot go through them. In this way a line of works of great strength, and several miles in extent, can be thrown up in a very short time, — much shorter than you would suppose."

"It would take all night, papa, would n't it?" asked Willie.

"Not at all, — about an hour perhaps. I once saw a large force of Union troops drive an equal number of Rebels from a strong hill, — a very important part of a battle-field, and one which the Rebels needed very much. So anxious was their general to get it again, that he no sooner saw his men begin to run away than he ordered another brigade to charge and take the hill; but before they could get there, the Union troops had built all along their front a breastwork of logs and rails and stones, and firing from behind this easily drove back the Rebels. At the battle of Chattanooga I saw a brigade of Union soldiers capture a hill in the centre of the battle-field, on one side of which the Rebels had built a rough stone-wall as a breastwork. But our soldiers not only drove them from behind this wall, but in a few moments after laid aside their arms and carried the stones of it to the opposite side of the hill, and made breastworks for themselves.

"This first line which the army makes in such a short time is usually very strong, — almost as strong as the fort itself. Indeed, both armies may now be said to be in forts; but one of them can abandon its works and march away at any time it chooses, while the other cannot escape, except by cutting its way out through the besieging army. These works are made very strong for another reason. Behind them and in the ditches which have been dug the investing army must live during the siege. Here the huts and tents of the soldiers are built; here they cook their food and eat it, all the time taking care not to show their heads above the top of the works, for fear the sharpshooters in the enemy's fort will put a ball into them. You can imagine that life in a ditch of this sort is not very pleasant; yet I have known men to enjoy it. There is one thing which makes them really cheerful under those dreary hardships."

"Patriotism?" suggested Willie, timidly.

"Patriotism in some cases, but not in all. There are many persons who are led by a love of danger to do a great many bold acts and suffer a great many hardships. It is this, often, which makes men in camp, and even in battle, not only cheerful, but happy.

"The first line having been established, the work of digging begins in earnest. On some very dark night, the whole army ventures out and pushes

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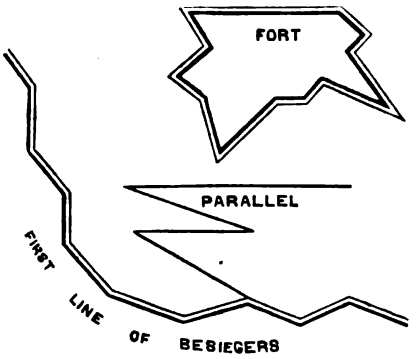
forward a few yards and digs another line of the same kind, and by morning one half of it has advanced to this new line. In this way, two or three times repeated, the besieging army gets close up to the fort."

"How close, papa, — how far?" asked Willie.

"How far can you throw? About fifty yards I suppose. Well, the army may get in this way so close to the fort that you could throw a stone from one army into the other. It won't do to show your head often when so near as this to the enemy.

"You would naturally suppose that when it comes to such close quarters the fighting would be very desperate, but singularly enough it usually ceases almost entirely. Only the sharpshooters can shoot, and these very seldom. The cannoneers can fire their guns only once in the day, — at early sunrise, — and that is done in this way. They load them at night and cover them up with brushwood from the trees, so that they look like a clump of bushes. At daylight they carefully aim and fire, but as the smoke betrays the disguise of the brushwood, the sharpshooters of the opposing army prevent them from loading the gun again until after nightfall. The sharpshooters on both sides cut small holes about the size of a teacup through the works, and put their guns through these to fire. They take aim at the holes opposite them, and the moment an object appears they fire at it through these holes. Sometimes two sharpshooters — one in each army — will watch for a whole day without getting an opportunity to shoot at each other.

"Under these circumstances you can imagine that it is a very difficult task to get any closer to the enemy. The men can no longer go forward even at night and dig a new line, for of course the enemy would shoot them down at their work. To protect themselves, they construct what are called 'parallels.' These are simply works run off at an angle from the first or second line, but in such a manner that they are nearly parallel to the fort of the enemy, as you see them in the picture further on and in the diagram below. You will notice that the 'parallels' are at all times nearly parallel with the line of the fort, and that the soldiers in the fort cannot fire into them after they are once made. But the question is how to make them. That, you would naturally suppose, is no easy thing to do, yet it is very simple. Only two men can work at a parallel at the same time. They stand abreast, armed with nothing but picks and spades. They commence at the point nearest to the first line of works and dig a ditch three feet deep, and as many wide, and throw the dirt up in a long pile on the side towards the enemy, and thus always keep it in front of them for their protection. The



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workmen are changed every few minutes, and the work goes on much faster than you would think. While the digging is going on, the sharpshooters are very vigilant in watching the enemy, so as to prevent their firing.

"There are also 'gabions,' made for the protection of the workmen. You will better understand their purpose if I call them movable breastworks. They are large baskets, five or six feet in diameter and often ten feet long, made of hickory or willow withes, and circular in form. These baskets are filled with earth, and of course a bullet cannot go through them, nor can a cannon-ball do them much harm. These are rolled forward by the men as breastworks, and under their protection other works are built, as I have described. In this way the besieging army digs its way up to the very walls of the fort, and prepares for the last grand attack. When they are so close together as this—a few feet only apart—the fighting ceases altogether,—it is too much like murder; and the two armies, having come within speaking distance, generally arrange some sort of truce. At Vicksburg when the Union army got within a few yards of the Rebels they both stopped firing, and for ten days before the surrender the men of the two armies talked pleasantly together. The pickets on both sides met under the same tree, and instead of shooting at each other chatted like good friends. One night, just before the surrender, as a company of 'sappers and miners,' as those who dig the 'parallels' are called, were digging away, they were surprised by a shower of spades and pickaxes thrown from the Rebel fort into the ditch where they were at work. Directly afterwards a voice was heard in the Rebel fort telling our men that they were welcome to the spades and pickaxes, 'because,' said the voice, 'we've done our share of digging.' Of course our men thanked the Rebels and promised to dig them out soon.

"The purpose of the besieging army is to spring over the works and charge the fort and carry it. After getting up within a few yards this task is so easy that those inside do not usually wait for the assault to be made. If the fort is not yielded voluntarily, the general of the besieging force calls on the general in command to surrender. If he refuse, the assault takes place, of course, with great loss of life; for the works are blown up, the besiegers rush in, and a desperate fight follows. So certain are the besiegers of success, that the laws of civilized warfare require commanders of forts thus besieged to surrender, and prevent bloodshed."

"But how are the forts blown up, papa?"

"Do you notice on the right of the picture opposite a hole in the earth, with a man coming out of it with a wheelbarrow? That represents the mouth of a tunnel which is supposed to extend under the earth from the lines of the besiegers to the line of the enemy. This is dug like the other

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A. Mouth of a tunnel, with men removing earth in wheelbarrows and depositing it on either side.
B. Large gabion, protecting the tunnel.
C, C, C. Parallels, with men in these and also in outer works.
D, D, D. Cannon in position.
E. Two men digging at an unfinished parallel.
F. Fort, with Rebel flag and soldiers.

works, except that the men are not exposed to the fire of the enemy. The earth is carried from the tunnel and deposited outside. When this tunnel has reached to a point directly under the fort, a magazine is made, — that is, a larger hole is opened, and a great quantity of gunpowder is deposited there. Then a train is laid to the mouth of the tunnel, and at a givèn day and hour, when the troops are ready to make the assault, the train is fired. The fire creeps slowly through the dark tunnel; at length it reaches the magazine; an awful explosion follows; and high in the air are hurled works and cannon and horses and men. Then the army charges upon the demolished fort and the confused enemy; the fate of the fort is decided at the point of the bayonet, when the siege is ended."

"But, papa, when the men are digging the tunnel, how do they know which way to go, and how can they tell when they are under the enemy's fort?"

"You must not suppose, Willie, because they work under ground like the mole, that the soldiers are as blind as he is. Before beginning the tunnel they decide in what direction it is to run, and the exact distance from its mouth to the fort."

"But *how*, papa? that is what I don't understand. The enemy won't let them measure the distance?"

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"O no! not with a rule or measuring-tape; but the engineers have instruments with which they can measure any distance or height far more accurately than they can with line and rod. These are called the 'transit' and 'level.' With these an intelligent man or boy can measure the width of rivers without crossing them or the height of mountains without climbing them. The artillerist with one of these can tell the exact distance of the fort which he wishes to demolish; and another instrument which he can apply to his cannon tells him precisely how to sight the gun so that the ball will strike a certain point in the wall of the fort. With these instruments great numbers of cannon are so regulated that, shooting from different directions, their fire is concentrated on a single spot, and the wall is demolished. In this way our guns battered down Fort Sumter."

"But how, papa," pleaded Willie, "how do these instruments tell all this?"

"Ah! that is one of the things I could not make you understand now, for you have many things to learn first. I can only give you a general idea of what war is, and how battles are fought. The most interesting and really beautiful things in the art it would be useless for me to explain to you now. When you are older, and have studied geometry and engineering and geology and drawing, — for all these and many more are necessary to the completion of a soldier's education, — you will learn that this cruel art has for its purpose the saving and not the destroying of life. The greatest general is the one who knows how to conquer without killing.

"One of our great generals once said that 'war is cruelty, and you cannot refine it'; but his own acts disproved his words, for no soldier ever carried on successful warfare with so few battles and with the loss of so few men as General Sherman.

"But as the soldier has grown in wisdom, war has certainly become less cruel and more refined; as he has become more skilled in his art, wars and battles have become less frequent; and as the weapons of war have been improved, battles have become less bloody. Some of these days, let us hope, the world will become so wise and virtuous that wars will be heard of no more."

Major Traverse.

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MRS. MACGARRET'S TEA-PARTY.

MRS. MACGARRET was an Attic cat, and lived in the garret, but Mrs. O'Cellary lived in the cellar. Mrs. MacGarret had three children, and Mrs. O'Cellary had three children. Mr. MacGarret had gone away, and so had Mr. O'Cellary. Mrs. MacGarret's children were all of an age, and Mrs. O'Cellary's children were all of an age. The MacGarret children were named Spotty MacGarret and Tabby MacGarret and Tilly MacGarret. The O'Cellary children were named, the first, Dinah O'Cellary, after its mother; the second, Thomas O'Cellary, after its father; and the third was named Bengal Tiger O'Cellary, after one of their grand relations.

One day Mrs. MacGarret said to her children: "My dears, I have decided to have company this afternoon. I shall invite Mrs. O'Cellary and her family. Behave well, or you will be punished. At supper eat the poorest and give the best to the company. Be very quiet, and never interrupt. That you may look your very best, I shall put up your tails in curl-papers. Now don't cry if I pull some." — And they shut their mouths tight, and never uttered a sound.

"Good children!" said Mrs. MacGarret. "Now you may go down and invite the company."

"What, in curl-papers!" cried Spotty. "O, not in curl-papers!" cried Tabby. "You can't mean in curl-papers!" cried Tilly.

"There 's no telling who might see us," said Spotty. "Perhaps the Gray Squirrel peeping out of his cage; I should be so mortified."

"Or the Parrot," said Tabby. "And so should I."

"Or the new Lap-dog," said Tilly. "And so should I."

"True," said their mother. "You can't go in curl-papers. I 'll step down myself."

"But we 're afraid to stay alone," cried Spotty and Tabby and Tilly. "Don't go!" "Don't go!" "Don't go!" And each held up her fore-paw and begged and prayed and wept.

"Poor darlings!" said Mrs. MacGarret. "How can I leave you? Now if we were but good friends with Mr. Rat, how easily he could do the errand! for yonder rat-hole leads to the cellar, straight."

"Can't you speak down to her?" asked Spotty. "I think you might speak down," said Tabby. "Do speak down," cried Tilly.

"To be sure," said Mrs. MacGarret. "Of course I can. 'T is often done in hotels. What smart children you are!"

Then Mrs. MacGarret spoke down and invited Mrs. O'Cellary and her family to tea, at seven o'clock. And Mrs. O'Cellary answered up that they would be most happy.

Quarter before seven the curl-papers were taken out.

"Charming!" cried Mrs. MacGarret. "All stand in a row, that I may see. Charming! Don't move!"

At seven o'clock Mrs. O'Cellary arrived with all her children, and two

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young cousins, who were paying her a visit, and as it was a grand occasion, supper was laid out on a black leather trunk, bordered with brass nails, and nothing could have been more elegant.

Now this was what Mrs. MacGarret set before them for supper: first, mouse; second, scraps; third, codfish dried; fourth, squash in the rind, brought up from the kitchen in the dead of the night. Mrs. MacGarret lamented that she was out of milk, but their saucer was licked dry at dinner, and the milkman had not been round. But the company all said they seldom took milk, and that everything was lovely. The talk was very entertaining, being mostly about the boldness of a mouse, who would peep out of his hole at them, but popped back again the minute they stirred. They also talked much of the boy. A new little whip had been given him, and this whip he used freely. Travelling through the passages was really quite unsafe.

"We were in great danger coming up, I assure you," said Mrs. O'Cellary.

"Very great danger, ma'am," said Thomas.

"We ran for our lives, ma'am," said Bengal T.

"Be not so forward to speak in older company," whispered Mrs. O'Cellary.

After supper a neighbor dropped in from the next attic, bringing her children, and there was a very merry party. And all would have gone well, but for Tabby MacGarret, who did not do the right thing. This is how it happened.

All the mothers sat down on a spinning-wheel, to have a cosey talk, while the children had great sport with the funny little mouse. First he would peep out of his hole and wink at them, and when they all jumped for him he would dodge back again, and next thing they knew his little black eyes would be peeping out from another hole. Then they would jump again. But he always popped back just in time.

"Now do come out, little mousey, and play with us," they said.

"O, I know you very well," said little mousey. "I like this better."

Now Mrs. MacGarret had given the children all that was left at supper, to divide among themselves. They chose one to divide it, and Tabby MacGarret was the one chosen. Pretty soon Spotty saw her clap something under her paw, in a very private way, and guessing that all was not right, she stepped softly round behind, and just bit the end of her tail. This made Tabby lift up her paw, and then — they all saw! She had taken the best piece for herself!!!

Such a time as there was! "O shame!" "Shame!" "Shame!" cried Spotty and Tommy and Dinah. And "Shame!" cried Bengal Tiger O'Cellary. And they all hissed and sputtered, and Tabby ran down the garret stairs with all the others after her, and all the mothers behind. The boy was standing in the passage with his new whip, and he snapped it and cracked it and slashed it and lashed it, till they were frightened out of their wits, and scampered to hide where best they could. But Tabby got the smartest blow of them all.

And it was in this way that Mrs. MacGarret's tea-party was broken up.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

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CHARADES.

No. 8.

Who broke the deacon's fences down?
Who stole the squire's best plums and pears?
Who dotes upon a circus clown?
Who taunts you with the jeer, "Who cares?"
If you should find him, surely you 'll have guessed
My *first*, and may you profit by your quest.

What follows on the clash of steel?
What rises from a city's strife?
From ocean's rage? the thunder's peal?
What greets you in a scolding wife?
Perhaps in all this uproar you may find
My *second*, — often with my first combined.

My *whole* is to my first the theme
Of all the splendor and the hope
That ever clothed a waking dream, —
Beyond all metaphor and trope; —
The roseate charm of years, before the man
Pulls down the castles which the youth began.

J. W.

No. 9.

GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADES.

Towns in Massachusetts.

First, a kind of nail; *second*, the crossing of a river.

First, a reproach; *second*, a word of encouragement.

First, an artist's name; *second*, to inter.

First, a boy's plaything; *second*, what we could not live without.

First, what cows do; *second*, a measure.

First, a marsh; *second*, a noted American general.

Herbert.

No. 10.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

Foundation Words.

A hero and the lady of his love
Once ventured on a rough and toilsome way, —
He, filled with eager hope the world to move
And cruel monsters to entrap and slay.
And she for love of him had left her land
And wandered many a mile by sea and shore,
Till, sunk to sleep upon a distant strand,
She woke to find him fled forevermore.

Cross Words.

Behold my *first*, a muse of olden time,
Believed in, worshipped e'en, by heathen pride.
My *next* a warrior, great in ancient rhyme,
Who for his country fought and with it died.
Five famous Spartan magistrates my *third*;
My *fourth* a sage, who trained an emperor's mind,
But whose good counsels were as if unheard,
While madness reigned, with cruelty behind.
Another sage my *fifth*, whose axioms wise,
Whose propositions, ranged in order meet,
Are tests to-day that still the school-boy tries, —
The bridge he cannot pass with halting feet.
Now for my *sixth* an ancient vessel take,
For funeral uses fit, — you can't be wrong.
And *last* a mountain which the winters make
White with deep snow, as told to us in song.

F. H.

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ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 11.

ENIGMAS.

No. 12.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 5, 3, 17, 18 is a church.
My 2, 19, 6, 14 is a noise.
My 12, 11, 9, 4 is a vegetable.
My 10, 20, 16, 13, 1 belongs to an animal.
My 7, 8, 15 is a small number.
My *whole* is a proverb for laborers.

Nellie.

No. 13.

I am composed of 8 letters.

My 7, 2, 3, 1 is a torch.
My 5, 6 is company, — good or bad.
My 4, 8, 8 is a word of command.
My *whole* was a merry king.

J. B. R.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC REBUS.—No. 14.

(The Foundation Words are enclosed in the upper single line.)

ANSWERS.

1. Little efforts should not be despised.
[(Little f) forts (shoe d) *knot* B (d's) *pies* (d).]
2. The porches of mine ears (Mynheers).
3. Mandate.
4. *Foundation Words:* Marble; Statue.
Cross Words: MidaS; AraraT; RhodA; BileT; LandeaU; EffacE.
5. C-lad. D-ark. B-right. C-art. H-ash.
6. "Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."
[(Kine D) harts armor (th anchor on nets) (ands imp ell) (fay th) (th Ann oar man) blood].
7. "Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock."

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HERE is the composition of the youngest successful competitor for the prizes.

"MY TURKEY COUSIN."

Jen is my little Turkey cousin. Her father and mother are missionaries, and she was born in Turkey. But her mother's health failed, and they came home to spend a year at our house, and that is how I happened to hear so many of her cunning little sayings. She has a sister, Addie, a little older than herself, and they played together happily all day long.

I am sure Jen — or "Punkins" as Brother Frank called her — will be a naturalist, for when she was quiet a moment, we all knew that she was tormenting some poor bug or worm with a long stick. She always said she was "sticking it."

Let me describe her to you. She has large bright blue eyes, long curved lashes, and golden hair. She is the sweetest little roly-poly darling you ever saw. I wish you could see her: I know you would love her.

She was sitting with Addie on the piazza one day, when, after being quiet some time, she said, —

"Addie, does 'oo' know how trees come?"

"No," said Addie.

"Well, I 'll tell 'oo,' said Jen. "God comes way down out o his sky, on a long, long ladder, and pounds 'em in, and he don't fall and hurt he'sef at all."

Addie seemed to believe this perfectly, for although she is older than little Jen, she has great respect for her opinion.

They loved to play mamma and papa together, Addie being mamma or "Nellie," and Jen papa or "Moses." For hours they would play this, and Jen would never forget for a moment that, instead of our bright, blue-eyed little "Punkins," she was the tall, dignified "*Moses*." Sometimes she would get her father's hat, and try to trot around the yard in that. But the hat covered her, head and shoulders, so that all you could see of the sweet "Moses" was a little gingham apron and two tiny feet.

We had some chickens, which, as it was near Thanksgiving day, we were keeping for our Thanksgiving dinner. One day the servant came in, and told Aunt Nellie that Jennie was chasing the chickens all over the yard. Aunt Nellie sent for her, and she came in, looking as fresh as a little rosebud.

"Jennie," said Auntie, sternly, though she could hardly keep from laughing, "what made you chase the poor little chickens so?"

"Why," said Jen, gravely, "they have eaten Addie all up, and they were *looking* at me."

I suppose the wise little darling had missed Addie for a moment, and so said, with perfect honesty, that the chickens had eaten her. She thought she had better dispose of them before they ate her too.

Every Sunday evening we used to gather around the fire, and mamma would ask us Bible questions. One evening, when it came Jen's turn, mamma asked her who the first man was. "Eve," said Jen, with great promptness. Another time when we asked her who the first man was she said, "Moses." That was her father's name, and to her he really was the first man. She always said the first woman was "*Nellie*."

How we loved to hear her talk! If any one asked her what her name was, she would say, "Jennie Pamee, bon in a Turkey, fee years old." I suppose she will always say "fee" years old.

But at last the year passed, — O how quickly! And Aunt Nellie being nearly well now, they must return to Turkey. Mamma urged her to leave Jen with us, saying that she had two, and ought to give us one. But no! Aunt Nellie wanted both her darlings; and who could blame her?

When I first heard that they must go, I caught Jen up in my arms, and running out of the room, put my head in her lap, and cried. She put her little head down on mine, and said lovingly, —

"Don't 'oo' cry. Yottie, I do love 'oo.'"

"I know you do, my darling; But O Jen, precious Jen, how can I let you go!" The darling did not know what I meant. She only knew, that she was going way off to leave us all. She could not see into the future, nor know that probably she would never see us again. She tried to comfort me by saying that she would come back again. But when told that she could not come back, because there would be a great ocean between, she said, "I have got some big shoes, and I can walk over it."

"No," said her mother, "you will sink in."

"Well then I will walk *yound* it," said our darling.

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When we found that they were going, we all went to work and made them a box of nice things to take with them; and before long nothing was wanting to make them in every way comfortable. But I could not be happy, thinking how soon we were to part. Jen never seemed so sweet and cunning as she did then. At last the morning came when they were to leave us. I could not look at Jen that morning without crying. After breakfast, we all went into the parlor to have family prayers. Mamma proposed singing something. So Auntie played and we sang, "Shall we gather at the river?" We all cried, even little Jen, but she only cried because the rest did. At last we were all ready to go down to the depot. When we arrived there, we found the cars had not come in. We did not wait long, for soon the iron horse came puffing up, and Auntie, Uncle, Addie, and little Jen got into the cars. We said "Good-by," once more, and then the cars steamed away, and we saw the white handkerchiefs fluttering a last good-by, out of the car windows, and they were *gone!*

Lottie E. Hamilton, aged 11.

OSWEGO, N. Y.

ANOTHER "EVENING AMUSEMENT."

"ORACLES."

FOR the older boys and girls, who have quick wits and a lively imagination, there is no better game than "Oracles." Pencils and paper must be distributed, and then A must silently write some question, while B (also in silence) writes merely one word. Any question may be asked, and any word chosen, provided only it be good English. Next, the question and the word should be read aloud, and every one in the company must write an answer to the former, in which B's word must be brought in. An easy matter enough, were it not that this reply must be in *rhyme*. Nine out of every ten of you will at once exclaim, "O, I *never* can do *that!*" but if you will only try, most of you will produce something worth hearing. It need be but two lines long, if you choose; it should not be over ten or twelve; it may be the merest jingle, the absurdest doggerel; so much the merrier. Let your answer be quickly written, and to the point; funny, if you can make it so, sentimental if you choose, but in some way do your part to keep up the game, and after one or two trials you will find that you can scribble away bravely, however tough the question, however ridiculously inappropriate the word. I made one of a happy little picnic party last summer, when "Oracles" was played, and some one gave the question: "What is the dearest spot on earth?" The word to be introduced was "*feather*." Of course it was decided on before the query was announced. Here are two of the replies, which were promptly written: —

1.

"Without wherefore or whether,
No matter what weather, —
Where friends meet together
There, light as a *feather*,
My heart finds its rest,
Without query or quest,
Like a bird in its nest."

2.

"Not the toss of a *feather*
Does this boy care whether
His home is on land or on sea:
Be it mountain or dell, it is equally well,
So my Sukey 's there waiting for me."

Oddly enough (but it often happens so), the first of these was written by a very lively girl, while the more sprightly verse came from the sedatest member of the party. This want of consistency often leads to queer mistakes, when some chosen person reads aloud all the verses, and the company are allowed to guess the authorship of each. In the second round, C must give the question and D the word, and so on, in turn. One of the boys saucily inquired, "What becomes of all the hair-pins?" and the word being *spot*, one answer was, —

"The central magnet of the earth,
With grim resistless power,
From maiden's heads doth draw them forth,
And downward, hour by hour.
And could we reach that central *spot*
Of seething, bubbling fire,
We 'd find our hair-pins all red-hot,
One mass of tortured wire."

L. D. N.

THE following sketch was sent us too late for the last New Year, and was crowded out again from the January number of this year. It is written by the young daughter of one of the most deservedly celebrated among American authors. His death has been long lamented; but it will give many of our readers pleasure to see that the father's talent of vivid description lives on in the daughter. She resides abroad, and we shall hope to hear from her again.

A NEW YEAR'S EVE IN GERMANY.

It was about nine o'clock on New Year's Eve, when Brother Beardy and I were seized with a desire to sit the Old Year out in the Belvidere Concert House, on the Terrace by the Elbe, Dresden. The night was fresh and clear, the walk before us a long one, and the stars shining beautifully over our heads. Here and there, along the promenade of the Neue Stadt were booths, remnants of the great Christmas Fair, in which old crones were sell-

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ing fantastically drawn and colored pictures sent about here on New Year's Day, which Americans would call Valentines, — or lager beer, — or idly warming their hands over pots of bright coals, from which flared a ruddy glow upon their peaked faces. On we hurried, over the long Old Bridge, till we came to the Terrace, where cheery strains became louder and louder, from the round little beehive of a Concert House, every brilliant window seeming to give a knowing wink, as a hint of the fun within.

The door was thrown open, we pressed in, and were immediately enveloped in dense cigar-smoke, buzzing and bustle. A great crowd had secured every seat in the hall, the middle aisle alone remaining clear, down which we drifted with a chagrined air. Several waiters were caught by the napkin; but as the third part of the performances had just been finished, they were in a wild fury to refill all empty lager-glasses, their torpid natures aroused for one night in the year to a desperate pitch of hurry. One, however, at last stopped to say that no chairs were to be had, looking as if he willingly would turn himself into space and seats, if that were possible; but a friend came at that moment to our aid, offering us half his table, and in two minutes more we were comfortably seated.

Since there would now follow half an hour's intermission, the most amusing thing to be done was to watch everybody else, and hear all one could of their conversation, the incessant "Ya wohl!" and "Ach so!" being the only words intelligible to me.

Every moment the smoke became more intolerable as it floated into eyes, nose, and mouth, and, to make matters worse, Beardy ordered a cigar and puffed rings into my face, pleasantly smiling. Half past eleven at last arrived, all getting a little merrier at each movement of the minute-hand on the old clock over the stage.

A Comical Orchestra was now announced, which consisted of three violins and a jovial old piper, the latter leading with a long black instrument, — nameless, and probably invented for the occasion, — capable of a great variety of rare sounds. No less engaging was the performer himself, whose jocund aspect and merry phiz called forth a murmur of welcome from the grinning audience. He put the flute to his lips, and an introductory note was followed by perfect silence in the pit Then what a jig! — the velocity of the movement was only interrupted now and then by a long squeak in the treble, falling gradually down to the gruffest and most unearthly of grunts in the bass, at which the exasperated audience sprang to their feet, hissed and stamped, declared it an outrage to the musical stage, and balanced empty beer-bottles in the air, almost willing to fling them at the complacently beaming spectacles and rosy nose of the little old piper; but he, not a whit disheartened, would strike up the jig-tune again, bringing out, with marked emphasis and a jerk of his head, the peculiar quirks and turns of his inimitable piece. All would then seek their chairs, holding their sides with laughter, and the little old piper's popularity was so well established at the end of his performance that the *encores* almost brought down the roof. At last the stage was cleared again, and half the lights put out. Then the whole orchestra returned, each musician bringing a lighted candle which he set upon his stand. How significant of life! We who had so lately been carried away with inextinguishable laughter were now lured into tears, as the quivering, wailing, almost inaudible notes of the mournful violins struck our ears, — unmistakably a lament for the Old Year.

The music faded away, as one violinist after another blew out his candle and departed; but when three or four only were left the excitement in the pit was great. Many started up and stood on tiptoe. The old clock's plodding hand, the extinguished candles, the failing dirge, were all having the desired effect. By and by only Herr Fritsch (the truly exquisite performer and graceful leader of The Classic Concerts) was left to make a final turn, which he condescendingly did, blew out his candle, and disappeared. The hall had now become almost dark, and a queer arrangement over the aged timepiece on the stage attracted much attention. It was impossible to decide what it could be. Certainly a dark curtain, behind which were lights, bringing out faint colors in the forms of writing, and something that, to a vivid imagination, had a vague resemblance to a white table-cloth, on which were resting two ghastly Death's-heads! But we were agreeably surprised, after this surmise, to see, as the dark curtain fell to the ground, a brilliantly colored and illuminated idealization of the Old and New Year, — the former with a piteously bald head, and great froggish eyes, floating on an ocean of white beard, his bony arm raising an hour-glass to the new moon, and over him written, "*Prosit* 1868!"

1869 was welcomed with a bright "*Vivat!*" and very good-natured were the looks he wore as he drank with deep red wine to his new moon. At five minutes past twelve our merriment was dampened by the tolling of a sepulchral bell, irregularly jerked, as if 1868 had the bell-rope in his dying hand, and moved it with the agony of his last gasps. Then suddenly a peal as clear and reassuring as ever rang on festa-day drowned the doleful sounds, and restored the sparkle to the beer-mug and the light to the cigar. Corks flew, waiters ran, a dog wafted his bark on the gale, the orchestra struck up a jolly jingle behind the before-mentioned illumination, torpedoes cracked in the gallery, while blue and crimson lights were

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burned outside the windows, coloring the dim hall and transforming it into a fairy-like scene. The graceful festoons of evergreen and white flowers, looped from the centre of the ceiling to the walls, the silver balls pendent from among them, the ivy baskets hanging in the arches, over which were placed flags and coats-of-arms, the flower-pots and vases placed alternately on all the tables, the cigar-smoke turned, as if by magic, into blue or pink vapor, — all had the prettiest, most dreamlike effect imaginable. Meantime no one was idle. There was shaking of hands on every side, — no matter with whom. And at the long table a pair of fifty-year-olders contented themselves with exclusively shaking each other's hands, nodding, grinning, and congratulating, *vis-à-vis!* With the returning gas, Brother Beardy and I left the scene, to hear the great, deep-toned cathedral bell ring out for the New Year, and to look into the beautiful Elbe (not so blue in broad daylight!) as it slid beneath the lofty arched bridge, reflecting its many lights in long, inverted spiral flames.

Bless the Germans for the keeping of old customs! It is pleasant to see withered men and women doffing their cares for a while every year, mingling with merry youth, and one and all launching into the future with beaming faces!"

We cannot resist the temptation to give a few extracts from friendly letters which have come to us with the New Year.

No Magazine for the young has so many contributors of high literary merit as ours, and upon none is more time, thought, and money spent, in the effort to make it really valuable to its readers. It may be a weakness to confess it, but we do enjoy reading "Our Young Folks" very much indeed; and we often wonder if anybody gets as much entertainment and instruction from our Magazine as the editors themselves. It is quite gratifying to have our judgment confirmed by such expressions of kindness and appreciation as these, from our unknown subscribers and friends: —

BEECHWOOD, VIGO CO., INDIANA,
December 25, 1869.

My dear Young Folks: — I see that other little girls write to you, and I thought I would try and show you how I loved the "Young Folks." I am a little girl ten years old. I have a sister twenty, and a brother seventeen years old, and as I have no little sister or brother to play with, I have to read the "Young Folks" instead. I was sorry that Pussy Willow grew up so fast. She grew a great deal faster than I did. I liked her so much! I like Mrs. Stowe because she writes such pretty stories for little folks. I have had the "Young Folks" for a Christmas present ever since it has been published, and it seems as if I could not get along without it. I could not read it at first, but some one read it for me. We had so much fun over the Peterkin family! We sometimes think we are related to them.

Your little friend,
Lou W——.

PALATINE BRIDGE, N. Y., Dec. 31, 1869.

Dear "Young Folks": — Although I am growing so old that I begin to be looked upon by the youngsters as quite an old boy, still I want to say that I am as much interested in "Our Young Folks" as the veriest boy or girl of them all, and I want — in behalf of all the boys and girls of the "Mohawk Valley" — to tell you how very much we like your magazine. I don't remember to have seen in your Letter Box any word coming from this classic ground, but I can say that there are plenty of boys and girls here, old and young, who receive as much pleasure from their "pet magazine" as did "Jenny and Teddy" and all the children at "the Forge," that Lulu Gray Noble tells us about.

What a capital story our friend Aldrich gave us last year. It delighted everybody wherever "Our Young Folks" showed its bright face. By the way, I have a fine double gun that must have formerly belonged to the Bad Boy, for it has "T. Bailey, New Orleans," engraved upon it. If he will call and see me, we will talk it over.

Wishing you a Happy New Year, I am, respectfully yours, S. L. F.

"I am child enough myself to delight in your magazine, and think it almost ideally perfect in its line." (From one of our contributors.)

NEWTONIA, MO., Nov., 1869.

Dear "Young Folks": — I suppose you don't hear from Southwest Missouri often. At least I don't see any letters from here in "Our Letter Box." I think that "Our Young Folks" is the best magazine for boys and girls published; and papa and mamma say so too. I am sorry to part with Tom Bailey, for he was one of the jolliest and best of "Bad Boys." And "William Henry," too, I shall always remember as a jolly good schoolmate. Long life to "Our Young Folks"!

Your friend, L. R. G.

Alice E. S. Yes, enigmas *do* come under the head of "puzzles." You can try for more than one prize if you wish, but we think you will be likely to succeed better if you concentrate your efforts upon one only.

"*Bilboquet.*" Your question is partly answered above. It takes about one thousand words to fill a printed page of the "Letter Box." The prizes will be awarded as soon after the first of April as the compositions and puzzles can be examined. Remember, one and all, that the puzzles and compositions offered for prizes are to be sent in before the first of April.

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BINDING THE RINGS.

DRAWN BY JOHN J. HARLEY.]

[See page 145.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. VI. MARCH, 1870. No. III.

WE GIRLS: A HOME STORY.

CHAPTER III.

BETWIXT AND BETWEEN.

THREE things came of the Marchbanks's party for us Holabirds.

Mrs. Van Alstyne took a great fancy to Rosamond.

Harry Goldthwaite put a new idea into Barbara's head.

And Ruth's little undeveloped plans, which the facile fingers were to carry out, received a fresh and sudden impetus.

You have thus the three heads of the present chapter.

How could any one help taking a fancy to Rosamond Holabird? In the first place, as Mrs. Van Alstyne said, there was the name,—"a making for anybody"; for names do go a great way, notwithstanding Shakespeare.

It made you think of everything springing and singing and blooming and sweet. Its expression was "blossomy, nightingale-y"; atilt with glee and grace. And that was the way she looked and seemed. If you spoke to her suddenly, the head turned as a bird's does, with a small, shy, all-alive movement; and the bright eye glanced up at you, ready to catch electric meanings from your own. When she talked to you in return, she talked all over; with quiet, refined radiations of life

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and pleasure in each involuntary turn and gesture; the blossom of her face lifted and swayed like that of a flower delicately poised upon its stalk. She was *like* a flower chatting with a breeze.

She forgot altogether, as a present fact, that she looked pretty; but she had known it once, when she dressed herself, and been glad of it; and something lasted from the gladness just enough to keep out of her head any painful, conscious question of how she *was* seeming. That, and her innate sense of things proper and refined, made her manners what Mrs. Van Alstyne pronounced them, — "exquisite."

That was all Mrs. Van Alstyne waited to find out. She did not go deep; hence she took quick fancies or dislikes, and a great many of them.

She got Rosamond over into a corner with herself, and they had everybody round them. All the people in the room were saying how lovely Miss Holabird looked to-night. For a little while that seemed a great and beautiful thing. I don't know whether it was or not. It was pleasant to have them find it out; but she would have been just as lovely if they had not. Is a party so very particular a thing to be lovely in? I wonder what makes the difference. She might have stood on that same square of the Turkey carpet the next day and been just as pretty. But, somehow, it seemed grand in the eyes of us girls, and it meant a great deal that it would not mean the next day, to have her stand right there, and look just so, to-night.

In the midst of it all, though, Ruth saw something that seemed to her grander, — another girl, in another corner, looking on, — a girl with a very homely face; somebody's cousin, brought with them there. She looked pleased and self-forgetful, differently from Rose in her prettiness; *she* looked as if she had put herself away, comfortably satisfied; this one looked as if there were no self put away anywhere. Ruth turned round to Leslie Goldthwaite, who stood by.

"I do think," she said, — "don't you? — it 's just the bravest and strongest thing in the world to be awfully homely, and to know it, and to go right on and have a good time just the same; — *every day*, you see, right through everything! I think such people must be splendid inside!"

"The most splendid person I almost ever knew was like that," said Leslie. "And she was fifty years old too."

"Well," said Ruth, drawing a girl's long breath at the fifty years, "it was pretty much over then, was n't it? But I think I should like — just once — to look beautiful at a party!"

The best of it for Barbara had been on the lawn, before tea.

Barbara was a magnificent croquet-player. She and Harry Goldthwaite were on one side, and they led off their whole party, going nonchalantly through wicket after wicket, as if they could not help it; and after they had well distanced the rest, just toling each other along over the ground, till they were rovers together, and came down into the general field again with havoc to the enemy, and the whole game in their hands on their own part.

"It was a handsome thing to see, for once," Dakie Thayne said; "but they might make much of it, for it would n't do to let them play on the same side again."

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It was while they were off, apart down the slope, just croqueted away for the time, to come up again with tremendous charge presently, that Harry asked her if she knew the game of "ship-coil."

Barbara shook her head. What was it?

"It is a pretty thing. The officers of a Russian frigate showed it to us. They play it with rings made of spliced rope; we had them plain enough, but you might make them as gay as you liked. There are ten rings, and each player throws them all at each turn. The object is to string them up over a stake, from which you stand at a certain distance. Whatever number you make counts up for your side, and you play as many rounds as you may agree upon."

Barbara thought a minute, and then looked up quickly.

"Have you told anybody else of that?"

"Not here. I have n't thought of it for a good while."

"Would you just please, then," said Barbara, in a hurry, as somebody came down toward them in pursuit of a ball, "to hush up, and let me have it all to myself for a while? And then," she added, as the stray ball was driven up the lawn again, and the player went away after it, "come some day and help us get it up at Westover? It 's such a thing, you see, to get anything that 's new."

"I see. To be sure. You shall have the State Right, — is n't that what they make over for patent concerns? And we 'll have something famous out of it. They 're getting tired of croquet, or thinking they ought to be,

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which is the same thing. It was Barbara's turn now; she hit Harry Goldthwaite's ball with one of her precise little taps, and, putting the two beside each other with her mallet, sent them up rollicking into the thick of the fight, where the final hand-to-hand struggle was taking place between the last two wickets and the stake. Everybody was there in a bunch when she came; in a minute everybody of the opposing party was everywhere else, and she and Harry had it between them again. She played out two balls, and then, accidentally, her own. After one "distant, random gun" from the discomfited foe, Harry rolled quietly up against the wand, and the game was over.

It was then and there that a frank, hearty liking and alliance was re-established between Harry Goldthwaite and Barbara, upon an old remembered basis of ten years ago, when he had gone away to school and given her half his marbles for a parting keepsake, — "as he might have done," we told her, "to any other boy."

"Ruth has n't had a good time," said mother, softly, standing in her door, looking through at the girls laying away ribbons and pulling down hair, and chattering as only girls in their teens do chatter at bedtime.

Ruth was in her white window-chair, one foot up on a cricket; and, as if she could not get into that place without her considering-fit coming over her, she sat with her one unlaced boot in her hand, and her eyes away out over the moonlighted fields.

"She played all the evening, nearly. She always does," said Barbara.

"Why, I had a splendid time!" cried Ruth, coming down upon them out of her cloud with flat contradiction. "And I 'm sure I did n't play all the evening. Mrs. Van Alstyne sang Tennyson's 'Brook,' aunt; and the music *splashes* so in it! It did really seem as if she were spattering it all over the room, and it was n't a bit of matter!"

"The time was *so* good, then, that it has made you sober," said Mrs. Holabird, coming and putting her hand on the back of the white chair. "I 've known good times do that."

"It has given me ever so much thinking to do; besides that brook in my head, 'going on forever — ever! *go*-ing-on-forever!'" And Ruth broke into the joyous refrain of the song as she ended.

"I shall come to you for a great long talk to-morrow morning, mother!" Ruth said again, turning her head and touching her lips to the mother-hand on her chair. She did not always say "mother," you see; it was only when she wanted a very dear word.

"We 'll wind the rings with all the pretty-colored stuffs we can find in the bottomless piece-bag," Barbara was saying, at the same moment, in the room beyond. "And you can bring out your old ribbon-box for the bowing-up, Rosamond. It 's a charity to clear out your glory-holes once in a while. It 's going to be just — splend-umphant!"

"If you don't go and talk about it," said Rosamond. "We *must* keep the new to ourselves."

"As if I needed!" cried Barbara, indignantly. "When I hushed up

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Harry Goldthwaite, and went round all the rest of the evening without doing anything but just give you that awful little pinch!"

"That was bad enough," said Rosamond, quietly; she never got cross or inelegantly excited about anything. "But I *do* think the girls will like it. And we might have tea out on the broad piazza."

"That is bare floor too," said Barbara, mischievously.

Now, our dining-room had not yet even the English drugget. The dark new boards would do for summer weather, mother said. "If it had been real oak, polished!" Rosamond thought. "But hard-pine was kitcheny."

Ruth went to bed with the rest of her thinking and the brook-music flittering in her brain.

Mrs. Lewis Marchbanks had talked behind her with Jeannie Hadden about her playing. It was not the compliment that excited her so, although they said her touch and expression were wonderful, and that her fingers were like little flying magnets, that could n't miss the right points. Jeannie Hadden said she liked to *see* Ruth Holabird play, as well as she did to hear her.

But it was Mrs. Marchbanks's saying that she would give almost anything to have Lily taught such a style; she hardly knew what she should do with her; there was no good teacher in the town who gave lessons at the houses, and Lily was not strong enough to go regularly to Mr. Viertelnote. Besides, she had picked up a story of his being cross, and rapping somebody's fingers, and Lily was very shy and sensitive. She never did herself any justice if she began to be afraid.

Jeannie Hadden said it was just her mother's trouble about Reba, except that Reba was strong enough; only that Mrs. Hadden preferred a teacher to come to the house.

"A good young-lady teacher, to give beginners a desirable style from the very first, is exceedingly needed since Miss Robbyns went away," said Mrs. Marchbanks, to whom just then her sister came and said something, and drew her off.

Ruth's fingers flew over the keys; and it must have been magnetism that guided them, for in her brain quite other quick notes were struck, and ringing out a busy chime of their own.

"If I only could!" she was saying to herself. "If they really would have me, and they would let me at home. Then I could go to Mr. Viertelnote. I think I could do it! I 'm almost sure! I could show anybody what I know, — and if they like that!"

It went over and over now, as she lay wakeful in bed, mixed up with the "forever — ever," and the dropping tinkle of that lovely trembling ripple of accompaniment, until the late moon got round to the south and slanted in between the white dimity curtains, and set a glimmering little ghost in the arm-chair.

Ruth came down late to breakfast.

Barbara was pushing back her chair.

"Mother, — or anybody! Do you want any errand down in town? I 'm

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going out for a stramble. A party always has to be walked off next morning."

"And talked off, does n't it? I 'm afraid my errand would need to be with Mrs. Goldthwaite or Mrs. Hadden, would n't it?"

"Well, I dare say I shall go in and see Leslie. Rosamond, why can't you come too? It 's a sort of nuisance that boy having come home!"

"That 'great six-foot lieutenant'!" parodied Rose.

"I don't care! You said feet did n't signify. And he used to be a boy, when we played with him so."

"I suppose they all used to be," said Rose, demurely.

"Well, I won't go! Because the truth is I did want to see him, about those — patent rights. I dare say they 'll come up."

"I 've no doubt," said Rosamond.

"I wish you *would* both go away somewhere," said Ruth, as Mrs. Holabird gave her her coffee. "Because I and mother have got a secret, and I know she wants her last little hot corner of toast."

"I think you are likely to get the last little cold corner," said Mrs. Holabird, as Ruth sat, forgetting her plate, after the other girls had gone away.

"I 'm thinking, mother, of a real warm little corner! Something that would just fit in and make everything so nice. It was put into my head last night, and I think it was sent on purpose; it came right up behind me so. Mrs. Lewis Marchbanks and Jeannie Hadden praised my playing; more than I could tell you, really; and Mrs. Marchbanks wants a —" Ruth stopped, and laughed at the word that was coming — "*lady*-teacher for Lily, and so does Mrs. Hadden for Reba. There, mother. It 's in *your* head now! Please turn it over with a nice little think, and tell me you would just as lief, and that you believe perhaps I could!"

By this time Ruth was round behind Mrs. Holabird's chair, with her two hands laid against her cheeks. Mrs. Holabird leaned her face down upon one of the hands, holding it so, caressingly.

"I am sure you could, Ruthie. But I am sure I *would n't* just as lief! I would liefer you should have all you need without."

"I know that, mother. But it would n't be half so good for me!"

"That 's something horrid, I know!" exclaimed Barbara, coming in upon the last word. "It always is, when people talk about its being good for them. It 's sure to be salts or senna, and most likely both."

"O dear me!" said Ruth, suddenly seized with a new perception of difficulty. Until now, she had only been considering whether she could, and if Mrs. Holabird would approve. "*Don't* you — or Rose — call it names, Barbara, please, will you?"

"Which of us are you most afraid of? For Rosamond's salts and senna are different from mine, pretty often. I guess it 's hers this time, by your putting her in that anxious parenthesis."

"I 'm afraid of your fun, Barbara, and I 'm afraid of Rosamond's —"

"Earnest? Well, that is much the more frightful. It is so awfully quiet and pretty-behaved and positive. But if you 're going to retain me on your

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side, you 'll have to lay the case before me, you know, and give me a fee. You need n't stand there, bribing the judge beforehand."

Ruth turned right round and kissed Barbara.

"I want you to go with me and see if Mrs. Hadden and Mrs. Lewis Marchbanks would let me teach the children."

"Teach the children! What?"

"O, music, of course. That 's all I know, pretty much. And — make Rose understand."

"Ruth, you 're a duck! I like you for it! But I 'm not sure I like *it*."

"Will you do just those two things?"

"It 's a beautiful programme. But suppose we leave out the first part? I think you could do that alone. It would spoil it if I went. It 's such a nice little spontaneous idea of your own, you see. But if we made it a regular family delegation — besides, it will take as much as all me to manage the second. Rosamond is very elegant to-day. Last night's twilight is n't over. And it 's funny *we* 've plans too; *we* 're going to give lessons, — differently; we 're going to lead off, for once, — we Holabirds; and I don't know exactly how the music will chime in. It *may* make things — Holabirdy."

Rosamond had true perceptions, and she was conscientious. What she said, therefore, when she was told, was, —

"O dear! I suppose it is right! But — just now! Right things do come in so terribly askew, like good old Mr. Isosceles, sidling up the broad aisle of a Sunday! Could n't you wait awhile, Ruth?"

"And then somebody else would get the chance."

"There 's nobody else to be had."

"Nobody knows till somebody starts up. They don't know there 's *me* to be had yet."

"O Ruth! Don't offer to teach grammar, anyhow!"

"I don't know. I might. I should n't *teach* it 'anyhow.'"

Ruth went off, laughing, happy. She knew she had gained the home-half of her point.

Her heart beat a good deal, though, when she went into Mrs. Marchbanks's library alone, and sat waiting for the lady to come down.

She would rather have gone to Mrs. Hadden first, who was very kind and old-fashioned, and not so overpoweringly grand. But she had her justification for her attempt from Mrs. Marchbanks's own lips, and she must take up her opportunity as it came to her, following her clew right end first. She meant simply to tell Mrs. Marchbanks how she had happened to think of it.

"Good morning," said the great lady, graciously, wondering not a little what had brought the child, in this unceremonious early fashion, to ask for her.

"I came," said Ruth, after she had answered the good morning, "because I heard what you were so kind as to say last night about liking my playing; and that you had nobody just now to teach Lily. I thought, perhaps, you

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might be willing to try me; for I should like to do it, and I think I could show her all I know; and then I could take lessons myself of Mr. Viertelnote. I 've been thinking about it all night."

Ruth Holabird had a direct little fashion of going straight through whatever crust of outside appearance to that which must respond to what she had in the moment in herself. She had real *self-possession;* because she did not let herself be magnetized into a false consciousness of somebody else's self, and think and speak according to their notions of things, or her reflected notion of what they would think of her. She was different from Rosamond in this; Rosamond could not help *feeling her double,* — Mrs. Grundy's "idea" of her. That was what Rosamond said herself about it, when Ruth told it all at home.

The response is almost always there to those who go for it; if it is not, there is no use any way.

Mrs. Marchbanks smiled.

"Does Mrs. Holabird know?"

"O yes; she always knows."

There was a little distance and a touch of business in Mrs. Marchbanks's manner after this. The child's own impulse had been very frank and amusing; an authorized seeking of employment was somewhat different. Still, she was kind enough; the impression had been made; perhaps Rosamond, with her "just now" feeling, would have been sensitive to what did not touch Ruth, at the moment, at all.

"But you see, my dear, that *your* having a pupil could not be quite equal to Mr. Viertelnote's doing the same thing. I mean the one would not quite provide for the other."

"O no, indeed! I 'm in hopes to have two. I mean to go and see Mrs. Hadden about Reba; and then I might begin first, you know. If I could teach two quarters, I could take one."

"You have thought it all over. You are quite a little business woman. Now let us see. I do like your playing, Ruth. I think you have really a charming style. But whether you could *impart* it, — that is a different capacity."

"I am pretty good at showing how," said Ruth. "I think I could make her understand all I do."

"Well; I should be willing to pay twenty dollars a quarter to any lady who would bring Lily forward to where you are; if you can do it, I will pay it to you. If Mrs. Hadden will do the same, you will have two thirds of Viertelnote's price."

"O, that is so nice!" said Ruth, gratefully. "Then in half a quarter I could begin. And perhaps in that time I might get another."

"I shall be exceedingly interested in your getting on," said Mrs. Marchbanks, as Ruth arose to go. She said it very much as she might have said it to anybody who was going to try to earn money, and whom she meant to patronize. But Ruth took it singly; she was not two persons, — one who asked for work and pay, and another who expected to be treated as

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if she were privileged above either. She was quite intent upon her purpose.

If Mrs. Marchbanks had been patron kind, Mrs. Hadden was motherly so.

"You 're a dear little thing! When will you begin?" said she.

Ruth's morning was a grand success. She came home with a rapid step, springing to a soundless rhythm.

She found Rosamond and Barbara and Harry Goldthwaite on the piazza, winding the rope rings with blue and scarlet and white and purple, and tying them with knots of ribbon.

Harry had been prompt enough. He had got the rope, and spliced it up himself, that morning, and had brought the ten rings over, hanging upon his arms like bangles.

They were still busy when dinner was ready; and Harry stayed at the first asking.

It was a scrub-day in the kitchen; and Katty came in to take the plates with her sleeves rolled up, a smooch of stove-polish across her arm, and a very indiscriminate-colored apron. She put one plate upon another in a hurry, over knives and forks and remnants, clattered a good deal, and dropped the salt-spoons.

Rosamond colored and frowned; but talked with a most resolutely beautiful repose.

Afterward, when it was all over, and Harry had gone, promising to come next day and bring a stake, painted vermilion and white, with a little gilt ball on the top of it, she sat by the ivied window in the brown room with tears in her eyes.

"It is dreadful to live so!" she said, with real feeling. "To have just one wretched girl to do everything!"

"Especially," said Barbara, without much mercy, "when she always *will* do it at dinner-time."

"It's the betwixt and between that I can't bear," said Rose. "To have to do with people like the Penningtons and the Marchbankses, and to see their ways; to sit at tables where there is noiseless and perfect serving, and to know that they think it is the 'mainspring of life' (that's just what Mrs. Van Alstyne said about it the other day); and then to have to hitch on so ourselves, knowing just as well what ought to be as she does, — it's too bad. It's double dealing. I'd rather not know, or pretend any better. I do wish we *belonged* somewhere!"

Ruth felt sorry. She always did when Rosamond was hurt with these things. She knew it came from a very pure, nice sense of what was beautiful, and a thoroughness of desire for it. She knew she wanted it *every day*, and that nobody hated shams, or company contrivances, more heartily. She took great trouble for it; so that when they were quite alone, and Rosamond could manage, things often went better than when guests came and divided her attention.

Ruth went over to where she sat.

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"Rose, perhaps we *do* belong just here. Somebody has got to be in the shading-off, you know. That helps both ways."

"It 's a miserable indefiniteness, though."

"No, it is n't," said Barbara, quickly. "It 's a good plan, and I like it. Ruth just hits it. I see now what they mean by 'drawing lines.' You can't draw them anywhere but in the middle of the stripes. And people that are *right* in the middle have to 'toe the mark.' It 's the edge, after all. You can reach a great deal farther by being betwixt and between. And one girl need n't *always* be black-leaded, nor drop all the spoons."

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

THE DUCK AND THE KANGAROO.

SAID the Duck to the Kangaroo,
"Good gracious! how you hop!
Over the fields and the water too,
As if you never would stop!
My life is a bore in this nasty pond,
And I long to go out in the world beyond!
I wish I could hop like you!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

"Please give me a ride on your back!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.
"I would sit quite still and say nothing but 'Quack,'
The whole of the long day through!
And we 'd go to the Dee and the Jelly Bo Lee,
Over the land and over the sea;
Please take me a ride! O do!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

Said the Kangaroo to the Duck,
"This requires a little reflection;
Perhaps on the whole it might bring me luck,
And there seems but one objection, —
Which is, if you 'll let me speak so bold,
Your feet are unpleasantly wet and cold,
And would probably give me the rheu-
matiz!" said the Kangaroo.

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Said the Duck, "As I sat on the rocks,
  I have thought of all that completely,
And I bought four pairs of worsted socks,
  Which fit my web-feet neatly.
    And to keep out the cold I 've bought a cloak,
    And every day a cigar I 'll smoke,
All to follow my own dear true
Love of a Kangaroo!"

Said the Kangaroo, "I 'm ready!
  All in the moonlight pale;
But to balance me well, dear Duck, sit steady,
  And quite at the end of my tail!"
    So away they went with a hop and a bound,
    And they hopped the whole world three times round;
And who so happy — O who?
As the Duck and the Kangaroo.

Edward Lear.

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CAPTAIN LANÇAROTE'S FAMOUS VOYAGE.

WHEN once the Portuguese had begun to enjoy the profits of the slave-trade, they were eager to continue the traffic. I do not know the price which Antonio Gonsales obtained for the ten slaves which he brought home in 1442, but the voyage was spoken of as "very fortunate," as though the price of the ten slaves were more than enough to pay the whole expense. Accordingly, the next year, Prince Henry prepared a ship for another voyage, and gave command of it to Nuno Tristam, who had already distinguished himself in these expeditions. This voyage appears to have been a kind of family affair with the Prince, for most of the crew of Tristam's ship were members of the Prince's own household.

The adventurers sailed from Lagos in the summer of 1443, eager for glory and profit, hoping to go farther south than any one had gone before, and to bring back plenty of African slaves. Nothing particular happened until they had passed by Cape Blanco, which Nuno Tristam had discovered on his first voyage. Being determined to go beyond this point, he kept on a few miles farther, when he discovered an island three or four miles from the coast.

He was sailing along between this island and the shore, when he saw, some distance ahead of the ship, what at first seemed to be a number of large sea-birds flapping their wings on the water. But, when the ship came near them, the sailors perceived that this flock of sea-birds was a fleet of about twenty-five small boats, with three or four naked men sitting astride of each of them, using their legs to propel the boat, instead of oars. The Portuguese were amazed at this spectacle; but as soon as they recovered from their first astonishment, seven of them sprang into the ship's boat, which was towing alongside, and started in pursuit. Rowing boldly in among the savages, they soon took fourteen of them, — as many as their boat would hold, — and rowed with them to the ship, while the rest of the Africans paddled away to the island.

As soon as the fourteen negroes were got safely on board, Tristam directed his course toward the island, where he landed and captured several more negroes, — all indeed that he could find there. Another island was descried in the distance, which they also visited, and discovered upon it countless flocks of wild geese and other birds, which were so tame that they took as many as they wanted with their hands, and lived upon them while they were cruising among the islands. Finding no more negroes, Tristam crossed to the mainland, where he went on shore and scoured the country far and near. Discovering no more people, he turned his course northward, and sailed for home.

The discovery of this group of islands twenty-five miles south of Cape Blanco, and the capture of so large a number of natives, filled the whole

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country with rejoicing, and silenced every man who had hitherto murmured at expeditions which had cost so much and yielded so little. No one could *now* say that the Prince was in search of countries desert and unpeopled, to the great injury of the kingdom; but every one praised his perseverance in opening to the Portuguese ways of gaining both glory and riches which had never been known before since the creation of the world. Many declared that he was the best Prince Portugal had ever had, because, without taxing the people or shedding their blood, he had found a way of making them rich by bringing home shiploads of pagans for the Portuguese to convert into good Christians and useful servants.

Down to this time the Prince had generally borne the whole expense of these voyages; if any profit was made, he divided most of it among the voyagers, in order to reward them and encourage others. But now a kind of company was formed at the Port of Lagos, near the Prince's home, a company of mariners and merchants, who offered to fit out ships at their own expense, and give to the Prince one fifth of all the slaves and gold they might bring back. The Prince consenting, a fleet of six vessels was equipped, each of which was commanded by a navigator who had already distinguished himself in these voyages. The brave Gil Eannes was captain of one of them. The chief member of the company, and the one appointed by the Prince to command the fleet, was Lançarote, who had been educated from his boyhood in the Prince's household, but who had lately married and gone to live at Lagos, where he held an office similar to that which we call collector, or chief officer of the custom-house.

It was a great day in Lagos when this fleet of six caravels hoisted anchor, spread their sails, and put to sea. The whole population witnessed their departure with breathless interest, and all the family of the Prince gathered at the end of their promontory of Sagres, and followed the fleet with their eyes until the last vessel had disappeared below the horizon. Well might they gaze; for this expedition was one of the most important which occurred in the lifetime of Prince Henry, and gave an impulse to the business of trading with the African coast which led to wonderful results.

Without stopping on the way, Lançarote sailed to the island where Nuno Tristam had discovered so many wild birds, and which he had named, from that circumstance, Garças Island, or the Isle of Geese. There the voyagers landed and made a great slaughter among the birds. From the slaves obtained on the last voyage it had been ascertained that there was an island, named by the natives Nar, a few miles to the south of Garças, which was inhabited by two hundred Africans; and, sure enough, Lançarote soon came in sight of it. But he was of opinion that, if the six caravels should be seen by the natives, they would all make their escape to the mainland. He therefore ordered out two large boats, each manned by fifteen sailors, and placed them under the command of two of his best officers, who were to row toward the island and reconnoitre it; and while one of them returned to the fleet with information, the other was to station himself between the island and the continent, to prevent the Africans from escaping. Upon

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receiving their report, Lançarote was to advance with the whole fleet, and capture all the negroes he could find there.

So the fleet lay to late in the afternoon, and the two boats rowed toward the island, which they did not get near till after daylight the next morning. But as the day dawned they saw on the mainland, a short distance from the sea, a village; and, thinking they would certainly be seen, and that the inhabitants of that village would escape, if they carried out the plan of their commander, they landed about sunrise, and attacked the village before the poor people who lived in it were all awake. There were but thirty of the Portuguese, and yet they succeeded in capturing a hundred and fifty of the Africans, men, women, and children. Some of the fighting men of the tribe who attempted to defend their families were killed, and others fled.

When the action was over, the captives were marched down to the boats; but there were so many of them that the two boats would not hold them. So some were left behind with a guard, and the rest were taken to the ships, where the news of this adventure was received with the greatest joy, — every man regretting, we are told, that he had had no part in the exploit. The rest of the Africans were soon got on board, and Lançarote kept on his course, fired with the desire of capturing more of these unfortunate people.

One of the captives, perhaps to curry favor with his new masters, told them there was still another island not far off, which had plenty of people on it, and to which he was willing to guide them. Piloted by this poor wretch, the fleet arrived at the island, which is now called Tidar. But, it seems, the people had heard of the coming of this new and terrible enemy, and had abandoned their homes. Lançarote jumped to the conclusion that the slave had deceived him on purpose; and, according to the barbarous custom of the age, he put him to the torture, until he cried out in his agony that he knew another inhabited island, to which he would guide them. Upon hearing this they ceased to torment him, and put the ships on the course which he pointed out. He had spoken the truth; — he soon brought them to an island, which evidently had had a great number of people upon it; but the fleet came up so slowly that most of them had time to jump into their canoes, and paddle to the mainland, where they were soon beyond pursuit. The ships' boats were hoisted out, and by cruising about among the islands on that part of the coast for two days, they took forty-five more prisoners, some in canoes, some swimming, and some upon the islands. It was an exciting man-hunt, which lasted forty-eight hours. At the end of that time the whole country was alarmed, and every African had fled into the interior beyond reach.

The Portuguese commander sent party after party into the country, but the only native that any of them found was a young woman, who was discovered asleep in a deserted village. Her friends had probably forgotten to wake her when the alarm came.

With more than two hundred captives on board, the ships turned their prows towards home; but, when they had got as far as Cape Blanco, a

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number of Africans were seen fishing on the shore. Boats were manned, and a party started in pursuit, and captured fifteen of these poor fishermen, who were brought safely on board. This increased the number of prisoners to two hundred and thirty, and the captains began to fear that they had not provisions enough to keep so many until they reached Portugal. After leaving Cape Blanco, therefore, they made all sail for Lagos, where they safely arrived on the 7th of August, 1444. Prince Henry received Captain Lançarote with the greatest possible honor. At the request of the officers of the fleet he made him a knight, and he bestowed upon all the other captains some special mark of his favor.

On the day after the arrival of the fleet, very early in the morning, on account of the August heat, the captives were landed and marched to a field in the outskirts of Lagos, in order to be sold; and an immense multitude of people from town and country gathered there to look at them. Prince Henry himself was present, mounted, we are told, upon a noble horse, and surrounded by a brave company of nobles, knights, and squires.

"It was evident," says an old Portuguese historian, "that he cared but little for amassing booty for himself. In fact, he gave away on the spot the forty-six souls which fell to him as his fifth. It was evident that his principal booty lay in the accomplishment of his wish. To him in reality it was an unspeakable satisfaction to contemplate the salvation of those souls, which but for him would have been forever lost."

When the captives were all mustered in the field they presented a curious spectacle; for they were of all shades of color, and all degrees of beauty and ugliness. Some were not much darker than Portuguese, handsome and well shaped. Others were of the color of mulattoes; and a few were perfectly black, and so ugly in face and form that some of the bystanders thought they were devils. The whole company of them appeared to be in the deepest grief.

"Some," says the old chronicler just quoted, "stood with downcast heads and faces bathed in tears, as they looked at each other. Others, moaning sorrowfully and fixing their eyes on heaven, uttered plaintive cries, as if appealing for help to the Father of Nature. Others struck their faces with their hands, and threw themselves flat upon the ground. Others uttered a wailing chant, after the fashion of their country, and although their words could not be understood, they spoke plainly enough the excess of their sorrow."

But the sale went on notwithstanding; for however much the Portuguese may have pitied them, — and they did pity them sincerely, and were very gentle and kind to them, — yet their consciences were confused and hardened by the thought that by bringing them to a Christian country they had put them in the way of securing eternal bliss. No one doubted that this short anguish would result in their everlasting good, and so the sale proceeded, no one objecting. And yet, I am sure, that if there had been half a dozen chiefs among the captives who would have ransomed themselves by a pound or two of gold-dust, the best Christian there would have been

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quite willing to have them go back to their own country, and remain pagans for the rest of their lives.

When the sale was over, and the moment had come for them to be separated and go with their several masters, their anguish was impossible to describe. Children had to be torn from their parents, wives from husbands, brothers from brothers, and friends from friends.

"Fathers and sons," the historian continues, "who had been placed apart, would rush forward again towards each other with all their might. Mothers would clasp their infants in their arms, and throw themselves on the ground to cover them with their bodies, not caring what injury was done to their own persons, so that they could prevent their children from being separated from them."

These scenes occurred so often, and the crowd of bystanders were so curious in looking on, that the persons whose business it was to separate and distribute the captives had a great deal of trouble, and it was long before the business was over. After this first separation there was sometimes a second; for a man who had bought a family would sometimes keep the father, sell the mother to Lisbon, and the children to farmers in the country. We are told, however, that as soon as these poor people learned the Portuguese language they were baptized, became good Catholics, and were very happy.

"I have myself," says the same historian, who wrote soon after these events, "seen in the town of Lagos young men and women, the children and grandchildren of these captives, born in this country, as good and true Christians as those who had descended, generation by generation, from those who were baptized in the commencement of the Christian dispensation."

He goes on to tell us how they were treated by their masters and mistresses. No difference, he says, was made between them and the free-born servants of Portugal. He tells us things still more remarkable.

"The boys were taught trades, and such as showed aptitude for managing their property were set free, and *married to women of the country*, receiving a good dower, just as if their masters had been their parents, or at least felt themselves bound thus to reward their good behavior. Widow ladies would treat the young girls whom they had bought like their own daughters, and leave them money in their wills, so that they might afterwards marry well, and be looked upon in all respects as free women."

And, lest his readers should think he was telling of all these slaves that which was only true of a few of them, he declares that he had never known *one* of these captives put in irons, "like other slaves," nor one who did not become a Christian, or who was not treated with great kindness.

"I have often," he adds, "been invited by masters to the baptism or marriage of these strangers, and quite as much ceremony has been observed as if it were on behalf of a child or a relation."

Thus the slave-trade between the Christian nations and the coast of Africa was established. It has never ceased to this day; for in the very last year

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— 1869 — cargoes of slaves were conveyed from Africa and landed upon the coasts of Cuba or Brazil; and some other cargoes were intercepted and carried back to their own country.

You may wonder, perhaps, that a man so good, so learned, and so generous as Prince Henry should have been able to look on and permit his servants to go out year after year, and steal men, women, and children, and sell them into slavery. It is indeed most surprising that he could have done this. He did more than permit it. He encouraged it, and rejoiced in it, and rewarded those who distinguished themselves in it. The explanation of this mystery is difficult to put into simple language. Almost every child twelve years of age, who reads this paragraph, knows that three or four years ago he did not so well understand the difference between right and wrong as he now does; and most of you would do things then which now you would not do, because your consciences are now more enlightened. Well, just so it is with the human race, or with a nation, — its conscience improves, and grows more tender and clear, from age to age; so that an action which seemed quite right in one century is felt to be abominably wrong in the next.

Some of the great-grandfathers of children who read this magazine were slave-traders. A hundred and fifty years ago ships used to sail from New England loaded with rum, and with this rum the captains used to buy slaves on the coast of Africa, and take them to the West Indies, where they would sell them for molasses. This molasses they took home to New England, where it was made into New England rum, some of it to be used in buying more slaves in Africa. What a horrible commerce was this! Think of the harm the rum would do to the African savages who bought it, and of the cruelty of encouraging them to make war upon one another for the purpose of gratifying their love of strong drink!

Now it is not surprising that there should be people in the world bad enough to do this. The real wonder is, that, a hundred and fifty years ago, scarcely anybody thought it wrong. Your great-grandfathers, who engaged in this infernal traffic, were very respectable people, let me tell you, who went to church on Sundays, and gave money to the poor, and were kind to their children; and very few people thought the worse of them for poisoning Africans with rum, and stealing others away from their homes and friends. And when at last a few persons began to feel that this commerce was wicked, and timidly to say so, most of their neighbors thought them over-nice; and when they denounced the traffic boldly as wicked and cruel, people said they were "fanatical," and held them up to the contempt of their fellow-citizens.

So it is always. First, a few people, much better than the rest, better in understanding and of much kinder disposition, find out that a thing is wrong. After thinking of it for a while, they try to make other people feel that it is wrong. Then they are denounced as fanatics, or as radicals, or as abolitionists, or as democrats, or as infidels, or by some other name which happens to be odious at the time. But they keep on talking, nevertheless;

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and continue to gain converts. At length the evil is done away with, and then everybody is on their side, and says how good it was in them to persevere against so much opposition.

I hope you will not suppose, either, that the conscience of the human race is now perfect, and is ready to condemn everything which is wrong, and approve everything which is right. I tell you it is not. I think I could mention several things that are now done every day in all Christian countries, of which hardly anybody is ashamed, and that do not prevent a person from being thought well of by his neighbors, which, a hundred years from now, will be thought abominable, and cover the doer of them with disgrace. I will not mention any of these things here, but leave the subject for you to think of and talk over at tea-time. Ask this question: What is there that can now be done without disgrace, which, in the year 1970, everybody will think very wrong and shameful?

In my next I shall go on with the further discoveries of the brave knights and captains who sailed under the orders of Prince Henry, and show how they gradually felt their way towards the equator.

James Parton.

UNCLE BLUE JACKET'S DUCK-BOAT.

"SHOT seven ducks *dead* at one shot? O Uncle Blue Jacket! how could you do that?" said my nephew Tom, one day after he had told me about shooting a loon.

"Well," said I, "that 's a long yarn, my boy."

"O, do let 's have it, uncle, for that 's some shooting."

"This was the way of it. In the summer of 1864, after Old Salamander had passed Forts Morgan and Gaines, at the entrance to Mobile Bay with his fleet —"

"But, uncle, who *is* Old Salamander?"

"Why, Admiral Farragut."

"What do you call him Old Salamander for?"

"Because he has stood more fire without getting hurt than any other person."

"Oh!"

"I was one of the junior officers of the gunboat Nonesuch, and as she was a light-draft vessel, she with several others was sent up the bay above Point Clare to watch the Rebels about Mobile City. We had heard that there were two blockade-runners in Blakely River, — which empties into Mobile Bay on the eastern side, — that they were laden with cotton, and were going to try to run past the fleet and get to sea some dark night; so each one of the gunboats used to send out a picket-boat every night, with an armed crew, to watch the mouth of this Blakely River; for although our

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gunboats drew but little water for sea-going vessels, they could n't get into this river, on account of a sand-bar at its mouth; but the blockade-runners could get out, because they were much smaller vessels than the gunboats. After we had watched there some time, spending long, cold nights in our boats, and had n't seen a Rebel, much less a blockade-runner, one night we chaps on picket discovered lights on the land at some distance up the river, and as they did n't move about, and were quite large, we concluded that they were the camp-fires of Rebel soldiers. Next morning, on going back to our ships, we reported to our captains about the camp-fires, and were told to 'keep a bright lookout' on them. So it happened for several nights. Finally, I became so anxious to know what those lights were, that I made up my mind to ask my captain's permission to go up there and see. None of the picket-boats dared go above Blakely River bar without orders, or we would all have gone on the first night we saw the lights; but admirals and captains know better where to station picket-boats than a lot of youngsters, and our orders were 'not to go above Blakely River bar.' The morning after I had made up my mind to request permission to go above the bar, I asked the officer of the deck if I might see the captain, and on receiving permission I went into his cabin. As soon as I entered he said, 'Take a seat, Mr. Blue Jacket. What do you wish to see me about?'

"'Captain L——, I want your permission to go up Blakely River to-night far enough to find out what those lights are.'

"He looked at me a moment, I thought, as if he were going to say, 'You can retire, sir. When *I* want to know what those lights are I 'll *send* some one to find out'; but he did n't; he smiled a little and said, 'How do you propose to go, sir?'

"Now, all night in the picket-boat I had been thinking of that question, and had formed this plan. On board the Nonesuch was a bay pilot, a colored man, who, before the fleet passed the forts, used to fish, catch oysters, and carry wood from the little creeks and bayous at the upper end of the bay for the Mobile market. Now, he knew every inch of water and foot of shore about there. 'When the Yankees come,' as he called the arrival of the fleet, he left Mobile City one dark, stormy night in a little canoe, which would hold but two persons if they knew how to manage it, and it would n't hold one if he did n't; it was a log just scooped out and sharpened at both ends, not meant to be rowed, but paddled. In this thing the pilot joined our ship one morning, leaving it on board. I meant to enlist the pilot in my 'expedition,' if I could, and we 'd go in the canoe. So I told the captain; he asked if the pilot would go; but as I had n't asked him of course I could n't answer. However, the captain sent me to find out, and away I went to have an interview with the pilot. I found him on the hurricane-deck just abaft one of the paddle-boxes, fishing, as he always was when the ship was at anchor.

"'Pilot, let 's take the canoe to-night and go up Blakely River and find out what the Rebs are doing there in those woods with fires every night.'

"He looked at me out the corner of his eye, gave a little laugh, and said, 'I know what dem pizen raskils is at well 's if I was dar dis minit.'

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"'What are they at?'

"'Mr. Blue Jacket, on top dat hill you see jest ober de nose of dat barker' (pointing over the muzzle of a nine-inch gun in broadside on the spar-deck) 'is old Fort Spanish; dey don't use dat fort now, but dey 's gwine to *soon*, and down near de shore, whar you see dem lights ebry night, dem raskils is buildin' anoder fort, *sure*.'

"'Do you think so, Pilot?'

"'Sartin, sah.'

"'Well, will you come with me to-night, if I can get permission?'

"'Course, and you see if dey is n't doin' jest what I tell you.'

"I went back to the cabin, and told the captain what the pilot had said about the Rebs building a fort, and then *he* was sent for to come into the cabin. After a great many questions by the captain, he gave me permission to go, but thought we could n't get ready until the next night, as the canoe and paddle must be painted white, and we must be dressed all in white."

"What was that for?" said Tom.

"Because a white object on the water in the night, especially if low down, is more difficult to be seen than an object of any other color.

"However, by putting spirits of turpentine in the paint, we had the canoe dry by night; and great was the curiosity on board the ship, among both officers and men, to know where we were going and what we meant to do. The pilot told the men he was going on shore to see his wife, while I told the officers I thought of attending a lecture on the Lost Arts by Wendell Phillips at Mobile. When night came, and our picket-boat was about to leave the ship, I told Mr. G——, who was going in charge of her, that about twelve o'clock I 'd give him a call, and that he must n't make too much noise in hailing me. He said, 'All right!' and went away to his station. I turned in about nine o'clock, after seeing everything ship-shape for the expedition, but you may know I did n't sleep a wink. At eleven I got up, dressed myself in my uniform, and then pulled on a pair of white trousers and a white sack-coat over it; I drew a white linen cover over my cap, the visor of which had been painted white; in each coat pocket I put a navy revolver, and over my shoulder I slung a pair of night-glasses, the leather on them nicely covered with white linen; my shoes even had two or three coats of white paint, and felt as stiff on my feet as if made of wood. Going on deck, I found the pilot equipped in like manner, with the exception of the night-glasses. Our canoe was put overboard and hauled up to the gangway, when the officer of the deck informed me the captain wished to see me. On walking toward the cabin I found him near the nine-inch pivot gun.

"'You sent for me, sir?'

"'Yes. Don't run any unnecessary risks. Good night, and good luck to you. You can shove off, sir.'

"I started for the gangway, reported to the officer of the deck that I had permission to leave the ship and take the pilot with me.

"'Very good, sir; your boat 's ready'; then, dropping the officer and putting on the messmate, he remarked, 'Be back to breakfast, won't you? If you ain't back in a week, where shall I send your baggage?'

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"'Libby Prison. Good night.' As I was stepping in the gangway, Marlin (one of the bo'sun's mates, and a great favorite of mine, because he was captain of my hundred-pounder Parrott) came out from under the hurricane-deck with a white paint-brush in his hand and said, 'Yourself, boat, and crew are all in white, except the pilot's face; shall I give him a lick or two of this, sir?'

"'No; clear out!' and I went down the gangway ladder, stepped carefully in the bow of the canoe, and took my seat. The pilot was already in his place, so the moment I got seated we shoved off from the ship's side, the pilot using the paddle, while I directed him how to go, by looking at 'the lay of the land,' at the same time keeping a bright lookout for picket-boats. It was rather uncomfortable sailing, for we could only move our arms and heads. If we should happen to move our bodies, over would go the canoe, and we should have to hang on to her until morning before we could be seen and taken off by our boats. It was astonishing to me, who had never been in a canoe before, to experience the rapidity of the motion produced by that single paddle, and to see how perfectly she was steered by it. We neither of us spoke for nearly an hour, when I said, in a whisper, 'Boat on our starboard bow; starboard a little; so. Hold on, let 's see if I can make her out.' I could only make out it was a boat, but what one was a mystery, so I told the pilot to 'give way,' and we began approaching the stranger very cautiously, I all the time keeping my night-glasses on him. Soon I made it out to be our boat, whispered to the pilot, 'Go easy,' and he bringing the canoe 'head on,' we continued to crawl up until I imagine we were within at least a hundred yards of our picket-boat, and they had n't seen or heard us. We lay there for a few minutes, and then I said, in an ordinary tone of voice, 'Boat ahoy! What boat 's that?'

"'Nonesuch. What boat 's that?'

"'Blue Jacket.'

"'All right; come 'longside.'

"We paddled up to the picket-boat, and after Mr. G—— had expressed his surprise at our getting so near without being seen or heard, I told him I was going up the river a short distance, and would stop on my way back. I bade him keep a good lookout and not fire on me, for it was dangerous approaching our pickets from above, as an enemy was most looked for from that direction. Away we went, heading for the marsh on the left of Blakely River channel, intending to keep close in under the shadow of the high grass, and to be ready to dodge into it, should we find it necessary to hide from anything. The land on the east shore of the river is quite high, and wooded to the water; on the west is a large marsh extending across the head of the bay to Mobile River, on the west bank of which is the city of Mobile. We were soon skirting along the marsh, the pilot paddling rapidly, and so silently I could n't hear his paddle enter or leave the water, and my sense of hearing about that time was very acute. You may rest assured the night-glasses never left my eyes now, and I kept sweeping the river ahead of us from shore to shore, for any Rebel boats that might be about watching

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for 'Yankees' as we were watching for them. We had gone a full mile along the marsh when the pilot suddenly headed the canoe for the grass, and in the twinkling of an eye we were among it. Pilot whispered, 'Dar 's a boat about yere; don't you hear de oars?'

"'Head her out a bit, I can't see'; for my back was toward the river, and I dared not turn round for fear of capsizing the canoe. With one stroke of the paddle the bow of the canoe was pointed so that I could look up stream, and there, about a hundred yards ahead of us, just emerging from the dark shadow cast by the land, was a large boat pulling directly across the stream. For an instant I thought it was coming for us; but no, it was going too slowly to be in pursuit; so, instead of dropping my night-glasses and seizing my revolvers, as I was about to do, I watched the boat as closely as a cat watches a bird she is about to spring upon; only I did n't intend to spring upon *that* bird. On came the boat until she got quite near the marsh ahead of where we lay, and so near to us I could count her eight oars on a side, see her coxswain and the officer in her stern sheets, then she slowly rounded to and started back. After she had entered the shadow of the land, I whispered to the pilot, 'Reb picket, eh?'

"'Yes, *sah*. Set mighty still in dis yere canoe now, 'cause make trubble if we turn over and splash in de water'; and then I heard the pilot giving vent to suppressed laughter. I thought, 'Old chap, it 's a queer time for *you*

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to laugh. If those "pizen raskils" in that boat caught *you*, they 'd give you short shrift; for you 're a nigger showing a Yankee around.' Pretty soon back came the boat, just as she had done before, turned, and crossed to the land.

"'Pilot, when she gets over next time make a run and get above her; we must find out what 's above at those fires.'

"'Yes, sah.'

"Back came the Rebel boat, turned, and rowed for the land side; when she was just entering the shadow of the shore opposite, out shot our canoe, and away we went, close along the marsh toward the lights, as silently as a ghost! We rounded a point of the marsh, in among the grass, pointed the bow toward the land, and stopped.

"'Mr. Blue Jacket,' whispered the pilot, 'you can see all you want to from yere, den we muss git back; ship 's a long way from dis, and dat debble's boat to slip pass agin.'

"You see I had been so intent on watching that boat and the river I had paid no attention to the lights; now, however, I levelled my glasses at them; they were a little above us, back from the shore, on quite high ground, with ground still higher behind them and woods all about. Occasionally I could see forms pass before the fires, and that was about all; the trees hid everything beside. We stayed a long time watching, but seeing nothing else, we commenced crawling back, close to the shore all the time until we got round the point, when we went into the grass to watch for the boat; soon she hove in sight from out the shadow, came over near the marsh, and went back again.

"'Now for it, Pilot; let her go!' and away we glided past the Rebel picket-line in safety. We continued our course until we got below the point of the marsh, when I said, 'Oars.'

"The pilot stopped the canoe with two backward strokes of the paddle and whispered, 'Does you see anything, sah?'

"'No; I want to tell you we 'll go 'longside our picket-boat and let Mr. G—— know the Rebs have a boat above here; if it ventures down near the bar to give it a dose of Sharp's rifle bullets. Ain't you tired?'

"'Tired? No, sah; could paddle dis canoe a week.'

"We spoke our picket-boat without any trouble, and, learning it was three o'clock, we started for the Nonesuch. When she hove in sight I said to the pilot, "Let 's see how close we can get to *her* without being seen." We paddled very slowly and very quietly, for it is n't an easy job to elude eight lookouts, and that is the number we had every night, — one on each bow, one on each paddle-box, one in each gangway, and one on each quarter, beside the quartermaster and officer of the deck on the hurricane-deck. After we had got so close we could distinctly see all the lookouts, excepting those on the bows (we were approaching the ship's stern), the pilot paddled more rapidly, and soon 'Boat ahoy!' rang out sharp and quick.

"'Blue Jacket.'

"'Ay, ay, sir'; and before the messenger-boy could get to the gangway with a lantern we shot up to the ladder, and I was on deck reporting my return to the officer, who informed me the captain wished to see me in the

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cabin as soon as I returned. As I was going down the cabin-stairs I heard the officer of the deck sing out, 'Come here, the after-guard, and get this Blue Jacket on deck,' meaning the canoe.

"I found the captain reading, and after hearing my report, said he, 'To-morrow night you can take the launch and go bring down that Rebel picket-boat. Don't say anything about what you've seen or done.'

"'Very good, sir'; and away I went for my state-room and some sleep.

"The next morning at daylight six men were at work painting our launch white, others were painting her oars and the howitzer slide, while others were making new thrumb-mats for muffling the oars. After quarters the executive officer (or first lieutenant) told me I might pick out a crew for the launch instead of taking her regular crew. I went among the men, and when I saw a man I wanted to go I put this question, 'Want to go with me in the launch to-night?' and invariably the reply was a quick 'Yes, sir.'

"'Very well; you want a white frock (shirt), trousers, cap, and shoes. Word will be passed when you're to be ready.'

"'Ay, ay, sir.'

"The report had got around among the other gunboats, by their officers visiting on board of us during the day, of an expedition fitting out from the Nonesuch; but no one except Captain L——, the pilot, and Mr. Blue Jacket knew where it was going. This report created great excitement among the other ships' companies. Our captain being the senior officer present, could keep his own counsel. At dark that night the launch was lowered, the howitzer and ammunition were aboard, every one of the crew, dressed in white and armed with a Sharp's rifle and navy revolver, was in his place, and Mr. G—— and the pilot at the gangway, ready to get in, when I went to the cabin to receive my final orders. The launch's crew that night consisted of twenty men to row, the captain of the howitzer to keep a lookout ahead, a coxswain to steer, the pilot, Mr. G——, and myself. After getting my final instructions I came on deck and reported to the officer of the deck, 'The picket-boat is ready to shove off.'

"'Very good, sir; you can shove off when you please.'

"The pilot, Mr. G——, and I took our seats in the stern-sheets, and I told the coxswain to shove off and steer as the pilot directed.

"'Up oars! Shove off'; and as soon as we were clear of the ship's side, 'Let fall, give way port, back starboard'; after getting headed properly the coxswain ordered, 'Give way together'; and away we went 'to gobble up' the Rebel picket-boat. I forgot to tell you the howitzer was loaded with shrapnel cut for five seconds."

"What's that?"

"It is a shell filled with bullets, and the fuse cut so the shell will explode five seconds after it leaves the gun, scattering the bullets in every direction.

"We went to the usual station of the picket-boat, and there remained until about ten o'clock, when we got under way and pulled for the lower end of the marsh. We had n't been rowing more than five minutes when the pilot came and sat down near me and remarked, 'Won't see any Rebel boat to-night, sah.'

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"'Why?'

"'Got sou'east wind now; in fifteen minutes de fog 'll be so tick can cut it wid a knife.'

"And sure enough, almost before we could see the grass on the marsh the fog came sweeping in from the sea, hiding the land from us entirely; but I concluded to go on, keeping as close as I could to the marsh without getting aground; — you see I could n't go nearly so close to the marsh with the launch as with the canoe, because the launch drew a great deal more water. Finally, the fog became so dense we could n't see the marsh with the launch scraping on the ground. We had a nine-inch solid shot for an anchor, which we lowered over the bow, after getting in deeper water, then made our arrangements to wait until the fog lifted. The four men on each side nearest the stern kept their oars in their hands, ready to use them at a moment's notice; the six men on a side forward had their oars laid in, their rifles in their hands, and revolvers ready; the captain of the gun was to lift the anchor, the pilot was to take the tiller in case anything happened to the coxswain, and Mr. G—— was to act as my lieutenant, while all hands were to keep a good lookout and their ears open for any sound. All night long we sat there without hearing or seeing anything else but ourselves and the fog. When it began to grow light in the east we got up our anchor and started for the ship, about as disgusted a lot of chaps as could be imagined. We had been rowing slowly for some time, when we rounded the lower end of the marsh and came into the midst of the largest flock of ducks I ever saw; some of them were struck with the oars, and, strange to say, did n't attempt to fly, but only paddled out of our way, with such a quacking as you never heard. I jumped up and sang out, 'Oars, Marlin; point that howitzer at those ducks and fire.'

"In an instant, boom! went the howitzer, and five seconds after, bang! The shell had burst among a lot of them; then the whole flock rose with such a splashing and quacking it could be heard a long way off; we picked up six dead ones and one that died soon after. When we again started for the ship I thought, 'They 've heard that gun, and will think we 're in some trouble; but never mind, roast duck for dinner.' Presently the lookout forward sung out, 'Ship ahead, sir!'

"'All right; give her a wide berth, coxswain; it 's the Bull-dog.'

"'Ay, ay, sir.'

"I did n't want them to see us and ask us what we 'd been firing at; but they did and hailed, 'Boat ahoy! What boat 's that?'

"'Oars, Nonesuch.'

"'All right.'

"'Give way; lively, lads, lively!' and away we went; but, as I expected, the officer of the deck of the Bull-dog hailed again, 'What did you shoot at, sir?'

"I jumped up in the stern-sheets, pointed excitedly astern, made my mouth go as if talking, then made him hear, 'Killed seven; got them in the launch.'

"We had n't been on board our own ship three minutes before a boat from the Bull-dog, with an officer in charge, came alongside and reported to the

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officer that he was sent for the particulars of the fight. Our officer 'took' immediately, and, thinking there was some joke on foot, replied, 'I have n't heard the particulars yet; Mr. Blue Jacket is in the cabin making his report.'

"'Where are the killed? Can't I see them? He said there were seven?'

"'O, I 'll show you the killed.'

"And, taking him up to where the dead ducks were, he said, 'There they are; poor fellows! Pity they had n't been killed fighting for the old flag, eh?'

"The Bull-dog's officer looked blank for a moment, then, seeing the joke, said, 'I 'll shove off if you please, sir.'

"'Yes. Come and see us again; any time after dinner to-day.'

"It was n't long before the joke got wind among the rest of the ships, and for a long time a Bull-dog could n't be seen without being asked if he 'd 'seen the killed on board the Nonesuch.' To square yards with us the Bull-dogs always called our launch 'Mr. Blue Jacket's Duck-Boat.'"

"But, uncle, did n't you ever capture the rebel picket-boat?"

"Ah, my boy, that is too long a yarn to spin now; some other time perhaps I 'll tell you that."

M. W. McEntee.

MR. CLARENCE GOES TO CONGRESS.

[*In a Letter to Lawrence Livingstone.*]

I WROTE you how I fell in with Young F., and climbed the dome of the Capitol with him; now I am going to tell you how we went to Congress together.

The Senate Chamber is in the north wing of the Capitol; the Hall of Representatives is in the south wing. We thought we would visit the latter first, — Young F.'s father, the Honorable Philander Frogmore, being a member of the House.

Going from the Rotunda to the south wing you pass through the old Hall of Representatives, — a fine old room, semi-circular in form, with noble columns of Potomac marble, and lighted by a skylight in the dome. About the prettiest thing in it is a big clock over the door. It is in the form of a winged chariot on a globe, — Time's car flying round the world, you know. The face of the clock is the wheel. Standing in the chariot is the statue of a female, sup-

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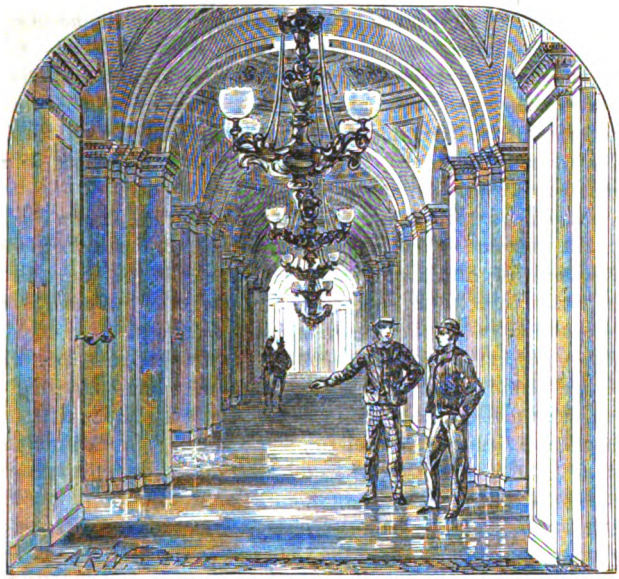
posed to represent *History*, taking notes. In marble. Altogether very pretty. But Young F., who is so near-sighted he can't see six feet beyond his nose, says it looked to him at first more like a washerwoman getting into her tub than anything else.

Going from the old Hall to the new, you pass the famous bronze doors, designed by Rogers, representing scenes in the life of Columbus, which it would take a long letter to describe. Then you come to the south wing,



with its superb marble staircases and corridors, where a fellow can walk about, half a day at a time, looking at the fine architecture, the great paintings, and the crowds of people, without ever getting tired.

The new Hall of Representatives occupies an immense space — one hundred and thirty feet in length by nearly one hundred in width — in the centre of the wing. It is surrounded by corridors and passages; and outside of these, above and below, are any number of offices and committee-rooms. If you are a member of Congress, or a "privileged person," you can walk right in upon the floor of the House, while it is in session; if not, you must mount one of the great staircases, and try your luck in the galleries, as we did.

I wish I could give you an idea of the inside view of the House. The ceiling, which is mostly of painted glass, thirty feet from the floor, lets in from above a beautifully mellow light on the fine architecture and gilding, the golden-starred green carpet, the desks of the members, — of some kind of wood that also has a golden hue (I mean the desks, not the members), — the galleries, and all the people.

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The Speaker's desk on one side looks like a great white throne, with broad flights of marble steps leading up to it. There is the Speaker's table, with seats for the clerks; and before it are the seats of the official reporters. The newspaper reporters are in a gallery by themselves over it. On each side of the reporters' gallery are other galleries, for gentlemen alone, for ladies and gentlemen, and for the diplomatic corps (foreign ministers, &c., you know) making one continuous gallery, with divisions, and many doors, extending entirely around the Hall.

You would naturally expect to be impressed by the solemnity of so august a body as the legislators of this great nation, would n't you? You 'd be a little disappointed, I fancy, — especially if you looked into the House during the reading of the Journal, as we did. You know what the Journal is, — a record of each day's proceedings, which is read aloud by the clerk the first thing (after prayer by the chaplain) on the appearance of a "quorum" the next day.

Now, you will want to know what a "quorum" is, if you don't know already. I 'll illustrate. You and I and Young F., if we were members, could n't go into the House, and, with the Speaker in the chair, set to work and make laws for the whole country, you know. On the other hand, it is next to impossible to have all the members — now more than two hundred and twenty — present at once. So the law requires that, for the transaction of business, a majority of the members (that is, one more than one half of them) shall be there and answer to their names when the roll is called. They constitute a "quorum." All you and I and Young F. could do would be to adjourn. But fifteen of us could take measures, which the law provides, to compel the attendance of the rest. A warrant is placed in the hands of the sergeant-at-arms, who goes out and arrests them where he can find them, and brings them in. They may be fined for absence, and compelled to pay the expenses of their own arrest. It is fun to see them called up afterwards, and made to stand in a row before the Speaker's desk, who questions them, and maybe gives them a talking to, — like a lot of truant school-boys. If one has a good excuse for his absence, he is generally let off without a fine, and Uncle Sam pays the expense of the messenger and carriage.

As I said, the reading of the Journal is the first thing in order, though it is hard to see the use of it. Nobody listens to it; and you could n't hear it if you should listen. The reading is in a loud, monotonous tone of voice, and, soon as it begins, it is a signal for conversation all over the House, like piano-playing at a party. You will see some of the members standing in the aisles, or by the desks, or leaning over each other's desks, — hands in pockets, or under coat-tails, in free-and-easy fashion, — laughing and talking and telling stories. Some are conversing, or reading the morning papers, or opening their mails and writing letters. There is almost everything going on but attending to the Journal.

After the Journal has been read, the "morning hour" begins, — a rather absurd name for it, since Congress does not meet until twelve. It is like

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the theatrical *matinée* (French for *morning*), which commences, you know, about the middle of the afternoon.

The "morning hour" (except on certain days) is devoted to "resolutions" and "reports" of committees, and bills introduced "on leave." Now about the committees; and, by the way, I am telling you a good deal of what I learned talking afterwards with the elder Frogmore. We found the number of his seat in a diagram of the House; I picked him out, and saw he was reading a newspaper; so we went down to the reception-room, and sent in our card to him while the House was in session, and called him out; and Young F. introduced me to the Honorable Philander F., — a very sensible, plain old gentleman, who seemed pleased to see his son in company with so intelligent and well-bred a young fellow as myself. (You know my modesty, Lawrence!)

But about the committees. If you should hear a discussion on the floor of the House once, you would wonder how so many men, with a gift of the gab and a desire to use it, ever manage to get through with any business. Two heads may be better than one; and three or four or half a dozen may work well together; but a couple of hundred! Then, even if so many could despatch business, it is evident they could despatch only one thing at a time, while perhaps fifty should be under consideration. So what do you do? You just cut up the House into committees. The most of these are appointed by the Speaker at the beginning of Congress; they sit as often as is necessary, generally in the morning; and they digest nearly all important matters, before the House, as a body, knows anything about them. For instance, the President in his message recommends a measure, or a bill comes from the Senate, or you introduce a bill or resolution, or file a petition; the usual course is for the House to refer any such matter to its appropriate committee, which considers it, and afterwards brings it back into the House, with a "report" telling all about it. There is a committee on Foreign Affairs, one on Indian Affairs, another on Naval Affairs, and so on. There are thirty-seven committees of this class, the most of them consisting of nine members, but some of only five. They are called "standing committees"; not that they sit *standing*, like the Irishman's hen he was trying to make hatch out eggs against her will, for they have elegant, comfortable rooms, with sofas and cushioned chairs, and can take things as easy as they please. But they are called standing because permanent.

Then there are "joint" committees, — not so called because they spend their time chiefly in discussing the merits of some nice joint of roast meat, but because its members, appointed by the House, act *jointly*, or unitedly, with an equal number appointed by the Senate, on affairs relating to both Houses of Congress. Then there are select committees. One member may belong to different committees.

It is in the committee-rooms that the real work of Congress is done. You look in upon either house when it is in session, and hear the debates, or see the reading and chatting going on, and you think being a member, and taking your seat at twelve o'clock, and sitting perhaps till four, and

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drawing your five thousand dollars a year salary, and mileage, is nothing but fun; for you don't see the drudgery that is done in those rooms. Of course a member can shirk that drudgery, just as one can shirk any other honest work; or a man whose talents show off well in debate may be good for nothing at business. "The real, solid ability of a member," said Mr. Frogmore, "is tested in the committee; our most useful men are those who do the work, while the talkers get the credit of it."

For the transaction of certain kinds of business the House goes into what is called a "committee of the whole." Then the Speaker appoints a chairman to preside in his place; and though it is to all appearances still the House of Representatives, — members in their seats or making motions or speeches, as usual, — it is only a big committee, doing committee's business. Then perhaps the temporary chairman steps down, the Speaker steps up and knocks with his mallet (called a *gavel*), and what was only a committee is the regular House of Representatives again. Then it can pass bills, which it could n't do when it was a committee, you know.

The Speaker is a very important officer; he is chosen at the opening of each Congress. One Congress lasts two years, you know. It has two regular sessions, which commence on the first Monday in December of each year. At its first meeting the members of the House are called to order by the clerk of the last House, after which the very first business is the election of a Speaker. Each party or faction naturally wants to put a man of its own choice in so important a position, and on two or three occasions it has only been after a struggle of several weeks that any candidate could be elected. Of course during that time the whole machinery of this department of the government was at a stand-still, while its enormous expenses went on the same.

The Speaker chosen, the clerk appoints two members of different politics to conduct him to the chair, and a third, who administers the oath to him. The oath used to be very simple, and will be so again, I suppose, when the rebellion is forgotten. Then, when I take my seat as Speaker, I shall just say, "I, Clarence Fitz Adam, do solemnly swear to support the constitution of the United States," or somebody else will say it for me, while I nod assent. But now there is a compound oath, full of hard clauses, like an iron fence full of spikes, designed to keep traitors out of Congress.

The House organized, we send a message to the Senate, informing that body that we are ready to proceed to business. Senate returns the compliment. Then a joint committee is chosen by both houses, to wait on the President and say, "Congress is all right, and at your service," — or words to that effect; a little more formal, of course. Then follows the election of other officers, — a new clerk, sergeant-at-arms, doorkeeper, &c.; and the great machine is in motion.

The Speaker is not so called, as I used to think, because he makes all the speeches. In his place he does n't ordinarily make speeches at all; but, if he wishes to join in the debate on any subject, he appoints a temporary Speaker to fill the chair, and steps down on the floor, where he talks like

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anybody else. He has some other special duties besides appointing the committees; but his regular occupation is preserving order in the House, presenting questions to be voted on, and the like. Where there are sometimes twenty men wanting to speak at once, and one wants one matter attended to and another another, the Speaker must have his wits about him, and decide at once who is entitled to "the floor," and what proceedings are "in order," according to the rules and practice of the House. His "ruling" on a "point of order" decides it, unless an appeal to the House is made by two members, when a vote is taken, and his "ruling" either overruled or sustained.

It is lively when a lot of members spring to their feet all over the House, flinging up their hands, and calling out "Mr. Speaker!" "Mr. Speaker!" Down comes the gavel on the desk with a loud thump. "Mr. Speaker!" "I rise to a point of order —" Thump! "Point of order —" "Speaker —" Thump! "If the gentlemen will allow me —" "Mr. Speaker!" Thump, thump! goes the gavel. It is a perfect Babel for a minute, and you 'd think "order" never could come out of it. But the Speaker selects the member that caught his eye, or whose voice reached his ear first, — suppose it is you, — and after another resounding thump calls out, "Gentleman from Massachusetts"; the rest sink back in their places, and you proceed to address "the chair." You must n't talk directly to the members on the floor, you know; that is "unparliamentary." But, if you wish to abuse me, — that is, the "gentleman from Pennsylvania," for you must n't call names, either, — you must all the time talk to "Mr. Speaker," though you may be shaking your fist in my face and swinging your coat-tails (if you have any; I have not) about the House generally, at the same time.

If you transgress the rules of debate in your remarks, it is the duty of the Speaker to call you to order, — or any other member can do it, if he don't, — and you must sit down, or get permission to "explain." Explanations are sometimes curious things. For example, you have, in language more or less direct, said I was a liar and a thief; but then you explain that, though you may have used those epithets in a general sense, it was not your intention to apply them personally to your esteemed friend, the Honorable Member from Pennsylvania, for whose talents and integrity you entertain the highest regard, &c. If, when called to order, you continue very disorderly (which may happen in case you are drunk), the Speaker may call to you by name, and say, with a thundering thump, "Lawrence Livingstone, order!" I don't know why it is, but being called by name would be considered a very great disgrace. You may, besides, receive a vote of censure from the House, or perhaps be expelled.

When there is disorder in the galleries, the Speaker can order them to be cleared; that is, everybody turned out.

The voting is generally by "Ayes" and "Noes," — all on one side of a question speaking at once. If there is doubt about the result, a "division" of the House is called for. The Ayes first rise in their seats, and then the Noes, and the Speaker counts them, shaking his gavel at each one; you

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would think he was going to throw it at their heads. If a certain number of members object to the result of his count, then "tellers" are appointed, who count for him. It is curious to see the Ayes and Noes come crowding into the aisles, and march one by one between the tellers, to be counted, like so many school-boys playing an old fashioned game, —

> "Hoist the gate as high as the sky,
> And let King George's host pass by!"

for example.

Often the *Yeas* and *Nays* are demanded; then the clerk calls the roll, and each member answers *aye* or *no* to his name; and his vote is entered on the Journal, and published.

Almost always after the Yeas and Nays have been gone through with, members who were not in their places when their names were called, or neglected to vote, arise, and ask to have their votes recorded. Then the Speaker rattles over something to each one, so fast that not one person in a hundred understands a word he says. My ears are good, but after I had heard the lingo fifty times, I could n't, for the life of me, make out more than the first three words, — "Gentleman from Ohio," or "Michigan," or whatever the State might be. Young F. had heard it a hundred times before, and I thought he might know.

"It sounds to me," says he, "exactly as if he said, *Gentleman from New York ruin us all out in the last rain without his overcoat! Gentleman from Missouri ruin us all out in the last rain without his overcoat!*"

I listened, and it did sound so much like that I could n't help laughing. If you just speak those words in a loud, quick tone of voice, as you would say, "*Peter Piper picked a peck*," &c., you will hit what the Speaker says near enough for anybody who hears you.

But what does the Speaker really say? I asked the elder Frogmore, and he said it was "Gentleman from Iowa" (or whatever the State), "were you within the hall before the last name on the roll was called?"* If so, the member is permitted to vote.

Bills are introduced in various ways, — "on leave" by a member, or on the report of a committee or of the Court of Claims. The report states the facts in the case, together with the opinions of the committee or the court, as to the necessity or justice of the bill or claim.

A bill must have three "readings" before it can be "passed." It is read aloud by the clerk. That is the law. But now that all bills are printed and the members are furnished with copies, it is the custom to read only the title, for the first and second readings.

A bill sometimes meets with all sorts of adventures before ever it becomes a law. It may be "amended," and the "amendments" may be amended, until the father of the original bill would n't know his child. It

* Mr. Frogmore was not quite right, however; or else Mr. Clarence reports him incorrectly. What the Speaker asks is, "Were you within the *bar*," &c. But it is no wonder that the members themselves do not understand him. — J. T. T.

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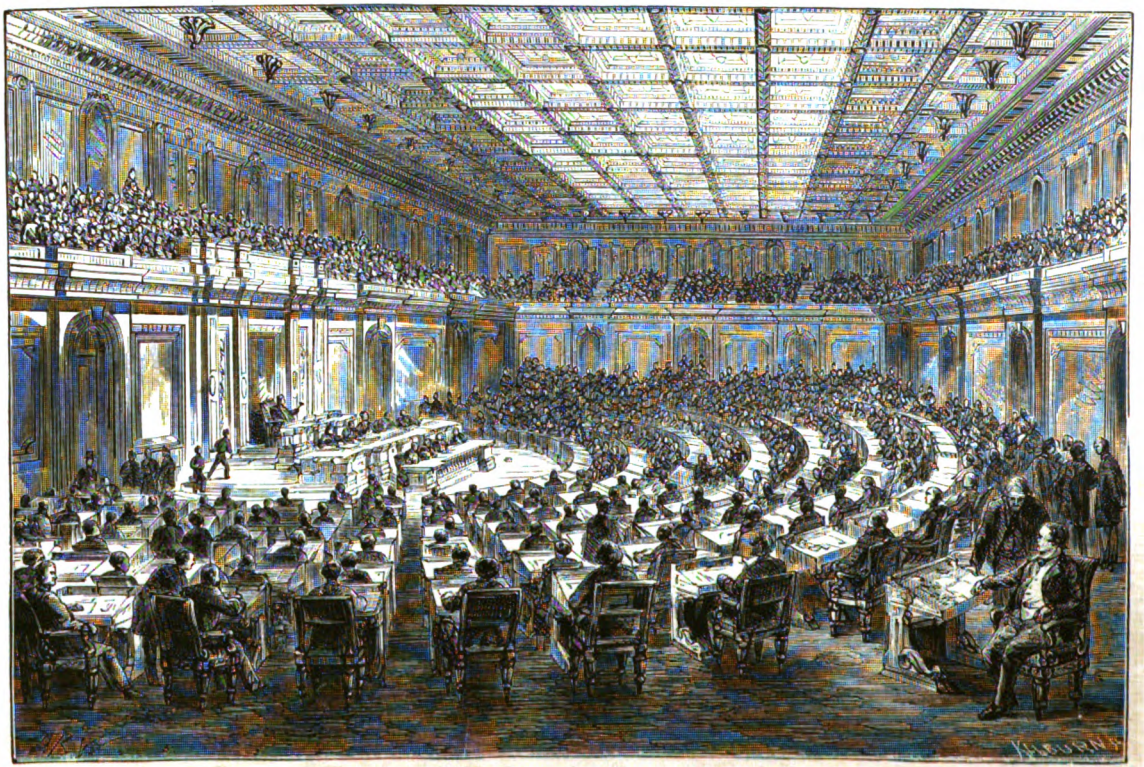

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.]

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may be "referred back" to the committee again and again: or it may be "tabled," that is, killed. Congress has a polite way of rejecting measures by voting to "lay them on the table"; that is usually their death-blow, though they may be taken up again. Even after your bill has passed, and you think it is all right, there may be a vote to "reconsider," and it is all wrong. If a motion to "reconsider" is lost, then the bill must go to the Senate (if it did not come from it), and perhaps meet with similar treatment there. If the Senate passes it, very likely 't is with an amendment. Then it must go back to the House, which perhaps "disagrees to the amendment." Then it goes back to the Senate, which "insists." Then the House "adheres" to its disagreement; and the Senate "adheres" to its amendment. Or perhaps the House accepts the amendment with an amendment, which the Senate finally accepts; or one or the other "recedes." Very likely a "conference committee" is appointed by both Houses; the members meet, and say, "Come, let 's understand this business," talk it over, and agree on something which both Houses will accept. Sometimes it is a perfect game of battledoor, and the poor shuttlecock of a bill is kept flying from one House to the other, till finally it falls to the ground and is "lost."

If you have a just bill, there is no reason why it should n't pass in the regular order of business. But there will be nearly always somebody to oppose it; and a smart member, who understands all the quips and quirks of parliamentary proceedings, may block your wheels, as they say, at every turn. He may do this out of spite, for some old grudge; perhaps you opposed one of his schemes once. Or maybe he wants pay for supporting — or, at least, for not opposing — your bill; not pay in money, I suppose, but in support for some measure of his own. Mr. Frogmore says as much strategy may be used on the floor of Congress as on a field of battle.

Where members say to each other, "If you will vote for my bill, I will vote for yours," — this is called "log-rolling." If you ever lived in a new country, where neighbors had to unite and help each other roll their big logs, you would understand the force of that term. It is against the law for a member to receive bribes; but is not any personal advantage held out to him, to influence his vote, a sort of bribe?

Then there is the "lobby." Now, I believe in "lobbying" a little myself; that is, taking any honorable means to enlighten members on the subject of a just bill, — like my uncle's, for example, — and to interest them in it. But there is a set of men — women, too, I believe — who live by getting money from persons having business before Congress, — pretending that they can influence, or even buy up, the support and votes of members.

Representatives are elected for two years. But they may be re-elected. A State is divided into districts, according to its population, and each district has its representative. For instance, New York is divided into thirty-one districts, and has, accordingly, thirty-one representatives; while the little State of Rhode Island has only two. Then each Territory is represented in the House by one delegate.

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Senators are elected for six years. Each State, whether large or small, has two senators; "Little Rhody," for example, has as many as the great State of New York. The idea is to give the *States* an equal power in one branch of the national Legislature, while the *people* of the States are represented more fully in the other.

It is fun to listen to a lively debate on some exciting subject. Perhaps you have sat through an hour or two when everything was dull, — the roll-calling for the *yeas* and *nays*, the clerk reading some awfully prosy document, or a member "talking for Buncombe." By the way, do you know what that means? Members sometimes talk, not to be heard, but to have their speeches read by their "constituents," — that is, the people who elected them. Once a member from Buncombe, in North Carolina, was making a heavy speech of that kind, when the other members began to get up and go out; so he kindly told the others they might go too, for his speech would be a long one, and he was only "talking for Buncombe." Since then talk of that sort goes by that name.

But, as I was saying, sometimes after a dull hour or two a member will get the floor who has something interesting to say, and knows how to say it. Then the members stop talking and writing, lay down their newspapers, and come in out of the side-rooms; senators come over from the other wing, and take seats, or stand; and all listen to him. When it is known beforehand that such a man will speak, the galleries will be crammed, — they will be literally piled and black with spectators; some come early and bring luncheons, as they did during the impeachment trial, when, I am told, "it was a regular picnic in the galleries every day." Even the pages stop to listen.

Now I see that, with your inquiring mind, you will wish to know what the pages are. Perhaps you would like to be one. I think I should, if I were young again. (I am getting to be an elderly gentleman now, you know: I am almost nineteen!) They certainly look as if they had a pretty good time, — sitting on the steps of the "throne," or perhaps chasing each other about the House, or even scuffling in a corner, when they have nothing else to do. But suddenly a member claps his hands; he has a letter to mail, or a paper to send up to the desk, and the pages make a rush for it, perhaps three or four at once, trying to see which will get it first. Sometimes you will hear hand-clapping and see pages running all over the House. They get two dollars a day, and some perquisites besides. I gave one a dollar for carrying my autograph-book around to all the representatives, and getting their signatures.

When we got tired of the House, we walked about the corridors, and through the reporters' room and telegraph office, and saw the reporters writing out notes they had taken in the gallery, and operators sending off despatches. Then we went home to dinner.

In the evening — for there was a night session, as we could see by the dome lighted up and the lantern blazing on top — we returned to the Capitol, and honored the Senate with a visit. The Senate Chamber is in the

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north wing, as I think I have told you; it is similar in appearance to the House, but smaller. The Vice-President of the United States is President of the Senate, and his place corresponds with that of Speaker of the House. But if the President of the United States dies, then he becomes President, and the Senate elects one of its members to fill his place.

The Senate is governed by rules very similar to those of the House. It is considered the more dignified body of the two; but you would n't be greatly overpowered by its dignity. One man gets up to talk with a hand in his pocket, like any old fellow in town-meeting. One is sprawling in his chair, and spitting a good deal of very undignified tobacco-juice. But generally they are a very respectable looking lot of men.

You can hardly tell night from day in either House, — the gas-light filtered through the glass ceiling, which hides the burners, is so soft and bright.

It will take you a good while, when you come to Congress, to realize the fact that this is the focus of the nation. But when you hear the "gentleman from Nevada" named, or see the senator from California talking with the senator from Maine, or the member from Oregon get up to make a speech, then it comes over you all at once, and some idea of the vastness of our country, and of the magnificence of our "great and glorious Union," finds its way into your head, if your head is big enough. For it is a very big idea!

There! have n't I paid you off for one of your long letters? In a week or two I shall hit you again.

Your faithful

CLARENCE.

J. T. Trowbridge.

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HOW FRITZ MADE A SKELETON.

ABOUT a hundred years ago there lived in the town of Gotha, in Germany, a little boy whose name was Johann Friedrich Blumenbach. Like all other boys in Germany who are named Friedrich, he was always called Fritz.

Now Fritz was pretty much like most other boys, except in one thing. This was that he was nearly always busy thinking. And then, too, he used to think about such queer things. His head was full of thoughts about animals and birds and fishes and everything of that sort. But he thought oftenest of those strange countries, far away over the sea, where the great palm-trees, taller than a church-steeple, are waving their big green leaves in the sunlight, and fierce lions crouch down by the pools ready to spring out on the thirsty antelopes that come to drink; of others where thousands of bisons (or buffaloes, as they are sometimes called) go tramping over the plains; and of others where the beautiful little gazelles run almost as fast as a bird can fly, and the elephants carry houses and men and cannon on their backs.

Fritz used to sit for hours thinking about these wonderful places, and the strange people that live in them; black men with woolly hair, and yellow men with their hair done up in pig-tails, and copper-colored men with no hair at all, or, at least, only a small patch on the top of their heads.

I don't believe there is a boy anywhere who does n't think about these things sometimes, unless he has never heard of them; but Fritz did not think about much else. He used to read all the books he could find that told about them, and when he could get any grown person to listen to him he would ask questions about those strange countries and the men and animals that live in them. Most of the persons he asked were too busy to talk with him, and those who had time very often did not know any more about it all than he did himself, so he did not learn much in that way.

But Fritz was one of those boys who go around with their eyes open, so he found plenty of things worth looking at. He used to watch the cats and dogs, and the chained bears and other animals the circus people brought to town, and every bird and insect and living thing of any kind he came across. And when he found a big swarm of black ants all crowding together in one place, as if they were having a jolly time about something, he would forget how sorry his kind mother would be to see him come in with his little pantaloons all dirty and rumpled up at the knees, and would kneel right down and stay there looking at them until somebody took him away. I don't know that he ever found out what the ants do at these public meetings, but I should not wonder if he did.

One day, when Fritz was ten years old, he went with his father to see a doctor who lived in the neighborhood. I don't believe Fritz had made him-

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self sick eating too much cake or taffy, or anything of that sort, because boys who have as much sense as he had, and are as much like grown men as he was, don't do such things. *They* would n't be such babies, I know.

Whether that is so or not, they both went to the doctor's house, and sat down in the office to wait for him. Now, this doctor had a great many very strange things in his office, and when Fritz came in and saw them he opened his eyes wide. There was a stuffed alligator, with glass eyes and teeth that looked as if it would be dangerous to put your fingers near them; there were big snakes, of a great many different sorts and colors, all curled up in glass jars, with some kind of liquor around them; there was an elephant's tusk over the door, a lizard that had turned to stone on the mantel-piece, and stuffed birds all around the room. Indeed, this doctor had made his office look like a small museum.

But there was one thing that Fritz noticed more than anything else. It was a skeleton, — a whole skeleton of a man, standing up inside a big wooden case with glass doors, that occupied nearly half of one side of the room. Now, this was the first skeleton he had ever seen, and the only one in the town of Gotha. The more he looked at it, the more he was interested in thinking about it. He thought to himself that if he could study over the skeleton long enough he would know every bone in it, and then he could tell all about the bones in his own body. This was what he had wanted to do for a long time, but whenever he had asked anybody about such things he had always been told that he was too young to understand them, and had better wait until he was older. But Fritz thought he was n't a bit too young, and believed he could understand it all well enough if he were only permitted to try.

All the time his father and the doctor were talking, he was staring at the skeleton, and thinking how much he would like to have one, so that he might learn all about the bones in his own and other people's bodies. He thought about this, off and on, for two or three days. At last he determined that he would make a skeleton.

He decided not to speak of it, for he was sure people would only laugh and say he could n't do it; but he was very certain he could, if he tried hard enough.

The first thing he did was to hunt up all the large bones he could find that he thought would answer his purpose. Whenever he got one that looked as if it would suit, he carried it home and put it away in a little closet in his room that hardly anybody ever went into, and before long he had a big pile of them. At the same time he never lost an opportunity of going to the doctor's office and seeing the skeleton, so that he began to know a good deal about it. The doctor was a very good-natured man, and spoke to him kindly when he saw him; but he was always so busy that he did not have time to notice him much, and he carried on his study of the skeleton without being found out by anybody.

When Fritz had procured bones enough to make a beginning, he managed to get some glue, a sharp knife, and a file, and then he began the busi-

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ness in earnest. He worked away at the bones, filing and scraping some and gluing others together, until he had done a good deal; and although he could see there was something wrong about it, yet it was very much like the same part of his model at the doctor's. Before long he went to the doctor's again, and found out the mistakes he had made by looking at the real skeleton, and soon set them right.

He went on in this way for a long time, working hard at his skeleton, and never losing a chance of getting hold of a bone that he thought would do. He found it difficult to get bones that could be made into some parts of the skeleton, and had to "skip over" two or three places, and go on with the rest, hoping to find bones that would suit at some other time. In spite of these perplexities his work had begun to look very much like a skeleton, though any one who did n't know how it was made would have thought a great many bones had been broken off.

It was hard to keep his operations concealed, and once or twice he thought he should certainly be discovered; but he always managed to avoid it somehow.

One bright summer morning he was sitting on a bench just outside the door opening from the house into the yard, and under a large and thickly leaved grape-vine, which grew on a trellis. His attention was taken up by two beautiful white pigeons that had flown down into the yard, and were walking round as if they thought it a very nice place, and would just as lief stay there as go away again.

Fritz was delighted, and sat watching them from his bench under the grape-vine, not daring to move for fear of frightening them away.

The next minute he heard a scream in the house, as if somebody were being killed.

Away flew the pretty pigeons, and up jumped Fritz, in a great fright, I can tell you.

Before he had time to think much about it, though, he heard what sounded like some one coming down stairs two or three steps at a time, and then one of the servant-girls, named Katrina, ran out of the house into the yard, frightened half to death, and crying out, "*Ach, mein lieber Gott in Himmel!*"

Fritz's mother and everybody else in the house came running out to see what was the matter, and gathered round Katrina, who was sobbing and crying dolefully.

"For Heaven's sake, Katrina, tell us what is the matter!" said Mrs. Blumenbach.

At first Katrina could do nothing but sob, and say, "*Ach, mein Gott!*" But when she had become a little quieter she managed to tell them what had happened.

"I was sweeping out Master Fritz's bedroom," said she, "and when I went into the little closet in the corner I found a big bundle with a sheet over it. I lifted the sheet, and — O my dear lady, I saw a dead man's skeleton, with the head cut off, and some of the bones broken and scattered

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around. *Ach, lieber Gott*, there has been murder in the house!" cried she, beginning to sob again at the thought of it.

The other servants were much frightened, too, when they heard Katrina's story; and as for Mrs. Blumenbach, she did not know what in the world to make of it all.

Fritz knew very well what this meant, and was almost as much scared as Katrina had been. He began to think he must have been doing something very bad in making the skeleton, and was not sure but that it would end in his being sent to jail. But he had sense enough to know that, even if it were not the best, it is always the safest and easiest way to tell the exact truth. So, although he could not help crying a little when he laid his head in his dear mother's lap, he told her all about it from beginning to end. And his mother did just what mothers always do: she smiled in the way that only mothers and angels can, stroked his curls softly with her gentle hand, and talked to him so kindly and lovingly that in five minutes he had forgotten that he had been frightened at all.

Just then Fritz's father came home, and heard about the fright they had all been in. He could not help laughing when they told how the mock-skeleton had terrified them, but he tried to be grave when he spoke to Fritz.

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"I hope you will never be afraid to tell your mother about anything you do, my dear boy," said he. "There is not much harm done this time, but something might have happened, by your keeping this thing secret, that we should all have been very sorry for."

"I 'll never do such a thing again, papa," said Fritz. "I wanted to tell you both about it all the time, but I was afraid you would only say I could never make it; and I thought it would surprise you so to see it when it was done."

"Well," said his mother, "your papa and I are both glad you told the truth about it at once."

Then his father and mother talked it all over, and they determined that, as Fritz was so full of his plan, and would learn a great deal by it, they had better let him carry it out.

So a nice little attic in the third story was fitted up for him as a work-room, and he took his tools and his work up there, where he would not be likely to scare any one else as he had done poor Katrina.

The doctor soon heard about all this, and came to see Fritz in his work-room. He was very much interested in his undertaking, and praised him for his patience and perseverance. He also told him the best way to get bones to fit the places he had been obliged to "skip," and promised to help him to get them. He brought with him some pictures of skeletons, of both men and animals, and before he went away he gave them to Fritz for copies. Fritz found these pictures very useful, as they saved him the trouble of going to the doctor's office so often to see his skeleton, though he still went sometimes.

The doctor was better than his word about helping Fritz to get the bones he wanted; for he went to a slaughter-house, just outside the town, hunted out the very bones Fritz needed, and brought them to him himself. Then he showed him the best way to make them fit the places they were intended for, and told him he would help him, if he were not sure he would rather do all the work on the skeleton himself.

Fritz thanked the good-natured doctor over and over again, and could not help wondering why he was so kind to him. When he grew older, and remembered his boyhood, he knew that it was because those who are fond of getting knowledge themselves like to see little boys do the same thing.

After that Fritz got on very fast, and before long he had finished his skeleton, and made it so well that it really looked very much like the one at the doctor's.

By this time nearly everybody in town had heard about Fritz's undertaking, for Katrina had not been silent about her fright, and such news travels very fast in small towns. So when Fritz announced that his work was done hundreds of people wanted to see it, and he acted the part of showman every day for two weeks. You may be sure he did not find this at all disagreeable though, for a prouder boy never lived than Fritz was, when he marched up the three flights of stairs that led to his work-room, at the head of a line of people, and then stood by, listening to their exclamations of wonder and answering their questions.

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I think the part that pleased him most was the envy of the other boys, and admiration of the little girls, who looked at him as if they really thought he had done more than "Jack the Giant-Killer" or the "Boy who could n't shudder" ever dared to try.

The best of it all was that he had learnt so much. He knew the size and shape of every bone in a man's body, and could tell all about them without looking at the skeleton. Besides this, he had learnt a great deal about the bodies of animals and birds, and about their habits. Indeed, he knew so much about these things that his friend, the doctor, used to call him "the little naturalist." Fritz did not know what that meant then; but afterwards, when he had studied more, he found that a naturalist is one who knows all about animals and birds and every sort of living thing, and can tell as much about the strange people who live in the countries over the sea as if he had lived there.

About this time, also, Fritz began to find out that many of the long, hard words he had seen written, such as "ethnology," "anatomy," "zoölogy," and "ornithology," meant the very things he had been so fond of thinking about all his life. And when he came to study them he found that, instead of being hard and dry, as he had thought they must be, they were just what he liked.

Year followed year, and when Fritz was too old to be called a little naturalist any longer, he became a great one. And he went on learning more and more and getting wiser and greater, until he became *the greatest naturalist in the world!*

He wrote books that were, and are still, read in every country on the earth where books are read at all. People used to come thousands of miles to see and talk to him; and emperors and kings, and better still, all wise and good men treated him with respect and honor, and were glad to listen to anything he said.

The students at the great college of Göttingen, where he lived, used to come very often to see him, and there was nothing he liked better than to have them talk to him about their studies, and tell him which they liked best. He was always so kind and good-natured that they talked to him just as they did to each other; and they learnt a great many useful and interesting things in that way.

Many of these young men afterwards became celebrated for their knowledge, and wrote books that are read and studied almost everywhere. They never forgot the great naturalist, Blumenbach, who had been such a friend to them; and some of them, who are living now, still tell the story that Fritz himself told them, — how "the little naturalist" made a skeleton.

W. W. Crane.

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DREAM OF THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULD NOT PICK UP A PIN.

AUNT NANCY was tall and stately. Her eyes were very black. She talked much, seldom smiled, and never laughed. She was the aunt who gave advice. Her age was fifty-three.

"Bessie," said this grave aunt one day, "you are stepping over a pin. A child six years old should know better. If the little girls all over the world picked up all the dropped pins which came in their way, think how many would be saved! There 's the pin."

"I know it," said Bessie. "I see it. I don't want it."

"My child," said Aunt Nancy, solemnly, "never refuse to stoop for a pin. The person who does is sure to want it afterwards."

"O pooh!" cried Bessie; "who cares for a pin?"

"Have you forgotten the verse I taught you this morning?" asked her aunt. "If not, repeat it."

> "See a pin and pick it up,
> All the day you 'll have good luck;
> See a pin and let it lie,
> Come to sorrow by and by."

As Bessie repeated these lines she skipped across the room, then through the entry into the garden; and there, in her favorite nook, at the very farthest corner, she seated herself and began to make a pitcher for little Nell. A funny kind of pitcher, as you will see presently.

It was a quiet summer afternoon. The brisk little breeze, that made such a stir in the morning, had just sighed itself to sleep. Not a cloud floated across the sky. The flowers were so still, it seemed as if they were holding their breaths, and even the leaves on the trees were at rest. The grasshoppers in the field beyond, however, were lively enough, hopping and chirping as if that were their chief business. Bees, too, were coming and going on their busy errands.

Bessie was seated on her soft moss cushion by the fence, and as she worked away at her funny pitcher, listening to the chirp of the grasshoppers, she sang, in a low voice, a charming little song.

Ah! what is that? A humming-bird! a beautiful humming-bird, sipping honey from the blossoms of the syringa! Bessie had often longed to get near these pretty creatures, and now one had come close to her, all of its own accord. "Dear little thing!" she said to herself. "Now if Nell were only here! O don't go!"

But away it flew behind the syringa, startled probably by a noisy young pullet, that came out cackling from under a currant-bush, — a pretty white pullet, that was given to Bessie by a cousin who lived six miles off. "O Whitey, Whitey! Do you know what you 've done?" cried Bessie. "You 've scared the bird away. But you did n't mean to, — no, no. Perhaps it

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will come back. I 'll keep just as still as anything and watch." And it was while she sat there so very still, hardly daring to breathe lest the bird should be frightened still farther away, that she fell asleep and dreamed this curious dream.

She dreamed that she was sitting on her mother's front door-step, and that a company of little girls were hurrying past, all of whom were dressed in shawls and sun-bonnets, — the sun-bonnets turned very far back. Each child had a basket or pail, and many of them carried two.

"Where are you going?" asked Bessie. But they passed on in haste, without answering a word.

"They can't stop to talk," said a mason, looking down from his ladder. He was carrying up a pail of mortar.

"I should like to know," said Bessie, gazing after them.

"What! have n't you heard the news?" he asked.

"No, indeed! What news?"

"Why, about the present."

"What kind of a present?"

"O, that is not known yet. But of course you 've heard about the lady?"

"No, I have n't. What lady do you mean?"

"Strange you don't know! Why, the lady in the summer-house."

"But what summer-house?"

"The summer-house in the Great Rose Garden, of course."

"I don't know where the Great Rose Garden is," said the little girl, almost crying.

"Why don't you go and see?" asked the mason. "Follow, follow, follow that crowd. Do as they do."

"So I will!" cried Bessie, jumping up. "Must I wear things like them?"

"I have said, do as they do, and that is enough," he replied, sternly. Bessie darted into the house.

"No use in going empty-handed!" the mason called out after her. "The present will be given to the one who brings the greatest number of cream-colored eggs."

"Whitey lays cream-colored eggs!" cried Bessie. "Now, that is good! I 'll take two baskets."

Then she dreamed of finding two great baskets under the parlor table, and that she took them and ran into the garden, and that under every bush there was a nest of eggs!

"One, two, three, four, five, six," she counted. "Two, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine. Goodie! goodie! O how many! Here 's another! There 's another! why, under every bush! I shall get the present, sure! But some are birds' eggs. She never laid birds' eggs before! O, what a great one! 'T is a turkey egg! She never laid a turkey egg before! Here 's another! How they fill up! You go in the basket, and you, and you, and you." And so at last the two baskets were filled, and set in the doorway.

"Now bonnet and shawl!" she said to herself. "Hurry, hurry! O, I hope they won't all get there! Who 'll pin my shawl? Quick! Somebody! Quick, I 'm in a hurry!" But no one came.

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"O, where has everybody gone!" she cried, looking into the different rooms. "There, bonnet is tied. Now I 'll pin my shawl. Who 'll give me a pin? O, I know where there 's one, — on the sitting-room floor."

No, the pin was gone. She ran up stairs and felt on the toilet-cushions, but kept taking hold of needles, or of steel beads. "Where are all the pins?" she cried, then felt on the waists of mamma's dresses, and of Aunt Nancy's, and on the "gentleman's pin-cushion," in papa's pocket, but no pin. "Never mind, I 'll take a darning-needle, 't is just as good," she said. So pinning her shawl with a darning-needle, she took a basket in each hand and ran down the street.

"Turn three corners, and then inquire!" shouted the mason after her.

Away she ran. It seemed as if her feet had wings, they flew so swiftly over the ground. Seeing an old apple-woman sitting at her stall, she went up to her and said, "Mrs. Apple-woman, will you tell me the way to the Great Rose Garden?"

"Better use your eyes more and tongue less," said the apple-woman.

Bessie looked up and saw a sign-board, on which was painted an enormous hand pointing to this inscription: —

"☞ To the Great Rose Garden."

Only instead of the word "Rose" there was a beautiful painted Rose. Looking down the street, she saw, far ahead, a few girls with baskets.

"I 'll soon catch them," she said, "I go so fast."

But all at once her feet became very heavy, and could hardly be made to step at all; the air, too, seemed to grow thick, which made breathing extremely difficult; next, a strong head wind arose. The girls with baskets were out of sight; and in the midst of her troubles the darning-needle slipped out, and her shawl fell off.

"I told you so!" said a familiar voice.

Bessie turned and saw Aunt Nancy passing by. Her hands were clasped upon her bosom, and she walked stiffly along, without one glance of pity.

"O, why must I wear a shawl?" asked the little girl, sobbing.

Aunt Nancy turned square about and replied, sternly, "Because it is required. Is not that sufficient?"

"O, do give me a pin!" cried Bessie, in a piteous voice.

Aunt Nancy passed on, tossing her head with a scornful smile.

"Never mind," said the little girl. "I 'll hold it with my teeth." And taking a basket in each hand, she held the shawl together with her teeth, and struggled on against the strong head wind. Turning a corner, she met two policemen, one tall and slim, the other short and thick. Both had clubs, and both wore badges of an immense size, and had big cockades on their hats.

"Ah, here 's the thief!" cried the tall policeman. "Arrest her?"

"Of course she stole them," said the other.

"It looks very much like it," observed a gentleman in a ruffled shirt, who had stopped to listen.

"No," said Bessie. She dared speak but one word, for fear of letting go the shawl.

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Now people began to collect around her. "Where did you get them?" asked the tall policeman.

"Garden," said Bessie, between her teeth.

"Grew on the bushes, maybe!" said a ragged, grinning newspaper boy.

"Under," said Bessie.

"They grew under the bushes!" cried an old rag-picker, in a squeaking voice, shaking her sides with laughing.

"Under the bushes!" cried the newspaper boy. "He, he, he!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the policemen. And the crowd joined in.

"How many fowls do you keep?" cried the rag-picker, making up a funny face.

"A — pullet," answered Bessie, meekly.

"She keeps a pullet!" shouted the newsboy. "A pullet!" And he fairly bent himself double with laughter.

"A pullet! O dear!" squealed the rag-picker. Then they all roared again, throwing their heads back and pointing at the little girl. The newsboy cut up such antics that the short policeman was obliged to swing his club in order to quiet him. The club came so near Bessie's head as to make her scream out with fright.

Now the moment that her mouth came open away went her shawl, blown by the wind to the top of a tree. "O dear! O dear!" she screamed. "What shall I do?"

"I told you so!" said a stern voice.

It was the voice of Aunt Nancy, who was passing stiffly along, her chin

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in the air, turning neither to the right nor the left. Another gust took the shawl to the roof of a high hotel.

"Can I go up for it?" she asked of the tall policeman.

"O yes, we 'll wait," he said. "But give us your bonnet."

She handed him her bonnet, ran in at the front door, and up several flights of stairs. In the passage-way she met two stout, red-faced, white-capped chambermaids, who were carrying water in pitchers made of the same things of which she had been making little Nell's.

"Why!" cried Bessie, in astonishment. "I did n't know they would hold water!"

"Children don't know everything!" answered one. "Step out of the way. There 's the scuttle."

Bessie climbed up through it, and stood upon the roof. But her shawl had blown away. Looking over the railing, she saw the old rag-picker marching off up street with it over her shoulders. She turned quickly to run down, but found the scuttle shut and fastened.

"Never mind," said she. "I 'll go down by the water-spout."

"Stupid enough, I should think," said a man, stepping out from behind a chimney. It was her old friend, the mason. "Stupid enough, I should think," said he. "Why don't you go down the slider?"

"O, you here?" she cried. "Well, where is the slider?"

He pointed, without speaking, to a very wide, white, smooth board, which reached from the roof down, down, out of sight among the houses.

"Try that," said he. "Safe?" she asked.

"Of course. Do you suppose I wish to destroy life? It ends far away, and cannot, therefore, be steep. Sit upright. Feet foremost, close eyes, hold by the edges. There, 't will be like sliding down hill."

"O what a beautiful slide!" said Bessie, as she glided smoothly along. "'T is like velvet. Charming! charming!" Down, down, down.

"But how long it lasts!" she cried, after sliding a very long time. Down, down, down. "Is there no end? Where am I going? How dark it grows!" Down, down, down. "O, where shall I go to? Ah, here 's the end. But what place is this? I can't see! Where am I?"

"Hush!" "Hush!" "Hush!" "Here she comes!" She heard some funny little voices say.

"Who!" "Who comes?" "Hush, now we have her!" "Who?" "Who?" "Who?" "Who?" "Who?" cried hundreds of little voices.

"The girl who would not pick up a pin!"

"Good!" "Good!" "We 'll pay her off!" And then there seemed to be a sort of hurrah, or cheer, given by millions of them.

"Pray who are you all?" asked the child.

"We are the Lost Pins!" "We live here." "How do you do?" "Glad you 've come." "O very!" "Very!" "Yes." "Yes." "Very!" "Very!" "Very!" And the cry seemed echoed by a countless multitude of tiny creatures who crowded about, hopping over her feet, and causing her to cry

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out with pain, — for Bessie wore slippers. "O, you hurt!" she cried. "Ah, do we?" said one little voice. "Come to sorrow by and by!" said another. "Hush!" said another. "There comes old Blackhead."

"Silence! all of you!" said a voice which seemed about loud enough to come from a large black-headed shawl-pin. "Silence! all of you! I wish to speak. Child, you have come to the abode of the Lost Pins. Did you never, for a moment, wonder what had become of us all? Did you never reflect that, while millions are every year added to those already in existence, the old ones must go somewhere? Ah, we are a despised race! But though slighted now, our time will come. We increase at a fearful rate. Every girl adds to our numbers. Think of the girls all over the earth, and of all that will be born before a thousand years from now! Ah, people living then will come to sorrow! Millions, billions of us added every year! Don't you see that the world must in time be full? — that we must burst these narrow bounds? But perhaps you never thought of all this?"

"No — I — never — did," sobbed Bessie.

"Don't be a baby. All this would never happen, if children picked up the pins. That is partly what they are made for, as any one may see, by observing their fingers and thumbs."

"Aunt — Nancy — told — me that!" she sobbed out. "Oh! oh! They hurt!" she cried in a different voice.

"Be quiet, little ones," said Blackhead. "Can't you wait?" And they obeyed. "Thank you," said Bessie. "O, you need n't," said Blackhead. "They are going to have you all to themselves, presently; but order must be kept."

"How do they go on one leg?" asked Bessie.

"Habit. Going on two is habit, so with one."

"O, is it? Well, how did you all get here?"

"Had we better tell?" asked Blackhead, appearing to turn towards a company of elders. "Will she keep it private?" asked one. "Will she promise not to tell?"

"I promise," said Bessie.

"Nor ever tell that you came here?"

"Never," said Bessie, "so long as I live!"

"Listen, then," said Blackhead, solemnly. "Grasshoppers brought us."

"Can't we have her now?" asked the little ones.

"Yes. Take her. Spare not. Punish. Prick. Torment!"

"Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!" screamed Bessie, as she felt the terrible pricks. "Don't! don't! O dear! don't!"

"We will!" "We will!" cried the little voices. "Come to sorrow by and by!" "Believe it now?" "'T is your fault we 're here!" "You stepped on me!" "You hopped over me!" "You passed by me!" "You bent my back?" "You threw me away!"

"But I did n't do so to all of you!" sobbed Bessie. "'T is n't fair for all to. Oh! oh! oh!"

"That 's true," said Blackhead. "Let the ones she did n't pick up have her."

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Then there was a scattering among them. But crowds were left.

"O, I never did n't pick up so many, — never! never!" said poor Bessie.

"O yes, you did n't!" they cried. "Prepare. Your punishment is coming."

"Has n't it come yet?" she asked, weeping. "O dear, I thought it had come!"

"Faugh! That was only fun! Your punishment will be to have your head turned into a pin-ball."

"And you must own," added Blackhead, "that it is a just punishment, as but for you they would not now be in want of one. Think how they long for a place of rest once more."

"That we do!" cried the little voices.

"Forgive me! O, forgive me!" sobbed Bessie.

"Never, never."

"Won't you leave my eyes out?" she asked, piteously.

"Why, what do you want of them?"

"To — to — go to sleep with," she answered, weeping.

"O, you can't sleep. We shall keep you awake. Eyes won't be wanted for that."

"Well — to — cry with," she sobbed again.

"To be sure!" they said. "Of course she 'll have to cry. She can't help it. Well, we will leave them out if you promise never again to pass by or step over a poor dropped pin. If you promise this, say 'I do.'"

"I do!" said Bessie, solemnly.

"Now, then," said a sharp little voice. "When I say 'Three,' jump! One, two, three!"

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"O dear! O—h!" screamed Bessie, as any child would whose head was turned into a pincushion.

"Look in the glass," said Blackhead.

"It is dark, I can't," she answered, weeping.

"The hospital is lighted," said one. "Turn to the right."

She turned to the right and found herself in a dimly lighted place, where were thousands and tens of thousands of the bent, the crooked, and the headless. Bessie looked in the glass. "Will it stay so always?" she asked, in a pitiful tone.

"Certainly," said Blackhead. "Have n't we to stay here always, or till some other child comes down the slider?"

"I 'll go up the slider!" cried Bessie, suddenly. "I 'll go to mamma. She won't let you do so!"

On turning, she struck her head against the hospital door, which caused such dreadful pain as to end her dream at once.

She clapped both hands to her head, and O such a shout of joy as she gave upon finding herself still in the garden, and that her head was not a pin-ball! The pleasant afternoon had passed, the humming-bird had flown away. The grasshoppers, however, were chirping in the field beyond, as if that were their chief business!

I will tell, now, what kind of a pitcher she was making. It was a burr pitcher, about four inches tall, and quite large round. I kept it private till the end, for fear you would guess what was the cause, or partly the cause of her dreaming such a curious dream. She had gathered an immense quantity of burrs from the burdocks just over the fence, intending to make, also, some baskets and mats, and these, during her uneasy slumbers, had fallen all about her, and got in among her hair.

The bump against the hospital door, which waked her, was in reality a bump against the fence-post.

"I am much pleased," said stately Aunt Nancy the next day, as she saw Bessie hard at work poking a pin out of a crack in the floor, "I am much pleased that my advice is followed at last."

Bessie smiled in such a peculiar way that mamma asked her what she was thinking about.

"Is it wicked," asked Bessie, "to tell what you promised in a dream not to tell long as you lived?"

"Why, no," answered mamma, "I should think not, — unless, — unless," she added, smiling, — "unless you get back into the same dream."

Then Bessie told the whole affair.

As no one has seen her sitting in her favorite nook since the afternoon of the nap, it is supposed that she is afraid of getting back into the same dream, when of course it is impossible to tell what might befall her for having broken her promise.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

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A PICTURE.

AN old-fashioned dining-room,
Long and low;
On wall and on ceiling
The firelight's glow;
On the sanded floor
From the hearth away,
Weird shadows are dancing
In fitful play.

In the chimney-corner
An aged pair,
The warm light caressing
Their silver hair;
Asleep on the hearth-rug
A beautiful boy,
Grandmamma's darling,
Grandpapa's joy.

Tender lights filling
The old man's eye,—
Dreams and fancies
Of days gone by.
Peaceful the stillness;
Never a word;
Click of the needles
Only is heard.

Quaint in its corner
The old clock stands,
Blessing them softly,
Lifting its hands.—
Speed o'er the wide world,
Time, as you will;
Leave but this picture,
Tender and still!

Annie B. Stephens.

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OUR MENAGERIE.

ELEPHANTS.

LAST month I described an animal which hardly any of you have ever seen, though your own country produces it. The next animal in our menagerie comes from the other side of the globe, and yet you have almost all seen it. That is a convenience of a paper menagerie, like this. You can bring together animals of all kinds, and even those which do not easily live in a cage will show themselves well enough on paper. Ladies and gentlemen! make way for a very large beast, quite too large for a cage, and too good-natured to need one.

Attention!

"The elephant now goes round;
The band begins to play!"

There are two kinds of elephant, — the Asiatic and the African. Ours shall be the Asiatic, because he is more easily tamed. This menagerie is expressly for animals of remarkable intelligence, and the elephant, unlike the beaver, shows most intelligence when tamed. In this respect, dogs are like elephants; and indeed it is said that out of all the animal world these are the only two creatures that will work in the absence of a master. You know how a dog will carry home a basket or a bundle, and go trotting along without anybody to watch him. It is just so with the elephant. When he has been trained to do a certain work, he will keep at it by himself, and will seem to take as much interest in it, and do it as intelligently, as any man would do. For instance, when elephants are taught to pile logs in a timber-yard, in the East Indies, they will go on piling, without any command from their masters, and they are taught, when the pile grows high, to lean two logs against it, and roll the remaining logs to the top.

I remember a story told by Sir James Tennent which shows this independence of action in the elephant. He says: —

"One evening, when riding in the vicinity of Kandy, my horse showed some excitement at a noise which approached us in the thick jungle, and which consisted of the ejaculation *urmph! urmph!* in a hoarse and dissatisfied tone. A turn in the forest explained the mystery, by bringing me face to face with a tame elephant, unaccompanied by any attendant. He was laboring painfully to carry a heavy beam of timber, which he balanced across his tusks; but, the pathway being narrow, he was forced to bend his head to one side to permit it to pass endways, and the exertion and inconvenience combined led him to utter the dissatisfied sounds. On seeing us halt, the elephant raised his head, reconnoitred us a moment, then flung down the timber and forced himself backwards among the brushwood so as to leave a passage, of which he expected us to avail ourselves. My horse still hesitated; the elephant observed it, and impatiently thrust himself still

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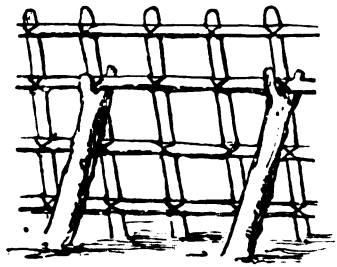
deeper into the jungle, repeating his cry of *urmph!* but in a voice evidently meant to encourage us to come on. Still the horse trembled, and being anxious to observe the instinct of the two sagacious creatures, I forebore any interference. Again the elephant wedged himself farther in amongst the trees, and waited impatiently for us to pass him; and after the horse had done so tremblingly and timidly, I saw the wise creature stoop and take up his heavy burden, trim and balance it on his tusks, and resume his route, hoarsely snorting as before."

Now almost any trained animal, if left alone to decide for himself, in such a case, would have put down his load, if he could, and walked away. But how like a faithful and industrious man this elephant acted! As there was no room to pass, he made way, waited for the horse, encouraged him to come on, and then, when he had passed, took up his load again and went along.



But I think the most wonderful manner in which the Asiatic elephants show their intelligence and fidelity is the way the tame animals help to ensnare the wild ones. But for their skill and ingenuity very few elephants would be captured alive. This is the way they do it.

When a herd of elephants is to be caught, in Ceylon, the people build an enclosure called a *corral*. It is made of small trees stuck in the ground, and secured by cross-beams. It is an

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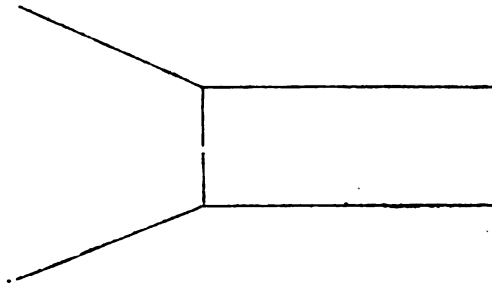
enclosure, perhaps five hundred feet long by half that width; it has only a small opening at one end, as you see in this design.



At the opening there is a gate, and from each angle of the end by which the elephants are to approach two lines of the same strong fencing are continued on each side and cautiously concealed among the trees. Then men go beating through the woods for many miles driving the elephants toward this enclosure, which is easily done, for they are very shy and gentle so long as they are not excited. Sometimes it takes more than a month to bring together forty or fifty elephants in this way, and sometimes two hundred have been caught. At last, when the hunters have them all within the projecting fences, they choose a favorable night and suddenly light a great many fires and torches, and discharge guns, and beat drums and *tom-toms*, and try to drive the elephants into the *corral*. Sometimes the whole herd will break through the fences and get away; but commonly they are driven by degrees into the *corral*.

The moment they get inside, the gate is shut, and the hunters immediately surround the *corral* with torches, which they push through the fence at the elephants, if they approach, so that the great creatures are frightened and gradually collect in the middle of the enclosure, forming a circle, with their young in the centre. Then it is that the wonderful skill and intelligence of the trained elephants are called into use. I will give you an account of this scene, drawn from a description by Sir James Tennent, who watched the whole of one of these hunts from a platform built in a tree overlooking the enclosure.

After the herd was all in, the bars which secured the entrance to the *corral* were cautiously withdrawn, and two trained elephants passed stealthily in, each ridden by his *mahout* (or driver) and one attendant, and carrying a strong collar formed by coils of rope, made of cocoa-nut fibre, from which hung on either side cords of elk's hide, prepared with a ready noose. With them and concealed behind them, the head man of the "noosers" crept in, eager to secure the honor of taking the first elephant.

One of the two decoy elephants was of prodigious age, having been in the service of the Dutch and English governments in succession for upwards of a century. The other, called by her keeper "Siribeddi," was about

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fifty years old, and distinguished for her gentleness and docility. She was a most accomplished decoy, and showed the utmost relish for the sport. Having entered the *corral* noiselessly, she moved along with a sly composure and an assumed air of easy indifference, sauntering leisurely in the direction of the captives and halting now and then to pluck a bunch of grass or a few leaves as she passed. As she approached the herd, they put themselves in motion to receive her, and the leader, having advanced in front and passed his trunk gently over her head, turned and paced slowly back to his dejected companion. Siribeddi followed with the same listless step, and drew herself up close behind him, thus affording the nooser an opportunity to stoop under her and slip the noose over the hind foot of the wild one. The latter instantly perceived his danger, shook off the rope, and turned to attack the man. He would have suffered for his temerity, had not Siribeddi protected him by raising her trunk and driving the assailant into the midst of the herd, when the old man, being slightly wounded, was helped out of the *corral*, and his son Ranghanie took his place.

The herd again collected in a circle, with their heads toward the centre. The largest male was singled out, and two tame ones pushed boldly in, one on either side of him, till the three stood nearly abreast. He made no resistance, but betrayed his uneasiness by shifting restlessly from foot to foot. Ranghanie now crept up, and holding the rope open with both hands (its other extremity being made fast to Siribeddi's collar), and watching the instant when the wild elephant lifted his hind foot, he succeeded in passing the noose over its leg, drew it close, and fled to the rear. The two tame elephants instantly fell back, Siribeddi stretched the rope to its full length, and, while she dragged out the captive, her companion placed himself between her and the herd, to prevent any interference.

In order to secure him to a tree, he had to be drawn backwards some twenty or thirty yards, making furious resistance, bellowing in terror, plunging on all sides and crushing the smaller timber, which bent like reeds beneath his clumsy struggles. Siribeddi drew him steadily after her, and wound the rope round the proper tree, holding it all the time at its full tension, and stepping cautiously across it when, in order to give it a second turn, it was necessary to pass between the tree and the elephant. With a coil round the stem, however, it was beyond her strength to haul the prisoner close up, which was nevertheless necessary in order to make him perfectly fast; but the second tame one, perceiving the difficulty, returned from the herd, confronted the struggling prisoner, pushed him shoulder to shoulder and head to head, and forced him backwards, while at every step Siribeddi hauled in the slackened rope till she brought him fairly up to the foot of the tree, where he was made fast. A second noose was then passed over the other hind leg, and secured like the first, both legs being afterwards "hobbled" together by ropes.

The second elephant singled out from the herd was secured in the same manner as the first. It was a female. When the noose was placed upon her fore foot, she seized it with her trunk and succeeded in carrying it

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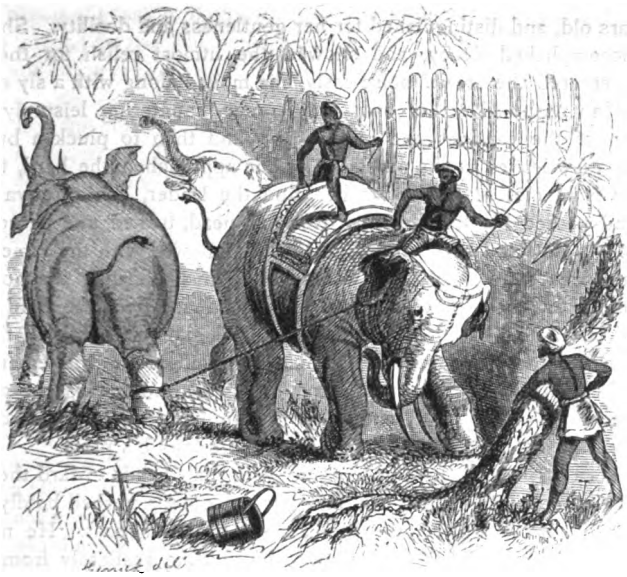

to her mouth, where she would speedily have severed it, had not a tame elephant interfered, and placing his foot on the rope, pressed it downward out of her jaws. It is strange that in these encounters the wild elephants made no attempt to attack or dislodge the *mahouts* who rode on the tame ones.

The conduct of the tame elephants during all these proceedings was truly wonderful. They seemed to understand every movement, both the object to be attained and the means of accomplishing it. They showed the utmost enjoyment in what was going on. Their caution was as remarkable as their sagacity; there was no hurrying, no confusion, they never ran foul of the ropes, were never in the way of those noosed, and amid the most violent struggles, when the tame ones had frequently to step across the captives, they in no instance trampled on them, or occasioned the slightest accident or annoyance. So far from that, they saw for themselves a difficulty or a danger, and tried at once to remove it. In tying up one of the larger elephants he contrived, before he could be hauled close up to the tree, to walk once or twice round it, carrying the rope with him; the decoy, perceiving the advantage he had thus gained over the nooser, walked up of her own accord, and pushed him backwards with her head till she made him unwind himself again, when the rope was hauled tight and made fast. More than once, when a wild one was extending his trunk, and would have intercepted the rope about to be placed over his leg, Siribeddi, by a sudden motion of her own trunk, pushed his aside and prevented him; and on one occasion, when successive efforts had failed to put the noose over the leg of an elephant which was already secured by one foot, but which wisely put

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the other to the ground as often as it was attempted to pass the noose under it, the decoy watched her opportunity, and when his foot was again raised, suddenly pushed in her own leg underneath it, and held it up till the noose was attached and drawn tight.

Now I do not know where you can find such an exhibition of skill as this in any other animal. Of course, the elephants have been trained, in some degree, by their drivers; but all accounts agree that the chief skill is shown by the animals themselves. They set their brains at work, in order to outwit the brains of the wild elephants. They observe what is needed, and act promptly for themselves, without orders. Think of that great creature, with his heavy foot, pushing the rope quickly from the trunk of the other elephant, for fear he should break it in two. Horses and dogs can be trained to do very difficult things, but they do nothing which requires such quickness and foresight as this.

Sometimes a tame elephant is employed to go into the forest alone, bearing only the driver on her back, to coax and soothe a single wild elephant in this same way, while his legs are being tied. It does not seem quite pleasant to think of all this skill as being shown to deprive a wild creature of its freedom, but elephants appear so comfortable and happy when tamed, and are tamed so easily, that we do not feel so badly as when birds are put in cages.

When elephants are once tamed, they are very affectionate. This same writer heard of a very obstinate one in Ceylon, which would obey nobody but his keeper, and when the keeper died nobody could manage him. At last they thought of a child twelve years old, of whom the elephant had once been very fond. So they sent for the child, from a distant village, and the elephant at once became gentle, and submitted by degrees to be governed by a new keeper. And they remember injuries as well as kindness. Almost everybody has heard the story of the tailor who once pricked the elephant's trunk with his needle, and had a shower of dirty water in return. There are a great many such stories, and sometimes a year has passed between the injury and the revenge. This trait is not so pleasing. We should all like to see animals forgive injuries, as men should do, but it shows observation and memory at least, when the injuries are remembered.

The elephant and the whale have the largest brains of all animals, and some persons have thought this to be the reason why the elephant, at least, is so very intelligent. But the next animal about which I shall write is one of the very smallest of insects, and yet in his little sphere he shows almost as much sense and judgment as if he were an elephant ten feet tall.

T. W. Higginson.

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THE MIDSHIPMAN — AN OPERA FOR CHILDREN.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. LORING, *mother of Midshipman.*		
TONY, *the Midshipman,*	*aged*	20.
ANNIE, *sister of Midshipman,*	"	15.
CORA, *friend of Annie,*	"	16.
ALFRED, *brother of Midshipman,*	"	12.
GRACE, *sister of Midshipman,*	"	10.
FLORA, " *of Midshipman,*	"	8.

SCENE I. — *A sitting-room in* MRS. LORING'S *house.* ANNIE *is alone, marking towels for* TONY. *Enter* CORA, *singing to the tune of* "*Wait for the Wagon.*" *This air is continued throughout the scene.*

CORA.

Good morning to you Annie, dear
How sad you look to-day!

ANNIE.

I can't look very happy
When my brother 's going away.

CORA.

What! Going away? Don't tell me so!
O dear! It can't be true!
What *shall* we do without him?
O *how* I pity you!

CHORUS.

O my poor Annie!
O your poor mother!
O the poor children too!
What are we all to do?

ANNIE (*half crying*).

'T is true indeed; his orders came
By early mail to-day;
And by to-morrow morning
He will have to start away.
Poor mother 's trying not to cry
While putting up his clothes,
And the children follow after him,
No matter where he goes.

CHORUS. ANNIE *and* CORA.

O darling Tony!
O jolly brother!
O our handsome Middy boy!
How can we let him go?

(ANNIE *covers her face with her hands.* CORA *takes up her work and goes on with it, singing.*)

Come, Annie dear, keep up your heart;
A year soon flies away,
And then he will be here again,
So handsome and so gay.

(*Enter* TONY, *smiling at her last words. She stops and turns away, blushing. He takes up the tune and sings.*)

I thank you very kindly, Miss,
For cheering up poor Nan;

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And of your pretty words I 'll be
As worthy as I can.

(*All three join in the Chorus.*)

Come, no more crying!
Come, no more sighing!
Old time is flying fast,
And the year 'll soon pass away.

(TONY *sings alone.*)

'T is jolly fun, I tell you, girls,
To visit foreign lands;
And when you see me coming home,
'T won't be with empty hands.

So if you 're good and don't cry now,
And often write to me,
I 'll bring you lots of pretty things
From France and Italy.

(*He takes a hand of each, and the three sing in chorus.*)

Dry up your tears!
Banish your fears!
Give three good cheers
For the jolly ship Santee.

(ANNIE *resumes her work*, CORA *helps her*, TONY *sitting between them.*)

SCENE II. — *Same room and persons. Three children are heard outside singing in chorus to the tune of "Johnny Schmoker."*

Brother Tony! Brother Tony!
He is going, he is going,
He is going on the ocean,
On the cruel, stormy ocean!
Brother Tony, Brother Tony!
We shall miss him,
We shall miss him,
When he 's gone upon the ocean.

(*They enter.* ALFRED *sings alone.*)

Brother Tony, Brother Tony,
Take me with you!
Take me with you!
Take me with you on the water.
I won't make a bit of trouble;
I can sleep up in a hammock.
Brother Tony, Brother Tony,
Take me with you on your voyage,
For I want to be a Middy."

(*All the children sing.*)

Yes, he wants to be a Middy!
Alfred wants to be a Middy!
Brother Tony, Brother Tony,
Take him with you
On the ocean,
For he wants to be a Middy.

(TONY *alone sings.*)

Brother Alfred, Brother Alfred,
Listen to me, listen to me!
You must wait till you are older,
You must wait till you are bolder,
Till your sisters here can spare you;
Till more manfully you bear you,
Then, my brother, Brother Alfred,
Be a Middy if it suits you:
Be a Middy and sail with me.

(*Two little girls sing in chorus.*)

No! no! no! we cannot spare you,
No! no! no! we cannot spare two!
'T is too many, 't is too many;
We must keep one darling brother;
One must stay with us and mother.

CHORUS.

(ANNIE, CORA, TONY, *and the two little girls.*)

Yes! yes! yes! One stays with mother;
Hard enough to lose one brother.
Little Alfred, little Alfred,
Stay yet with us, be contented!
Don't you see our tears are falling?

[*Curtain falls.*

SCENE III. — CORA *alone. She sings to the tune of "Araby's Daughter."* TONY *enters unseen and overhears her song.*

Farewell, farewell to thee, dearest of middies,
We part from thee, Tony, with tears and with pain;
Full many a time shall the sun set in sadness,
E'er we shall behold thy bright buttons again.

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Around thee shall bluster the storms of the ocean,
And toss thy brave ship like a cork on the wave;
But do not, I pray you, forget your home's dear ones,
Or go to be king in the mermaidens' cave.

(TONY *comes forward and sings to the same air, taking her hand.*)

Forgive me, dear Cora, for hearing your singing,
It comforts my heart to believe you will mourn
For your wandering friend, through the months of his absence,
And breathe loving prayers for his happy return.

(*Together, same tune.*)

Farewell, farewell, then, to tears and to sadness,
For friendship like ours need have nothing to fear.
We part, — but we hope for a meeting of gladness
When the fast rolling months have completed the year.

SCENE IV. — *Three months later.* MRS. LORING *is seen sitting in a low rocking-chair, hushing her baby to sleep, singing to the tune of "Greenville" or "Hush, my Babe, lie still and slumber," &c.*

Hush, my darling, safe and happy
Lie within thy mother's arm,
While her heart is fondly praying,
"Keep my absent boy from harm."

Thou art yet so frail and helpless,
I can keep thee by my side,
But my first-born, brave and eager,
Roves upon the treacherous tide.

Enter ANNIE, GRACE, *and* FLORA. ANNIE *sings eagerly to the tune of "Mabel Waltzes." The children twine arms and dance joyfully about the room, keeping time to her singing.*

ANNIE. Mother dear!
Do look here!
I have got a letter!
O'er the sea
It came to me.
News could not be better!

He is well,
And can tell
Tales of foreign wonder;
And of storms that nearly dashed
The noble ship asunder.

(*The mother, rising, lays her babe gently into its cradle, while the three girls sing to the same tune.*)

Then he sends
Love to friends,
Specially to Cora;
And will bring
Some pretty thing
To Annie, Grace, and Flora.

He has seen
The English Queen,
And sailed on old Thames water;
And in France
He had a dance
With the Consul's daughter.

(*The mother sits down to read the letter, the children gather round her, and the curtain falls.*)

SCENE V. — *Six months later than first date.* TONY *alone, pacing up and down, as if on the deck of a ship, on guard duty. There must be only light enough to reveal his figure dimly. He sings to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home."*

In the stillness of night, when my mates are asleep,
When the brave ship is ploughing her way through the deep,
My thoughts fondly turn to the dear ones at home,
Whose constant love follows, wherever I roam.

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(*Chorus of sailors' voices at a distance.*)

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home,"
Blow on, favoring breezes, and bear us all home.

(TONY *alone continues.*)

Through the bright hours of day we may frolic and jest,
With our pipes and our games, when from duty we rest;
You can't match a middy for mischief and fun,
But his thoughts travel home, when on guard or alone.

(*Chorus of sailors as before.*)

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home,"
Blow on, favoring breezes, and bear us all home. [*Curtain falls.*

SCENE VI. — *A year after the first date.* MRS. LORING'S *parlor.* MRS. LORING *seated sewing,* ALFRED *and* GRACE *playing checkers,* FLORA *dressing her doll. Enter* ANNIE *and* CORA *joyfully, with an open letter, singing to the tune of "When Johnny comes marching Home." All the children join in the hurrahs.*)

Our Tony is coming home again!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Our Tony is coming home again!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
His ship came into port last night,
And he 'll be here by morning light:
O, the happy day when Middy comes sailing home!
O, happy day when Middy comes marching home!"

(*The mother sings.*)

Thank God, his dangers all are o'er!
ALL. Hurrah! Hurrah!
And I shall see my boy again!
ALL. Hurrah! Hurrah!
A happy mother then I 'll be
My children all at home to see;
For they 'll all be here when Tony comes marching home,
For they 'll all be here when Tony comes marching home.

(ALFRED *alone sings.*)

Some fireworks I 'll go quickly buy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
And crackers that will pop and fly,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We 'll have a jolly, thundering noise
To welcome home the "Santee" boys;
For we 'll all have fun when Middy comes sailing home,
For we 'll all have fun when Middy comes sailing home.

(GRACE *and* FLORA *sing.*)

We ought to wear our best white suits,
ALL. Hurrah! Hurrah!
Our sashes gay and new bronze boots,
ALL. Hurrah! Hurrah!

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And all be in our best array
To celebrate the joyful day
When our darling Mid comes merrily marching home,
When our darling Mid comes merrily marching home.

(ANNIE *sings.*)

A party we will have, and dance,
ALL. Hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome Tony home from France,
ALL. Hurrah! Hurrah!
Our friends at once we will invite
To come to us to-morrow night,
And we 'll all be gay when Middy comes marching home,
And we 'll all be gay when Middy comes marching home.

(CORA *sings.*)

Soon we shall see his sunny face,
ALL. Hurrah! Hurrah!
That used to brighten every place,
ALL. Hurrah! Hurrah!
With pride and joy our hearts will swell
When his adventures he shall tell.
O, the happy day when Tony comes marching home! [*All repeat.*
O, the happy day when Tony comes marching home.

(*Enter* BRIDGET, *wild with delight, singing to the same tune.*)

Och! blissid saints above this day!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Here comes our swate b'y from the say.
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Run out, run out, ye children dear,
The darlint he is almost here!
O bedad, I 'm glad to see the lad come home!
O bedad, I 'm glad to see him come marching home!

(*Throws her apron over her head and sobs aloud.*)

Enter TONY *in uniform. All rush to embrace and welcome him. For a few moments all is confusion and joy; then, forming in line, hand in hand, all sing, facing the audience.*

Now Tony comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We quite forget our former pain,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We thank you for the smiles and tears
With which you 've watched our hopes and fears,
And we 'll say good by, for Tony 's come marching home
To all good by, for Tony 's come marching home.

[*Curtain falls.*

NOTE. No costumes are required in this play except the midshipman's uniform, which is a dark blue jacket, cap, and trousers, with navy brass buttons.

L. D. Nichols.

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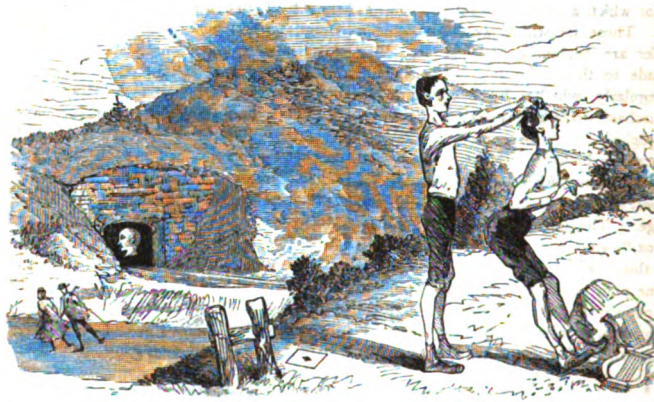
ENIGMA.

No. 15.

I am composed of 7 letters.
Did you ever hunt my 5, 3, 7, 6?
My *whole* is often my 1, 2, 4.
My 1, 3, 4, 2, 7 we could not live without.
My 4, 5, 3, 1 comes in spring.
My 5, 6, 3, 7 we are enabled to do by means of my 6, 3, 7.
My 1, 3, 7 causes universal desolation.
My 4, 7, 6, 2 is a good shelter from the summer sun.
My *whole* is very much talked about

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 16.

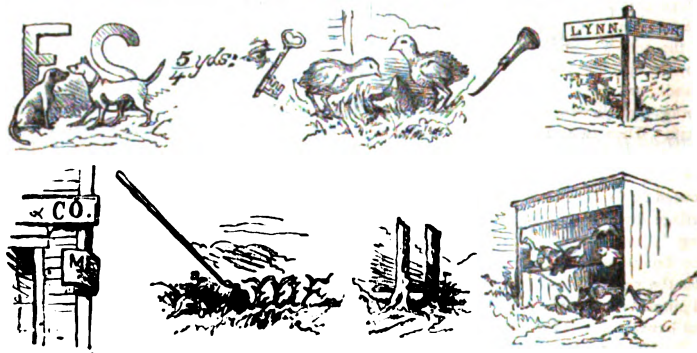


Hitty Maginn.

PUZZLE.—No. 17.

I am round, square, a hard case, because almost always tight.
Take away my first, you do not change me.
Take away my second, transpose my remaining letters, and you leave me but a particle. *T.*

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 18.



Taddy.

ANSWERS.

8. Aladdin.
9. Bradford. Taunton. Amesbury. Marblehead. Lowell. Swampscott.
10. *Foundation Words:* Theseus, Ariadne.
Cross Words: ThaliA. HectoR. EphorI. SenecA. EucliD. UrN. SoractE.
11. Many are balancing between deceit and honesty. [(Man) (eye) (D *seat*) (& on S T.)]
12. Think of ease, but work on.
13. King Cole.
14. *Foundation Words:* Fruit, Stand.
Cross Words: FiniS. RabbiT. UmbrellA. IndiaN. ThousanD.

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THE composition which we give this month is the third for which a prize of twenty dollars has been paid. Those for which we have made a second offer are beginning to come in. The offer is made to those who take "Our Young Folks" regularly, whether by subscription or monthly purchase. The prizes are thirty, twenty, and fifteen dollars for the three best papers written by subscribers between the ages of fifteen and seventeen, and twenty, fifteen, and ten dollars for the three best written by subscribers under fifteen years of age. The limits are one page of the "Letter-Box," — no matter if they occupy less space than this, — and the criticisms will be made on the same plan as before. Faults of spelling, grammar, penmanship, and punctuation will prevent the acceptance of a composition otherwise good. The writer's full signature, age, and residence must be given, as before.

GOING TO THE CIRCUS.

Do any of you live in a country town? If you do, can you ever forget the emotions of wonder and delight and terror which "going to the circus" raised in your heart at the age of eight or ten?

First there was the "grand triumphal procession" which entered the town at nine A. M., to see which you were released for an hour from the tasks of the school-room. The procession was headed by the splendid Golden Chariot drawn by twelve handsome horses, and containing the brass band tooting and blowing their loudest, on the velvet seats. Then came another chariot drawn by sixteen camels, upon which sat the lion, "a large, live lion, loose untrammelled in the streets," as announced on the big show-bills. Then came a little carriage drawn by twelve little ponies, and containing "Queen Mab," the little six-year-old lady, who danced at night across the backs of six horses on the run, and flew through hoops of paper, and jumped over scarfs, while her pony ran at full speed beneath her. Then came the big elephant, with his slow and heavy tread; and then followed the baby elephant; and then came car after car filled with wild animals, that looked now and then through the gratings, and grinned or snarled at you! And then the troop of spotted horses, and the clown riding on his mule, with his face towards the animal's tail, and his legs all tied up in a knot around the sober creature's neck, and the Fat Woman, the Living Skeleton, the Russian Giant, the Talking Pig, and all the rest of the wonderful "side shows," each in its own car. Who could be expected to go back to school and give any sane kind of answer to puzzling questions in arithmetic and geography, after such a dazzling sight as this? And was n't it hard that the teacher made you stand up with your back to the school, and study your lesson half an hour, just because in answer to the request, — "Describe the Rocky Mountains," you said, "The Rocky Mountains rises in Lake Itasca, takes a southerly course through the United States, and flows into the Gulf of Mexico," and made ten other similar mistakes?

At two P. M. you were off like a velocipede, down to the field where the tents were raised. Yes, there was the large circus-tent, and the smaller tents of the side-shows, with the wonderful pictures painted on their canvas walls, and the door-keepers, who stood on barrels, and shouted, "Call in and see the talking pig!" "Only fifteen cents to see the Living Skeleton!" &c., &c. But your father only laughed at the portraits of the Living Skeleton and the Fat Woman, and refused to take you or to allow you to be taken to any such exhibition. "Fat Woman, indeed! Why, you will be one yourself, child, if you continue to grow as fast as you have for the last year," said your uncle, with a mocking laugh. But you forgot the insult the next moment, when you passed through the canvas door, and was fairly in the circus at last.

In the circus! Say rather in fairy-land. For to fairy-land belong those noble knights who enter on beautiful spotted horses, and to the sound of slow music go round and round the ring. To fairy-land belong the fairy queen and her snow-white pony; the little twin sisters who dance on the spotted pony's back; and the little boy who makes you tremble by his daring riding and his dashing leaps, and who is not more than three feet high.

Then you saw the performing dogs, who rode ponies, and jumped through hoops, and over bars. And the performing horse, who fired off pistols, turned a hand-organ, walked, trotted, and galloped at the command of his master, and did many other wonderful tricks. Then there was the funny clown, with his trained mule that shook off everybody who

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tried to ride him, and that would n't go unless the clown said "oats" to him, — and the daring gymnasts, who turned somersets from the top of a pole, walked the tight rope, and who could "turn ten somersets backward, and stand on their heads all day long," — and the buffalo who jumped bars with the clown on his back, — and the bears that danced and played soldier, — and the pony that ate pie, and drank water out of a dish like a gentleman, and looked so comical. Then there were tigers, lions, elephants, panthers, leopards, hyenas, monkeys, apes, baboons, &c.

Then the music plays soft and low, and you hear a sudden roar, and the front of a great cage flies back, and there is the hero of the day! — Don somebody or other, who knocks the lion's and panther's heads together, and spanks the leopard as if it were a naughty child! And the music plays still lower, and a hush settles over the place. Look! See! His head is in the lion's mouth, between those dreadful teeth! If they *should* snap! But they don't, and the next moment he is on his feet again, boxes the ears of the beasts all round, fires off two pistols, bows low, and is gone!

Then there is thundering applause, the band strikes up "Sweet Home," and the circus is over! You go again in the evening, and it is ten times more like fairy-land than ever! You would like to go every day for a year to come. But, alas! you get up the next morning, and the tents are gone, the field is bare, and all that is left of the circus is the tracked-up ground, peanut shucks, and tobacco-juice. Don somebody or other and his lion are far away, and "going to the circus" is only a thing to dream about for another year.

Hattie Adams, age 14.

STONY CREEK, Conn.

"A MOTHER" sends some opinions and hints about our "compositions," which may interest our readers as they do us.

DEAR EDITORS: —

A good friend sent little Mary "Our Young Folks" for a Christmas present. And we want to tell you that we are *very much pleased* with it. I write to tell you how glad one mother was to find that *you know* that little girls can write compositions, and give them a place in your "Letter Box." There is nothing little girls and boys can do so easily and so well. We have helped a great many in their first efforts, and our conclusion long ago was, that children will like composition writing, and succeed better in that branch than almost any other. It is easier for them than either arithmetic or grammar. "Why, then, is it not allowed to be the pleasantest task in school?" Because not five teachers in one hundred understand the first thing about it themselves, and do not hesitate to confess, in the presence of these young beginners, that they "*never could bear* to write compositions, and know it is hard for the little ones." It is not true that it is difficult for children to express themselves in writing. It comes as natural as talking, — and that is the reason, perhaps, that the girls write rather better than boys. They always *will*. But they must write of something that they know about; or of something they have seen, touched, or handled. Little girls, write as you talk, and your compositions will be beautiful to every one, because they will be new, fresh, and natural. And be glad that your compositions can go to the Letter Box of "Our Young Folks." We think it is just the nicest plan we ever knew, and that, perhaps, it may begin a reformation in the way of teaching how to write compositions.

A MOTHER.

We are not quite ready to agree with our friend in saying that girls *always* write better than boys, — and we hope that some of our bright boy-subscribers will prove the contrary by carrying off more than one of the prizes.

WE thank our friends for the descriptions of games so many of them have sent. Here are one or two for the younger children: —

"The Poor Woman's Dinner" is a simple little game in which any child who has learned the alphabet can join.

Some one begins by saying, "I wish to make up a dinner for a poor woman who has seen better days, and is somewhat dainty. Her greatest dislike is for *peas*. What will you send her, Ella?" Ella answers, "Turnips." "No, she is not fond of them. What will you give her, Harry?" "Cold chicken." "Yes, she will thank you for it too. You, Jenny?" "Potatoes." "No, they will make her sick." And so on, until everybody has guessed that her only disgust is for whatever has "*p's*" in it.

"The Black Art" is also something with which little folks and great ones may amuse themselves together. Two are in the secret, one of whom goes out of the room. Those who remain agree upon some article in the room, which is to be guessed by the person outside. Of course, only a person who understands how can ask the questions.

Suppose a flower-vase is agreed upon. The guesser comes in, and is asked such questions as these: "Was it the window?" "No." "A chair?" "No." "The carpet?" "No." "The table-cloth?" "No." "The coal-hod?" "No." "The flower-vase?" "Yes." This is tried again and again, to the great wonderment of those who are not bright enough to observe that the right article is always mentioned by the questioner immediately after naming something *black*. Hence the title of the game.

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RYE'S FRITTERS.

DRAWN BY AUGUSTUS HOPPIN.] [See the Story.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. VI. APRIL, 1870. No. IV.

WE GIRLS: A HOME STORY.

CHAPTER IV.

NEXT THINGS.

ROSAMOND'S ship-coil party was a great success. It resolved itself into Rosamond's party, although Barbara had had the first thought of it; for Rosamond quietly took the management of all that was to be delicately and gracefully arranged, and to have the true tone of high propriety.

Barbara made the little white rolls; Rosamond and Ruth beat up the cake; mother attended to the boiling of the tongues, and, when it was time, to the making of the delicious coffee; all together we gave all sorts of pleasant touches to the brown room, and set the round table (the old cover could be "shied" out of sight now, as Stephen said, and replaced with the white glistening damask for the tea) in the corner between the southwest windows that opened upon the broad piazza.

The table was bright with pretty silver — not too much — and best glass and delicate porcelain with a tiny thread of gold; and the rolls and the thin strips of tongue cut lengthwise, so rich and tender that a fork could manage them, and the large raspberries, black and red and white, were upon plates and dishes of real Indian, white and golden brown.

The wide sashes were thrown up, and there were light chairs outside;

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Mrs. Holabird would give them tea and coffee, and Ruth and Barbara would sit in the window-seats and do the waiting, back and forth, and Dakie Thayne and Harry Goldthwaite would help.

Katty held her office as a sinecure that day; looked on admiringly, forgot half her regular work, felt as if she had somehow done wonders without realizing the process, and pronounced that it was "no throuble at ahl to have company."

But before the tea was the new game.

It was a bold stroke for us Holabirds. Originating was usually done higher up; as the Papal Council gives forth new spiritual inventions for the joyful acceptance of believers, who may by no means invent in their turn and offer to the Council. One could hardly tell how it would fall out, — whether the Haddens and the Marchbankses would take to it, or whether it would drop right there.

"They *may* 'take it off your hands, my dear,'" suggested the remorseless Barbara. Somebody had offered to do that once for Mrs. Holabird, when her husband had had an interest in a ship in the Baltic trade, and some furs had come home, richer than we had quite expected.

Rose was loftily silent; she would not have *said* that to her very self; but she had her little quiet instincts of holding on, — through Harry Goldthwaite, chiefly; it was his novelty.

Does this seem *very* bare worldly scheming among young girls who should simply have been having a good time? We should not tell you if we did not know; it *begins* right there among them, in just such things as these; and our day and our life are full of it.

The Marchbanks set had a way of taking things off people's hands, as soon as they were proved worth while. People like the Holabirds could not be taking this pains every day; making their cakes and their coffee, and setting their tea-table in their parlor; putting aside all that was shabby or inadequate, for a few special hours, and turning all the family resources upon a point, to serve an occasion. But if anything new or bright were so produced that could be transplanted, it was so easy to receive it among the established and every-day elegances of a freer living, give it a wider introduction, and so adopt and repeat and centralize it that the originators should fairly forget they had ever begun it. And why would not this be honor enough? Invention must always pass over to the capital that can handle it.

The new game charmed them all. The girls had the best of it, for the young men always gathered up the rings and brought them to each in turn. It was very pretty to receive both hands full of the gayly wreathed and knotted hoops, to hold them slidden along one arm like garlands, to pass them lightly from hand to hand again, and to toss them one by one through the air with a motion of more or less inevitable grace; and the excitement of hope or of success grew with each succeeding trial.

They could not help liking it, even the most fastidious; they might venture upon liking it, for it was a game with an origin and references. It was

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an officers' game, on board great naval ships; it had proper and sufficient antecedents. It would do.

By the time they stopped playing in the twilight, and went up the wide end steps upon the deep, open platform, where coffee and biscuits began to be fragrant, Rosamond knew that her party was as nice as if it had been anybody's else whoever; that they were all having as genuinely good a time as if they had not come "westover" to get it.

And everybody does like a delicious tea, such as is far more sure and very different from hands like Mrs. Holabird's and her daughters, than from those of a city confectioner and the most professed of private cooks.

It all went off and ended in a glory, — the glory of the sun pouring great backward floods of light and color all up to the summer zenith, and of the softly falling and changing shade, and the slow forth-coming of the stars; and Ruth gave them music, and by and by they had a little German, out there on the long, wide esplanade. It was the one magnificence of their house, — this high, spacious terrace; Rosamond was thankful every day that Grandfather Holabird *had* to build the wood-house under it.

After this, Westover began to grow to be more of a centre than our home, cheery and full of girl-life as it was, had ever been able to become before.

They might have transplanted the game, — they did take slips from it, — and we might not always have had tickets to our own play; but they could not transplant Harry Goldthwaite and Dakie Thayne. They *would* come over, nearly every day, at morning or evening, and practise "coil," or make some other plan or errand; and so there came to be always something going on at the Holabirds', and if the other girls wanted it, they had to come where it was.

Mrs. Van Alstyne came often; Rosamond grew very intimate with her.

Mrs. Lewis Marchbanks did say, one day, that she thought "the Holabirds were slightly mistaking their position"; but the remark did not come round, westover, till long afterward, and meanwhile the position remained the same.

It was right in the midst of all this that Ruth astonished the family again, one evening.

"I wish," she said, suddenly, just as if she were not suggesting something utterly incongruous and disastrous, "that we could ask Lucilla Waters up here for a little visit."

The girls had a way, in Z., of spending two or three days together at each other's houses, neighbors though they were, within easy reach, and seeing each other almost constantly. Leslie Goldthwaite came up to the Haddens', or they went down to the Goldthwaites'. The Haddens would stay over night at the Marchbanks', and on through the next day, and over night again. There were, indeed, three recognized degrees of intimacy: that which took tea, — that which came in of a morning and stayed to lunch, — and that which was kept over night without plan or ceremony. It had never been very easy for us Holabirds to do such things without plan; of all things, nearly, in the world, it seemed to us sometimes beautiful and desirable to be able to live just so as that we might.

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"I wish," said Ruth, "that we could have Lucilla Waters here."

"My gracious!" cried Rosamond, startled into a soft explosion. "What for?"

"Why, I think she'd like it," answered Ruth.

"Well, I suppose Arctura Fish might 'like it' too," responded Rose, in a deadly quiet way now, that was the extreme of sarcasm.

Ruth looked puzzled; as if she really considered what Rosamond suggested, not having thought of it before, and not quite knowing how to dispose of the thought since she had got it.

Dakie Thayne was there; he sat holding some gold-colored wool for Mrs. Holabird to wind; she was giving herself the luxury of some pretty knitting, — making a bright little sofa affghan. Ruth had forgotten him at the instant, speaking out of a quiet pause and her own intent thought.

She made up her mind presently, — partly at least, — and spoke again. "I don't believe," she said, "that it would be the next thing for Arctura Fish."

Dakie Thayne's eyebrows went up, just that half perceptible line or two. "Do you think people ought always to have the next thing?" he asked.

"It seems to me it must be somebody's fault if they don't," replied Ruth.

"It is a long waiting sometimes to get the next thing," said Dakie Thayne. "Army men find that out. They grow gray getting it."

"That's where only one *can* have it at a time," said Ruth. "These things are different."

"'Next things' interfere occasionally," said Barbara. "Next things up, and next things down."

"I don't know," said Rose, serenely unconscious and impersonal. "I suppose people would n't naturally — it can't be meant they should — walk right away from their own opportunities."

Ruth laughed, — not aloud, only a little single breath, over her work.

Dakie Thayne leaned back.

"What, — if you please, — Miss Ruth?"

"I was thinking of the opportunities *down*," Ruth answered.

It was several days after this that the young party drifted together again, on the Westover lawn. A plan was discussed. Mrs. Van Alstyne had walked over with Olivia and Adelaide Marchbanks, and it was she who suggested it.

"Why don't you have regular practisings," said she, "and then a meeting, for this and the archery you wanted to get up, and games for a prize? They would do nicely together."

Olivia Marchbanks drew up a little. She had not meant to launch the project here. Everything need not begin at Westover all at once.

But Dakie Thayne broke in.

"Did you think of that?" said he. "It's a capital idea."

"Ideas are rather apt to be that," said Adelaide Marchbanks. "It is the carrying out, you see."

"Is n't it pretty nearly carried out already? It is only to organize what we are doing as it is."

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"But the minute you *do* organize! You don't know how difficult it is in a place like this. A dozen of us are not enough, and as soon as you go beyond, there gets to be too much of it. One does n't know where to stop."

"Or to skip?" asked Harry Goldthwaite, in such a purely bright, good-natured way that no one could take it amiss.

"Well, yes, to skip," said Adelaide. "Of course that 's it. You don't go straight on, you know, house by house, when you ask people, — down the hill and into the town."

"We talked it over," said Olivia. "And we got as far as the Hobarts." There Olivia stopped. That was where they had stopped before.

"O yes, the Hobarts; they would be sure to like it," said Leslie Goldthwaite, quick and pleased.

"Her ups and downs are just like yours," said Dakie Thayne to Ruth Holabird.

It made Ruth very glad to be told she was at all like Leslie; it gave her an especially quick pulse of pleasure to have Dakie Thayne say so. She knew he thought there was hardly any one like Leslie Goldthwaite.

"O, they *won't* exactly do, you know!" said Adelaide Marchbanks, with an air of high free-masonry.

"Won't do what?" asked Cadet Thayne, obtusely.

"Suit," replied Olivia, concisely, looking straight forward without any air at all.

"Really, we have tried it since they came," said Adelaide; "though what people *come* for is the question, I think, when there is n't anything particular to bring them except the neighborhood, and then it has to be Christian charity in the neighborhood that did n't ask them to pick them up. Mamma called, after a while; and Mrs. Hobart said she hoped she would come often, and let *the girls* run in and be sociable! And Grace Hobart says '*she* has n't got tired of croquet, — she likes it real well!' They 're that sort of people, Mr. Thayne."

"Oh! that 's very bad," said Dakie Thayne, with grave conclusiveness.

"The Haddens had them one night, when we were going to play commerce. When we asked them up to the table, they held right back, awfully stiff, and could n't find anything else to say than, — out quite loud, across everything, — 'O no! they could n't play commerce; they never did; father thought it was just like any gambling game!'"

"Plucky, anyhow," said Harry Goldthwaite.

"I don't think they meant to be rude," said Elinor Hadden. "I think they really felt badly; and that was why it blurted right out so. They did n't know *what* to say."

"Evidently," said Olivia. "And one does n't want to be astonished in that way very often."

"I should n't mind having them," said Elinor, good-naturedly. "They are kind-hearted people, and they would feel hurt to be left out."

"That is just what stopped us," said Adelaide. "That is just what the

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neighborhood is getting to be, — full of people that you don't know what to do with."

"I don't see why we *need* to go out of our own set," said Olivia.

"O dear! O dear!"

It broke from Ruth involuntarily. Then she colored up, as they all turned round upon her; but she was excited, and Ruth's excitements made her forget that she was Ruth, sometimes, for a moment. It had been growing in her, from the beginning of the conversation; and now she caught her breath, and felt her eyes light up. She turned her face to Leslie Goldthwaite; but although she spoke low, she spoke somehow clearly, even more than she meant, so that they all heard.

"What if the angels had said that before they came down to Bethlehem!"

Then she knew by the hush that *she* had astonished them, and she grew frightened; but she stood just so, and would not let her look shrink; for she still felt just as she did when the words came.

Mrs. Van Alstyne broke the pause with a good-natured laugh.

"We can't go quite back to that, every time," she said. "And we don't quite set up to be angels. Come, — try one more round."

And with some of the hoops still hanging upon her arm, she turned to pick up the others. Harry Goldthwaite of course sprang forward to do it for her; and presently she was tossing them with her peculiar grace, till the stake was all wreathed with them from bottom to top, the last hoop

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hanging itself upon the golden ball; a touch more dexterous and consummate, it seemed, than if it had fairly slidden over upon the rest.

Rosamond knew what a cunning and friendly turn it was; if it had not been for Mrs. Van Alstyne, Ruth's speech would have broken up the party. As it was, the game began again, and they stayed an hour longer.

Not all of them; for as soon as they were fairly engaged, Ruth said to Leslie Goldthwaite, "I must go now; I ought to have gone before. Reba will be waiting for me. Just tell them, if they ask."

But Leslie and the cadet walked away with her; slowly, across the grounds, so that she thought they were going back from the gate; but they kept on up over the hill.

"Was it very shocking?" asked Ruth, troubled in her mind. "I could not help it; but I was frightened to death the next minute."

"About as frightened as the man is who stands to his gun in the front," said Dakie Thayne. "You never flinched."

"They would have thought it was from what I had said," Ruth answered. "And *that* was another thing from the *saying*."

"*You* had something to say, Leslie. It was just on the corner of your lip. I saw it."

"Yes; but Ruth said it all in one flash. It would have spoiled it if I had spoken then."

"I 'm always sorry for people who don't know how," said Ruth. "I 'm sure I don't know how myself so often."

"That is just it," said Leslie. "Why should n't these girls come up? And how will they ever, unless somebody overlooks? They would find out these mistakes in a little while, just as they find out fashions: picking up the right things from people who do know how. It is a kind of leaven, like greater good. And how can we stand anywhere in the lump, and say it shall not spread to the next particle?"

"They think it was pushing of them, to come here to live at all," said Ruth.

"Well, we 're all pushing, if we 're good for anything," said Leslie. "Why may n't they push, if they don't crowd out anybody else? It seems to me that the wrong sort of pushing is pushing down."

"Only there would be no end to it," said Dakie Thayne, "would there? There are coarse, vulgar people always, who are wanting to get in just for the sake of being in. What are the nice ones to do?"

"Just *be* nice, I think," said Leslie. "Nicer with those people than with anybody else even. If there were n't any difficulty made about it, — if there were n't any keeping out, — they would tire of the niceness probably sooner than anything. I don't suppose it is the fence that keeps out weeds."

"You are just like Mrs. Ingleside," said Ruth, walking closer to Leslie as she spoke.

"And Mrs. Ingleside is like Miss Craydocke; and — I did n't suppose I should ever find many more of them, but they 're counting up," said Dakie Thayne. "There 's a pretty good piece of the world salted, after all."

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"If there really is any best society," pursued Leslie, "it seems to me it ought to be, not for keeping people out, but for getting everybody in as fast as it can, like the kingdom of heaven."

"Ah, but that *is* kingdom come," said Dakie Thayne.

It seemed as if the question of "things next" was to arise continually, in fresh shapes, just now, when things next for the Holabirds were nearer next than ever before.

"We must have Delia Waite again soon, if we can get her," said mother, one morning, when we were all quietly sitting in her room, and she was cutting out some shirts for Stephen. "All our changes and interruptions have put back the sewing so lately."

"We ought not to have been idle so much," said Barbara. "We 've been a family of grasshoppers all summer."

"Well, the grasshopping has done you all good. I 'm not sorry for it," said Mrs. Holabird. "Only we must have Delia for a week now, and be busy."

"If Delia Waite did n't have to come to our table!" said Rosamond.

"Why don't you try the girl Mrs. Hadden has, mother? She goes right into the kitchen with the other servants."

"I don't believe our 'other servants' would know what to do with her," said Barbara. "There 's always such a crowd in our kitchen."

"Barbara, you 're a plague!"

"Yes. I 'm the thorn in the flesh in this family, lest it should be exalted above measure; and like Saint Paul, I magnify mine office."

"In the way we live," said Mrs. Holabird, "it is really more convenient to let a seamstress come right to table with us; and besides, you know what I think about it. It is a little breath of life to a girl like that; she gets something that we can give as well as not, and that helps her up. It comes naturally, as it cannot come with 'other servants.' She sits with us all day; her work is among ladies, and with them; she gets something so far, even in the midst of measurings and gorings, that common housemaids cannot get; why should n't she be with us when we can leave off talk of measures and gores, and get what Ruth calls the 'very next'? Delia Waite is too nice a girl to be put into the kitchen to eat with Katty, in her 'crowd.'"

"But it seems to set us down; it seems common in us to be so ready to be familiar with common people. More in us, because we do live plainly. If Mrs. Hadden or Mrs. Marchbanks did it, it might seem kind *without* the common. I think they ought to begin such things."

"But then if they don't? Very likely it would be far more inconvenient for them; and not the same good either, because it *would* be, or seem, a condescension. We are the 'very next,' and we must be content to be the step we are."

"It 's the other thing with us, — con-*as*cension, — is n't it, mother? A step up for somebody, and no step down for anybody. Mrs. Ingleside does it," Ruth added.

"O, Mrs. Ingleside does all sorts of things. She has *that* sort of position.

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It 's as independent as the other. High moral and high social can do anything. It 's the betwixt and between that must be careful."

"What a miserably negative set we are, in such a positive state of the world!" cried Barbara. "Except Ruth's music, there is n't a specialty among us; we have n't any views; we 're on the mean-spirited side of the Woman Question; 'all woman, and no question,' as mother says; we shall never preach, nor speech, nor leech; we can't be magnificent, and we won't be common! I don't see what is to become of us, unless — and I wonder if maybe that is n't it? — we just do two or three rather right things in a no-particular sort of a way."

"Barbara, how nice you are!" cried Ruth.

"No. I 'm a thorn. Don't touch me."

"We never have company when we are having sewing done," said Mrs. Holabird. "We can always manage that."

"I don't want to play Box and Cox," said Rosamond.

"That 's the beauty of you, Rosa Mundi!" said Barbara, warmly. "You don't want to *play* anything. That 's where you 'll come out sun-clear and diamond-bright!"

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

THE DADDY LONG-LEGS AND THE FLY.

ONCE, Mr. Daddy Long-Legs,
Dressed in brown and gray,
Walked about upon the sands
Upon a summer's day;
And there among the pebbles,
When the wind was rather cold,
He met with Mr. Floppy Fly,
All dressed in blue and gold.
And as it was too soon to dine
They drank some periwinkle wine,
And played an hour or two or more
At battlecock and shuttledore.

Said Mr. Daddy Long-Legs
To Mr. Floppy Fly,
"Why do you never come to court?
I wish you 'd tell me why.
All gold and shine, in dress so fine,
You 'd quite delight the court, —

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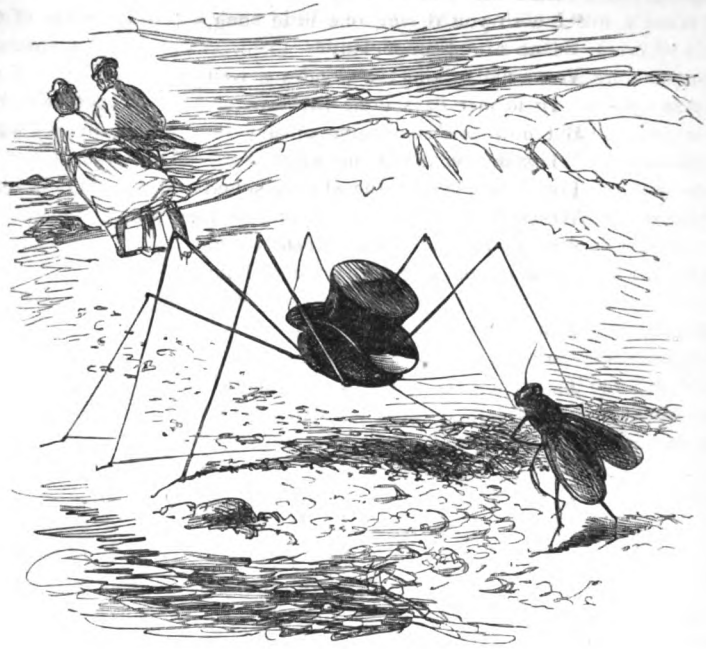

Why do you never go at all?
  Most certainly you *ought!*
And if you went you 'd see such sights!
Such rugs! and jugs! and candle lights!
And, more than all, the King and Queen, —
One in red and one in green!"

"O Mr. Daddy Long-Legs,"
  Said Mr. Floppy Fly,
"It 's true that I don't go to court,
  And I will tell you why.
If I had six long legs like yours,
  At once I 'd go to court!
But, oh! I can't, because my legs
  Are so extremely short.
And I 'm afraid the King and Queen,
One in red and one in green,
Would say aloud, 'You are not fit,
You Fly, to come to court a bit!'"

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"O Mr. Daddy Long-Legs,"
  Said Mr. Floppy Fly,
"I wish you 'd sing one little song, —
  One Mumbian melody!
You used to sing so wondrous well
  In former days gone by,
But now you never sing at all;
  I wish you 'd tell me why.
For if you would, the silvery sound
Would please the shrimps and cockles round,
And all the crabs would gladly come
To hear you sing 'Ah hum di hum!'"

Said Mr. Daddy Long-Legs,
  "I can never sing again!
And if you wish I 'll tell you why,
  Although it gives me pain.
For years I cannot hum a bit,
  Or sing the smallest song,
And this the dreadful reason is, —
  My legs are grown too long!
My six long legs, all here and there,
Oppress my bosom with despair,
And if I stand, or lie, or sit,
I cannot sing one single bit!"

So Mr. Daddy Long-Legs
  And Mr. Floppy Fly
Sat down in silence by the sea,
  And gazed upon the sky.
They said, "This is a dreadful thing;
  The world is all gone wrong,
Since one has legs too short by half,
  The other far too long!
One never more can go to court
Because his legs have grown too short;
The other cannot sing a song
Because his legs have grown too long!

Then Mr. Daddy Long-Legs
  And Mr. Floppy Fly
Rushed downwards to the foaming sea,
  With one spongetaneous cry.
And there they found a little boat,
  Whose sails were pink and gray,

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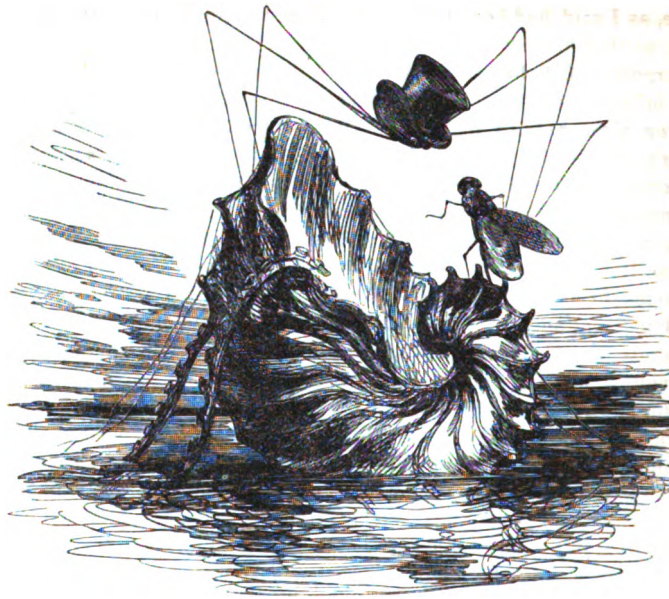

And off they sailed among the waves,
  Far and far away.
They sailed across the silent main,
And passed the great Grombolian plain;
And there they play forevermore
At battlecock and shuttledore.

Edward Lear.

RYE'S FRITTERS.

NOT rye fritters, you understand; quite the contrary; though the two sound so much alike, how *should* you understand?

In fact, they were only Rye's fritters, on account of Jockey. "Fritters" was Jockeyese for "curls." They happened in this way.

Rye went to Boston. Now, Rye had been to Boston before; of course she had; who has n't? Unless, indeed, I should except a little girl I picked up and piled into my sleigh the other day, who opened her mouth so wide when I touched up the Major and whizzed her down hill, that she quite lost her breath out of it, but gasped and said, —

"O—o—oo—ooh! My soul! Why, I never was inside along of a carriage before in all my life!"

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Rye, as I said, had been to Boston before, so she did not carry her mouth open; neither did she say, "My soul!" though rather, I think, because she had forgotten that she had a soul, than because it was n't an advisable thing for a little girl to say. For Rye went to Boston "on business." She had been on pleasure-trips of various kinds; such as to the shoemaker's, the doctor's, the dentist's, &c., but she never before had been on business. She had come down to buy a feather, — she and Prim and Jockey; at least she had come for the feather, and Prim came because she came, and Jockey, — as nearly as I can make out, Jockey came for no reason in the world but because Rye particularly asked him to stay at home.

Besides Prim and Jockey, there was, by the way, Aunt Banger. I neglected to mention her, because it is so perfectly understood that when you take aunts, parents, elder sisters, and other burdens of like kind, to Boston with you, it is done entirely as a matter of courtesy. It happened, very unfortunately, that Aunt Banger paid Rye's and Jockey's expenses (Prim was rich, and paid her own), so that Rye indeed was constrained to be uncommonly polite to Aunt Banger. She felt it keenly, but she bore it well. "I so dislike to be under objections to people!" she whispered to Prim.

"Objurgations, you mean," corrected Prim.

Rye went to Lowell's, and bought her feather. At least, she went to Lowell's, and Aunt Banger asked for feathers, and Rye looked them over, and Aunt Banger selected a gray one, and Rye selected a pink one, and Aunt Banger preferred the gray one, and Rye admired the pink one, and Aunt Banger said that her hat was gray, and this was a match, and Rye (who always *did* hate to be matched) said that gray made her look like a guinea-hen, — Jip Bond said so Christmas, — and Aunt Banger said that they were n't buying feathers for Jip Bond; and so Rye told Prim that she thought a great deal of Aunt Banger's judgment, and, on the whole, she believed that she preferred the gray one.

So Rye bought her feather with "business" despatch.

"Aunt Banger makes me a great deal of trouble to-day," said Jockey, in a sour aside. "I 've got to lug her way down to Shute's to get me a cap!"

"And you girls may run around as you like for a while," said Aunt Banger. "Jockey and I will meet you at Copeland's at dinner-time. Take good care of your feather. Don't get lost. Don't buy candy. Don't get your hair into your eyes, nor wet your feet. Mind the crossings. Look out for snow-slides. Take care —"

But Rye had taken care to be out of hearing by that time.

"Aunt Banger means well, but she 's so inconsiderable about things!" said Rye to Prim, as they trotted up the shady side of Winter Street to keep away from the snow-slides. "Now take money, for instance. 'Take care you don't spend more than twelve and a half cents,' — that 's what she was going to say. It 's what she 's always going to say. I 'd enough rather come to Boston with my mother!"

"Does your mother give you more than twelve and a half cents to spend?" asked Prim.

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"N—n—no," said illogical Rye, "I don't know 's she does. But she 's so pretty!"

Now Rye had the prettiest mother in the world; and it is a great thing to have a pretty mother. At least, Rye thought so. She liked to have her about, like a picture, and she liked to wear her pretty things for her, and hear her prettily say how pretty they were. Now that was the difference between her mother and Aunt Banger. Aunt Banger took to the "sensible" things. She tucked the pantalets, darned the stockings, made the night-dresses, settled the bills. The pretty mother embroidered and flounced and fluted and "shaded" and "toned," and Rye, as you might say, hung her up in a frame in the middle of her life and let the light on her and kept the dust off. If she got over her depth in fractions, she went to Aunt Banger. When she was dressing for a party, she used her mother.

But this has not so much to do with curls, as to admit of our spending any more time to talk it over, though there is a great deal that *might* be said about pretty mothers, — for and against, — as the little girls with pretty mothers will bear me witness.

Rye and Prim went into Williams and Everett's, and talked wisely at the pictures that they did n't understand, and said nothing about those that they did; they went into Osgood's, to match fringes for Prim; they went into Shreve and Stanwood's, to price malachite, — for Prim, too, — and came away from the great glittering place thinking what very ill-used, ill-jewelled little girls they were, and stumbled over a bony little shoeless wretch selling molasses-candy at the door, and never stopped to think, — as the little girls in the stories generally do, and as a little girl, whether in a story or out of it, certainly should do, — that in a world where people sell molasses-candy in the winter without shoes, it matters little whether you can afford malachite or not, but said, what would have brought us to Rye's "fritters" in the first place, if they had only said it a little earlier, —

"I 've got an idea! Let 's go to Auguste's!" Prim said it. Rye looked dazed. "To have your hair crimped," said Prim. "I 've always wanted to try Auguste's crimper."

"Why don't you go yourself?" asked Rye, doubtfully.

"Crimps will match your feather," said Prim, with decision.

"But my hair is n't gray," urged Rye. "And — don't you suppose it would cost more than twelve and a half cents?"

"O, I don't know. Jip Bond said you *did* do your hair so solemn!"

"That 's Aunt Banger. She can't bear crimps, except on herself. And besides, the hair-pins stick into you so nights. Besides, I burnt 'em off, in the lamp, the only time I tried, — a whole hair-pin full of hair short off."

"It would be so becoming," said Prim, dangerously, "and please your mother so!"

"If you think mother would like it," hesitated Rye. They were in Auguste's by that time. Prim drew Rye past the French flowers and dolls, and all the pretty nonsense, into the hair-dresser's room, and said to the hair-dresser, in her easy way (Prim always astonished and extinguished

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Rye), "Crimping!" and to Rye, in a whisper, "I would n't ask how much; it sounds so countrified!"

What *could* be worse than to be thought "countrified"? Rye dropped into the great barber's chair without a word, and Prim sat down on the hair-cloth sofa with a smile. "Why not have it curled while you 're about it?" she suggested, — "all over, you know."

"It would be very fashionable and becoming, miss," said the hair-dresser. "Plain hair is out, quite."

"Are you sure mother would like it?" said Rye, doubting but delighted.

"Of all things! Why, I spoke of it, you know, on her account," said Prim, who really thought she did.

"We—ell," said Rye, and gave herself up to happiness and the curlers.

Rye had a pale, plain-pretty little face, "all out" perhaps, like her hair; but everything about it *matched*, like Aunt Banger's gray feather. She looked at herself in the glass, and her heart fluttered fast under the barber's great apron which she was tied up in. What would her pretty mother — who always said it was such a pity that Jockey had the curls instead of Rye — say to her when she went walking in to-night "all in" the frizzly, foamy fashion? would n't she have her photograph taken to-morrow? Perhaps in porcelain? Or framed on the parlor wall? Or would Aunt Banger object, or Jockey be jealous? And *would* it be becoming, after all?

The curlers — two of them — took hold of Rye as if she had been a basketful of ropes, and twisted her hair all up into a hundred little curl-papers. She felt convinced that they would twist her head off. She put her hand around, and felt of her neck to see if it were dislocated; but, finding it quite sound, gathered courage to peep at herself in the glass. Such a sight!

"You look like Medusa," said Prim, who studied mythology.

"Who 's he?" asked Rye.

"She was a lady who wore a night-cap of white snakes," said Prim, promptly, suiting the information to the occasion. But that was just what Rye looked like. It made her fairly faint, she looked so!

"I suppose you 'll — take 'em off?" she breathlessly asked.

"Gracious me, miss!" said the curlers, and laughed till, indeed, they were in imminent danger of twisting her neck off. When they had finished laughing, they took hold of her with hot irons as if she had been actually a rye fritter, and fried her head on both sides. The irons sizzled and snapped. The curl-papers steamed. A hot breath crept in among the roots of her hair.

"They will set me on fire!" thought Rye, and turned as pale as her snaky night-cap. Even Prim was frightened, and began to wonder if they ought to have done this. When one of the curlers — busy watching a customer at the end of the store, among the flowers — held her burning tongs a little too near, a little too long, and Rye cried out in real pain, both the girls grew miserable. Rye sat and cried. Prim sat and looked.

"Are n't you *most* through?" asked Rye, faintly.

"Yes, yes, miss, just through," said the ready curlers; but they were

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not just through at all. It took them an hour to twist and curl and scorch and untwist and recurl and comb and smooth poor little Rye. Tears of pain and fright dropped on her great apron.

"Never mind," said Prim, soothingly. "It will be so pretty when it's brushed out. And your mother 'll be so surprised!"

Rye revived and looked hopefully in the glass when the brushing-out began. One little pinched curl after another fell out, and flopped upon her forehead. They were not quite so becoming as she had expected, but she kept up her courage till the first quarter of her head was done. Then she saw Prim's mouth twitch.

"You look like a griddle-cake!" said Prim. This was not as pleasant as might have been in Prim; but Rye *was* funny!

Half the head — three quarters — the whole, stood finished at last. The curlers put away their brushes. Rye got out of her apron and stood solemnly up before the glass. It was horrible! fairly horrible! Rye turned around with a ghastly smile to Prim.

Prim tried — she did try — to be sympathetic; but she gave it up, and fell on the sofa in a convulsion of suffocated fun.

"O Rye Robbins! You look like a feather-duster! You look like an elm-tree with the roots up! You look like sago-pudding — and — horse-hair stuffing — and — and — Aunt Banger!"

This last was a touch too much. Rye sat down on the sofa (on top of her hat) and sobbed.

"*Don't!*" begged Prim. "They're all looking at you? What will they think?"

But Rye refused to be mortified or comforted. "Go and ask how long it will last!" she commanded with the authority of agony; and Prim meekly obeyed.

She came back with a serious cast of countenance.

"Well?"

"A week."

"*A week?*"

Prim nodded silently.

Rye stopped crying; she pulled her hat out from under her and put it on, in the calm of despair. Her poor pretty mother! That was the worst of it. That was worse than looking like Aunt Banger in a night-cap of white snakes for a whole long week! What *would* her mother say?

"Prim," she said with solemnity, "let us go. It might as well be done first as last. Come!" Prim came — quite humbled and silent. They walked grimly down the length of the store. At the door they were politely detained by a watchful clerk, and politely informed that there was something, he believed, in change. Indeed, Rye in her misery, had forgotten to pay him. She apologized, and asked his price.

"One dollar!" said the clerk, briskly.

"A *dollar?*" repeated Rye, faintly.

"Yes, miss," said the clerk, cheerfully.

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Rye had just a dollar-bill in her purse, — the only bill she had in any purse, — her mother's Christmas present. She gave it to the clerk in silence, and in silence shut the door.

"Well?" she said again, when she and Prim stood out on the crowded sidewalk.

"I know it!" said Prim.

"What *shall* I do with Aunt Banger!"

"I 'd — I 'd — bang her!" exploded Prim in her distress, without the least intention of committing a pun.

"And Jockey!" added Rye, in the anguish of her soul, as they went slowly over to Copeland's. "That boy will die before he 'll get over this!" They lingered on Copeland's steps, miserably. Rye could not muster courage to go in.

"Prim," she said at last with energy, "I tell you what it is. Lend me some money, and I 'll go and buy a comb. Then we 'll come back. You make for Aunt Banger. I 'll make for the dressing-room. I 'll stay there till I 've combed myself out, if it 's till next week. Perhaps she will be up stairs and won't see me."

This was an inspiration! The girls had been to Harris's, and paid seventy-five cents for a comb, and were back on Copeland's steps, in not much more time than it takes to tell it.

They opened the door softly, and "made," as Rye had suggested, — she for the dressing-room, Prim for Aunt Banger. Rye, on her way, was greeted by an awful sound: —

"I say! Here we are! I 'm horrubile hungry waiting!"

It was Jockey. Who else could it be? Aunt Banger's slower gaze followed Jockey's snapping eyes. She just saw the little flowzy, fussy, dowdy head that had been the little plain-pretty Lady Rye's that morning, flying past, — but she saw it; and so did Jockey.

Rye went down into the dressing-room and jerked her head in the basin, and turned the Cochituate full and cold and long, all over the little baked and frizzly curls. Gasping, drenched, and chilled, she took to her seventy-five cent comb at last, and combed out Monsieur Auguste's dollar's worth of work, curl by curl, lock by lock, hard and patiently.

She came to Aunt Banger, dripping and shivering and meek, her pretty hair half spoiled, wholly comical, but straight as a pump-handle.

Of course the whole story came out.

"If only you *would* n't tell mother, I think I could bear it," said Rye, meekly.

Aunt Banger behaved beautifully. Even Prim owned that. She promised not to tell Rye's pretty mother, — not a word; and she did n't.

Jockey promised, too: "Sure 's pop. Would n't tell. Never. Not if he had six or five cents, he would n't tell."

Rye gave him "six or five cents" (of Aunt Banger's) to seal the compact.

"Look a here," began this promising young gentleman, as soon as they were in the house that night.

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"Hush, Jockey!"

"O, I fergut. No, I won't," said Jockey, and fell to eating his supper. But half-way down his mug of milk he paused thoughtfully.

"Look a here, mother. Don't you tell. Rye got her hair put into fritters in Bosting and paid a dollar for it!"

Now this story has n't a moral to its name, has it? Except that it is true, every word of it; and most true things have morals, if you look long enough and know how to find them.

You can't find any, unless it is that I don't like crimps? Very likely; and I am sure I don't.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

HOW BATTLES ARE FOUGHT.

III. War on the Water.

"YOU are not to suppose that all battles are fought on land," said Mr. Blake to Willie and Minnie a few evenings after he had told them about "fighting for forts," and how they were taken by siege operations. "Many battles have been fought at sea, and wars have been decided by great battles fought on shipboard. Ships have in all ages been considered the most powerful and important as well as the largest of all engines of war; and there has never been a great war in which they have not been used. Some of the most famous battles which history records were fought on the water. When you are older, you will read of the celebrated Paul Jones; also of Commodore Perry, who won the famous battle on Lake Erie, and sent a report of it to the government in these words,—'We have met the enemy, and they are ours'; and of Captain Lawrence, who while dying from his wounds called out to his sailors, 'Don't give up the ship, boys.' A great many persons familiar with this story are so used to calling the hero of it 'Don't-give-up-the-ship Lawrence' that they have forgotten his real name; and I am ashamed to say that I don't remember it, and could not tell it to you without first looking it up. Then there are the more recent but not less famous naval engagements of Admiral Farragut. Willie has read about them, I know. During one of the most noted you will remember he lashed himself to the rigging in the midst of the fight. Do you know why?"

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"Was he afraid that he should want to run away?" asked little Minnie.

"Run away, Minnie!" exclaimed Willie, indignant at such a thought about his hero.

"Then why was it, Willie?" asked his father.

"O, I know this time!" returned Willie, smiling as he remembered how his papa had reproved him for lecturing his little sister, and assuming to know more than she did. He was determined not to be caught in that way again. "I know why it was," he said, "for I have been reading all about Admiral Farragut when he was a brave little midshipman, only twelve years old. He never wanted to run away, even then. He tied himself to the mast of his ship so that he could have his hands free to use his spy-glass to see the fighting."

"That is very true. At another time when he was getting his ships ready to run past two great Rebel forts he dressed the masts and rigging with boughs of trees. Now do you know why?"

Willie did not know, and frankly confessed that he did not.

"It was in order that the enemy might mistake his vessels as they approached for part of the woods that lined the shores of the river. This idea he probably borrowed from reading in a play how a whole army disguised its numbers by each man carrying a green bough before him. You would hardly suppose that soldiers or sailors could get ideas about war from plays. When you are older, and read the detailed accounts of wars, you will find many curious incidents of this kind in history. The true histories of the great naval heroes I have mentioned have more of exciting romance in them than any fiction or story-book that was ever written.

"'Naval operations,' as all warlike movements on the water are called, though carried on usually in connection with army or land operations, are entirely different from them. The ship is a fort, and a fleet of ships may be compared to a fortified or intrenched camp, such as I was telling you of last; and the sailors are the garrison. But this fort, unlike the kind on land, has legs."

"Legs, papa!" exclaimed Willie.

"Well, at least it can run away when there is danger of its capture, or it can pursue the enemy if he runs away. In fact, a fleet of ships is an army which carries its fortifications about with it, — each ship is a porcupine, and the cannon pointed from the sides are the sharp quills with which it defends itself. Every war ship full of sailors is a company of sailors in armor, — a battery of artillery with movable bomb-proof fortifications.

"In olden times ships of war were used only on the ocean or great lakes, and if any one had foretold before the great rebellion in this country began, that great naval battles would be fought on inland rivers, where ships of war had never been seen, he would have been laughed at as a false prophet. Formerly, ships of war, built to sail very fast and armed with great numbers of cannon peeping from port-holes cut in the sides of the vessels and manned by sailors trained to fight, were sent out upon cruises, — that is, to hunt for other ships belonging to the enemy, and capture or destroy them. Some-

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times these cruisers would fall in with merchant vessels belonging to the enemy, and either burn them or run them into port and then use them for their own purposes. But sometimes these ships of war in cruising would meet other than defenceless merchant ships, — men of war as big and powerful as themselves; and then there would perhaps be a battle. Sometimes the weaker one would run away, and the stronger pursue; this is called 'a chase.'

"A naval battle in the old style was generally opened by a single shot fired at long distance as a sort of challenge to combat. If the enemy was ready to fight, he replied to the challenge shot with another, — a sort of defiance gun. Then the two ships would hoist their flags and would gradually approach each other with their sides and not their bows presented, all the time firing rapidly and fiercely, with all the cannon which they could use. Every moment they would approach more closely, their shots falling like hail on the deck, or rattling against the sides, or whistling through the rigging, or crashing through the sides, until you would think, if you were aboard, that the ship would sink at every shot. Yet these same wooden ships have been so cut up in battle that they were not worth taking into port after capture. Still they did not sink. This was generally because none of the shots took effect below the water's edge. At other times a ship has been sunk by a single shot, — a fortunate one that took effect below the water level. Do you know that it is very difficult to send a ball from a cannon or bullet from a rifle through the water? If you fire a bullet directly down into a deep stream it will become flattened simply by striking the water. If a cannon-ball is fired, and strikes the water, it will skip along its smooth surface just as you have seen pebbles do when thrown into a brook or pond. When I was a little boy I had a playmate whose back was broken by falling from a ship into the sea and coming in contact with nothing but the water. Fishermen sometimes spear fish under water, but you never hear of their shooting them in that way. The reason that ships are so seldom sunk in battle is that cannon-balls will not penetrate through the water and the side of the ship too.

"Sometimes war ships engaged in battle approach so close to each other that their sides touch. Then the sailors who are fighting prepare to 'board' their enemy. In 'boarding' the sailors leave the guns and arm themselves with swords or cutlasses and pistols, and when the ships touch they spring from their own ship to that of the enemy, and become engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. Often the fighting in this way becomes very desperate and bloody.

It is related of a Roman sailor, that in attempting to climb from a small boat into a ship which he and his comrades were trying to 'board' and capture, he had his right hand, by which he was clinging to the ship, cut off by a blow from the enemy. He caught hold with the other, and that was immediately cut off too; but it was not until he had drawn his head up to the deck of the boat. With both hands gone, he clung by his elbows and chin, and did not relinquish his hold until his enemy with another blow

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severed his head from his body, and he fell back into the water dead. Such terrible scenes as this are not often witnessed, however. Doubtless you think that was a brave sailor and a bold act; but I can tell you of another sailor who was braver and bolder still. It was not in battle either, nor was it done in order to kill an enemy, but to save his comrades. His name was Lieutenant Edward Smith, and he commanded a little schooner called the Magpie, which was wrecked in 1826, and he and six of his men escaped by clinging to a capsized boat. The lieutenant was the youngest of them all, except a lad named Wilson, but he was also the coolest, and he ordered them all to get off the boat and endeavor to right it. They obeyed him, all the while splashing their legs in the water to keep off the sharks, which they could see swimming around them, and at last the boat was righted. Lieutenant Smith then ordered two of the men to get in the boat to bail out the water, while he and four others hung on to its side, and tried to keep off the sharks. He soon after ordered two more of the men into the boat, and the bailing was going on rapidly, when one of the men was seized by a shark, and uttering a cry as he sank, so frightened the others that they again capsized the boat. The Lieutenant, who remained calm while the others were excited, ordered them to right it again, and put two men in it to bail out the water. As they were getting into the boat, a shark swam up and at one bite took off one of Lieutenant Smith's legs. The pain was terrible, but, for fear of frightening the others and causing them to upset the boat again, he did not even groan, and the men did not know that he was injured. He ordered all into the boat before he attempted to get in himself, and just as he was about doing so another shark snapped off his other leg. He fell back in the water, but the men caught him and lifted him in the boat. He had only time before expiring to say to the lad Wilson, that when he reached shore he must go to the admiral and report that his men had all done their duty. And then the brave sailor died. I have told you this story of a battle with the sharks to show you that it is not only in war that brave men display their courage.

"When the ships in fighting each other come to what is called 'close quarters,' the cannon are usually not fired, but there are instances recorded where the guns of one ship have been thrust into the port-holes of the other and fired. You would suppose that such a shot would be very damaging to a ship and almost destroy it; but the case is really otherwise. The ball from the cannon moves with such force and rapidity that in cutting through the wood it makes a hole very little larger than itself, while a ball fired at a great distance, and moving with less force and momentum, would be more destructive. The smoke of the cannon is apt to do more harm when fired in the port-hole of the enemy than the ball, as it is a long time clearing away; the men cannot see how to work their own guns, and may be driven by the smoke on deck for fear of suffocation and fire.

"Frequently several ships of war cruise in company. They are then called a 'fleet' or 'squadron,' and they are formed in divisions, just as an army is, and all are under the direction of a single commander. If they meet

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a similar fleet of the enemy an engagement results. The ships on either side are arranged in order of battle precisely as the regiments of an army are on land. They advance to the attack, charge, retreat, and go through movements as the foot-soldiers do, but of course not in the same way. Sometimes one vessel has to fight two or more; at others the fleets are equally divided as to numbers, and each vessel singles out an adversary, and the battle becomes a series of single-handed contests between the ships, and the battle is carried on almost in the same way as I have told you.

"It is only of wooden ships that I have been speaking. Previous to the great war in this country, war ships were generally of this kind. But before the great rebellion was ended — indeed, before it was fairly begun in deep earnest — other kinds of war ships, made of iron instead of wood, and lying low in the water, and others that ran almost wholly under water, were used to destroy the ships of the enemy. A famous engineer, named John Ericsson, invented and built a strangely shaped iron war vessel which he called "The Monitor." It was a small vessel whose deck was only a few inches above the water, but on the deck was built a circular tower about ten feet high, which moved round and round, so that the guns in it could be pointed at the enemy without turning the entire vessel around in the water, and it could run at a vessel prow first and still be firing at her. The government officers did not believe that Mr. Ericsson's boat was of any value, and would not encourage him to build it; but some friends aided him, and in March, 1862, it was completed. Even then the government officers would not buy it until the inventor had sent it to sea and tried it in battle. One day after it had started out to sea — it was the 8th of March — a huge, black monster sailed out of the Rebel port of Norfolk and fearlessly began an attack on the fleet of wooden ships in the bay at Fortress Monroe called Hampton Roads. It was a Rebel iron-clad; and during all that day it played sad havoc with our vessels. A great wooden frigate named the Cumberland was sunk by a blow, another, the Congress was burned; and other ships were damaged. Night compelled the Rebel ship to return to port, but in the morning early, Sunday as it was, she came out again. But as she ran across the bay to attack the ship Minnesota, the Rebel sailors were astonished to see a little boat run boldly out to meet her and open fire upon her from two guns in a tower. They laughed at the singular-looking ship, and called it 'a Yankee cheese-box on a raft.' It was the Monitor, which had left for a trial-trip to sea, and had come into Hampton Roads during the night. The Rebels did not laugh long at the little ship. They soon found that she was more active, more easily managed, better clad in iron, harder to hit, and more difficult to damage than their own ship was; and after being much battered and having been shot through, the Rebel boat ran back into Norfolk, and never came out again, for the Rebels afterwards blew her up. The government officers were then very willing to buy the Monitor, and the engineer was asked to build more. When the news of this battle was heard in England, the papers there said that the safety of England was gone, for the wooden walls of her navy would no longer protect her. And so they have ever since been building iron-clads.

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"Even before this battle other iron-clad vessels had been built, principally on the great Western rivers. These were not called ships or monitors, but 'gunboats.' They were simply great hulls of old boats clad in iron to protect them, and very ungainly looking objects they were. They sat high above the water, and were flat-bottomed, because great as are the Western rivers, they are very shallow, and the steamboats which run on them have to be built to float almost on the surface of the water; they are very unlike those which are seen on the Hudson and other deep rivers and the lakes. But though not handsome or swift, they were very strong, and did good fighting during the war. The first victory in the West was won by them at Fort Henry; and they captured Island No. 10 and Memphis and Arkansas Port, and many other places on the Mississippi.

"General Ellet also invented for use on the Western rivers what was called a 'ram,' because it was intended not so much to fight with guns as to run down the boats of the enemy and sink them by collisions. They were, like the 'gunboats,' simply old steamers strengthened at the bow in order that they might hit a hard blow. Then there was in use on the Western rivers what is called a 'mortar boat.' It was, like the others, a flat-bottomed boat, with a single mortar for throwing hot shot and shells, the sides being iron-clad to protect the men from Rebel sharpshooters. Torpedo boats were also invented. These were small submarine boats, running entirely under water and carrying a torpedo, which, placed under a vessel and exploded, would blow it into fragments. These were more frequently used by the Rebels than by the Union sailors, who did not much fancy that kind of warfare: it was too much like stabbing an enemy in the dark. The Rebels had a large number of iron-clad ships and gunboats, but they were very unfortunate with them. The most formidable of their iron-clads had to commit suicide, — that is, they were blown up to avoid capture. It was in this way that the Merrimack, Manassas, Louisiana, and all their gunboats on the Mississippi River were lost to them. Of all their navy, only the Alabama, an English-built iron-clad, made any reputation by its cruises, and that was not such reputation as a brave and noble sailor would wish to make, though the Rebel officer who commanded her seems to have thought so, and has written two books to say how nobly he had acted. But the Alabama was a cowardly ship. It behaved just as you have seen big boys in school, who fought the smaller boys and played the bully until some boy of his own size took him in hand and soundly thrashed him. The Alabama was a swift-sailing ship, and it roved about the Atlantic Ocean, destroying all the helpless, unarmed American vessels which came in its way. It would run down a merchant ship, set it on fire and leave the passengers to get away as best they could in their small boats. It took good care to hunt only after merchant vessels, which carried no guns and could not fight, and its only aim was to destroy. But one day this big bully met more than his match in the Kearsarge, which had heard of his depredations, and had come out to put a stop to them. It found the bully in a French port, where, by the laws of nations, it could not attack him; but the Kearsarge

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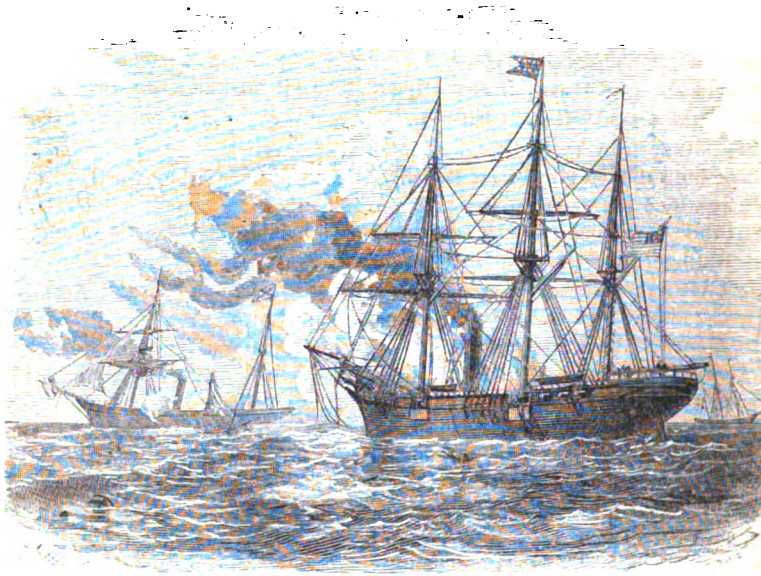

went outside of the harbor and waited for the Alabama. The same laws of nations which forbid ships to fight in the harbor of a foreign country also require war ships to leave their ports within a certain number of days. So the blustering Alabama had at length to come out and fight the modest Kearsarge. It was the first time he had encountered an armed ship, and it was the last also. The Kearsarge immediately attacked and sunk him, but saved most of the English crew. The commander was an American named Semmes, who was much frightened while in the water, and called to his enemy to "save him first because he was the captain." A yacht came along and picked him up, and he then prevailed on the captain of the yacht to carry him into port again, where he refused to consider himself a prisoner.

"But, papa," said Willie, finding his father did not immediately resume his remarks, "I don't understand how the commander in battle makes himself heard, or how he sees all the battle at once."

"He does not always, — at least on land, though he may on the water. He sees with other eyes, and between these other commanders or subordinates, as they are called, and the general who directs the battle messengers, called 'aides-de-camp,' are continually going and coming, and these convey information and orders. On shipboard orders are conveyed by signal flags, and on land also much of the information and many of the orders are conveyed in this way. Have you never heard of the 'flag that talks'?"

"The flag that talks?" repeated Willie.

"Yes. I do not mean the bright star-spangled banner which you see every day above the city's public places, and which I hope speaks to you always of the liberty and union and peace it blesses us with, — but one less

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sacred. It is called the signal flag. There are several in use in the navy, but only one in the army, for the reason that messages are expressed in the navy by a combination of flags, and in the army by a combination of movements to and fro, backward and forward, of a single white flag with a red diamond in the centre. At night a great flaming torch is used in the army,

and colored lanterns in the navy, instead of flags. Each movement of the army flag or torch signifies a letter of the alphabet, and several movements spell a word or sentence. In the navy entire messages are sent by the display of the several different colored flags or lanterns on the mast of the ship. The officers and men of the signal corps of an army are distributed among the various head-quarters; they are stationed on high hills not too far apart, where they watch the movements of each other's flags through spy-glasses, and return signals. When I was with the army which was besieged in Chattanooga in 1863, I often watched the Rebel signal flags fluttering on the mountains around the town, sending secret messages to each other over the heads of our soldiers. Afterwards, during the great battle there, when Lookout Mountain was taken, our signal officers telegraphed the news of the victory to General Sherman, five miles away on another mountain, over the heads of the Rebels, but above the tops of the clouds too!

"Messages were sent by these flags many miles across the country during the war. There is one memorable instance which I will tell you of. In 1864 the Rebel army under General Hood marched around the Union army of General Sherman and attacked a small fort called Altoona, in which was stored a large amount of ammunition and food. The Rebels were

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between General Sherman's army and the fort, and the commander of the fort could not send a messenger through their lines asking for help. But he had a signal flag in the fort, and as the Rebels were marching up to attack him they saw this white flag with the red diamond waving from the signal station. Then they looked back and saw, twenty miles behind them, on Kennesaw Mountain, another little flag waving an answer. They could not tell what the flags said, but right over their heads they continued to talk to each other. The flag in the fort had asked for help; the other had said it was coming, and cheerily the brave little garrison in the fort fought the Rebels until the great army of General Sherman came up. Then the Rebels had to run away, weary and hungry, although there was enough in the fort, if they had captured it, to feed them for months.

"As I was telling you, the Rebels used to wave their flags in our sight and talk over our heads at Chattanooga; but they were not allowed to do it long before we found out what they were talking about. You must understand that, though they used the same movements that our flags did, the signs for the letters were different, and usually we could not tell their meaning. The sign for A with us might be X with them. But at Chattanooga one of our soldiers learned the language of the Rebel signal flag. He was a lieutenant in the Thirty-Third Indiana Regiment. Whenever he was off duty, he used to go to a little hillock near his camp in full view of the Rebel signal stations, and with pencil and paper mark down the movements of the signal flags as he saw them on the mountain near by. He would draw the signs on paper and carefully study them over, finding a letter one day, another on some other day. Other soldiers seeing him doing this from day to day, and not knowing what he was trying to make, nor understanding his marks on the paper, thought he was crazy, and pitied but did not disturb him. His fellow-officers threatened to have him court-martialed for 'general worthlessness.' He studied in this way for several weeks, until at length he had the Rebel signal alphabet, letter for letter, and could read their messages as fast as they were given. Then he went to the general of the army and told him what he had done, and showed him the last despatch which the Rebels had sent. Our signal officers were called in; they examined the crazy soldier's signs and marks and tested them, and found he was not so crazy after all. He was promoted and put in the signal corps, and soon taught the others how to read the Rebel signals. A few weeks after this a battle took place at night, and the Rebel general attempted to direct his troops by the signal torch. But his orders were read as fast as they were delivered, and knowing what the Rebels were about to do, our generals were able to act before them, and thus won the battle. At night these great flaming torches were very picturesque and beautiful, and seemed to those watching them in battle as if again the stars in their courses were fighting for the Union.

"And now I have told you all I know about battles, and how they are fought on land and sea. I only hope that it is information for which you will never have any use."

Major Traverse.

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DEBBY'S WEDDING.

"ROKTHY! Rokthy! Wake up and thee how the thnow fallth, can't thee?"

No need for little Tommy to call so vigorously from his truckle-bed in the room next the one occupied by his two sisters, Deborah and Roxana. Roxy had been roused some minutes before by Debby's pleasant plashing of water from behind the screen. Now she leaned upon her elbow in bed, gazing dolefully out upon the snow, which had been falling for the past two hours.

"O Debby!" she cried, without answering Tommy's summons. "What will thee do if it keeps on snowing?"

"O, I guess it will be clear before ten, and then the folks will have a merry time going to meeting in sleighs."

"But if it snows all day, thy new bonnet and cloak will be ruined, Debby."

"Then Caleb will have to buy me a new suit when we get to the city, if I spoil one in his service," replied the elder sister, laughing.

Roxy removed her upholding arm from beneath her round cheek, and sank back against the pillows. Those few words, "When we get to the city," had brought as in a flash to her mind the reflection that she was about to be parted from this dear, kind elder sister. The past few weeks had been so filled with the bustle of preparation for the great event of this day, that little time had been given to thinking of the coming separation.

A hard knot rose in Roxy's throat, and a thick film blinded her eyes, as the vision came to her of what the farm-house would be without "our Debby" flitting round like a sweet gentle fairy, restoring order with a touch and good temper with a pleasant word.

Roxy almost hated Caleb Dawson as she reflected that he was to gain all that they must miss.

"Come, Roxy dear," said Debby, appearing from behind the screen, rubbing her pink cheeks into a brilliant scarlet, "'t is almost breakfast-time, and thee should be nearly dressed by this time. But what ails thee, dear child? Thee 's not crying for the snow, I hope. Tut, tut! never mind."

Roxy tried to sob out an answer, but it was not until Debby had laid her soft hand caressingly on her wrinkled brow that she managed to gasp, "It is not that, Debby, but — but — thee 's going to leave the valley — and ho—ome and a—all, and thee 'll forget all about us, and only care for Caleb Dawson. I wish he had never come to the valley, so I do! Tommy and I used to think it fun to watch him fidget about till thee came down stairs, and we used to laugh to see you look so fond of each other, and sidle so close together; but now I only seem to think of thy going away, and how bad we 'll feel without thee. O Debby!" and Roxy seized her sister's hand convulsively, "can't thee stay with us? Just change thy mind for once."

A cloud faintly shadowed Debby's sunny face for a moment, but was

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succeeded by a smile, as she replied, gently and firmly, "Thee knows it is too late for that now, Roxy, even if I wanted to change. But Caleb and I could not be happy unless we were together. We do not mean to forget the valley, nor any of the dear folks. We shall often run down to visit the farm, and when we get nicely settled in the city, thee shall come up to pay us a good long visit, Roxy dear. The love we bear to each other would be poor indeed if it did not deepen the love we have for others instead of lessening it."

Debby bent and kissed her little sister's warm cheek, gratified with the affection, yet pained that Roxy should think her capable of forgetting home amidst her new ties.

"It ith all nonthenth, Rokthy," called little Tommy from the next room, "thy wanting Debby to back down at thith time of day. Why, she 'th pathed meeting, don't thee know? Let me thee, what wath it she thaid? O yeth, — 'my own inclination, new thituation, intention — Caleb Dawthon.'"

Even crying Roxy had to laugh at this version of her sister's "passing meeting." What her sister really had said on the preceding First Day in the Friends' meeting-house at Exton was, "With Divine permission and Friends' approbation, it is my intention to marry Caleb Dawson." Caleb had previously repeated the same formulary, except that of course he said "Deborah Pancoast" where she said "Caleb Dawson."

Roxy's laugh at Tommy's mistake so far restored her composure that she jumped out of bed and hastily commenced her dressing operations.

Some time before the hour to start for meeting came, an idea entered Roxy's little head, which instead of being dutifully expelled was allowed to remain until it had grown so large that it was impossible to rid herself of it. Why could not she go up to the city in the same train with her sister, not discovering herself to the newly married pair until the end of the journey, when it would be too late to send her back? She had a whole gold dollar of her own, which would surely be enough to pay her fare all the way, and twice over too.

Roxy almost jumped for joy at the happy thought, little knowing, foolish child! what terror and misery this wild idea was to bring upon herself and her friends.

At ten o'clock precisely, all the sleighs belonging to the Pancoast family drove up to the meeting-house door, and a great stir they made, to be sure.

In the first sat Friend Pancoast, his wife, Roxy, and Tommy. Next drove up Caleb and Debby in a very small cutter, while a large sledge bore all the workmen and maids belonging to the farm.

Very pretty Debby looked as she alighted, but very pale and trembling when she took her seat in the gallery, with all the old Friends looking at her through their spectacles, and the younger ones peeping slyly at her from under their close bonnets.

I doubt much whether any of the bridal party heard a word of the two long sermons which preceded the marriage ceremony, — one from the text, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of

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the Lord"; the other, "My Beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens and to gather lilies." At length the long preliminary pause is over, and every eye in the meeting-house is turned on the young couple who stand so solemnly together; he, strong, self-reliant, composed; she, trembling, yet confident in the affection and power of him to whom she promises in the presence of her friends, with Divine assistance, to be a loving and obedient wife. Another pause, and then a great bustle and confusion; friends who are not to be of the company at the farm, pressing forward to offer their hearty congratulations, while Debby's mother nervously wonders whether Thomas and Caleb mean to stay all the morning in the meeting-house, and so lose the wedding breakfast, or miss the train.

Finally all are safely stowed away in the sleighs, the bells jingle merrily as the impatient horses paw and scrape on the freshly fallen snow, the last tuck is given to the buffalo-robes, and off they start again for the farm.

Merry was that ride and merry the breakfast at the end of it. Never had Tommy laughed so much, nor devoured so many cakes and sweetmeats. Friend Pancoast was almost uproarious with mirth, while many a quiet Friend forgot decorum to join in the merry-making.

But Roxy, poor, conscience-stricken Roxy, could not enjoy the fun at all, contemplating as she did such an enterprise as leaving home unknown to all.

Many noticed her dejection, and, attributing it to sorrow at the coming separation from her sister, kindly pressed her to return home with them for a day or two after the bridal pair had started on their wedding-trip. Roxy's mother answered to all invitations, that the child must do as she thought best about leaving home. It would be dull for her, no doubt, without Debby, but she must get used to it some time or other.

Roxy held her head proudly up, to keep down the rising tears, and clasped more tightly in the hand she held in her pocket the gold dollar which seemed such a fortune to her.

The time seemed very long until three o'clock, when the whole company were to escort the bridal pair to the town to see them safely in the cars, and afterward to disperse to their several homes.

Roxy rode in a neighbor's sleigh, so that when the tearful adieus were all over, and her mother on looking round the depot did not see her, she made no inquiry about her. Roxy was supposed to have accepted one of the many pressing invitations, while the friends who brought her to the depot were equally satisfied that she had returned with her mother.

A crouching form sat in a corner of the railway carriage, trembling if the couple far ahead of her did but move to raise or lower the sash. Fortunately, or unfortunately for Roxy, Caleb and Debby, like most happy couples on their wedding-tours, were entirely unconscious of every object save the one beside them.

The conductor glanced curiously at Roxy, but made no comment as he handed back two ten-cent pieces in exchange for her dollar. Children daily

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went up to the city alone, and it was no affair of his, if the little girl only paid her fare through.

That was a tedious ride to the little country girl, unused to travel in the cars, especially when the roads were blocked up with snow; and she felt stiff and tired when at length, after many stoppings at way-stations, the train steamed into a long, cold, dark depot unquestionably belonging to the city.

Roxy kept a sharp lookout for her sister, and when the train stopped, ran towards the part of the car where Debby sat, intending to discover herself. Half-way down the car she missed her muff, and turned back to recover it. It lay snugly on the seat she had left, but when Roxy turned to look for her sister and new brother, both had left the car.

In vain Roxy quickened her steps, and jumped hurriedly from the car. Caleb's black hat and Debby's new velvet bonnet were not to be discovered among the mass of heads thronging the dark depot.

Roxy threaded in and out among the crowd, looking around in vain for the objects of her search. A quarter of an hour passed before she found her way into the street. There she saw a long line of carriages, which the drivers were urging passengers to take.

One at least was engaged, for Roxy's heart throbbed quickly as she saw two trunks, one marked C. D. the other D. P., strapped tightly on behind. The driver had taken his seat and was flourishing his whip for a start, so Roxy sprang forward to arrest his progress. In her haste, unused to city pavements, she slipped and fell.

On rising she found that the hack had turned the corner: still undismayed, though with some sinking of the heart, she ran after it. She saw it about half a square distant, but rapidly increasing the distance between her and her sister. In vain she ran and called, "Caleb! Debby! O Debby, do not leave me!"

Faster and faster rolled the carriage away, turning corner after corner till at length Roxy could see it no longer, nor did she even know the way back to the depot.

Cold, tired, and fairly frightened, she sat down upon a doorstep and burst into tears. It was now nearly dark. Men were lighting the street-lamps, and people were closing their parlor shutters, as is the inhospitable custom of the City of Brotherly Love. Roxy did not know what in the world she should do.

Presently the door of the house opened, and a woman with a basket came out, saying, in a whining voice, "Blessings on you for your kindness to a poor woman as has a sick man at home and six poor little childer. It's nicely warmed I've got at yer kitchen fire, and these nice pieces to boot. Bless you forever, I say."

The door closed, when the woman, changing her tone, suddenly exclaimed angrily, throwing away some pieces of bread as she spoke, "Drat the stingy miser. Does she give me dry bread, when it's money I want?" Here she perceived Roxy sitting on the step, and instantly resuming her whine said, "Ah! pretty miss, have you not a penny to give a poor woman?"

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"I will give thee ten cents," replied Roxy, quickly, "if thee will take me to where my sister Debby is staying to-night."

"And where is that?" asked the woman, scarcely repressing a smile.

"I don't know. Some hotel or other, I think. She is going away to New York early in the morning. I live away far off in the country, and don't know my way about town yet."

"Well," said the woman, "just come with me. I know all about all the hotels as well as any one, and I guess I can find your sister."

She took Roxy's hand and led her away, up one street and down another, until they reached one of the most forlorn districts of the city.

Roxy was utterly fatigued with her unwonted travels, and was very glad when the woman told her they were nearly "there."

"Is this it?" asked Roxy, doubtfully, as the woman led her up a narrow court to a low, dirty house standing quite alone.

"Yes, this is *my* hotel, Sissy, and I guess we 'll soon find your sister."

Roxy sighed, thinking the woman was mistaken, but, too tired to resist, preceded the woman, who closed and locked the door after they entered. In a room off the entry they found half a dozen or more ragged children sitting crouching over a low fire, each with a basket before her.

"What have you brought to-night, Sukey?" asked the woman of the oldest. "Ah! that is nice, — chicken and pie. We 'll be rich if we go on. Any money? Humph! twenty pennies ain't a fortune either."

And thus she went the rounds, until Roxy found to her horror that she had been brought into a nest of professional beggars, — a class of whom she had heard whispers, but had never before formed any idea of. Timidly she approached her conductor and begged to be taken to her sister.

"You must be a little gumpus!" exclaimed the woman, laughing heartily. "How can I tell where your sister is, when you don't even know the name of the hotel she has put up at?"

"Then why did thee bring me here?" asked Roxy, crying.

"To rest you, poor chick, to be sure," said the woman, coaxingly. "Just bide with us till morn, and I 'll try to find your folks, or at least return you to the step I found you on. Eat some of this cake, dearie, and then I 'll show you the way to bed."

Roxy could not eat the cake for terror and fatigue. How grieved and frightened would her parents be! O, why had she ever been so naughty? Seeing that it was better to remain here for the night than to return to the street, she made no resistance when the woman conducted her to her bed, which was not so dirty as might have been expected, though bearing no comparison to the whiteness of her own couch.

Here poor Roxy sobbed out a penitent prayer for protection, with promises never to be so naughty again if only she might be brought safely home. Then jumping into bed, having laid her clothes across the foot, she soon cried herself to sleep.

It was late in the morning before she was roused by the warm sun shining on her cold face. It was so much like a home awaking, that she was quite

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bewildered not to find herself in her own bed. A moment's thought, however, recalled yesterday's events to her mind, and springing out of bed she determined to dress immediately, and make her way to the depot at which she had arrived yesterday, for she was sure of meeting some one there who knew her and could take her home. Her clothes, however, were not to be found, but in their stead were laid a dirty torn dress and old plaid shawl, with a ragged hood beside them. The nice merino dress, quilted cloak, and bonnet, tippet, and muff had all disappeared, and poor Roxy was left with not a single decent article of wearing apparel, but the little chemise in which she had slept, and the flannel petticoat she had wrapped round her shoulders. Even her shoes and stockings were replaced with a worn pair of heavy boots and a thin pair of stockings.

The room was entirely bare, so they could not be secreted in it. Poor Roxy was fain to don the disgusting habiliments of a beggar in order to be able to search for her own clothes. What was her amazement to find on leaving her room that the house was entirely deserted, not a single one of the four rooms containing a solitary inmate. The rooms were empty of everything but two beds, a table, and a few chairs, every article of any value being probably locked up in the closets, of which there were three.

Roxy saw that she had probably been left for the day, and wisely concluding her best plan would be to quit this house, she let herself out at the front door, which she found only latched, and wandered, hungry, cold, frightened, and not a little ashamed of her strange dress, into the street. She had not walked very far when she reached a crowded thoroughfare, and, determining to ask the first nice-looking lady she met for advice, she moved slowly along. Suddenly a hand was laid roughly on her shoulder, and, looking up, behind her she saw her conductress of yesterday. Fear lent her strength, and tearing herself away she rushed across the street, but not in time to escape being thrown down on the stones by a pair of horses whose driver had not noticed the little girl, in his hurry to get his carriage ahead of another driver's.

Poor Roxy was taken up for dead, but, some signs of life being discovered, she was taken to a hospital, where she lay unconscious of everything save the keenest agony for many a weary week.

At just about the time when Roxy was run over in the street, Roxy's mother began to be uneasy about her, for Neighbor Lloyd had stopped in passing to inquire how all felt after the wedding, and on being inquired of concerning Roxy, said he had left her the day before in the depot, Roxy's parents having all the while supposed she had gone home with him.

Still there was hope that she had gone home with Friend Jones or Friend Thomas, or some other neighbor; but when noon came all had been questioned, and none had seen Roxy after parting with Caleb and Debby.

"Perhapth, mother, Rokthy hath gone up to the thity with Debby," suggested Tommy, after every possible supposition of her whereabouts had been broached. "She wath taking on awful hard in the morning becauthe of Debby'th going away."

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THE GOOSE RACE.

DRAWN BY JOHN J. HARLEY.]

[See the Story.

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"Impossible!" replied his mother, "Debby would not have allowed it." However, the conductor was sought out, and did remember something of having taken fare from a plainly dressed little girl who went up alone. But she was not with Caleb and Debby, for he himself had seen them drive off together from the depot, and he was positive there was no child of any description with them.

This slight clew was seized at once, policemen set upon the track, and in fact every measure taken which could possibly bring success; but in vain.

Debby's wedding-trip was cut short by receiving a telegram to return immediately. The whole household, and indeed the whole valley, was involved in the deepest sorrow, and the week begun in so much merriment was ended in grief and consternation.

Several weeks passed, and scarcely a hope of recovering the little wanderer was left. Debby had tearfully taken possession of her pretty new house in the city, feeling as if all enjoyment in her so lately anticipated pleasures was gone forever.

She was sitting in her cosey parlor one warm bright morning in April, or "fourth month" as she called it, sadly musing over her little sister's disappearance, when a loud ring startled her from her revery, and presently her maid ushered in a benevolent old Friend, "dressed," as Debby afterwards said, "quite plainly enough to sit in the preacher's gallery."

"Thee 's Deborah Dawson, is thee not?" asked the old lady, benignly.

"Yes," replied Deborah, simply.

"And I am Charity Pennock," returned the Friend. "So now we know each other, only I rather have the advantage of thee. I make certain of my welcome, for thee sees I have some good news for thee, my child."

"Roxy," gasped Debby, seizing the old lady's hand and drawing her to a seat beside her on the sofa.

"Yes, Roxy, safe if not quite well, thanks to our merciful Father."

"Where?" asked Debby, almost choking.

"In the hospital where I have been in the habit of visiting for years. She has been entirely unconscious until to-day, when she addressed me in the plain language, and begged to be taken to her sister. On asking thy name, I immediately knew she must be the child whose mysterious disappearance I had heard of; so, looking up thy husband's place of business, I got him to send a carriage for the little girl, and — but here it is now."

Need we tell how joyous was that meeting, — how tenderly Debby nursed her sister into recovery, — how the whole Pancoast family came down to see her, and how she cried and sobbed and promised never to be so naughty again?

Roxy is now a large girl, and has been many times since to the city; but she never forgets that first memorable visit on the day of her sister Debby's wedding.

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THE GOOSE RACE.

PHIL AIKEN'S STORY.

I WAS always racing with Ned. I mean Ned Hickleby. He is my cousin, you know.

He and I were babies together, and our first race was a *creep*. The prize — a rattle-box placed on the floor — was the goal we ran for. I won it. Uncle George — who put us up to it, one Thanksgiving day — says I came out half a pinafore ahead.

"Sich tall creepin' I never see in all my born days!" says he. "Did n't you scramble! Jest as you, Phil, grabbed the rattle, Ned he grabbed your toe, and give it sich a bite! I knowed then 't would be nip-and-tuck with you through life," says my Uncle George.

Then we were always racing, as we grew up, — to see which would touch the school-house door first; to see which would coast to the foot of Grimes's Hill first, — both starting at the foot, and drawing up our sleds; to see which would climb a tree, or come down a tree, quickest. Once Ned came down so fast he broke his arm, and he declared he beat; but I said he did n't, for falling was n't fair.

Then there were races on skates. And of course we raced horses as soon as we began to ride, and many a tumble we got before we had learned to hold on well.

It was the same thing in school, which we seemed to regard as only a sort of race-course. My chief motive for studying (and I did study hard) was to get above Ned; and I don't know that it once entered my mind that spelling had any use, except as a game to beat him at.

This honest rivalry — for we were always the best of friends through it all — served to make good runners and riders and skaters of us, — swimmers and rowers too, I may say, for many a race was on or in the water. Rowing was a good joke, since we had but one boat between us. He pulled an oar on one side, I pulled on the other, and the fun was, to see which could pull the other round. As our pulling was about equal, it generally sent the boat straight ahead; and as we never stopped to look where we were going, once we went aground smash into the old goose-pen, where Aunt Luce was getting eggs, and scared her so she broke a whole apronful, and darted out through the slats over the top of the pen, like a circus-

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woman through a hoop, Ned said. Another time we went over the dam, and got an awful ducking.

His folks lived in one end of the old house and my folks lived in the other end; and they used to find our habit of racing come handy, when there was a good stroke of boys' work to be done. They would set us at two churns, and see which would fetch the butter first. Then, of course, the one that could husk more baskets of corn in a day, or pile up more wood, than the other, was always "the best feller."

We had tried almost every imaginable style of race, — we had had dog races and cat races, and once we had an ox race; Ned rode old Brindle and I rode old Bright, and they got off the course, and ran with us into the woods, and brushed us off, and gave us such a scratching and bruising generally that we never wanted to try that sport again.

Then one day Uncle George, — who liked the fun as well as we did, and never cared who beat, for he could brag of the winner, and say, "That 'ere little nephew o' mine, he 's awful smart!" no matter which of us it was; — one day he asked us why we never had a "goose race."

"What 's a goose race?" says Ned.

"Did n't you never hear of a goose race?" says Uncle George. "Wal, the' 's suthin' fer ye to larn yit, in the sportin' line. Jest see which 'll dig out fust on these 'ere rows o' puttaters; then I 'll tell ye."

So Ned and I dug as if for dear life, and I got out first, though he declared I did n't dig fair, and, to prove it, went back and found potatoes

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in the ground I had gone over, which I offset by finding about as many in his hills. Uncle George, who sat on a barrel at the end of the rows, and watched us, as *umpire*, — which was a good deal easier than doing the work himself, — said neither had won, and we must try again. Then, as the result was still doubtful, he said we had better take two barrels, and pick the potatoes up, and see which would get the most; "and I 'll be talkin'," says he.

I don't remember which beat on the potatoes, but I do remember what he told us about the goose race.

"You 've your two flocks you 've been raisin'," says he. "Ned has sartin got the most geese; but Phil stands to 't that his 'n are the biggest. Now pick out, each on ye, eight or ten o' yer smartest geese, an' see which can drive acrost the pond fust."

"In the water, Uncle George?"

"Of course, in the water, if it 's *acrost* the pond."

"But how can we?"

"That 's the p'int I 'm goin' to explain. Fust place, harness up yer geese; each in his own way, — there 's that coarse twine we had fer tyin' up wool, shearin' time; ye can have that, — an' see which 'll beat, makin' the harnesses. Take, say, nine geese apiece, four span, and a leader; or drive three abreast if you like. Then there 's that ol' molasses-cask, we 'll saw that in two, and make ye a couple o' tubs fer to ride in. Then, when you 've got yer geese well harnessed and broke, some Sat'dy arternoon, when you 've worked smart, and 'arnt a play-spell, we 'll tackle on to the tubs, — I 'll go in the boat, an' see fair play, — an' the one that gits his team an' tub an' himself acrost the pond quickest, shall have my ol' six-bladed jack-knife."

The six-bladed knife had been our wonder and envy as long as we could remember. Yet the idea of the race itself was sufficiently exciting, without the offer of so splendid a prize.

We set to work at once making harnesses; and what a squawking there was in the old goose-pens, at odd spells, for about a week!

"Boys! boys! what *are* ye about?" says my father, or some one of the folks, whenever a fresh goose was caught.

"The boys are doin' well enough," says Uncle George; "jest let 'em alone; I know what they 're up to."

My way was, when I caught a goose, to harness it, all ready for the great occasion, and then let it go again, till wanted. Ned did the same; and in a few days our flocks presented the drollest appearance, — all the biggest old geese waddling about or swimming in the water, with twine harnesses on. They generally picked hard at the strings, at first; and Dick — the old gander I had selected for a leader — pulled his breast-strap apart twice, before the race came off. Did n't he stretch up his long neck, and open his bill, and tell the others what he had done, with a jubilant laughing and cackling, each time!

Of course the sight of our geese harnessed attracted attention, and made

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a good deal of fun; and everybody wanted to know when the race was coming off.

"Ned," I said, "the thing 's goin' to be pop'lar."

"Yes! but," says he, shaking his head, "we have all the work, and t' other fellers think they 're goin' to see the fun for nothin'."

We thought that was n't fair; so we concluded to charge a small fee for admission to the race-ground. Accordingly one morning the following *Notice* appeared, chalked on the end of the barn, with four long and not very straight lines drawn about it, to attract attention from the street.

GREAT GOOSE RACE!
to Come Off Saturday afternoon!
9 geese on a side to be driven by
MR EDWARD HICKLEBY and MR PHIL AIKEN
who Will Ride in Tubs!!!
best place to See is from Aiken's shore
which will be Reserved for The Ockasion
admission inside the Goose Fence
☞ *2 cents!* ☜
under 5 years old Half price
no peaking through cracks nor climin over
Publick Are Invited
NO HUMBUG

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Uncle George helped us a little about the wording of this *Notice*, but the spelling and penmanship — or chalkmanship — were all our own.

Uncle George also suggested the idea of having each a couple of boys to help us at starting. For a goose is a goose, you know; and, though ours were tame enough, we had n't given much time to breaking them, and we expected they would prove a little unmanageable. "There 's plenty o' boys that 'll jump at the chance to pay their admission fee that way," says Uncle George.

We liked the idea, but were careful to select such boys as we thought had no money, in order not to diminish the proceeds of the show. As it turned out, Ned chose one, Tom Hobart, who afterwards held out, at a safe distance, in his grimy paw two coppers, which he said his grandmother had given him for the great holiday. Ned was very much disgusted, and wished to swap him off for Bob Smart, who, we were quite sure, could n't pay; but it was too late, — Tom held us to the engagement, — and we lost two cents by that unlucky choice.

Saturday afternoon came, and so did the "Publick," and we had thirty-four cents (seventeen spectators) inside the goose-fence before two o'clock. We had made Bob Smart door-keeper. The "Publick" generally behaved very well, though there was a good deal of "peaking through cracks," and, at the crisis of the race, a grand rush over the fence and through the gate, spite of all Bob could do. Then we lost money in consequence of the show being open on the side of the pond.

"There 's twelve cents in that old boat of Jones's," says Ned, — for we reckoned everybody as cash that day. Then we noticed eight cents on one raft; and six cents on another, and two cents paddling about on a log.

We had a great time getting our goose-teams ready. We had to take them across the pond, to begin with, so as to start from the other side. "It 'll be easier to drive 'em towards home than from it," says Uncle George. I caught mine in the pen, — each with its separate harness on, you know, — and handed them to Sam Baker, who handed them to Link Griffin, who put them into my tub. There were slats nailed over the top of the tub, to keep them in. When they were all in, the last slat was made fast, and the tub was launched. Ned had his ready at about the same time, — for he could never bear to be behind me in anything. Then we took the tubs in tow — Uncle George and Ned and I and our "seconds," as we called the boys that helped — and rowed over in the boat to the starting-place, across the pond.

There was a great rush of outsiders to the spot, almost before we had landed. "There 's at least twenty-five cents running around loose!" says Ned, bitterly. We found some of these unpaying spectators of use, however, in helping us tackle up.

That was no small job. Link tended the tub, and handed out the geese by the necks; Sam and I tied them together; and the other fellows held them after they were tied. Ned hitched up three abreast; but I drove four span, with Dick for a leader. The slats were taken off my tub, the goose-

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team was fastened to it, and I got into it. There was a good deal of delay, which made the paying spectators on the other side regret that they had not saved their money and gone over for a free sight to the shore we started from. But at last we were ready, — Ned and I afloat in our tubs, and the geese in the water, with boys in rolled-up trousers-legs on each side of the teams, trying to keep them straight, till the word was given to let go.

I should add that Ned and I had each a long, stiff switch, to drive with. We had tow-string reins, too, but they were more for show than use. I had had a little previous practice in my tub, and found what a ticklish thing it was to navigate it. If I leaned too much on one side, over it would go. To make the voyage safely, I had learned that the only way was to stand on my knees, or sit on my heels, as near the centre as I could.

At last the moment came, — the great moment! Uncle George fired off a pistol, which was the signal for starting. The boys in the rolled-up trousers-legs stepped back; and the race was begun!

I made a fine start, — my four span and leader all in a line, and drawing well. Perhaps the enthusiastic cheering and hand-clapping on the shore behind us, helped to get them off. But as that noble burst of applause died away, it was taken up and echoed by the fellows on the rafts and in Jones's boat, and on our shore; and the good effect was lost. The geese had by this time found out that there was something wrong. They did n't understand pulling in harness. They tried to scatter, but were held together by the strings. Then Dick, the leader, stopped, faced about, put up his neck, uttered a loud squawk, and finally put back towards the shore, followed by the four span. I headed him off with my long switch, and my "seconds," rushing into the water, frightened him; but this did not prevent him from doubling on his course, and trying to cross between the hindmost span and the tub! He got caught in the traces, and I reached over the side of the tub, and took him by the neck, and turned him round again. Then he gave another squawk, spread his wings, and tried to fly; all the rest following his example. For a minute I did n't know but I should be carried in the tub over the pond; but I was n't; the flying was a failure. At last the team settled down to practical work, and did some good honest swimming.

Then I looked to see how Ned was getting along. He had made even a better start than I did; but now he was having *his* trouble. Nobody would have supposed that he had started with three abreast. Two or three geese had got over the traces; one was headed towards the tub, and looking up at him with the funniest expression of countenance; and two or three were trying to get away by diving. All I could see of them was just their tails tipped up out of the water.

At last we were all right, with Uncle George and our seconds following us in the boat. If any of our geese tried to go in the wrong direction, we just put out our whips, and stopped them. At first it was, —

"Get up, Dick!"

"Go 'long, Nance!"

"Take care, Fanny!"

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"Gee, gee, you goose! gee!"

At the same time we clucked and flourished reins and whip, jockey fashion. But in the ardor of the race, we soon came down a little from that high style, and the cry was, "*shoo!* SHOO! SHOO!" while we lashed the water, to frighten the silly things into greater speed.

Sometimes Ned was ahead, and sometimes I was. The excitement was tremendous! There had been a good deal of betting on the result; no money was "up," I believe, but pins, pop-guns, and several pints of peanuts, were destined to "change hands," before that day's sun went down. But there were many purely disinterested spectators, who cheered us both alike, and, at every mishap we encountered, filled the air with shrieks of laughter. One fellow on a raft laughed till he tumbled off into the water, and came near being drowned.

One of my geese broke away, before I had got half across the pond. But Ned met with a worse misfortune, for one of his, in diving, got entangled in the traces, and was towed by one leg backwards the rest of the way.

The excitement reached its height when we were within about four rods of the goose-pens. Our teams then began to be frightened at the spectators on the shore, and we had to *shoo* and lash the water furiously, to get them along. Finally the two flocks started to swim towards each other, for refuge and sympathy. Ned was struggling desperately to get his ahead, out of my reach, when suddenly I heard a great shout, and looked to see what had happened, and there was Ned in the water with his geese. He had leaned a little too much on the side of his tub, and it had capsized. I was laughing so hard at him that I quite forgot what I was about, and over I went too. Then there was a scramble for the shore, — geese and drivers and tubs. I hardly knew who beat, until I heard a general shout, —

"*Phil Aiken! hurrah!* HUR-R-A-A-AH!"

I had just got my team ashore, and pulled up my tub. Ned was still in the water. Then all my friends gathered about me, and shook my wet hand, and congratulated me; and Uncle George, having decided in my favor, presented me with the six-bladed knife, on the spot. This was his speech: —

"A little fun now an' then don't hurt nobody. We 've all had a share o' the fun; and my smart nephew here, he has won the prize. Here it is, Phil, here 's the knife. You done well. Ned done well too; an' he might 'a' beat, if his geese had n't got into a tangle. Keep on, boys, keep on, — never tire o' well-doin', — an' like as not some day you 'll be runnin' fer Congress together; who knows?"

J. T. Trowbridge.

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BERTIE'S PIONEERING.

I. — How Bertie started from Omaha.

"IT'S done! it's done!" screamed Gracie and Johnny together. "There's the bell! He's lighting the match! He's touching off the gun. O Bertie, you ought to see!"

"I can hear," Bertie said, sitting up in bed a moment and then leaning back against the pillows. "Now let's count, and see if there really are a hundred guns."

"No, there's only one," said Johnny, "but it's going to fire a hundred times."

"Sit close by me, Johnny, if you think you'll be frightened, and I'll take hold of your hand. Two, — three; count away, Gracie."

"I can't, farther than thirty, Bertie. I only know some of 'em after that."

"I know 'em all," said Johnny, following Gracie up to thirty, and then going on as one great bang after another was heard.

"Thirty ten, thirty nineteen, thirty 'leventeen."

"That is n't the way, Johnny! Count just like me"; and Bertie went on, giving each bang in a very loud voice, till the last one came, and all the bells in the town began to ring.

"One hundred truly," he said then, "and they've made my head ache. I wish you'd ask mamma if I can cut the candles, Gracie."

Gracie ran off, coming back presently with a small board, a sharp knife, and a candle-box.

"Mamma says cut each one in four pieces," she said, "and stop just the minute you're tired. She says there's fifteen windows to *lumbernate*, and she wants eight pieces for every window."

"'T is n't *lumbernate*, Gracie, it's *illuminate*. I don't know how much fifteen times eight is. I shall have to make fifteen piles and put eight in each pile."

"Well," said Gracie, "and Johnny and I will see how many you've got when we come back. Ann fixed the flag on a real good stick, and we're going to stand on the fence and wave it when the *percession* goes by. Mamma says she'll move you up to the window pretty soon."

Gracie and John ran off together, and Bertie began upon the candles, cutting each one into four pieces, and then scooping out a little hollow in the top of each to make a new wick ready for lighting. It tired his hands, however, and he had to stop and rest every few moments, so that only two piles of the fifteen were finished when Mrs. Monell came up stairs.

"I'll push the bed up to the window, or you can sit up in the rocking-chair," she said, and Bertie, after thinking a little, decided on the rocking-chair, and having been wrapped in a shawl, was put in it, Mrs. Monell sitting down by him to look at the procession when it should come.

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Bertie had been very sick with lung-fever, and even now could not sit up more than an hour or two at a time. For a week, ever since he began to get well, he had been hoping he should be strong enough to sit up all day, when the grand time came. Not Fourth of July, as you may think, when you read about guns and illuminations, but almost as wonderful a day, — the 10th of May, 1869, when the last rail of the great Pacific Railroad was laid, and fastened with a golden spike. You young folks in New York and Boston went to school that day as if it were just like any other, not thinking that you were a good deal nearer China than you ever had been before, — unless you heard your fathers or mothers say so. The children in Omaha had a holiday, and everybody watched so eagerly for the gun which should tell the moment the last rail was laid, that I do not think even the little ones will ever forget it.

Certainly they will remember the procession if nothing more, for some of them marched in it, carrying little flags; and Bertie, looking from his window, saw a good many he knew in the line, over a mile long, which wound up Capitol Hill. At last the procession stopped in the Capitol grounds, to listen to the speeches. Gracie and little John stood on the fence and waved the flag till pulled down by Ann, who thought it was hardly the proper thing to do, and then ran up to Bertie's room. There were a good many friends there now, who had come over to see the procession from the house, which was right opposite the Capitol, and from which the speeches could be heard almost as well as on the grounds. Bertie cared very little for these, however, but listened with all his ears to something that Mr. George was saying to Mrs. Monell.

"If Bertie were stronger I would suggest taking him with me to the ranche. I shall go very soon myself."

"To the ranche? O Mr. George! How I do want to go with you! Could n't you possibly wait till I get well?"

"I might," said Mr. George, smiling a little at Bertie's eager face; "but you 're a very small boy to walk a hundred miles and back, to say nothing of living camp-fashion for three or four weeks. I don't believe papa and mamma would trust you with me either. Why, Bertie, old as I am, mother always turns me around before I go out, to make sure I have n't left my head up stairs."

"I don't care, I could take care of my own head. O papa! won't you let me go when I get well?"

"We 'll see," said Mr. Monell; and Bertie, unable to get any other answer, coaxed Mr. George to tell him a story, and finally had the room darkened and took a little nap, that he might be all ready for the illumination in the evening. He woke up just before tea, feeling so much better that mamma said he might go down stairs if he liked. So he dressed for the first time in three weeks, feeling very light-headed and staggery, and holding tightly to his father, who carried him down to the dining-room and set him in an arm-chair. It was a warm, pleasant evening, the sun not yet down, and through the open windows came the sound of guns and the music from the band still on the hill.

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"It 's as good as Fourth of July," said Bertie, "only I can't go out; but just think, mamma; I 've got this sort of half-way Fourth, and I 'm going to have the real one too! Won't it be splendid?"

"Maybe you 'll have the *real* Fourth out on the ranche," said Gracie; "I wish I could go too."

"Wait till you 're big enough to bake our bread," said Mr. George, "and then I think I shall invite you. It will be just as much as I can do now to bake for Bertie."

"Then I 'm really going," said Bertie, his eyes dancing. "Papa said, 'We 'll see.' "

"And I say it again," returned Mr. Monell. "What do you mean, George, by making him think he 's going?"

"Tonics and nervines," said Mr. George, which Bertie did not at all understand, and could get nobody to explain just then, though he found out afterward that both meant something to strengthen and make him well.

After tea they all sang till the first rockets were sent up, when papa lighted all the candles, eight of which had been put in each window, and, wrapping Bertie up, carried him out for just a minute, that he might see not only his own house, but the Capitol building, with a candle in every pane of its many windows. Looking down upon the town, it seemed a blaze of light all the way to the Missouri, and even on the other side they saw the rockets and Roman-candles going up from Council Bluffs, and the twinkling of lights in the nearer houses.

Bertie could hardly sleep that night for thinking what might be done at the ranche; but it was not till he had been really out of bed and going about as usual for nearly a fortnight, that Mr. Monell would answer many questions.

"How much money have you in the savings-bank, Bertie?" he asked one morning in early June.

"Seven dollars and fifty cents, papa. Why?"

"Gentlemen who take pleasure-trips pay their own expenses, you know; so you had better draw five dollars of your money."

"But, papa, they won't give it to me, if I go all alone."

"Then I 'll go with you, and mamma can get your budget ready for the trunk. George wants to start to-morrow, and will send the trunk on by rail to Schuyler, where you 'll find it when you get there. Are there any holes in your shoes?"

"No, sir," Bertie said, after an examination. "Sha' n't I wear my new ones?"

"Not unless you want blistered feet, my boy. These are old and easy, and just the thing for walking. Now we 'll go and see about the money."

Bertie walked down town with his father, too happy to say very much. The five dollars were drawn in twenty-five-cent currency, so that he could always have change, and a strong little pocket-book was bought to put it in. Then he bought a banana which had come from San Francisco only the day before, and took it home to share with Gracie and little John, who were ready to cry that they were to be left alone.

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Bertie was almost ten, and the oldest of the three; Gracie seven, and little John four; and Bertie had always been with them, keeping them out of mischief, and amusing them as very few older brothers are willing to do. He was so gentle and patient that Gracie often imposed upon him, and Mr. Monell was very glad that there was to be a vacation, in which the two younger ones might find how much they depended on him.

"I don't know how I shall get on without my right-hand man," mamma said, as she looked out the few things he would need to take with him, and put them into a bag to be taken over to Mrs. Warner's, George's mother.

"It won't be for long, mamma," Bertie answered, shouldering the bag, and running across the Capitol grounds to the cottage. Here he found a packing-trunk in the middle of the floor, and Mrs. Warner and George at work putting in some bedding, and trying to leave room for the provisions they would need. A big ham was the most obstinate, and wherever it was put would interfere with the handle of a frying-pan.

"Now you know you can't be cooked without the pan," said Mr. George, "so why won't you accommodate yourself to circumstances?" And he pushed till finally the end of the ham found a place between the blankets. Then there was a fight with a jar of raspberry-jam, which at last was put in a tin pail and steadied with flour, and then came ginger-snaps to fill in all the chinks. Bertie's things were tucked away between the blankets, and at last the trunk was locked and strapped and ready for the afternoon train, and Bertie went home for a long play with Gracie and Johnny, who to-day were so good he could hardly bear to think of leaving them.

George Warner was the youngest of several brothers who had come with their mother to Omaha in the first years of its settlement, as Mr. Monell had done. Slender and delicate and never strong, he had found that bending over a desk all day would certainly kill him, and with his next older brother had pre-empted a half-section of land at Schuyler, on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad, intending, for a few years at any rate, to have a "grass-farm" and raise stock. Twenty-two or three, he seemed several years younger, from a constant flow of spirits which made him the delight of children. With all his love of fun, there was a quiet dignity which prevented any liberties being taken, and his habits were all so essentially delicate and refined, that Mr. Monell believed his influence better than that of almost any one Bertie could be with. As for Bertie himself, nobody, after his father, seemed to him quite so delightful a companion as Mr. George, and the prospect of three weeks alone with him was pleasant enough to almost entirely destroy any thought of homesickness.

Bertie was up before sunrise next morning, feeding the chickens, taking a last look at the new calf, and telling Ann some of the things he should do while away. Mrs. Monell lined the brim of an immense straw hat such as men wear on the plains, and sewed up a little rip in the gloves, which Bertie declared he should not wear. Mr. George came over to breakfast, and agreed not to hurry, but to go slowly, and no more miles a day than

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Bertie could comfortably walk, and he promised also to keep a journal and send it back whenever they came to a post-office.

"You know you are not well yet, Bertie," said Mr. Monell, "and if you feel you can't go through, get on the first train you meet and come back. In fact, I shall rather expect to see you to-morrow afternoon."

"I don't believe you will," Bertie said, very confidently. "Now, Mr. George, I 'm all ready to start any minute. I don't see, though, what made you wear white pantaloons; they 'll get dirty."

"They 're strong, Bertie, and comfortable this hot day, and can be washed, and there are half a dozen other reasons."

"You 'll be a good bit of color on the prairie," said Mr. Monell, "with that bright rig on your shoulders, and those white trousers. Bertie will be a mere blot by the side of you."

The "bright rig" was a scarlet scarf such as cavalry officers wear, and which Mr. George used instead of a strap for his travelling-satchel, which held their lunch. He had tied it so that it crossed under both arms, making a sort of epaulet on each shoulder. With his broad-brimmed straw hat and heavy cane, he was very picturesque-looking, and Bertie, dressed in sober pepper-and-salt, was, as his father said, a "mere blot." He had grown very thin during his sickness, and almost an inch taller, so that his suit of clothes, a little too short before, were now absurd, the sleeves of his jacket showing three or four inches of wrist, and the legs of his trousers climbing up toward his knees. With his old shoes, a tin cup tied to his waist by a string, his grandfather's ivory-headed cane, and a hat which covered him up so that Gracie complained that there was no place to kiss him good by, Bertie looked funnier than he ever had before; but Ann, who had been at first very much shocked at his appearance, consoled herself by saying, "Well, pretty is that pretty does, and there won't be much of anybody to see you."

Gracie and little John would hardly let him go, and after the last hug had been given, they sat on the fence and watched them down the old "military road," till both were lost to sight behind a knoll on the prairie. How they fared, how far Bertie found he could walk, and what happened on the way, you can learn best from Mr. George's journal, the first instalment of which reached Mrs. Monell by the next day's mail.

McArdle Precinct, Douglas County, 9½ miles out,
Grist Mill, 2 P. M., June 3, 1869.

Here we are, sitting by the old milldam, on a smooth white stone, while a huge table-rock serves for my writing-desk. On my left rises the old mill working away steadily, the spray from the great water-wheel just reaching me and seeming deliciously cool, after our long tramp under a burning sun. Two miles out from Omaha we fell in with a Mr. Birney, loaded with lumber and sash (the *wagon* you understand was loaded), and after due deliberation we decided to keep him company and go by the McArdle instead of the old "military road," as we had first planned, the principal inducement being a ride *down* the longest hills. We have stopped here

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for grist, but shall easily make Elkhorn station to-night, after travelling eighteen miles, — twenty-eight miles from Omaha by rail, and a good day's walk for beginners.

The miller's family insisted upon giving us a dinner, but this we declined, asking only for some milk, which they brought in a big tin pan holding several quarts, telling us to take it all if we liked. So we have each taken about half a dozen cups sandwiched with bread and caraway cookies, and

now Bertie sits on a rock close by, fishing away enthusiastically. Thus far, his luck has been confined entirely to "nibbles" and jerkings up of the pole and line as though his life depended on the result.

Just after leaving you this morning an election of officers was held, resulting as follows: —

Brigadier-General, GEORGE WARNER.

Colonel, GILBERT MONELL.

The election was closely contested; but, hats and canes being equal, the white trousers and scarlet epaulets carried the day.

The duty of the General will be to oversee things generally, and mind

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the Colonel; that is, look after the Colonel. The Colonel's duty is much more complicated, and requires a good deal more head-work. He is to be keeper-in-chief of the snake record. Let us see how it stands now.

"Bertie, how many snakes have we seen already?"

"Eight, Mr. George, — one striped, six black, and one sort of checkered, five feet long and as big as my wrist. Tell Gracie he could n't do much harm though, because he was dead. All the others ran away as soon as they saw us coming. I wish Gracie and Johnny were here and could see these swallows. Write all about them, — won't you? — just as if it was me."

I can't promise quite to do that, but certainly will say a word for the swallows, which have pre-empted a claim to the eaves of the mill. There must be several hundred of them, and at least fifty houses are in course of building, but we have been watching one in particular in which Bertie is most interested. There are eight in the family, fine, aristocratic-looking people, and "well-to-do" we judge, for their mud house is the finest in town. They get along very fast in their work, because they have a regular rule and system, and a certain work for each to do. The old gentleman is perched on the edge of the cornice just above the eaves, and does nothing but give orders and oversee. They have just now begun on the inside work of the first story of the house, and as their main entrance is near the top, it requires no little skill and hard labor to get these — for them — huge pieces of mud in just the right position.

The head mason is inside, on the floor of the house, where the finishing-off work begins. Half-way up, in a niche of the wall, another workman is stationed, while a third is still higher up, so that his head can just be seen, sticking through the open door. The finer mud for finishing off is several rods below the place from which that for the rough work is brought, and the four other members of the family are busy in fetching lumps of it in their bills. One has just come with a load, which he quickly passes to the bill sticking out from the door, by him down to number two, and from him to the head mason, who places it in proper position, by which time another load has arrived, and so the work goes on, quietly and quickly.

After watching them about five minutes, the old gentleman gave an order in a loud, clear voice to a carrier who had just arrived with his burden, which he unloaded, but did not fly back to the mine. The same order was given to the second and third as they arrived, and then the three working inside came out, and these took their places, thus changing works. I should hardly have believed this if I had not seen it, but 't is really true. The grist is ready. I will write more at our next stopping-place.

ELKHORN STATION, 8 P. M.

Bertie has been in bed and asleep for an hour, declaring to the last that he could walk ten miles more "just as well as not." His feet were a little blistered, but a dip in cold water and a rub with some whiskey will make them all right by morning.

We left Mr. Birney at the railroad-crossing, ten miles below here, and

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took the track. When within a mile of Elkhorn, we came up with some section hands, who were waiting for the coming train to pass before putting their hand-car on the track. They offered us a ride, and we accepted.

"I 've wanted to ride on a hand-car ever since I was little," said Bertie, "and never expected to have a chance."

As soon as the train passed, the hand-car was put in motion, and made the mile in less than three minutes, — so quickly that the train had not yet started out when we arrived.

Mr. H., the Superintendent's brother, urged us to finish our journey by rail, and offered us a seat in the Director's car, but no! we would not accept. We have started to walk out, and walk out *we will*, and make good time besides. By to-morrow night we shall be somewhere between this point and Salt Lake. We fish in the Elkhorn before breakfast to-morrow. Bertie has turned over and says, "Tell 'em I 'm so happy I don't know what to do."

GEORGE WARNER,
Brigadier-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Pedestrian Corps.

GILBERT MONELL, *Colonel and Keeper-in-Chief of the Snake Record.*

Helen C. Weeks.

HOW UNCLE BLUE JACKET CAPTURED THE PICKET-BOAT.

"ONE dark, stormy night not long ago I was seated before a cheerful wood-fire, after reading 'Gateways to the Pole,' and thinking how many poor fellows had suffered and died in those Arctic solitudes searching for the Northwest Passage, when Tom said, 'Uncle, you promised to tell me how you captured that Rebel picket-boat in Blakely River.'

"Well, Tom, after we had spent that foggy night sitting in the launch without seeing or hearing anything but ourselves, and after getting on board the Nonesuch in the morning with nothing but seven dead ducks to show as the result of our expedition, we were just savage enough to go up Blakely River in search of that boat in the daytime; but as we could n't have found it there then, and Captain L—— would n't have consented to any such foolish proposition, we were compelled to await his decision as to the proper time to make the second attempt. For two days and nights the weather continued thick, then the wind shifted to the north, the fog cleared away, and the sun shone out bright and warm. I remember what a fine sight the fleet presented the first morning after the fog. The ships were all anchored at equal distances apart, stretching across the bay, their bows pointing toward the Rebel city, their sails loosed to dry, and hanging in the brails, the awnings

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triced up, and the stars and stripes floating lazily from their peaks. I used to look at the Rebel gunboats at anchor inside the obstructions which the enemy had placed across the channel below the city, and wonder if the sight of the old flag, and the knowledge that some of their former shipmates were on board the ships that bore it, did n't make their officers sad. For most of the Rebel naval officers had been in our service before the war.

"'If there were Rebel gunboats so near, why did n't you fight them instead of trying to capture a little picket-boat?'

"Long before the fleet under 'Old Salamander' had passed Forts Morgan and Gaines, the rebels had driven piles across all the channels leading to the city of Mobile, leaving only a space wide enough to let their gunboats pass. Near this entrance they had an old scow laden with stones ready to haul across and be sunk at a few minutes' notice. When our fleet came into the bay there was one Rebel gunboat, the Morgan, that was neither captured nor destroyed. She took to her heels, ran up the bay, got inside those piles, and before any of our gunboats arrived the old scow was sunk. The Rebels did n't feel safe from pursuit by our gunboats with even such a barrier as that between them and us, so during the night for a long time they planted torpedoes at some distance each side the piles, and above all this, far out of reach of our shot and shell, lay their gunboats.

"During the morning on which the fog had cleared away I was on the hurricane-deck looking around through a spy-glass when Captain L—— came near where I was standing. I raised my cap and said, 'Good morning, sir.'

"'Good morning, Mr. Blue Jacket. Looks as if we 'd have a clear night?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Think you could find that Rebel picket-boat to-night?'

"'I would like to try, sir.'

"'Very well. Messenger-boy, tell the executive officer I 'd like to see him.'

"'Ay, ay, sir.'

"I was certain the captain had sent for the first lieutenant to tell him to send me out that night with the launch, and I went for the pilot to get his opinion of the weather. I found him at the galley getting some salt-pork for bait, and accosted him with 'Pilot, what do you think? Are we going to have a fine night?'

"'Be claar to-night, sah.'

"'S'pose we 'd find that chap if we went after him?'

"The pilot's face broke into a broad grin as he answered, 'If dat cuss is dar to-night we 'll bring him 'long board de Nonesuch, whar he won't be trubbled to do no more picket duty. Dat 's what we 'll do. Tink de captin done goin' to let us go for him agin, sah?'

"'I think so. He 's talking with the first lieutenant about it now.'

"You see the pilot was confident we would capture the boat if we could find it. In fact, he thought the 'Yankees' did everything they undertook. Soon after, the first lieutenant sent to inform me I was to take the launch

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with the same crew I had before and try to bring back something beside dead ducks. I was to be ready to leave the ship that night at dark. I went forward and spoke to each one of my boat's crew, then to the gunner's mate to have him clean and reload my revolvers. I saw everything about the launch ship-shape and in good working order, got my dinner and turned in for a nap.

"At dark, word was passed by the 'bo'sun's' mate for 'all the picket-boat's crew to muster on the port side of the quarter-deck.' They all came aft dressed in white, and after they had 'toed a seam' the first lieutenant ordered the gunner's mate to distribute the arms and accoutrements. As before, each man was armed with a Sharp's rifle and revolver. When the first lieutenant was satisfied that all was right, the launch was dropped from the boom to the gangway, and the crew got in. Under Mr. G——'s command the howitzer's crew loaded the gun while I went to the captain for final orders. I found Captain L—— seated at the cabin table with a chart of Blakely River before him. I was told to take a seat by him, and to point out on the chart the spot where I saw the lights, and where the canoe lay while I was looking at them. Then about where I saw the picket-boat crossing and recrossing the river. After I had done that, said he, 'Now show me how you are going to work to catch him.'

"'About midnight I will leave the bar, and after getting as close to the marsh as possible, I will pull cautiously up stream till I get to where I saw him when in the canoe. If I find him there without his discovering me, I will go above him while he is under the land, so as to be between him and his friends, as he would of course want to go in that direction if he undertakes to run. If he fights, I shall be gradually pressing him in the direction *I* want to go.'

"'And how do you mean to commence the attack?'

"'If he hails me before I get above him I shall pull directly for him, and when in easy range let him have the howitzer. Before he has recovered from that, pull alongside and finish him with the small arms.'

"'Very well, sir. I see you understand my instructions, but of course you must act as circumstances require. Impress on your men the necessity of being quiet, and above all keep your oarsmen cool, so they don't make a splashing with their oars or catch crabs. Good luck to you, and shove off as soon as you please.'

"The morning I got back with the canoe and told the captain about this Rebel boat, he took the chart of Blakely River and had the pilot and myself show him just where we had been. He then formed the above plan for the attack, but as circumstances might arise making it necessary to change it I was left free to act as I judged best.

"After bidding the captain good night I went on deck, found the launch all ready, Mr. G—— and the pilot in and waiting for me. I dodged down into the ward-room to bid the paymaster, of whom I was very fond, good night. He was writing at his desk in his room, and going to the door I put out my hand and said, 'P——, old boy, good night, but not good by, I hope.'

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"He got up, shook my hand, saying, 'Good night, Blue Jacket; I hope you won't come back with two or three holes in that little body of yours.' I started up the ladder leading on deck, laughing and telling him, 'No fear of that; I am too small an object to be hit in the dark.' I reported to the officer of the deck, got into the boat, and ordered the coxswain to 'shove off.'

"'Up oars! shove off! Let fall, give way port, back starboard. Give way together'; and soon the Nonesuch was out of sight in the dark.

"We went as far as the bar at the mouth of the river, distant about two miles from the ship, then anchored with the nine-inch shot we had in the net you remember. After coming to anchor I ordered the crew to load their rifles, and when that was done I said: —

"'Now, lads, listen. We are going up this river again after that picket-boat of the Rebs. You must remember what I say to you now, for after we leave this I shall not speak to you again, as strict silence must be observed. On getting up the stream a mile or more I 'll give the order 'Riflemen, in oars,' when the six forward oarsmen on a side will lay in their oars, take their rifles, and face forward with as little noise as possible. The captain of the gun will put the primer in the vent, be ready to aim and fire, but be careful not to pull the lock-string until I give the order, 'Howitzer, fire!' Coxswain, you attend strictly to the orders regarding the steering. When the riflemen have laid in their oars, the four after-oarsmen on a side will pull a long stroke, dipping their oars in the water with care, and give way strong. Do you all understand?' A whispered 'Ay, ay, sir,' was the response.

"I then gave the pilot a pair of night-glasses, brought for that purpose, telling him to keep a good lookout with me for the enemy. We then composed ourselves to wait until midnight. Very slowly passed the hours sitting there in the dark with nothing to do but wait.

"At last my watch showed seven bells (half past eleven), and I ordered 'Up anchor! up oars! quietly, men, quietly.' I was much pleased with the quickness and silence with which they executed my orders. When the coxswain said 'Give way together,' the oars entered and left the water with scarcely any sound, showing that the men understood how necessary it was to obey my cautions fully. We were soon up the river near the marsh, and as the tide was high we could get closer to the grass than the last time we were there, which aided us considerably. We had been rowing about a half-hour when the pilot whispered to me, 'We 's 'bout on his beat now, sir.'

"'All right! Riflemen, in oars.'

"The twelve oars came in as one, the men faced forward with rifles in their hands, while the captain of the gun reached over, pricked the cartridge, and inserted the primer. The after-oarsmen changed their stroke to 'a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together,' and I hardly noticed any decrease in our speed. Judging by this time that we were about where the Rebel boat could be seen if she was on her former beat, I ordered 'Oars,' and we gradually lost our headway, then lay still watching for our enemy. The pilot and myself scanned the river all about us, and seeing nothing, after giving

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the boat time enough to pull across the stream, we rowed farther up,— about two hundred yards, I imagine. We again stopped, and before long I discovered a black object ahead and in shore of us coming out from under the land, crossing towards the marsh.

"'Pilot, do you see him?'

"''Deed I do, sah; he 's furder up to-night.'

"How we watched to see if he would cross, turn and go back, or see us and hail! It seemed to me he would never reach the marsh side, but he did, turned and pulled for the shore. I leaned over to the oarsmen and whispered, 'Now, lads, give way strong and quiet.' They bent their backs and bent their oars like brave lads as they were, and across the picket line we went as silently as a night cloud. I kept my glasses on the spot where the Rebel disappeared in the darkness and my ears open for his hail, but no sound came from his direction. I was just about to whisper to Mr. G——, 'We 're all right so far,' when gracious! what a noise! right alongside in the marsh. The riflemen rose as one man with rifles pointed toward the marsh, the gun captain drew his lock-string taut, and, I am sorry to say, the coxswain gave utterance to a smothered curse, when the pilot said to me, 'Dat 's noffin but a loon.' The men sat down, and soon after this little alarm we rounded the point, headed the boat down stream, and lay still to wait for our enemy. The pilot and I stood on the after-thwart so we could look over the grass on the point and watch the channel below.

"'Dar he comes, sah, dar he comes.'

"'Yes. I see him. Let him go back this time while our men get their breath. Next time he crosses we 'll at him.'

"'Mr. G——, when we start, edge out into the stream till I tell you to pull down.'

"'Very good, sir.'

"'Now, you riflemen, don't you stand up again till I tell you; do you hear?'

"'Ay, ay, sir.'

"'Are you chaps all ready for a pull?'

"'All ready, sir.'

"'He 's done gone in shore, sah!

"I got on the thwart to watch the Rebel boat disappear in the shadow of the land, then we rowed out about to the centre of the channel with our bow down stream waiting for the boat to cross again. We had n't long to wait before she hove in sight, her crew little thinking there was a lot of 'cursed Yankees' coming for them. When I judged that we would intercept him about mid-channel we rowed toward him.

"'Keep head on to him, Coxswain, just as you go.'

"'Ay, ay, sir.'

"'By George! he don't see us yet, Pilot.'

"'Yes he do, sah; he stopped pullin' now.'

"Then came the hail short and sharp.

"'Boat ahoy!'

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"'Ay, ay.'

"'What boat 's that?'

"'United States picket-boat. Surrender, or I 'll blow you out the water.'

"'Up, riflemen; ready, howitzer.'

"Quicker than I can tell it we were alongside of him, our bow toward his stern with my starboard oarsmen holding on to his gunwale. His men were seated on their thwarts, some of them singing out, 'Don't fire, for God's sake! we surrender, we surrender.'

"I heard a voice in the Rebel boat's stern-sheets cursing and ordering, 'Fire — you fire!' It was the Rebel lieutenant in charge of the party; but his men would n't obey him, and before he could give the second order the howitzer captain had him by the throat with a revolver at his head demanding his surrender. I rushed forward and said, 'Will you surrender? I 'm two to your one, with a howitzer trained on you! With a horrid oath he replied, 'I 'll *have* to surrender; my men are a cowardly set, an' won't fight.'

"'Very well; take away your hand and revolver, Marlin; he has surrendered.'

"I ordered his men to take their arms, one by one, to the after end of their boat, then to get in the stern-sheets of ours. All the while my riflemen were covering them with their rifles. While this was taking place the Rebel officer was keeping up a hot fire of curses at his men, calling them 'cowards,' 'sneaks,' and 'white-livered Yankees,' for being captured without receiving a shot. After the Rebel men had been transferred to our boat, I turned to this scion of chivalry and said: 'Lay your arms on that thwart, get into this boat, and behave like a gentleman if you expect to be treated as one. And hark you, Mr. Rebel, the less you have to say about white-livered Yankees the better for you. I 've a habit of putting a gag in such mouths as yours.'

"After getting everything secure, we took the Rebel boat in tow, got out our twenty oars and started for the Nonesuch. We had been pulling some time when the Rebel officer said, 'How come you above me with this ghostly looking band of yours?'

"'We 've been up to the city to the theatre, and thought we 'd take you along back with us, as we came across you and you were in our way somewhat.'

"He kept still from that time until we reached the ship, with the exception of an occasional curse at nothing in particular, but everything in general. We were a long time pulling back to the ship, having the captured boat in tow, and our own loaded down with prisoners. It was daylight when the lookout on board the Nonesuch hailed us. After getting alongside and reporting my return with the captives, they were ordered on board ship and placed in the port gangway, under the hurricane-deck, with two sentries over them. The officer was put in, after being informed that he could make known his wants to the officer of the deck through the sentry who was posted near the ward-room doors. After this was done Captain L—— sent for me to come into the cabin, where I gave him a detailed account of the

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affair. He expressed his delight that no one was hurt or killed, and thought it a good joke to bag the game without firing a shot. During the morning Captain L—— questioned the prisoners regarding operations in and around Mobile; but they knew little that was transpiring, except where they had been stationed. Among other questions he asked, 'Why did n't you show fight when our boat came down on you?'

"One chap, the coxswain of their boat, who appeared to be spokesman for the crew, said: 'You see, sir, the most of us chaps is Northern men. We worked 'longshore stevedorin' and the like when this muss begun, and we did n't want to jine their army, so we was compelled to jine their navy; 'pressed like, you see, sir. We had easy times enough till the fleet come in the bay, then they begun to keep us pretty close, for fear we 'd desert. Our wages was twenty dollars a month in Confed. money, but they never paid us, and it would n't have done us any good if they had, caus' six months' pay would n't buy a fine-tooth comb; no, sir, it would n't. When they brought us over on Blakely side from the city to row the picket-boat, we made up our minds to come down to the fleet some night and give ourselves up. If our officer did n't want to come, why he might swim ashore. But some of our chaps was afraid to come in the night for fear we 'd get fired into by your picket-boats, and we been waitin' a chance to steal the boat and come in the daytime. When your boat answered our hail last night, I says to our chaps, right afore our lieutenant, "Now 's our time, boys. Don't shoot a lick, and the 'Yanks' won't fire, but just capture us comfortable"; and here we are, sir, and much obleeged to you for sendin' after us, sir.'

"'Well, as you were going to come to the fleet of your own accord, I suppose you 'll take the oath of allegiance?'

"'I reckon as how there ain't a chap here, sir, but 'll do it cheerful.'

"'I am going to send you down to the Admiral, and he 'll dispose of you.'

"'Thankee, sir.'

"About ten o'clock in the forenoon our tender, the Althea, a small screw steamer used to carry mails, stores, &c., to and from the fleet near the forts, was signalled to come alongside. The prisoners were sent on board her, and I was put in charge of them with orders to turn them over to the Admiral. We steamed down the bay, reaching the Hartford, the Admiral's flag-ship, at one o'clock. The prisoners were transferred to the Hartford, and after I had reported to the Admiral I was relieved from the responsibility of them. All except the Rebel officer took the oath of allegiance, some of the men actually shipping in our service, and they were on board vessels in our fleet when the city of Mobile surrendered. Those who preferred it were given a passage to New Orleans, where they found work. The Rebel officer was sent North and confined in Fort Lafayette until the war ended, when

"The prison doors were opened,
And the dungeoned limbs were free."

M. W. McEntee.

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MY HYACINTH.

I BURIED my hyacinth-bulb in the mould,
To wait for spring.
The snow lies over it, white and cold,
Poor little thing!
Is it tired of waiting for sweet warm rain
And sun, I wonder?
Does it long to send up its leaves again
And push asunder
The dark-brown earth with its sheath of green,
Where are hidden well
The daintiest flowers that were ever seen,
Each a pearly bell?
Hidden so well that no one could guess,
From the bulb in the earth,
What an exquisite angel of loveliness
Was waiting for birth.
Is it storing the whiteness out of the snows
For each delicate bell,
And the sweetness from every breeze that blows
For delicious smell?
Is it listening now for the bluebird's call,
And the robin's song,
And thinking spring is not coming at all,
It waits so long?
Only a few more snowy nights
And frosty days,
And spring will touch with colored lights
These browns and grays.
Then some day, lovely as a queen
From fairy-land,
All snowy white, 'twixt leaves of green,
My flower will stand!

Mary E. Atkinson.

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THE TWO CATERPILLARS.

ONCE upon a time there were two caterpillars, who lived in the same tree, and were good friends. They were very busy, for it was almost time for them to be making their cocoons, and they were obliged to eat a great many leaves.

"I wish I could be a butterfly *now*, — *to-day*," — said Oro. "This constant toiling is so wearisome, and then comes the long sleep. If I had only my wings I would fly away, — up to the beautiful sun."

"Ah! but if you should fall," said Bruno. "Besides, this eating the green leaves is a *pleasure* as well as a necessity; and as for flying, we can crawl to the top of our tree, and have a view of the whole garden. We have nothing to complain of in this life, excepting that murderous birds are allowed to go at large. But of the other life we know nothing."

"That is true," said Oro; "but we knew nothing of this life when we came into it, poor, helpless little things. Yet here was our beautiful tree all ready for us, and the tender green leaves waiting to be eaten. O, I long for the new butterfly life, and do not fear to begin it!"

"But here we have lived so happily and quietly," said Bruno. "What if we should never meet in the new life, or should not know each other if we do meet?"

"Dear friend," said Oro, "that is too sad to think of. It would spoil even a butterfly's happiness. Let us make our cocoons close together, so that we may be near each other when we awake."

So they chose a dry and sheltered place, under the edge of the garden-wall, and there began their cocoons.

When Bruno's was almost done, he said, "Oro, I have nearly finished my work. The sleep is coming over me. I am growing drowsy. Call me if you wake first. Good night."

"Dear friend, good night," said Oro, whose cocoon was only half done, "but O to think of being alone in the world! I must make haste, for I cannot bear it."

So he worked busily, till at last *his* work too was finished, and the deep sleep came over him.

The rain fell and the wind blew. The winter snow and frost came, in their turn, and the bright sun shone. But still they slept.

At last, when the time for the new life was come, Oro awoke.

"Is this the butterfly life?" thought he, "and is Bruno near me still?" Then he burst the cocoon, and unfolded his wings, and looked around him.

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"O, how lovely the world is!" said he; "and Bruno is still asleep. I must call him." At that moment Bruno burst his cocoon, and began to spread his wings.

"Is this the awakening?" said he, "and is that you, my friend?"

"Yes, dear Bruno," said Oro; "but how beautiful you are, like the flowers in our garden! The same, yet not the same, — but I should have known you among a thousand."

"And you too are beautiful, dear Oro," said Bruno; "your wings are bright like the sun. But I should never have mistaken you. Changed, yet the same! How good it is to meet after the long separation!"

"Can that pyramid of green be our tree? It never looked so bright before," said Oro.

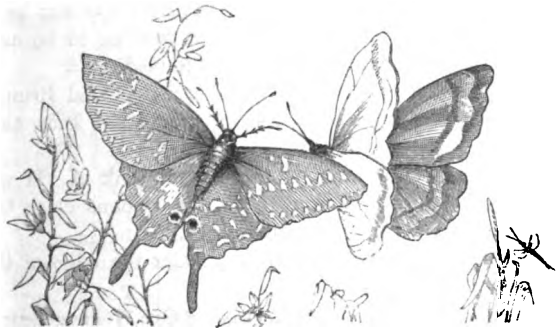
"Yes," said Bruno, "there we toiled in the caterpillar-life; but that is past, and seems like a dream."

"O Bruno!" said Oro, "let us fly away to the clear blue above."

"Yes," said Bruno, "let us go! The long sleep is over, and this is the new life."

So they floated away together in the summer sky, and bathed in the warm golden sunlight.

Annie Moore.



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ENIGMAS.

No. 19.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 10, 24, 3, 7, 17, 12, 21 is a Scotch religious poet.

My 20, 8, 4, 6, 25, 22 is an English epic poet.

My 16, 26, 6, 4, 21, 24 was an English satirist of the seventeenth century.

My 6, 13, 5, 8, 18, 2, 17, 9 is one of the Waverley novels.

My 27, 24, 3, 14, 19 is an American poet.

My 1, 23, 15, 9, 11, 19, 24 was a poet of the Elizabethan age.

My *whole* is a line from one of Shakespeare's plays.

No. 20.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 1, 11, 3, 5, 4 is eaten by cows.

My 6, 7, 2, 4, 10 is a very valuable quadruped.

My 9, 3, 8, 10, 2, 11, 3, 1, 4 are sold to tin-pedlers.

My 6, 7, 10 is a useful implement.

My *whole* is a nimble insect.

C. G. R. J.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 21.

HOUR (MORN G) HOUR

K. K. K.

ADJECTIVE-RIDDLES.—No. 22.

Positive.	Comparative.	Superlative.
One that pries.	One that points.	Tasty.
What lawyers charge.	What a clear conscience does not know.	What gourmands love.
An extremity.	Rent.	May be eaten or dr
Yourselves.	One of Father Time's children.	In your daily bread.
Something you may be afraid to say.	An ignoramus.	A lift.

Cove.

ALPHABETICAL PUZZLES.—No. 23.

What letter turns an animal into a covering?

What letter makes an animal spring?

What letter changes a fray into a bird?

What letter causes a fish to stagger?

What letter covers a fruit with spots?

What letter makes light sombre?

Herbert.

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CHARADES.

No. 24.

When my *whole* occurs, my *first* experiences my *second.* *Sower.*

No. 25.

My *first* will guide the fiery steed;
Refresh the green and flowery mead;
Is happy, grievous, long or brief;
To some brings joy, to others grief.
My *second* haunts the shady glen;
Is chased through brake, and furze, and fen;
Is used affection to express; —
The price of many a lady's dress.
In arctic lands my *whole* is found
Fast speeding o'er the frozen ground;
His master's only wealth and pride;
His nourisher and faithful guide.

A. J.

No. 26.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE. — GEOGRAPHICAL.

Foundation Words.

My winding banks are castle-crowned;
A fairer stream cannot be found.

You surely can divine my name;
I part a city known to fame.

Cross Words.

An island small in Eastern sea,
You certainly have heard of me.

Seek on your map a German town,
Of goodly size and fair renown.

Decline the Latin name of Troy,
And then the genitive employ.

In me a wondrous change was wrought,
For back to life the dead was brought.

The map of Europe trace with care,
And you will find me wandering there.

Mabel.

No. 27.

I am a compound word,
And my *first* is a pleasant motion, —
Pleasant to many on the land
And to many on the ocean.

My *second* you may find
In every road you travel;
And yet, believe me, 't is not grass,
Nor weed, nor dust, nor gravel.

My *whole* is a ponderous thing,
And the lightest touch may swing it,
Although the largest, strongest hand
Could neither clasp nor fling it.

H. M. K.

No. 28.

When miasma doth reign o'er a wet sunken plain,
The fever will bring my *first* in her train;
And it always appears when, stricken with years,
The palsied man strives with his nerves and his fears.

My *second* doth show where 't is history's woe
To chronicle bloody wars fought long ago.
Now grown obsolete, and its story complete,
For a barbarous weapon it only is meet.

My *whole* is a word that, wherever 't is heard —
And English is spoken — some heart will be stirred.
From the priest in his gown to the pantomime's clown,
Each hangs o'er his ashes an amaranth crown.

A. R. P.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 29.

N.

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CONUNDRUMS.—No. 30.

What word of five letters is there from which, if you take away two, ten will remain?

Spell the fate of all earthly things with two letters.

How can you tell a man in one word that he took a late breakfast?

What part of Switzerland is on this page?

What quarrelsome animals are like civil wars?

Why is faith like honey?

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 31.

PUZZLE.—No. 32.

Cut off my head, I am an English lord.
Cut off my foot, I am a luscious fruit.
Cut off my head and foot, and then you 'll see
Something that 's owned alike by man and brute.

Cut off two final letters from my name,
A summer vegetable then is seen.
But when my whole appears I know you 'll say
'T is fit to deck the forehead of a queen.

ANSWERS.

15. Weather.

16. "I said in mine haste, All men are liars." [(Ice) (head in mine) (H ace) (tall men R) (lyres)].

17. Knot.

18. "Curses, like chickens, always come home to roost. [(Curs ES) (ell eye key) (chickens) (awi ways) COME (hoe ME) (two) (roost)].

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THE Spring months have begun. Dear country young folks, have you seen or heard the song-sparrow yet among the pussy-willows? Somebody sends this greeting to him, — which, by the way, ought to have reached him in February, but was crowded out: —

TO THE SONG-SPARROW.

O brown canary of the North,
  Why art so early singing,
While trees are bare and fields are bleak,
  And not a blade is springing?

'T is winter still, — in rudest March
  First sings the robin merry.
Why come before the spring, and take
  The winds of February

With beauty fit for April days,
  When squirrel-cups are growing:
Or when beneath the skies of May
  Sweet hyacinths are glowing?

Why, perched upon that leafless branch,
  Thou happy little poet, —
Dost sing so blithe and free a song
  Ere Spring has come to know it?

"O, Spring is King, I know his voice:
Brown fields and meadows bare rejoice;
Loud sounds a hymn of joy among
The forest boughs and arches strong.

"O, Spring is King, his song I 'll sing,
The song of his awakening;
He wears a crown of willow-down
And alder red from marshes brown.

"I feel his touch, I know it well;
Beneath his hands the leaf-buds swell,
  Though not a blade is springing;
Beneath the sod in every dell
The violet, the lily-bell,
  Their jewels bright are stringing.

"Wake-robin, wake! and weave unseen
Your fairy robe of white and green!
Spring-beauty, spring to meet the sun!
For Spring is King, though skies are dun.

"Let swallows wait for softer days,
  And fly before September;
I 'll come before the swallow dares
  And chirp in sharp November.

"No summer friends, to pipe in June
  And flit before the earing;
Song-sparrows sing the winter out,
  And sing when winter 's nearing."

R. M.

THE neighborly little robin-redbreast is always in a hurry to have the snow-drifts swept away from our doorsteps by the March winds, so that he need not freeze his feet coming to pick up crumbs. He will be here soon, — perhaps is here already: for a friend has sent us this song about

THE FIRST ROBIN.

"Robin, on the tall elm-tree
  Back and forth so gayly swinging,
Come, interpret unto me
  All that pleasant song you 're singing!

"Are you telling to your mate
  Business matters confidential,
That you stand so very straight,
  And appear so consequential?

"Here before the snows are gone,
  Or the crocuses are peeping,
Can it be you are so soon
  Laying plans for your housekeeping?

"Let me whisper to you, bird,
  Inexperienced new-comer!
Let me tell you just a word
  Ere you lay your plans for summer!" —

But my word remained unsaid;
  For, without a note of warning,
Quick he spread his wings and fled,
  All my offered counsel scorning.

Through the sunshine warm and bright,
  Brown and rosy flashed together,
As he vanished from my sight
  In the pleasant April weather.

R. S. P.

WE thank "Annie and Carrie," "Herbert" and others, for descriptions of games. "Reader" suggests that historical or literary questions be proposed from month to month, to be answered by as many as feel interested, and offers this for a beginning: "What was the 'Niflung's fatal hoard'?" Rather hard, "Reader," if you call it play; but some of our studious young folks may like to puzzle out the answer, nevertheless.

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One of our valued contributors has sent us the following

TWO OR THREE GAMES.

I know of no better composition exercise for "Our Young Folks" than "Monosyllables," and it has been played as an evening game by a circle of young and old, with much fun and some improvement as the result. It may be played in two ways.

1st. A page may be chosen from any book, which each player must write out in *words of one syllable*, keeping the thought of the original.

2d. A subject may be chosen (Mr. Hale's famous one, "Duty performed is a Rainbow in the Soul," for example) upon which each player must write an original composition in words of one syllable.

In both cases the time for writing should be fixed at the outset; and the aim should of course be not only to frame extra syllables, but to express thought with as much force and grace as possible.

A censor should be chosen to levy a tax for any blunder or special awkwardness of expression. This censor is also subject to criticism and fine, for he must be able, in case he find fault, to find a remedy also; and if he fail to give a new version which the players shall agree is an improvement on the word or phrase criticised by him, he must pay a double fine.

That it is hard to write sensibly and pleasingly in this dialect, all agree who have tried it. A prominent literary professor, at the close of a *monosyllabic* letter to the author of "From the Crib to the Cross (a Life of Christ in words of one syllable), says: "You had too hard a task. How hard, let him try who would know! Greek is mere play to it! Right glad am I that your lot fell not on me."

It would harm no one's style if he were now and then to try his hand at such work as this.

If you think it child's play, take a pen and try a page or two of words of one joint, and see how you like it.

This game of "monosyllables" will help one, I think, to carry out Mr. Hale's rules in his wise article "How to Write," published in the "Young Folks" last year, — an article which every scholar and teacher should know by heart.

But some of you may think the game quite too much like work, or at least open to the charge brought against "Secretary" by a distinguished clergyman. [Secretary, as most of you know, is played in this way: Each player writes a question and a word on separate slips of paper. After these papers are thoroughly mixed, the players draw one of each kind, and the game consists in answering the question in rhyme, and inserting the word which fell to the lot of each.] "Capital! capital!" said a distinguished clergyman, after playing a round of this game at Pigeon Cove, years ago; "only it is a little too much like coasting: it costs rather too much to get your sled up hill to pay for the fun of sliding down!" But here is a game which furnishes not a little amusement even in the course of preparation.

Cross Purposes.

Questions and answers are written on separate slips of paper. These may be as simple as you please, since the sport consists mainly in the absurdity of transposition rather than in the original wit. However, it will be found that wit sharpens wit, and that a dozen merry players can invent a far better series of questions (with pleasant personal and local allusions) than any lone writer in cold blood. So I shall, for my examples, fall back upon commonplace inquiries and old conundrums. We will suppose that a party of players, after much laughing and discussion have written the following questions and answers: —

What is your favorite flower? *Wheat-flour.*

Why does a sculptor die the most horrid of deaths? *He makes faces and bu(r)sts.*

Why is one who treads on a lady's dress like a sportsman? *Both are on the trail of a deer.*

Whom do you love? *The lovely.*

"What is that, mother? *A lark, my child.*"

What makes more noise than a pig under a gate? *Two pigs.*

Who was the father of Zebedee's children? *Zebedee, of course.*

Why is love like a canal? *It is a source of internal transport.*

What is that which is half butter, half liquor, and all charger? *A ramrod.*

Why is an author like a hen? *He gets his living by scratching.*

Why did Brunell build the tunnel? *Pour passer le temps* (*Thames*).

Why is a four-quart measure like a side-saddle? *It holds a gall-on.*

The company is then equally divided, half taking the questions and half the answers, drawn at haphazard. Then A reads his question and his *vis-à-vis* B his answer, and so on, with this result: —

A. Why is one who treads on a lady's dress like a sportsman?
B. It is a source of internal transport.

C. What is your favorite flower?
D. It holds a gall-on.

E. "What is that, mother?"
F. Zebedee, of course.

G. Why is love like a canal?
H. It makes faces and bu(r)sts.

I. Whom do you love?
J. A ramrod.

K. Why is an author like a hen?
L. Two pigs.

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M. Why did Brunell build the tunnel?

N. He gets his living by scratching.

O. Why is a four-quart measure like a side-saddle?

P. Both are on the trail of a deer.

Q. Who was the father of Zebedee's children?

R. "A lark, my child.'

S. What is that which is half butter, half liquor, and all charger?

T. Wheat-flour.

U. Why does a sculptor die the most horrid of deaths?

V. *Pour passer le temps.*

W. What makes more noise than a pig under a gate?

X. The lovely.

CROSS PURPOSES NO. 2.

The same game may be played thus: A, B, C, D, E, and F are sitting together. A whispers a question to B, who replies in a whisper, and then asks some question of C, and so on round the circle till F has asked a question of A and been answered. We will suppose this to have been the whispered conversation: —

A. Did you ever play this game before?

B. Yes, it is as old as the hills.

B. What are you going to write a composition about this week?

C. I don't know. It 's a great bore, any way.

C. Who will be the next President?

D. The nominee of the winning party.

D. What is your favorite story?

E. "We Girls."

E. Who was the first child spoken of in the Bible?

F. Genesis (Jenny, Sis.).

F. Don't you think Kitty Smith has a very pretty face?

A. She 's a perfect darling.

Then A, speaking aloud, says, "F asked, 'Don't you think Kitty Smith has a very pretty face?' and B said, 'Yes, it 's as old as the hills.'"

Then B speaks: "A asked, 'Did you ever play this game before?' and C said, 'I don't know. It 's a great bore, any way.'"

C speaks: "B asked, 'What are you going to write a composition about this week?' and D said, 'The nominee of the winning party.'"

D speaks: "C asked, 'Who will be the next President?' and E said, 'We Girls.'"

E speaks: "D asked, 'What is your favorite story?' and F said, 'Genesis.'"

F speaks: "E asked, 'Who was the first child spoken of in the Bible?' and A said, 'She 's a perfect darling.'"

K. C. W.

OF all the pleasant letters lately received from our little friends we have room this month only for these. Have patience, children, and keep on writing to us. "Our Letter Box" holds all your questions, requests, and kind words in a snug corner, and will bring them to light whenever it can. Meanwhile, we are always glad to have our readers answer each other's questions.

NEW HAVEN, Jan. 24, 1870.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I take great pleasure in reading your letters in the "Letter Box," and I thought I would add one more correspondent to your list. I am a little girl eleven years old, and have three sisters and one darling little brother. When you come into the home nest what a rushing there is to get hold of you first! You are a perfect treasure, and we all love you. HATTIE.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

We have taken you ever since you were born, and could not do without you. Why does not Mrs. Weeks finish the "Long Shore Stories"? And we would like some Indian Stories. Please tell us, when you have time, the meaning of "Under what king Bezonian?" and "Prester John." With much love, your old friends,

ANNIE, CHARLIE, LOUIE, AND ELLA.

PARIS, Jan. 7th, 1870.

I am a little boy nine years old. I was born in Paris, and have never seen America. Yet I consider myself American, for my father and mother are. I get the "Young Folks" every month, for a kind uncle in Boston sends them out to me. I have had them ever since they were first published, and I have read them all. I like the "Story of a Bad Boy," and am very sorry it has come to an end. Is it a true story? I also like the William Henry Letters very much. I should like to know about the needle-gun game, which I have seen advertised on your covers. What sort of a thing is it, and how do you use it? [We will tell you about it some day. EDS.] I should like to write a charade if I could well enough. Who wrote the story of the Bœuf Gras? [Mrs. (Mulock) Craik, — one of the best among living English authors. EDS.] I saw it, and it was pretty much as the person described it. But I must put an end to my letter. Yours truly,

WILLIE S. R.

[WE beg "Judge's" pardon for printing his letter just as it is written, — his by-and-by pardon we mean, when he becomes "literary." The letter certainly contains some remarkable statements; and spelling and punctuation do not "come by nature" even to a "Judge."]

December 5, 1869.

Dear young folks; I heard a gentleman say that out West your head Would grow larger and that

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you Would Want a larger hat and that the grain thair Was larger and I read that the soil was three feet thick

long life to our young folks and happy Wishes from "JUDGE."

AND, to keep "Judge" in countenance, we give our readers *Willie M.'s* composition *verbatim*. Find out what that Latin word means, and tell us, Willie. We like your composition better than ever so many that were sent us correctly written. Such a grandmother as yours always makes the world a pleasanter place to live in, and it is a blessed thing for her grandchildren when they know how lovely she is, and what a treasure they have in her.

Write on, Willie, and by and by you will learn about minding your stops and placing your capital letters where they should be. No matter if your composition does look funny in print "just as it was." There is a good thought in it, — and that is more than can be said of some works of celebrated authors. But tell "Katie Long," from us, that a loving grandchild sometimes *makes* a pleasant grandmother.

the Dear old grandmother.

Have you A Dear oald grandmother Who comes three or four times A year and stays every so many Weeks and is so good and tells you such sweet stories we have and shes so nice she came yesterday and the house has been brighter every since Jack isnt half so noisy as he was and May hasnt cried or pouted once but goes about singing like A bird and its all because grandma is here it seens as if nobody would be croos or fretful or bad where she is she speaks so gentle always and there is such A soft light in her eys when she looks at you and such A sweet smile on her lips when she talks our minister was here this Morning and I herd him say somthing to Mother after grandmother had left the room about growing old gracefully these were his very words I think I know what he ment I wonder if I shall ever get to be A man and then grow old like grandma sweet and beautiful and good

Everybody lovs her she seems to love Everybody

I think I d rather die than grow old like Katie longs grandnother nobody likes her and I dont much wnder shes so cross and selfish Katie dosent love her she told me so ana said She was always sory when she came and glad when she went A way now hant that dreadful it is so sweet to be loved and I heard papa Say onse that if we would be loved we must be lovly grandma is lovly and thats why she is loved I am A litle boy and dont know A great deal but I know why every body loves grandma Dear grandma I hope I shall be as sweett and good as shee is when I grow old

Willie M.

Rose W. is assured that her favorite contributor is to write for us constantly this year.

Marguerite. You are one of many who have expressed their pleasure at getting a glimpse of "Leslie Goldthwaite" again. "We Girls" will be found very companionable, from month to month. Leslie, and Barbara, and Ruth, and the rest, are wise little women in their way, and other girls may learn from them how to make home cheery and sweet and beautiful, — one of the best lessons for us all!

Bluebeard. You were a little too late in asking about the prizes. The offer for them — puzzles and compositions — closes with the first of April.

We cannot undertake to return compositions or puzzles which do not receive a prize. Many have asked us to criticise their unsuccessful compositions in the Letter Box, that they may know *why* they do not succeed. If this is really desired, we will do so, whenever we find room.

Lou, Kate, and Nell. Neither of the editors' names is a *nom de plume*. Both write over their own real signatures. — Do you really want us to ask "Willy Wisp" how old he is? That would hardly be polite in us.

Katinka. Your letter has just turned up, after having been hidden a year! It is considered doubtful whether any such person as William Tell ever lived, — but we don't know how anybody is going to prove that he didn't. We have always believed in him, — more than in many men we have seen with our own eyes; and we don't mean to give up the favorite hero of our childhood yet. By and by people will be saying that "Our Young Folks" never had an existence, and that its editors were a myth. But no matter, if there is as good a story about us as there is about William Tell. He *is* immortal, whatever he was, — or wasn't. — The other matter you write of is very curious. Some time we will tell our readers about it.

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SPRING WHISTLES.

DRAWN BY MISS M. A. HALLOCK.] [See the Poem.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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WE GIRLS: A HOME STORY.

CHAPTER V.

THE "BACK YETT AJEE."

THOSE who do not like common people need not read this chapter.

We had Delia Waite the next week. It happened well, in a sort of Box-and-Cox fashion; for Mrs. Van Alstyne went off with some friends to the Isles of Shoals, and Alice and Adelaide Marchbanks went with her; so that we knew we should see nothing of the two great families for a good many days; and when Leslie came, or the Haddens, we did not so much mind; besides, they knew that we were busy, and they did not expect any "coil" got up for them. Leslie came right up stairs, when she was alone; if Harry or Mr. Thayne were with her, one of us would take a wristband or a bit of ruffling, and go down. Somehow, if it happened to be Harry, Barbara was always tumultuously busy, and never offered to receive; but it always ended in Rosamond's making her. It seemed to be one of the things that people wait to be overcome in their objections to.

We always had a snug, cosey time when Delia was with us; we were all simple and busy, and the work was getting on; that was such an undersatisfaction; and Delia was having such a good time. She hardly ever

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failed to come to us when we wanted her; she could always make some arrangement.

Ruth was artful; she tucked in Lucilla Waters, after all; she said it would be such a nice chance to have her; she knew she would rather come when we were by ourselves, and especially when we had our work and patterns about. Lucilla brought a sack and an overskirt to make; she could hardly have been spared if she had had to bring mere idle work. She sewed in gathers upon the shirts for mother, while Delia cut out her pretty material in a style she had not seen. If we had had grasshopper parties all summer before, this was certainly a bee; and I think we all really liked it just as well as the other.

We had the comfort of mother's great, airy room, now, as we had never even realized it before. Everybody had a window to sit at; green-shaded with closed blinds for the most part; but that is so beautiful in summer, when the out-of-doors comes brimming in with scent and sound, and we know how glorious it is if we choose to open to it, and how glorious it is going to be when we do throw all wide in the cooling afternoon.

"How glad I am we *have* to have busy weeks sometimes!" said Ruth, stopping the little "common-sense" for an instant, while she tossed a long flouncing over her sewing-table. "I know now why people who never do their own work are obliged to go away from home for a change. It must be dreadfully same if they did n't. I like a book full of different stories!"

Lucilla Waters lives down in the heart of the town. So does Leslie Goldthwaite, to be sure; but then Mr. Goldthwaite's is one of the old, old-fashioned houses that were built when the town was country, and that has its great yard full of trees and flowers around it now; and Mrs. Waters lives in a block, flat-face to the street, with nothing pretty outside, and not very much in; for they have never been rich, the Waterses, and Mr. Waters died ten years ago, when Lucilla was a little child. Lucilla and her mother keep a little children's school; but it was vacation now, of course.

Lucilla is in Mrs. Ingleside's Bible-class; that is how Ruth, and then the rest of us, came to know her. Arctura Fish is another of Mrs. Ingleside's scholars. She is a poor girl, living at service, — or, rather, working in a family for board, clothing, and a little "schooling," — the best of which last she gets on Sundays of Mrs. Ingleside, — until she shall have "learned how," and be "worth wages."

Arctura Fish is making herself up, slowly, after the pattern of Lucilla Waters. She would not undertake Leslie Goldthwaite or Helen Josselyn, — Mrs. Ingleside's younger sister, who stays with her so much, — or even our quiet Ruth. But Lucilla Waters comes *just next.* She can just reach up to her. She can see how she does up her hair, in something approaching the new way, leaning back behind her in the class and tracing out the twists between the questions; for Lucilla can only afford to use her own, and a few strands of harmless Berlin wool under it; she can't buy coils and braids and two-dollar rats, or intricacies ready made up at the — upholsterer's, I was going to say. So it is not a hopeless puzzle and an impracticable

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achievement to little Arctura Fish. It is wonderful how nice she has made herself look lately, and how many little ways she puts on, just like Lucilla's. She has n't got beyond mere mechanical copying, yet; when she reaches to where Lucilla really is, she will take in differently.

Ruth gave up her little white room to Delia Waite, and went to sleep with Lucilla in the great, square east room.

Delia Waite thought a great deal of this; and it was wonderful how nobody could ever get a peep at the room when it looked as if anything in it had been used or touched. Ruth is pretty nice about it; but she cannot keep it so *sacredly* fair and pure as Delia did for her. Only one thing showed.

"I say," said Stephen, one morning, sliding by Ruth on the stair-rail as they came down to breakfast, "do you look after that *piousosity*, now, mornings?"

"No," said Ruth, laughing, "of course I can't."

"It 's always whopped," said Stephen, sententiously.

Barbara got up some of her special cookery in these days. Not her very finest, out of Miss Leslie; she said that was too much like the fox and the crane, when Lucilla asked for the receipts. It was n't fair to give a taste of things that we ourselves could only have for very best, and send people home to wish for them. But she made some of her "griddles trimmed with lace," as only Barbara's griddles were trimmed; the brown lightness running out at the edges into crisp filigree. And another time it was the flaky spider-cake, turned just as it blushed golden-tawny over the coals; and then it was breakfast potato, beaten almost frothy with one white-of-egg, a pretty good bit of butter, a few spoonfuls of top-of-the-milk, and seasoned plentifully with salt, and delicately with pepper, — the oven doing the rest, and turning it into a snowy soufflé.

Barbara said we had none of us a specialty; she knew better; only hers was a very womanly and old-fashioned, not to say kitcheny one; and would be quite at a discount when the grand co-operative kitchens should come into play; for who cares to put one's genius into the universal and indiscriminate mouth, or make potato-soufflés to be carried half a mile to the table?

Barbara delighted to "make company" of seamstress week; "it was so nice," she said, "to entertain somebody who thought 'chickings was 'evingly.'"

Rosamond liked that part of it; she enjoyed giving pleasure no less than any; but she had a secret misgiving that we were being very vulgarly comfortable in an underhand way. She would never, by any means, go off by herself to eat with her fingers.

Delia Waite said she never came to our house that she did not get some new ideas to carry home to Arabel.

Arabel Waite was fifty years old, or more; she was the oldest child of one marriage and Delia the youngest of another. All the Waites between them had dropped away, — out of the world, or into homes here and there of their

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own, — and Arabel and Delia were left together in the square, low, gambrel-roofed house over on the other hill, where the town ran up small.

Arabel Waite was an old dressmaker. She *could* make two skirts to a dress, one shorter, the other longer; and she could cut out the upper one by any new paper pattern; and she could make shell-trimmings and flutings and box-plaitings and flouncings, and sew them on exquisitely, even now, with her old eyes; but she never had adapted herself to the modern ideas of the corsage. She could not fit a bias to save her life; she could only stitch up a straight slant, and leave the rest to nature and fate. So all her people had the squarest of wooden fronts, and were preternaturally large around the waist. Delia sewed with her, abroad and at home, — abroad without her, also, as she was doing now for us. A pattern for a sleeve, or a cape, or a panier, — or a receipt for a tea-biscuit or a johnny-cake, was something to go home with rejoicing.

Arabel Waite and Delia could only use three rooms of the old house; the rest was blinded and shut up; the garret was given over to the squirrels, who came in from the great butternut-trees in the yard, and stowed away their rich provision under the eaves and away down between the walls, and grew fat there all winter, and frolicked like a troop of horse. We liked to hear Delia tell of their pranks, and of all the other queer, quaint things in their way of living. Everybody has a way of living; and if you can get into it, every one is as good as a story. It always seemed to us as if Delia brought with her the atmosphere of mysterious old houses, and old, old books stowed away in their by-places, and stories of the far past that had been lived there, and curious ancient garments done with long ago, and packed into trunks and bureaus in the dark, unused rooms, where there had been parties once, and weddings and funerals and children's games in nurseries; and strange fellowship of little wild things that strayed in now, — bees in summer, and squirrels in winter, — and brought the woods and fields with them under the old roof. Why, I think we should have missed it more than she would, if we had put her into some back room, and poked her sewing in at her, and left her to herself!

The only thing that was n't nice that week was Aunt Roderick coming over one morning in the very thick of our work, and Lucilla's too, walking straight up stairs, as aunts can, whether you want them or not, and standing astonished at the great goings-on.

"Well!" she exclaimed, with a strong falling inflection, "are any of you getting ready to be married?"

"Yes 'm," said Barbara, gravely, handing her a chair. "All of us."

Then Barbara made rather an unnecessary parade of ribbon that she was quilling up, and of black lace that was to go each side of it upon a little round jacket for her blue silk dress, made of a piece laid away five years ago, when she first had it. The skirt was turned now, and the waist was gone.

While Aunt Roderick was there, she also took occasion to toss over, more or less, everything that lay about, — "to help her in her inventory," she said after she went away.

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"Twelve new embroidered cambric handkerchiefs," repeated she, as she turned back from the stair-head, having seen Aunt Roderick down.

Barbara had once, in a severe fit of needle-industry, inspired by the discovery of two baby robes of linen cambric among mother's old treasures, and their bestowal upon her, turned them into these elegances, broadly hemmed with the finest machine stitch, and marked with beautiful great B's in the corners. She showed them, in her pride, to Mrs. Roderick; and we knew afterward what her abstract report had been, in Grandfather Holabird's hearing. Grandfather Holabird knew we did without a good many things; but he had an impression of us, from instances like these, that we were seized with sudden spasms of recklessness at times, and rushed into French embroideries and sets of jewelry. I believe he heard of mother's one handsome black silk, every time she wore it upon semi-annual occasions, until he would have said that Mrs. Stephen had a new fifty-dollar dress every six months. This was one of our little family trials.

"I don't think Mrs. Roderick does it on purpose," Ruth would say. "I think there are two things that make her talk in that way. In the first place, she has got into the habit of carrying home all the news she can, and making it as big as possible, to amuse Mr. Holabird; and then she has to settle it over in her own mind, every once in a while, that things must be pretty comfortable amongst us, down here, after all."

Ruth never dreamed of being satirical; it was a perfectly straightforward explanation; and it showed, she truly believed, two quite kind and considerate points in Aunt Roderick's character.

After the party came back from the Isles of Shoals, Mrs. Van Alstyne went down to Newport. The Marchbankses had other visitors, — people whom we did not know, and in whose way we were not thrown; the *haute volée* was sufficient to itself again, and we lived on a piece of our own life once more.

"It 's rather nice to knit on straight," said Barbara; "without any widening or narrowing, or counting of stitches. I like very well to come to a plain place."

Rosamond never liked the plain places quite so much; but she accommodated herself beautifully, and was just as nice as she could be. And the very best thing about Rose was, that she never put on anything, or left anything off, of her gentle ways and notions. She would have been ready at any time for the most delicate fancy-pattern that could be woven upon her plain places. That was one thing which mother taught us all.

"Your life will come to you; you need not run after it," she would say, if we ever got restless and began to think there was no way out of the family hedge. "Have everything in yourselves as it should be, and then you can take the chances as they arrive."

"Only we need n't put our bonnets on, and sit at the windows," Barbara once replied.

"No," said Mrs. Holabird; "and especially at the front windows. A great deal that is good — a great deal of the best — comes in at the back-doors."

Everybody, we thought, did not have a back-door to their life, as we did. They hardly seemed to know if they had one to their houses.

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Our "back yett was ajee," now, at any rate.

Leslie Goldthwaite came in at it, though, just the same, and so did her cousin and Dakie.*

Otherwise, for two or three weeks, our chief variety was in sending for old Miss Trixie Spring to spend the day.

Miss Trixie Spring is a lively old lady, who, some threescore and five years ago, was christened "Beatrix." She plays backgammon in the twilights, with mother, and makes a table at whist, at once lively and severe, in the evenings, for father. At this whist-table, Barbara usually is the fourth. Rosamond gets sleepy over it, and Ruth — Miss Trixie says — "plays like a ninkum."

We always wanted Miss Trixie, somehow, to complete comfort, when we were especially comfortable by ourselves; when we had something particularly good for dinner, or found ourselves set cheerily down for a long day at quiet work, with everything early-nice about us; or when we were going to make something "contrive-y," "Swiss-family-Robinson-ish," that got us all together over it, in the hilarity of enterprise and the zeal of acquisition. Miss Trixie could appreciate homely cleverness; darning of carpets and covering of old furniture; she could darn a carpet herself, so as almost to improve upon — certainly to supplant — the original pattern. Yet she always had a fresh amazement for all our performances, as if nothing notable had ever been done before, and a personal delight in every one of our improvements, as if they had been her own.

"We 're just as cosey as we can be, already, — it is n't that; but we want somebody to tell us how cosey we are. Let 's get Miss Trixie to-day," says Barbara.

Once was when the new drugget went down, at last, in the dining-room. It was tan-color, bound with crimson, — covering three square yards; and mother nailed it down with brass-headed tacks, right after breakfast, one cool morning. Then Katty washed up the dark floor-margin, and the table had its crimson-striped cloth on, and mother brought down the brown stuff for the new sofa-cover, and the great bunch of crimson braid to bind that with, and we drew up our camp-chairs and crickets, and got ready to be busy and jolly, and to have a brand-new piece of furniture before night.

Barbara had made peach-dumpling for dinner, and of course Aunt Trixie was the last and crowning suggestion. It was not far to send, and she was not long in coming, with her second-best cap pinned up in a handkerchief, and her knitting-work and her spectacles in her bag.

The Marchbankses never made sofa-covers of brown waterproof, nor had Miss Trixies to spend the day. That was because they had no back-door to their house.

I suppose you think there are a good many people in our story. There are; when we think it up, there are ever so many people that have to do with our story every day; but we don't mean to tell you all *their* stories; so

* Harry Goldthwaite is Leslie's cousin, and Mr. Aaron Goldthwaite's ward. I do not believe we have ever thought to put this in before.

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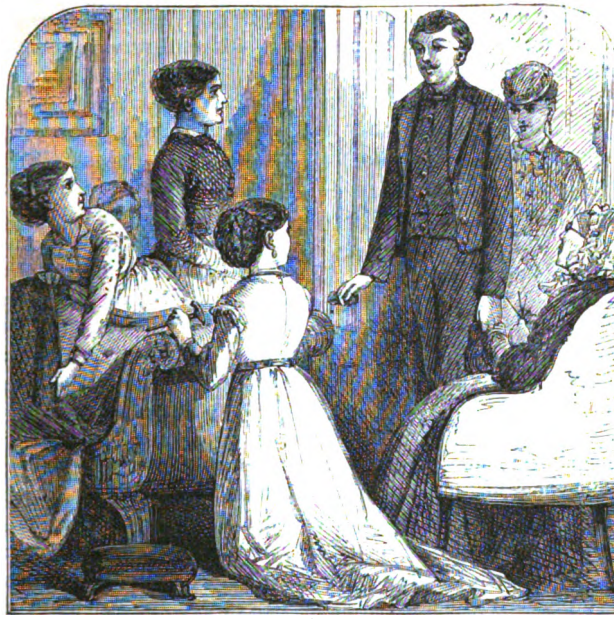
you can bear with the momentary introduction, when you meet them in our brown room, or in our dining-room, of a morning, although we know very well also that passing introductions are going out of fashion.



We had Dakie Thayne's last visit that day, in the midst of the hammering and binding. Leslie and he came in with Ruth, when she came back from her hour with Reba Hadden. It was to bid us good by; his furlough was over; he was to return to West Point on Monday.

"Another two years' pull," he said. "Won't you all come to West Point next summer?"

"If we take the journey we think of," said Barbara, composedly, — "to the mountains and Montreal and Quebec; perhaps up the Saguenay; and then back, up Lake Champlain, and down the Hudson, on our way to Saratoga and Niagara. We might keep on to West Point first, and have a day or two there."

"Barbara," said mother, remonstratingly.

"Why? *Don't* we think of it? I 'm sure I do. I 've thought of it till I 'm almost tired of it. I don't much believe we shall come, after all, Mr. Thayne."

"We shall miss you very much," said Mrs. Holabird, covering Barbara's nonsense.

"Our summer has stopped right in the middle," said Barbara, determined to talk.

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"I shall hear about you all," said Dakie Thayne. "There 's to be a Westover column in Leslie's news. I wish —" and there the cadet stopped.

Mother looked up at him with a pleasant inquiry.

"I was going to say, I wish there might be a Westover correspondent, to put in just a word or two, sometimes; but then I was afraid that would be impertinent. When a fellow has only eight weeks in the year of living, Mrs. Holabird, and all the rest is drill, you don't know how he hangs on to those eight weeks, — and how they hang on to him afterwards."

Mother looked so motherly at him then!

"We shall not forget you — Dakie," she said, using his first name for the first time. "You shall have a message from us now and then."

Dakie said, "Thank you," in a tone that responded to her "Dakie."

We all knew he liked Mrs. Holabird ever so much. Homes and mothers are beautiful things to boys who have had to do without them.

He shook hands with us all round, when he got up to go. He shook hands also with our old friend, Miss Trixie, whom he had never happened to see before. Then Rosamond went out with him and Leslie, — as it was our cordial, countrified fashion for somebody to do, — through the hall to the door. Ruth went as far as the stairs, on her way to her room to take off her things. She stood there, up two steps, as they were leaving.

Dakie Thayne said good by again to Rosamond, at the door, as was natural; and then he came quite back, and said it last of all, once more, to little Ruth, upon the stairs. He certainly did hate to go away and leave us all.

"That is a very remarkable pretty-behaved young man," said Miss Trixie, when we all picked up our breadths of waterproof, and got in behind them again.

"The world is a desert, and the sand has got into my eyes," said Barbara, who had hushed up ever since mother had said "Dakie." When anybody came close to mother, Barbara was touched. I think her love for mother is more like a son's than a daughter's, in the sort of chivalry it has with it.

It was curious how suddenly our little accession of social importance had come on, and wonderful how quickly it had subsided; more curious and wonderful still, how entirely it seemed to stay subsided.

We had plenty to do, though; we did not miss anything; only we had quite taken up with another set of things. This was the way it was with us; we had things we *must* take up; we could not have spared time to lead society for a long while together.

Aunt Roderick claimed us, too, in our leisure hours, just then; she had a niece come to stay with her; and we had to go over to the "old house" and spend afternoons, and ask Aunt Roderick and Miss Bragdowne in to tea with us. Aunt Roderick always expected this sort of attention; and yet she had a way with her as if we ought not to try to afford things, looked scrutinizingly at the quality of our cake and preserves, and seemed to eat our bread and butter with consideration.

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It helped Rosamond very much, though, over the transition. We, also, had had private occupation.

"There had been family company at grandfather's," she told Jeannie Hadden, one morning. "We had been very much engaged among ourselves. We had hardly seen anything of the other girls for two or three weeks."

Barbara sat at the round table, where Stephen had been doing his geometry last night, twirling a pair of pencil compasses about on a sheet of paper, while this was saying. She lifted up her eyes a little, cornerwise, without moving her head, and gave a twinkle of mischief over at mother and Ruth. When Jeannie was gone, she kept on silently, a few minutes, with her diagrams. Then she said, in her funniest, repressed way, —

"I can see a little how it must be; but I suppose I ought to understand the differential calculus to compute it. Circles are wonderful things; and the science of curves holds almost everything. Rose, when do you think we shall get round again?"

She held up her bit of paper as she spoke, scrawled over with intersecting circles and arcs and ellipses, against whose curves and circumferences she had written names: Marchbanks, Hadden, Goldthwaite, Holabird.

"It 's a mere question of centre and radius," she said. "You may be big enough to take in the whole of them, or you may only cut in at the sides. You may be just tangent for a minute, and then go off into space on your own account. You may have your centre barely inside of a great ring, and yet reach pretty well out of it for a good part; you *must* be small to be taken quite in by anybody's!"

"It does n't illustrate," said Rose, coolly. "Orbits don't snarl up in that fashion."

"Geometry does," said Barbara. "I told you I could n't work it all out. But I suppose there 's a Q. E. D. at the end of it somewhere."

Two or three days after something new happened; an old thing happened freshly, rather, — which also had to do with our orbit and its eccentricities. Barbara, as usual, discovered and announced it.

"I should think *any* kind of an astronomer might be mad!" she exclaimed. "Periods and distances are bad enough; but then come the perturbations! Here 's one. We 're used to it, to be sure; but we never know exactly where it may come in. The girl we live with has formed other views for herself, and is going off at a tangent. What *is* the reason we can't keep a satellite, — planet, I mean?"

"Barbara!" said mother, anxiously, "don't be absurd!"

"Well, what shall I be? We 're all out of a place again." And she sat down resignedly on a very low cricket, in the middle of the room.

"I 'll tell you what we 'll do, mother," said Ruth, coming round. "I 've thought of it this good while. We 'll co-operate!"

"She 's glad of it! She 's been waiting for a chance! I believe she put the luminary up to it! Ruth, you 're a brick — moon!"

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

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SPRING WHISTLES.

DOWN by the gate of the orchard
  This Saturday afternoon,
Harry and Arthur and Robin
  Are getting their whistles in tune.
Different notes they are playing;
  Different echoes they hear; —
Always the best of the music
  Is in the musician's ear.

Harry says, "Hark! when I whistle,
  March winds are wild on the hills;
Waterfalls break from the snow-drifts;
  Their thunder the forest fills.
Thousands of bluebirds and sparrows,
  Sing on the branches bare;
Oceans of musical murmurs
  Ripple and stir in the air."

Arthur is whispering, "Listen!
  Dropping of April showers, —
Dripping of rainy rosebuds, —
  Flight of the rustling hours; —
And a speckled lark in the meadow,
  That utters one long sad note,
As if all the sorrow of gladness
  Were hid in his little throat."

"Whistle, O whistle!" cries Robin.
  "Never such echoes could be
Coaxed from a twig of the willow
  As wait in my whistle for me.
When I shape at last the mouthpiece
  And let the rich music out,
You will think that Pan or Apollo
  Is wandering hereabout:

"You will dream of orchards in blossom;
  Of lambs in the grass at play;
And of birds that warble all summer
  The wonderful songs of May."
No doubt of it, Rob! in the whistle
  That nobody yet has played,
Is sleeping a melody sweeter
  Than ever on earth was made.

Lucy Larcom.

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KARL KIPP.

A TALE OF THE OLD COLONY TIMES.

THE story that I am going to tell you is about people who lived a long time ago, in the days when Indians and panthers were more numerous than now. Then there were neither steamboats, railroads, electric telegraphs, nor a hundred other things which we think indispensable.

In those old times a little band of emigrants came out to this country from Holland, and settled in a lovely and fertile valley not far from a great river, — a valley rich in woods and natural meadows, and watered by many beautiful streams. There were old people among these new-comers, and robust young men with buxom wives; and there were younger boys and girls, too, flaxen-haired for the most part, and with healthy, happy faces. Likewise there were many small chubby-faced children, so young that they could remember, as they grew up, nothing of the queer old country they had left behind, with its canals and dikes, nor indeed much about the great sea over which they had come. And these brave Hollanders ap-

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peared to be pretty well off in the world, for they brought with them a great deal of quaint old furniture, — such as tables and chairs and clocks, all made of dark-colored wood, and curiously carved. It was not long before they had built a village for themselves, and in the course of a year or two after their arrival they formed a very flourishing community, with a mill and a blacksmith's forge and a few other conveniences of the kind which settlers in a new country generally think of first.

Among the most respected members of this little colony was an elderly man by the name of Quentin Kipp, whose family consisted of his wife and an only son. In those days Holland was famous for its manufacture of toys. It was the trade to which Quentin Kipp had been brought up, and he had made money enough by it to give his son Karl an excellent education. Karl, in fact, had studied medicine for a while, but, having a natural turn for art, he gave up the mortar and pestle one day, and went to learn modelling in the studio of a sculptor. He had not been there long, however, when his father decided upon joining the band of emigrants for America, and as Karl would not be separated from his parents, to whom he was deeply attached, he gave up his new pursuit and went with them. He was a handsome lad of eighteen, with dreamy blue eyes, and a slim, graceful figure; not very fond of hard work, it is true, but given much to books, and assiduous enough in any occupation that suited his tastes.

Two years after his arrival in America Quentin Kipp came to his death by the fall of a tree, as he was at work in the forest. Then old Dame Kipp had nobody to take care of her but her boy Karl. She was not left in a condition of actual poverty. She had a neat cottage to live in, and a garden from which a tolerable profit was returned yearly; and the mechanical skill of old Quentin Kipp had added considerably to the comforts of the family, for it was he who kept all the clocks of the village in repair, — and you know, I dare say, what people the Dutch are for clocks, and how particular they are about them. It was time for Karl to be doing something, and he applied himself to business like a man, taking up school-keeping as the readiest means of helping himself and his mother.

By this time many of the small chubby-faced children of whom I have already spoken were old enough to be somewhat troublesome to their parents, who were too busy at times to look after them, and who also had their fears about roving Indians and kidnappers and bears and the like. The young schoolmaster was the man just then needed for the circumstances, and it was not long before he had his log-built school-room filled with many sprightly little boys and girls. Karl was very easy with his pupils in the matter of A B C, and all the rest of that, — for a while, at least. He liked better to talk to them, and tell them about the strange things he knew of away beyond the sea. First, he told them about the sea itself, and the great monsters that live in its depths; about the ships that are borne upon its mighty billows, and the rich cargoes that they carry, and the sailors with their cheery cries, and the risks and ventures of a mariner's life; about the great towns and cities of the Old

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World, with their spires and bells, their huge storehouses and wharves, and their busy hum of trade; about pictures and statues and manufactures of curious and costly things; and sometimes about soldiers and their weapons, — for honest Karl would not let them imagine that the world was too good and gentle ever to dream of war. Then sometimes he would take his little pupils for a ramble in the fields, along the edges of the forest and upon the banks of the pleasant rivers. He would tell them the names of the birds and wild creatures with which they met, and of the painted butterflies and gay flowers with which the meadows were enlivened; and he would show them how to weave garlands with water-lilies, and make tall head-dresses of the rushes that grew in the hollows. And often he would exercise his skill in sculpture, by carving strange, grotesque figures out of the gnarled limbs and knots of trees. When he found a twisted branch that gave him some idea of a human form, he would work at it with his knife until it grew to something wonderfully elf-like and droll. He did the same with stray stems and crooks that reminded him of birds or foxes, or anything else that they might distantly resemble. When these were varnished, and set up in his mother's cottage, they formed a curious collection; and as the neighbors stared at them they wondered how it came that Karl, with all his talents, chose to remain so poor.

Poor or not, these were happy times with Karl. But sometimes there was trouble in the little colony from the incursions of Indians, who used now and then to drive off the cattle from the fields. Once or twice they had even attacked and wounded the settlers. These incursions happened only at long intervals, however, and a circumstance at last occurred which brought the Indians into friendly relations with the white people of the settlement. There was a ragged, restless Indian, who used to hang about the village, bringing in for sale furs and such trinkets as the squaws manufactured. This Indian, whose savage name it would puzzle the printers to put in type, though in plain English it was nothing worse than Wild Turkey, was a great favorite with Karl, who used to go hunting deer with him in the woods. Many a useful thing, in fact, did Karl learn from his friend Wild Turkey, who taught him how to make a birch-bark canoe, and how to manage it when it was made; also how to spear fish, and to trap martens and other wild animals, and many things besides that are very useful to people who live in new countries.

One day a gang of rough, half-tipsy fur-traders arrived in the village, on their way to the camps of the red-men. These white ruffians kept the little place in an uproar for a day or two, and the quiet villagers were beignning to grow tired of them. Just at this time Wild Turkey happened to come into the settlement with some articles for sale, and as he was passing through the village street three or four of these fellows set upon him, because he refused to barter some valuable skins for a worthless old blanket. Karl was at hand, however, and, leaping like a panther upon the assailants, he wrested a sword from one of them, and kept them at bay until some of the villagers came to the rescue and drove them out of the settlement. After

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this, Wild Turkey was a fast friend of Karl's. When he returned to his tribe he told them how his life had been saved by the brave young man, and the settlers had no further trouble with that tribe of Indians.

The garden laid out by Karl around his mother's house was really a picture to look at. You know, perhaps, how famous the Hollanders are for their tulips. At one time, in Holland, a fine tulip-root cost as much as four hundred dollars of our money. Karl's father had brought out with him some roots of rare quality, and the beds and borders of tulips arranged by Karl in the little garden had a very rich and striking effect. He made a beautiful arbor there for his mother, where she would sit and spin on fine summer days. To this arbor the bees and butterflies used to come, — and, prettier than all, the ruby-throated humming-birds, attracted by the sweet flowers with which it was entwined; though the old lady would always insist that they were lured thither by the humming of the spinning-wheel, — and who knows but there may have been something in that, after all?

But Karl, as I have said, was indolent, and he grew more so as time went on, until he troubled himself little about work. Some of his pupils had grown to be great boys and girls, and he did not like teaching them half so well as when they were the small chubby-faced ones who

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listened to his stories. He would sit for hours upon the stoop of the house, smoking his great porcelain pipe, and sipping now and then from an earthenware mug with a silver lid a beverage made from one of those

strong liquors which the jovial old Hollanders never liked to be without. The neighbors talked about this, saying to each other: "How dreamy Karl has grown to be! 'T is a pity he cannot set himself about some useful work, if it were only to build up a new chimney to his house with these tiles his father brought out with him from home." And the children, hearing this talk, would often play tricks upon Karl. Stealing upon him while he was half asleep, little Katrina Horn would run away with his pipe in one direction, while her cousin, Petrus van Pickle, who was the wildest imp in the school, would scamper off with his mug, in another.

At last lonely times came for Karl. His mother, who had been failing for years, died. Many of his pupils, now grown up, went abroad in different directions, for they longed to see that world about which Karl had told them so much when they were children. Then the old place seemed so solitary to him that he thought he would set out and become a teacher among the Indian tribes. So, leaving his house in charge of some neighbors, to whom he merely said that he would be absent for some time, he and Wild Turkey started one morning for the up-river country in a splendid new canoe.

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It was a lovely morning in the early fall when Karl and his companion paddled their canoe close along by the shore of the river, on their way to the wigwams of Wild Turkey's tribe. The water was smooth as a mirror, — so smooth and bright that when the osprey broke the surface of it in his swift descent upon some unlucky fish, it looked, for a moment, like a shattered glass. Sometimes their course lay through acres of water-lilies, on the broad leaves of which great brown water-snakes were basking in the sun, while the roofs of the muskrat houses were visible over the tops of the reeds beyond. The bays were swarming with myriads of wild ducks, and the waters teeming with fish, so that, as our travellers had guns and fishing-tackle with them, they were at no loss for food during their voyage, which lasted for several days. One morning they met with a small fleet of canoes coming down the river. This was a great hunting expedition of Indians, attended by their squaws, and Karl observed how some of the latter had their long black hair adorned with the wings of various bright-plumaged birds, — a fashion which appeared very strange to the simple Hollander, though in our time the young ladies have adopted the same style. On they went, paddling their canoe all day, and camping in the woods at night, the river growing narrower and narrower as they ascended it, until at last they entered a beautiful lake, upon the shores of which the bark-built lodges of the Indians soon came in view.

No sooner had Wild Turkey announced to the Indians who their strange visitor was than Karl was surrounded by a number of them, who bore him away in triumph to the lodge of the chief. He was there received with all the hospitality peculiar to these simple dwellers in the wilderness. Karl found himself quite at home among them, and, being an expert hunter and fisher, he frequently accompanied them on their expeditions to the distant lakes and woods of the West. He had brought with him a stock of trinkets,

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such as beads, looking-glasses, and rings, and by making gifts of these he became very popular with the younger people of the tribe. As time went on, he acquired a perfect knowledge of their language, and his delight was to tell the children stories of other countries and people, just as he used to do when he kept school down at the settlement. And the Indian children, who were very shy at first, grew so fond of him that they often made chaplets of wild-flowers and wreathed them into his hair and beard, which had grown to be very long and tangled.

Sometimes he occupied himself in carving stone pipes, which he would fashion curiously into the forms of animals unknown to the Indians. He would carve one, for instance, in the semblance of an elephant, and when the savages gazed with astonishment upon a form so strange to them, he would tell them all about the countries of the far East, describing the people who inhabited them, their modes of hunting, their manufactures and weapons and boats. Thus, by means of a stone pipe, Karl managed to convey to these poor Indians some of the knowledge that you and I acquire from travel or books. These pipes of Karl's were very much prized by the traders who came once in a while to the Indian village. They would often buy them at the price of two blankets each, which was much more than they would give for the clumsy pipes wrought by the Indians, and Karl distributed the blankets among his Indian friends, whom he taught how to make them into coats. These coats the squaws afterward trimmed in gay colors with beads and porcupine quills.

Karl had lived with these Indians for several years, when sickness broke out among them, and then his knowledge of medical science enabled him to save many lives. He had procured various medicines from time to time, through the traders, and the wonderful cures effected by him with these brought him into greater repute than ever with the savages, who evinced their gratitude in many sincere though uncivilized ways. They conferred upon him the rank of Big Medicine Sachem of the tribe, which entitled him to wear a dress made of the skin of a black bear, with a head-piece formed of the skull of the animal. As this would have been rather too warm a costume for summer, however, they also made for him a coat and leggings of dressed deerskin, and the cap, or bonnet, to accompany this was fashioned from the skin of a great horned owl, with the wings extended on either side, and the head resting upon the wearer's temples. They set up a splendid lodge for him in the middle of the village. It was made of the skins of moose, dressed into beautiful soft leather, on which numerous figures of animals were rudely painted in black and red. To the top of the tent-pole they fixed a huge pair of moose antlers, which gave the doctor's residence, as you may readily imagine, a very distinguished effect. In this tent he had a bed of deer and bear skins, ranged about which were his weapons, and such books as the traders brought him from time to time.

Years passed away, and the example and teachings of Karl did much to improve the condition of the wild people among whom he had spent the best portion of his life. But, again, when Karl was well advanced in

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age, the same strange loneliness fell upon him which had driven him from the settlements to seek a home among the red-men. The little Indian children whom he had loved best had grown up to be men and women now, and most of them had roved away to distant hunting-grounds never to return. His faithful friend and companion of so many years, Wild Turkey, met his death in struggling with a wounded bear, which a bullet from Karl's rifle killed indeed, but too late to save his Indian friend. And it often came into Karl's head as he lay half-dreaming in his tent, with the rings of blue smoke from his pipe mingling with his wild, grizzled hair and beard, that he would like to go back to the settlements, and pass the rest of his days among his own people. He did not know that there was something going on there which would bring about his departure from the Indian village at an early day.

You remember that in the first part of my little story I mentioned a great river not far from the valley in which the brave Hollanders had built their village. On the margin of this river, during the long years while Karl was away in the far wilderness, a seaport town had sprung up, with wharves and warehouses and great black ships that came there from across the sea. And the biggest ship now in that port, with the blackest hull and the whitest sails and the jolliest Jack-tars, was the Driving Cloud, commanded by the experienced mariner, Captain Petrus van Pickle.

Now I trust that my young readers have not forgotten a certain young gentleman of that name, already mentioned as the wildest imp of the school in the days long past, when Karl used to sit dreamily over his pipe and mug on the stoop of his mother's house. Well, when little Petrus had grown up, the spirit of adventure seized him, and he embarked as a sailor-boy on board one of the first ships from Europe that came up the river. He sailed in that ship for years, visiting many of the strange countries, and seeing many of the curious sights, about which Karl used to tell the children in the early times of the village. Many wonderful adventures had Petrus by land as well as by sea, and many narrow escapes in storm and in battle. Step by step he rose in his profession, and success attended his enterprises, until he became an owner of ships himself, and a great trader to various parts of the Old World and of the New. Learning that a seaport town had grown up near his native village in America, he felt a longing to revisit the spot where the happy days of his childhood had been passed. So, having loaded one of his best ships, the Driving Cloud, with an assorted cargo of such goods as would be acceptable to the colonists, he left Amsterdam one summer morning, and after a pleasant voyage reached the broad river, and cast anchor hard by the seaport town.

There was great joy in the village when the news came that Captain Petrus van Pickle was in port with his ship. His brothers and sisters and cousins — all of whom were married now, and had no end of chubby-faced children about them — came down to meet him, and escorted him in triumph to the village. Time had brought some changes to the place indeed, but most of its old features remained, and of these the one that most attracted the attention of Petrus, when he had time to look about him

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a little, was the old cottage where Carl lived with his mother in the years long gone by. For the neighbors, who had heard from the traders that Karl was still living with the Indians at the distant Lake of the Woods, reverently kept the house in repair and the garden in order, thinking that at last the wanderer might yearn for his old homestead, and return to live out the rest of his days there. And when Captain Petrus became aware of all this a bright idea occurred to him. First, he would found a free school in his native village; and next, he would wile Karl away from the woods and the wild people so dear to him, and make him head master of it.

There was another idea, apart from this, that originated in the commercial part of the bold captain's head, and that was the establishment of a regular trading-post at the Lake of the Woods, where his agents would purchase furs, and send them down in canoes to the port, for shipment to foreign countries. So Captain Petrus started on an expedition to the Indian lodges. An Indian festival was going on when he arrived there, and as Karl happened to be assisting in his official capacity of Big Medicine Sachem, clothed in his wild costume, bearded and grizzled and tanned, it was some time before Petrus could recognize in him the Karl Kipp of bygone days. But the wanderer's heart was touched when he felt the warm grasp of his former pupil's hand, and listened to his recital of the adventures through which he had passed in the great world. A whisper of sad yet sweet remembrance stole upon Karl as his friend talked, and he agreed to accompany him on his return to the village as soon as arrangements could be made.

Captain Petrus, who was a prompt man of business, soon arranged matters for the trade in furs, and the day came when Karl was to take leave of his Indian friends forever. Through the liberality of Petrus he was enabled to bestow gifts upon them with a lavish hand, but there was grief in the lodges, and the scene was a very affecting one as the poor savages thronged around him to take a last farewell. A crowd of Indians, in many canoes, escorted our travellers some distance down the river, and left them, blessing, in their untutored way, the best friend they had ever known.

It was the anniversary of the founding of the settlement when Karl and Petrus arrived. Every house was decorated with garlands, and flags were fluttering gayly in the October breeze. Knots of happy, sunburnt villagers, with their wives and children, were feasting at tables spread in the open air, while others were dancing on the village green, and sounds of music and merriment were heard in every direction. When the news went round that Karl had arrived, the scene was one not to be described or easily forgotten. Mothers who had once been the chubby-faced children of Karl's village school pressed around him, and held their little ones out for him to kiss. Hearty men, well advanced in years, who had been friends and companions of his youth, struggled with each other to grasp him by the hand, and the younger men, who had listened as school-boys to Karl's recitals of life in the Old World, tried hard to recall any remembrance of him in the wild, bearded figure presented to their astonished gaze. When

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the excitement had subsided a little, Karl was led to the old cottage where he had passed so tranquilly the happy days of his youth. Having arrived there, he could no longer control his feelings, but, throwing himself into the old arm-chair which stood in its accustomed corner of the stoop, he buried his face in his hands and wept.

Well, all this passed away, and Karl at last found himself installed once more as head schoolmaster of the village. In time a large stone school-house was built for him at the expense of Captain Petrus van Pickle, and he had assistants; for the small chubby-faced portion of the population was now rather extensive, and would have been too much for Karl to manage by himself. But he lived the rest of his days at the old cottage. The boxwood slips and the junipers planted by him in the garden so many years ago had now grown into great bushes, and it was his delight to trim and clip these into all manner of strange figures. Thus he made out of the junipers that stood on either side of the garden-gate two giant soldiers eight feet high. Other bushes took the form of peacocks and bears, and various familiar objects, beneath his skilful hand; and years after his return to the village the venerable old man, with his long white beard, might be seen at work in the early mornings, clipping with shears at the trees and bushes in his garden, to keep his curious fancies in shape.

And this is all I have to tell you about Karl Kipp. Perhaps he would have been a great sculptor, had he remained in Holland, and followed the study of art. But then he might have done less good in his day, for although his life was mostly a wild and wayward one, yet his teachings bore fruit, and the white people, as well as the red, had good cause to bless his memory when he passed away.

Charles Dawson Shanly.

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THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

WHAT do the robins whisper about
From their homes in the elms and birches?
I 've tried to study the riddle out,
But still in my mind is many a doubt,
In spite of deep researches.

While all the world is in silence deep,
In the twilight of early dawning
They begin to chirp and twitter and peep,
As if they were talking in their sleep,
At three o'clock in the morning.

Perhaps the little ones stir, and complain
That it 's time to be up and doing;
And the mother-bird sings a drowsy strain
To coax them back to their dreams again,
Though distant cocks are crowing.

Or do they tell secrets that should not be heard
By mortals listening and prying?
Perhaps we might learn from some whispered word
The best way to bring up a little bird, —
Or the wonderful art of flying.

It may be they speak of one autumn day
When with many a feathered roamer,
Under the clouds so cold and gray,
Over the hills they took their way,
In search of the vanished summer.

It may be they gossip from nest to nest,
Hidden and leaf-enfolded;
For do we not often hear it confessed,
When a long-kept secret at last is guessed,
That "a little bird has told it"?

Perhaps — but the question is wrapped in doubt;
They give me no hint or warning.
Listen, and tell me, if you find out,
What do the robins whisper about
At three o'clock in the morning?

R. S. Palfrey.

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NEW GOWNS.

ONCE upon a time there lived a beautiful Lady, who had the loveliest dresses, — such as never were seen before. First, she had a long robe of rich green velvet, embroidered all over with flowers of every color; its train was decked with silver spangles, and sparkling ribbons of silver flowed from the wide and flashing silver girdle at her waist down to her feet, and here and there masses of feather trimming, of the richest green, decorated the seams and hems, and green plumes waved around her snowy tresses; for she was old as she was beautiful, showing age alone in these glittering coils of blanched hair. Whenever she moved, the silver girdle, wide as a breastplate, swayed and shimmered about her, and the green plumes bent slowly and gracefully. Nothing, men thought, could be more beautiful than her garment; but she was a woman, and got very tired of it. Now the Lady had two old uncles, — Uncle Jack and Uncle Sol; they did not agree at all, and when one refused what she wanted, the other was sure to give it to her. So when she got weary of her green robes she told Uncle Sol she wanted a change of raiment.

"Fie! fie!" said the portly old gentleman, who wore a yellow coat, somewhat spotted, and had fire-red hair; "how long have you worn that gown, my dear! I know very well, for I gave it to you; no, indeed. Do you see me getting new coats? The idea is absurd!"

He turned his face away from her, and she was so angry she ran straight off to find Uncle Jack.

Uncle Jack was a funny little old man with keen gray eyes, and his long hair and wavy beard were like drifted snow. All his clothes were white, and trimmed with crystal buttons, and in his hand he carried a tiny slender spear of crystal, on whose tip glittered a diamond point clear and cold as a star; it was an enchanted spear that never broke or wore out, and he could work wonders with it.

"O Uncle Jack!" said the Lady, "do give me something new to wear; I am so tired of green and silver!"

"Why, my dear! I think your dress is very fresh and rich yet."

"That 's what Uncle Sol says."

"Oho! the gruff old rascal has been denying you what you wanted, has he? I 'll see to your dress, my dear!"

With that Uncle Jack took up his magic wand and lightly touched the feather trimming and the plumes, and all at once they flashed into the most gorgeous colors, — scarlet glowing like coals, yellow as fierce as July sunshine, masses of deep gleaming garnet, and spots of dusky purple and light vivid crimson on the trimming; while the plumes waved with here and there a golden spire, or a feather of flame, interspersed with dark velvety green, pallid yellow, or shining brown.

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"There!" said Uncle Jack, "are you satisfied?"

The Lady looked at her face in one of the broad burnished silver ribbons, and smiled, for she was lovely as a dream; all the air about her seemed steeped in sunshine, and in her girdle and her sashes the splendid colors floated and flowed like jewels poured out. Uncle Jack laughed to see her so pleased.

But after a while the velvet gown began to fade and grow threadbare; its folds and edges showed dull brown; the embroidery of blossoms and leaves and berries that had strewed it with many a gay wreath and graceful tendril, or starred it with tiny flowers, was all frayed away and fallen off. The silver ribbons still shone, but the robe itself had become a dead brownish-yellow, and the glorious plumes had dropped one little featherling after the other, till of them and of the trimming there was nothing left but bare gray stems and tracery.

The Lady wept bitterly. Uncle Sol had turned the cold shoulder towards her, and she was half afraid of Uncle Jack, he had so lately clothed her in magnificent robes. There was, however, no one else to help her, so she called loudly for him, and he came.

There was a sly smile in his keen gray eye as he looked at the Lady. "Rags and tags, hey, madam? Well for you that Uncle Jack lives within hearing." So saying, he passed his wand across her again, and about her shoulders and waist hung trails of exquisite lace of the most delicate tracery and purest whiteness, and a white tissue robe fell softly over the worn velvet, and hid it with a sheeny mist. The plumes were covered and tipped with lace-work too, and the beautiful Lady smiled again to see how delicately fair her robes showed in the morning light. But hardly had she enjoyed their grace and purity for an hour or two, when along came the other old uncle.

"Ho! ho!" laughed Uncle Sol, "here you are in another new gown! In white lace, like a young girl at her wedding! This is too absurd, for a woman of your age. I can't allow it!"

Now Uncle Sol's magic was in his face; if he once looked hard and long at anything it ran away, and now he stared fixedly at the lovely lace raiment. Horrible to relate, it ran away as he looked, in streams of gray shreds, and even drops like tears, till the beautiful Lady stood weeping bitterly in her old brown gown and the gray sticks of her feathers, looking worse for the silver ribbons! Now she began to sob and wail; the plumes, featherless as they were, rustled in her hair like a storm of pitiful whispers and sighs, and the silver girdle and breastplate heaved up and down till it grated on her brown robe heavily and frayed it still more.

"O Jack! dear Uncle Jack!" she cried, "come, do come!"

In he bustled and hustled with a great crackling and whistling, for he was very busy and hard at work.

Up went both his withered hands in surprise.

"What a sight to behold! all that lace gone! My dear, you cost too much; you are so tall and large one needs stores as broad and deep as the sky to clothe you!"

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The Lady drew herself up and looked at Uncle Jack. Now indeed she was a piteous sight, all her fair face and dingy robe marred with tears and shreds, her beauty worn with grief and rage, and her broad shoulders wearing no trace of their late filmy covering.

"Look at me, Uncle Jack!"

That was enough.

"Poor child! poor child!" said he, pitifully. "I will give you a garment that Uncle Sol may stare at as much as he likes, but it will take a long while to make it."

So off went Uncle Jack into the upper air, and borrowed of the sprites who prepare wool and crystal in those high dwellings, their most spotless and heavy fleeces; these he floated softly down upon the beautiful Lady till they rested upon her brown mantle and covered it completely, hiding even the holes about her sides and elbows; then he waved his wand till the stainless wool grew into a lovely robe, so white and sparkling that if one but looked upon it the water would stand in his eyes. Another touch of the diamond-tipped spear, and the silver ribbons turned to polished steel; steel bound the girdle and breastplate with a broad bright edge. The Lady was more splendid than ever; one thing alone was wanting, — a new set of plumes.

"Whew! whew!" said Uncle Jack, "must I travel up stairs again?" and off he went to borrow dew-crystal of the sprites who had already lent him wool; they were kindly sprites indeed, for they showered the bright, clear drops he wanted all over the feather trimming, and the plumes also, and as they clung to the delicate stems and tendrils, Uncle Jack pointed his spear-tip at them, and they changed to diamonds. How they sparkled and danced and shone! how every sigh that fluttered about made the myriad rainbows thrill and quiver! how blinding was the blaze of their splendor, how glorious the Lady in her jewels and her brilliant robe! She looked as a queen might, adorned for her bridal, and from her clear bright girdle and ribbons shone back all the stars of heaven.

"There!" said Uncle Jack. "I think I have done well for you; you can defy Uncle Sol now as to the gown. I won't answer for the diamonds, — he hates jewelry; but don't come screaming after me again for a long time, my Lady. I have business on hand"; and off he went.

The beautiful Lady smiled, and all the wonderful brilliants about her rustled and flashed and blazed for joy. Poor Lady! it was but the very next morning Uncle Sol looked at her over his shoulder. "Ridiculous old creature!" growled he. "*I* know when she was born, if nobody else does, and for a person whose years are more than she likes to make known to be wearing jewelry, and *such* jewelry, is enough to make one laugh. No! never can I allow it!"

So saying, he stared at the diamonds with all his might and main. How they burned under his gaze! how every tiny speck shot out a blaze of anger and splendor! Their glory was blinding, but it was brief. Presently they began to drop from the plumy stems, — tinkle, tinkle, tinkle! faster and faster, with a sweet and bright sound like the ring of fairy sleigh-bells, or the

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laugh of fairy babies, down they showered, tumbling on the beautiful Lady's shoulders, over her steel ribbons and on her beaming girdle and breastplate, — tinkle, tinkle, tinkle! ringing their tiny peals of delicate music and glittering where they fell. Alas! in a moment more they were but tears.

Uncle Jack no longer listened to the Lady's calls; her jewels were gone, and who could replace them? She wore the stainless robe without ornaments save the steel and steel-bound silver of her ribbons and girdle; and, being careless, in a few months the white garment gathered stains and grew threadbare, and was no longer fair to see. Then she bethought herself of Uncle Sol, who had ceased turning his face away from her, and made friends with him once more, so that he again clothed her with soft and fresh green garments, with newer and even more exquisite trailing embroideries and misty green trimmings; he renewed her graceful plumes, and changed ribbons and girdle to shining silver once more. So it came to pass that the beautiful Lady was never at a loss for robes, between the two old uncles. And so it hath been and shall be while the world endures.

Ah! if only I had an Uncle Jack and an Uncle Sol, I should never again say I had nothing to wear, or sigh over my lack of new gowns.

Rose Terry.

WHAT I SAW IN CHINA.

Getting There.

As I sit down to write upon what I saw while in China, memory goes back over the years to my old home in the country, and I think of myself sitting at the tea-table one calm summer evening, stirring my tea and wishing it was not so hot, and suddenly discovering a "stranger" in the cup. I dare say some of you may wish to know what that means. The gossips used to say that when we found a stem of the tea-plant floating in our tea, it was a sure sign that we should have a visitor, — or "stranger," as the phrase is. But as we had company pretty much all the time, the finding of a "stranger" in my cup was of little significance. It set me to thinking, however, that evening, and I asked my father this question, — "Where does tea come from?"

"It comes from China," he replied.

I knew very well where China was, — right beneath my feet. I thought it strange the people who lived there did not fall off, — being on the under side of the globe. I imagined them creeping round head down, like the flies on the ceiling of the room, and wondered if it ever made them dizzy!

I went from the tea-table to the yard and looked down into the well. The moon was full, and I could see it in the clear water much easier than by twisting my neck out of joint to look at it up in the blue sky.

I remember thinking that if the well was only deep enough it would

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reach clear down to China. In those days everybody talked of moving West, — to Ohio or Michigan; and we heard wonderful stories of the depth and mellowness of the soil, in which parsnips grew to such a length that the people of China pulled them through on the other side, and robbed the settlers of their garden-sauce!

At school we studied Peter Parley's Geography, which told us something about China; but the only thing that I can now recall of it is the picture of a man with shoes turned up at the toes, wearing a frock that reached to his knees, with a hat shaped like the cover of a sugar-bowl, and a pigtail dangling down his back, going through the streets selling puppies for pies! This picture represents a Chinaman driving dogs to market, just as I saw him in the street, when there. Would it not be a strange sight at Brighton!

I had a little yellow dog that was always stirring up the hens, and took great delight in cornering the cat, and seeing puss get her back up. I don't know which enjoyed it most, Pero or myself. I did not want the cat hurt, but I wished to see a display of her mettle. Pero was good in a skirmish, but of little account in a pitched battle, and, like many a coward, turned his back on the foe and beat a retreat when puss showed fight.

Have Pero made into a pie, — a pot-pie, and baked! The thought was sickening.

They must be a strange people who could made a dinner of dog? Yet they cultivated the tea-plant, and my mother had a blue pongee silk and my father a nankeen vest that came from China. My mother's wedding tea-set, the best in the house, kept in the parlor cupboard, and never used except when we had distinguished company or an evening party, came from China. The teacups were a little larger than egg-shells, and about as thin. Holding them to the light, you could almost see through them. They must be a strange people, to manufacture such articles and live on dogs!

China was a great way off in those days, — nineteen thousand miles, my father said, — and he pointed out on my school atlas the track of a vessel

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sailing from Boston, — down the Atlantic, across the equator, round the Cape of Good Hope, then, making a long stretch across the Indian Ocean, through the Straits of Malacca or Sunda to Canton; or the other route round Cape Horn and across the wide Pacific. Vessels were one hundred and thirty or forty days making the passage from port to port.

How nice, I thought, to be a sailor and make such a voyage and see the rare sights of that distant land! I remember turning the matter over night after night, and half resolving to run away, and ship as a cabin-boy.

It was well that I never carried out my purpose, and I would not advise boys to leave home in search of adventure; for the chances are, in these days of railroads and steamships and rapid travelling, that their desire for travelling will some time be gratified, as mine has been.

China is no longer a far-off land. We used to think of it as being beneath our feet, and of reaching it by sailing east round the Cape of Good Hope, — for that was the route taken by most of the tea ships; but now we think of it as lying west of us. The Pacific Railroad has been opened, and a line of steamers has been established between San Francisco and Hong Kong. Now you may reach China in less than a month after leaving home. It is quite important that we should know about the Chinese, for they are coming over here and settling in our country. If you should visit San Francisco you would see thousands of them in the streets. One portion of that city is occupied wholly by them, and it is said that there are at least one hundred thousand of them in the United States. By and by they will make their appearance in Chicago, New York, and Boston. They will work in our gardens, in our manufactories, and probably they will make our beds and do our cooking. For though they make dog-pies at home, they are good cooks, and will get up a first-rate dinner without any dog.

I dare say there is not a boy or girl in the land who would not be delighted to see the Chinese in their own country, and watch the queer water-craft in their seaports, — to coast along the evergreen shores, climb the ancient pagodas, ramble through the old cities, visit the joss-houses, enter the tea-shops, and behold the great lanterns hanging over the streets; but as you all cannot go, I will tell you of some things that I saw while travelling in China.

The voyage from San Francisco to China is monotonous. We do not see any land on the route till we approach the coast of Japan. The steamers usually run several hundred miles north of the Sandwich Islands. If we stand at the bow of the steamer we shall see the flying-fish rise from the water, frightened by the plashing of the wheels, — thinking, perhaps, that some terrible monster is about to swallow them They dart swiftly through the air, — sometimes skim along the waves, then drop into the sea. Possibly some of them will fall upon the deck, or come into the cabin-windows without ceremony, as one did upon our steamer, bumping his head against the ceiling and falling dead upon the floor. You will be likely to see whales, rolling lazily upon the waves or spouting up water, like the fountain on Boston Common, but it is doubtful if you see a ship. Day after day and

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night after night the great steamer of the Pacific Mail Company will move on, making about nine miles an hour, the engine never stopping till the voyage is finished.

As you approach the coast of China, the first things you see are the junks, which sail up and down the coast, catching fish, or loading with rice, sugar, and tea, or bamboo-poles. They are so wide, high, and lumbering, and roll

so heavily, that it seems as if every wave would send them to the bottom. But though they are so clumsy to look at, they are excellent sea-boats, and the Chinese make long voyages in them.

You cannot help laughing to see a junk, with three, four, and sometimes five masts, — long and short, one just as far forward and another as far astern as it is possible to put them. A framework like a carpenter's staging on the side of a house is built out over the rudder, where there is sometimes a hen-coop filled with fowls. The rudder is a great awkward affair, large enough for a barn-door. You see cabins crowded against cabins on the deck, — quite a village of little shanties Women and girls, as well as men and boys, act as sailors, and oftentimes the captain is a woman, who stands at the helm and issues her orders to the men, — her husband and son!

I remember seeing a woman with a baby in a bag slung to her back managing the helm, and giving orders to her husband and the rest of the crew, who were tugging at the ropes. A half-dozen children were playing about the deck, feeding hens and chickens that walked in and out of the cabin

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and made themselves at home. The rooster hopped upon the upper cabin, flapped his wings, and gave a lusty crow. Kittens, one gray and two black ones with white feet, and two old cats, were sunning themselves upon the deck, and then there were half a dozen puppies yelping and barking in a cage. The sailors, you see, had a stock of fresh provisions, — for chickens, kittens, dogs, all were destined for the stew-pan!

The anchors of the Chinese vessels are very curious affairs. They are made of a heavy wood called iron-wood, so heavy that it sinks in the water of its own weight. A large tree is cut down for the stock or shaft of the anchor and the flukes, which are of wood sharpened with iron and pinned or lashed to it. The cables are rattan ropes, — clumsy, but very strong.

You will notice that all the junks are armed, — some of them with cannon cast in England or America, but many of them with Chinese guns, — long pieces of small size, and of little account in battle, — just such guns as were in use in Europe three hundred years ago. They are like the gingals and fusees that are preserved as curiosities in European museums and old armories.

The Chinese used cannon long before Europeans knew anything of such weapons of war. We are informed by some historical writers that gunpowder was invented by a German named Schwartz, in 1320; but Roger Bacon of England knew about gunpowder fifty years earlier, in 1270, and it was an old invention then.

When Alexander the Great reached India, as history informs us, he encountered enemies who hurled iron balls at his troops from long hollow tubes, which flamed, flashed, and thundered. That was three hundred and fifty-five years before Christ; but gunpowder was known in China even earlier than that. The Chinese say that they have no record to show when it was invented, — that it has been in use ever since China had a history.

Some of the junks are likely to be pirates, for they abound off the coast. They do not, however, often attack American or English vessels, owing to their superior strength and armament; for all vessels go armed in these waters, to be prepared for attack by sea-rovers.

Many of the craft are freighted with bamboo-poles, which are sold for lumber. The bamboo is very tall and straight. It has a single trunk, without branches, and grows in joints. They make long, light fishing-rods, and some of you may have gone pickerelling with them, as I have. It is hollow and has a beautiful green feathery foliage. In China and India these graceful trees grow by the roadside, and at a distance look like long rows of tall green plumes waving in the wind. The bamboo thrives in some parts of China, and it is almost the only wood used in that country for houses or for furniture. The people of the East could not get along without it. They eat it, that is, they take the young and tender plant when it is green and juicy and make preserves of it. They make chairs, couches, bedsteads, stands, boxes, baskets, boats, houses, carts, sedans, ploughs, shovels, and a great many other things of this tree. They strip it into slivers and make

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watch-chains of it. I am now wearing one made of it. Each link of my chain is composed of three small strands. It is so strong and pretty that all the young folks, and the old folks too, express their admiration of it. They strip the bamboo still finer and weave it into cloth. You may obtain a nice summer suit for a small sum of money! Foreigners and Chinese men and women usually wear bamboo clothing during warm weather.

The trade in this wood is very large, and one of the strangest sights to be seen on the coast is a junk with a cargo of this timber. Being so light, it is impossible to sink a junk loaded with it, so they pile on the poles in bundles tier above tier, lengthwise and crosswise, — a great stack as large as a small meeting-house, so high that you can see only the top of the tallest mast.

When we reached the harbor, before the anchor touched the bottom, our steamer was surrounded by scores of small boats, some of which had whole families on board, — grandfather and grandmother, father and mother, children and grandchildren, with a pig in a pen, chickens in a coop, dogs in a cage, and kittens capering about the deck.

These boats are their houses; the occupants have no other place to live in: they are born and die on the water. They sleep in bunks or cribs built at the sides of the boat. They eat, sleep, work, play, drink tea, and gamble on board, — here to-day, there to-morrow; fishing, carrying cargoes, and getting a living in one way or another. Rather a hard life we should think it.

Still smaller than the junks are the sampans, or row-boats. The smallest are sculled by a boy or girl, whose sculling-oar works on a pivot. A strap reaches from the end of the oar to the bottom of the boat, and he gives a short pull of the strap with one hand and follows it up with the other upon the oar, and makes the boat almost leap out of the water without exerting nearly so much strength as is required to scull a boat by our oarsmen. A little cabin is built over the middle of the boat, — a bamboo frame covered

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with matting as a shelter from sun and rain. I have just shown you on the preceding page a picture of one such as I saw.

Every sampan, boat, and junk has eyes at the bow. The Chinese say, "No have eyes, no can see." How could the boat see its way among the rocks and over the shoals without eyes? How would it get on in a dark night? No boatman would think of venturing to sea in a boat or junk that had no eyes.

We have already seen enough to keep up the strange sensation that steals over us as we approach the shores of this wonderful land. It seems as if we had entered another world. But we have only passed to the *under side* of the globe we thought of in childhood. We have left our race and age behind us, and have passed from the newest to the oldest people on earth. We have travelled from a land where everybody is making new inventions to a land where invention ceased long ago. Ours the newest, China the oldest nation on the globe. The contrast is so great — the people, the ships and boats, the sights and scenes, all are so strange to our eyes — that we doubt whether we are in the body or out of it, whether we are ourselves or somebody else!

You study geography in school, which tells you something about China; but you might study it all your days without obtaining any very definite knowledge of it. The country has a wonderful history, reaching back at least four thousand years. It is not easy to comprehend such a length of time. You think it a great way back to the time when your great-grandfather was a Revolutionary soldier; and back to the time when Captain Church fought King Philip is ever so much further.

It is now the year 1870; you try, perhaps, to imagine what the world has been doing through all the years that have gone since Christ was on earth: and when you try to measure the centuries beyond, you are in deep water, and can find no bottom.

To get an idea of those remote ages we have to go down the steps of time slowly. Nearly five hundred and fifty years before Christ was born, Daniel was thrust into the lions' den; it was more than one thousand years before Christ that David went out to fight with Goliath, and you must add about nine hundred years more before you reach back to the time of Abraham. Through all the years between Abraham and the present time the Chinese have been a nation. All the other old nations have gone down. Egypt disappeared two thousand years ago. When we visit that land we find only the pyramids, the sphinxes, and the ruins of old temples to tell us that a mighty race once lived on the banks of the Nile. You find in the tombs of the ancient Egyptians just such teacups as your grandmother had in her china-closet, and when you go into the tea-saloons of Canton you will find just such porcelain as was in use in that country when Abraham was entertaining the angels beneath the oak-tree, the morning before Sodom was destroyed!

It was a bright morning in June, 1868, when I was awakened from sleep by a loud talking and trampling on the deck of our steamer. Jumping up

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and looking out, I saw that we were in the harbor of Hong Kong. The steamer was at anchor, and surrounded by small boats from the shore. Everybody was talking and shouting in a strange language, which I could understand no better than the chattering of a flock of blackbirds.

The town of Hong Kong lies at the foot of a mountain nearly four thousand feet high. The houses rise one above another on the green slope, and are surrounded by gardens with fruit-trees. On the top of the mountain is a signal-tower. I climbed up one day, a week later, and could look far out to sea, and watch the ships as they sailed away from the harbor on their long homeward voyage to Liverpool or New York. Looking inland, I could see high hills and beautiful valleys, with many towns and villages, pagodas and joss-houses, fields, farms, and gardens. It was a lovely landscape.

The boys that read the "Young Folks" I dare say would think it very funny to get into a boat and be paddled all about the harbor by a girl! I have no doubt that a great many of the girls who read the "Young Folks" would like to have a nice boat of their own, on a smooth pond, where there is no danger of getting drowned, and where they may give their friends a row; but it would take them a long while to handle the oars as skilfully as the girl handled hers who took me from the steamer to the shore. She had black hair, bright eyes, white teeth, and a pretty face. She did not wear a chignon, but had her hair done up in the shape of a jug-handle. She wore a short blue frock and wide trousers. I suppose the girls who read this will laugh at the idea of wearing trousers. I remember when I was a boy that my sisters had a party one day, and the girls were full of frolic. They ransacked the house, got all my old trousers, — one pair being darned and patched in several places; they also found my brother's clothes, and such laughing and giggling as went on in the front chamber you never heard. When all were ready they came down stairs and paraded into the parlor, danced in the old kitchen, and carried on, Betty the hired girl said, like Old Sancho! Who he was or where he lived I did n't know, but thought he must be a wide-awake old chap.

The Chinese girl who rowed me ashore had no need of wearing her brother's pantaloons; she wore her own, and looked very neat and trim. She was good at the oar, and she made it bend in the water as she sent the boat swiftly ahead.

A crowd of coolies were on the wharf, all anxious to carry my trunk to the hotel. A cooly is a man who carries bundles, bags, boxes, or who does any hard work. The word is not of Chinese origin, — it is an Indian word. In East India there is a tribe in the interior of the country among the hills called Coles, and the men of that tribe who went down into the plains and worked for the English were called Coolies; and so the word in India and China is applied to a man who carries things, — a porter. On the opposite page you will see one as I saw him.

The girl tossed my trunk upon the landing; a half-dozen men seized it; then four others snatched my shawl. But she was quickly among them, —

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GRANDMOTHER'S BEDSIDE.

DRAWN BY MISS M. A. HALLOCK.]

[See the Poem.

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gave one a kick, hit another a rap over the head, punched a third in the ribs, seized the fourth by his pigtail, and made them all keep their distance. There was a merry twinkle in her eyes as she took the money I gave her for

rowing us ashore. She probably thought she had rendered me a great service, so took half her pay in the gratification it gave her.

The hotel was near by, and, selecting two coolies to take my trunk, I walked up the street, seeing queer signs and strange scenes, which I shall tell you about at another time.

Carleton.

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AT GRANDMA'S BEDSIDE.

IS Grandma asleep? Never fear I shall wake her;
I 'll sit by the bedside and speak very low,
And out of my lapful of buttercups make her
A bright little nosegay: 't will gladden her so!

The days, since her sickness, are duller and longer,—
But then what a blessing she suffers no pain!
Every night I ask God, "Please to let her grow stronger,
And be my dear wide-awake Grandma again!"

How queer it would seem if *I* slept through the daytime,
And never rose up when the birds had begun,
And cared not at all for this beautiful May-time,
So scented with blossoms and merry with sun!

Heigh-ho! I suppose as we all become older
We are wearier, feebler, more willing to die.
Nurse says it 's the way of the world, and I told her
I hoped that the world's way would mend by and by.

Nurse shook her head sadly; perhaps she was thinking
How I would be resting as Grandma rests there,
Nor know if the red sun were rising or sinking,
But darken my tired old eyes, and not care.

And perhaps nurse is right. Well, I think in those hours
Of slumber, that pleasanter dreams would appear,
If a child whom I loved brought a lapful of flowers,
And watched by my bedside as I 'm watching here.

Edgar Fawcett.

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BERTIE'S PIONEERING.

II. — Snakes and Prairie-Dogs.

"TELL me about the place we 're going to," said Bertie, as they walked along next morning, having started at five o'clock, and meaning to breakfast at the next village. "Is it a big town?"

"Not exactly, as our house is the only one in the county. There is one in the next county, about a mile away, and Schuyler is five miles off!"

"Then there is truly a house?"

"Yes indeed, and painted white too. Henry and I built the most of it ourselves, — all, in fact, after the frame was put up; and I walked to Schuyler and bought a can or two of white paint and some oil to give it a finishing touch. The water was very high in Shell Creek, and coming home I stumbled in fording it, — for there was no bridge then, — and one of my paint-cans was lost, and could n't be found. I managed to give one coat to the house though, so that the borers might be kept out, and as it 's the only painted house in the country, we call it the White House. We finished it last fall, but had no time to make any furniture. You and I must do that?"

"No bed?" said Bertie. "Do you sleep on the floor? And what do you eat from?"

"We 'll find out when we get there, Colonel. I suppose you are enough of a carpenter to make a chair or a table. I have n't seen the house since we finished it in the fall, for you know I 've been sick all winter; but there must be plenty of shavings for a bed."

"I thought there were lots of cattle there."

"Not yet, Colonel. There will be by and by, I hope; but we shall not fairly get into working order before this fall. You and I are going out to make improvements. Henry may be there, but I think not, as he has more than he can do in Schuyler. Do your feet hurt you?"

"Hardly a bit," said Bertie; "I feel as if I could walk all day."

"We shall stop pretty soon for breakfast. That cracker at five o'clock was hardly enough to last till nine. Do you see a little knoll about quarter of a mile ahead? That 's our hotel."

"It 's an earth-house," said Bertie, after a long look. "I never was in one, but I don't believe you can get anything good to eat there."

"You 'll get a genuine hoe-cake, if nothing else."

"I don't want any," Bertie said, thinking, as he walked along, that a hoe-cake was of course either stirred *with* or baked *on* a hoe, and therefore not at all desirable eating.

A few minutes' walk brought them to the earth-house, hundreds of which are used by the poor settlers in western Iowa and Nebraska. They are simply holes dug in the side of some knoll, from ten to twenty feet square, according to the size of the family, and just high enough to allow a man to stand upright, — though if over six feet he would have to stoop. The better

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sort have a window and a board floor, and the chimney is built of brick; but usually there is only a door, and the fire is made in a corner, the smoke passing out by a hole dug through the knoll. Such houses are warm in winter and cool in summer, and are often lived in after the owners could afford much better ones.

Throughout the West, till one reaches Iowa and Nebraska, logs for a cabin can be obtained at once; but in these States, and thence to the great plains, there is no timber whatever, save occasionally a thin belt along the course of some river. All trees, whether for shade or fruit, must be planted by the occupants of the land. So unless the new settlers can pay to have lumber hauled from the nearest sawmill, — which may be two or three hundred miles away, — they can do no better than go into one of these earth-houses, or a sod-house, about which more will be said by and by.

For a minute or two after entering the house Bertie could see nothing. Then, as his eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, he saw a very old woman sitting by a fire and smoking a short clay pipe. In one corner was a bed and a small table; and some stakes driven into the earth-wall supported a long board, which served as a shelf, and held the few pieces of crockery and tin-ware needed for housekeeping.

"She 's a Southerner, and came here after the war," Mr. George whispered just as they went in. Bertie looked curiously at the "real Rebel," who seemed pleased to see them, and bustled about at once to get breakfast ready. The hoe-cake proved to be only Indian-meal and water with a little salt, made thick enough to stay in place on a piece of board, which was set before the fire. Bertie thought to himself that it was no better than chicken-dough; but when the ham was fried, and he sat down on a keg before the table, he found the nicely browned crisp cake was very good indeed. As they ate, and the old woman smoked and baked another cake, she gave them an account of her whole life of sixty-seven years, and of those days of grandeur, when, sitting comfortably by the fireplace smoking her pipe with her old man, she had only to oversee and direct the labor, which was all done by an old black slave-woman, bequeathed to her by her father. Then she pointed to colored prints of General Lee, Jeff Davis, and Beauregard, remarking, "Them uns could a-whipped you uns."

"I guess they could n't," Bertie was all ready to say, but was checked by a look from Mr. George, who said, after they had paid for breakfast and walked on, "She 's too old to be converted, Colonel; there 's no use in wasting words on her."

By early evening they reached Timberville post-office twenty-six miles from Elkhorn. It was the longest day's tramp Bertie had ever taken. Looking about for a place to stay all night, they met with an old friend of Mr. Monell's, who owned a large farm near by, and was also postmaster, justice of the peace, and school commissioner; he said they must spend at least one day with him. Bertie, however, was too eager to reach their journey's end, and could not be coaxed to stay later than ten the next morning, but they promised to stop on their way back. This was the finest

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farm they had seen; it contained three hundred and twenty acres of land, or half a section, and was surrounded by a double belt of young trees, that entirely hid the house from the road.

The day was warm, and they spent two or three hours in the afternoon resting in a little school-house. The young school-mistress looked rather perplexed as they presented themselves at the door, and asked if she would take two new scholars; but when George told her that he was very much interested in education, and that, a good many years before, he had been a schoolma'am himself, she smiled and asked them to take a seat. At recess Bertie played with the boys. At four o'clock they started on, nicely rested. They went only eight miles farther that day, however, stopping so early that there was plenty of time to write up their journal, which had been a little neglected.

VAN ANDER'S, FOURTEEN MILES FROM SCHUYLER,
7 P. M., June 5th.

Only sixteen miles to-day; but it has been very warm, and we have rested more hours than we have walked. Then this afternoon, between five and six, we passed through a large city, and were so interested in seeing all the sights that it was hard to leave it behind.

About a hundred acres are included within the city limits of this "live Western town," which, though full of bustle and activity, does not contain one human being. Yet there are plenty of inhabitants, and the streets, avenues, and parks are laid out as regularly as those of Philadelphia. As in all cities, locality is everything. Some of the streets are narrow and dirty; the houses low and leaky; and the owners, who were standing in the doors or at the street-corners, had a poverty-stricken look. They seemed to be discussing their forlorn condition, and gazed enviously now and then toward the other part of the town, where the state of things was very different. The houses were larger, the grounds in better condition, and the sleek occupants had a self-satisfied air it was cheering to see. This seemed to be a day of unusual excitement; and though we could not understand a word we heard, we decided it must be just before a city election, for near the centre of the town was perched on a hillock one specially fine-looking fellow, addressing a large crowd, that often interrupted him by loud and continuous barks of approval or disgust, — we could n't tell which. Little groups were gathered about, engaged in spirited discussion, and here and there we noticed a probable candidate having a private talk with an influential voter. The proceedings were occasionally varied by a short, quick bark, and a dive headforemost into the houses of a few who were always ready to be frightened. Out they came again in a moment, and seeing us both standing perfectly still, they concluded we were not dangerous, and went on with the election. I would send you the result, but we don't know it ourselves, having been obliged to walk on. We have passed other smaller settlements two or three times, and shall see many more, for these prairie-dog towns are scattered through the whole country from Omaha to Sacramento. There is one close by our farm, and Bertie proposes to catch a family and tame them.

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WHIPPLE'S, 9 A. M., June 6th.

We left Van Andee's this morning about six, and had walked nearly five miles by half past seven. Passing just then a small collection of houses, we were looking at a very fine field of corn, in which two men were hoeing, when we saw one stop, throw up his arms, and then strike furiously at something. Snakes are so plenty, — we having already seen more than twenty, — that I supposed he might be killing one, and Bertie said, "I 'd like to see if it 's any bigger than the one we killed yesterday."

We did see, for the other man called out as he looked toward us, "Come here, stranger. This man 's a goner unless you know how to do something for him."

I jumped the fence and hurried to the upper end of the great field, where the man who had been bitten, a tall, powerful fellow, sat leaning against the fence. The dead snake lay close by, — an enormous one with seven rattles, which we cut off afterward. The man had been working barefoot, and was struck just above the ankle; the only mark was a dark-blue spot, hardly bigger than a pea, but the leg was swelling rapidly to the knee, and growing black. I poured down all the whiskey I had in my little flask, and while

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the other man ran for more I put on a poultice of soaked tobacco, but without seeming to produce the least effect. In the mean time the men came running from the different houses, two or three bringing whiskey; but all seemed to think, as they looked at his deathlike face, that there was no hope.

"Send for Stearns," somebody said; "he 's used to the varmints"; and one of them started on the run, while we gave whiskey till Harris, the bitten man, shut his teeth, and would take no more.

In a few minutes Stearns came, and knelt down by Harris. "There 's got to be sharp work here," he said. "Harris, I 'll do for you what I would for myself. It 's the only thing that can save you. Give me a string or a rag, some of you."

One of the women who had come out handed him some strips of cloth, and Stearns, with the help of a stick, twisted one above and the other just below the bite, till they sank deep into the flesh. Then with his penknife gashed all about the wound till the blood flowed freely.

"Now give me a powder-flask," he said.

One of the women screamed a little.

"Stop that," he said. "If you can't keep still, go into the house."

"You 'll kill him," said the woman, — his wife, as we afterward learned.

"I 'll cure him, or eat my hat," said Stearns; at which Bertie, who was crying hard, stopped to smile, but caught his breath as Stearns shook out about an ounce of powder on the bite, and then making a train some inches long, lighted it before we could guess what he meant to do.

"There 's Plains' surgery," he said, with a nod; and as the smoke cleared away we saw that a piece of flesh had been blown out almost as clean as if it had been cut with a knife. No blood flowed of course, the burning powder having seared the wound perfectly.

"Now he 'll do," said Stearns, "if you don't let him sleep. Harris, you must walk up and down awhile. Lean on me."

Bertie was crying so that he could hardly stand, and I took him into one of the houses, almost sorry I had let him see such a sight. But he says now he is glad he did, because he shall know just what to do if little John ever gets bitten. He is so nervous, though, I have had him lie down, and have been out talking to Stearns, who tells me he has crossed the Plains nine times, has been bitten twice himself and seen others die from rattlesnake-bites, but has never known a death when the spot has been blown out. The same symptoms of swelling, sickness, and faintness come on exactly twenty-four hours from the time of being struck, and must be treated with whiskey poured down by the pint; after that there is no danger.

THE RANCHE, June 7th, 5 P. M.

At last safely established in the White House, after what Bertie calls "all sorts of a night." Yesterday afternoon, between six and seven, we reached Schuyler, and knowing the ranche was only five miles farther, decided to walk on. Half a mile out, down came the rain, — the first since starting.

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There were no houses in sight, so we slid on over the slippery ground, determined to get through if possible. Night settled down so fast that we were thoroughly bewildered by the pouring rain and increasing darkness, and we lost the road almost at once. To make matters worse, we could n't find it again, and wandered on, hand in hand, like the "babes in the wood," till I thought I saw the outline of a cabin, and went toward it. Ten steps on, — then a shriek from Bertie, a "Good gracious!" from me, and we found ourselves sitting at the bottom of a deep ditch half full of water, through which the frogs scuttled away in all directions. I supposed Bertie would cry of course, — for what more could you expect of ten years old when twenty was half ready for something of the sort? All he did was to say, after one clutch at the slimy bank, "I guess I shall have to be boosted, Mr. George." This was instantly done. Then I pulled myself out, and we went on cautiously to the house. It proved to be a sod-house, with a good chimney still standing, and some straw in a corner, which would answer for a bed. There was a little wood also, with which I made a fire at once, helping it along by all the bits of board and sticks we could find.

At Schuyler we had found the trunk waiting, and engaged a man to take it out to the White House next morning. I took out a change of clothing, thinking he might delay, and this was most fortunate, as it enabled us to take off our wet, slimy clothes, and slip into dry ones, after a vigorous rubbing. Then we lay down on the straw, and in two minutes were asleep. Bertie declares there was no night at all, and that I gave him only the chance of shutting his eyes just once. That I admit, but they stayed shut till half past seven this morning, when he opened them in amazement at his surroundings, forgetting for a minute all that had happened the night before.

Opening the door, the sun poured in, and looking over the prairie we saw the White House, not a mile distant, and set out immediately, eating some crackers as we went. We found a nice little bridge across Shell Creek, and were astonished to see scattered over the country some dozen houses, where three months ago ours was the only one. The big trunk stood at the door, our man having made an early start with it. I took the house-key from my pocket very slowly, keeping an eye on Bertie, who, I think, would have battered down the door in another minute; the lock was rusty and protested against doing its duty, but yielded at last, and we walked into — "our house"! One big room, eighteen by twenty; one little one at the back, eight by twelve, and both covered with two inches of shavings and dust.

"We've got to clean this up the first thing," said Bertie, kicking everything before him, and raising a cloud of dust which set us to sneezing.

"This won't do," I said, after we had stopped cleaning. "We must have a broom. Now, Colonel, suppose you use your trusty steel in cutting blue-grass, which will make an excellent one."

The Colonel went out flourishing his jack-knife, and returned presently with an armful of tall blue-grass, which, when tied carefully around his

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cane, was found to make a first-rate broom. In fifteen minutes the floor was swept clean, and the Colonel, going into the next room, reported pieces of board, shingles, and shingle-nails in abundance. We stopped to breakfast on crackers and cheese, sitting on the trunk while we ate, and then began to plan about furniture, deciding that the essential things were, a table, a pantry or cupboard of some sort, and a bench. We have been cooks, carpenters, joiners, and blacksmiths to-day, and can neither of us keep our eyes open three minutes at a time, so we are going to bed luxuriously, having filled our tick with straw, and made it up with sheets and blankets like any civilized bed. Bertie found a speckled snake in the straw, and thinks there may be more, but is too sleepy to investigate, and drops off, saying, "I guess — they 're more — afraid — of me than — I — am — of — them."

Helen C. Weeks.

MR. CLARENCE CALLS ON THE PRESIDENT.

[*In a Letter to Lawrence Livingstone.*]

I HAVE been a good many times to the Capitol since I wrote to you. The last time, Young F. and I took the ladies with us, — his Aunt Polly and my Aunt Clara, and my little Cousin Jessie, — and showed them around.

We began with the lighting apparatus, which is very curious. Suppose you are standing in the Rotunda just at night, looking up into the great dim dome, when all of a sudden it is illuminated by a blaze of glory that comes from you don't know where. The whole Capitol — the Senate Chamber in one wing and the Hall of Representatives in the other, and the lantern on the top of the dome — is lighted, one part after another, in this surprising way, and all by one man, who stands before a polished metallic plate and turns a few little knobs or cranks.

We visited the professor in his room, who politely showed us how hundreds of burners are thus lighted in an instant. Certain cranks communicate with electrical engines which turn on the gas. Over each burner runs a little coil of fine platinum wire; it is so fine, indeed, that you would hardly notice it, yet it will not melt or burn up, as wire made of any other metal would do in its place. The little coils on all the burners in the Rotunda, for example, are connected with the electrical apparatus by means of a common telegraph wire. As soon as the gas is let on by moving one little crank in the metallic plate, another is turned, and a current of electricity is sent through the wire and all the platinum coils; lightning on a small scale, you know. The coils are heated red in a moment, and each lights the gas which rushes over it, through the burner.

Then it is curious to see how so large a building is heated and ventilated. Take the south wing, for instance. You go down under the basement story,

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along a passage (custodians will show you the way), until you come to one of the prettiest vertical steam-engines ever you saw, working in a little arch, as silently as you would move your arm up and down. The assistant engineer — if you make his acquaintance, as I did — will explain everything to you. The engine drives a circular fan sixteen feet in diameter, which forces the air up into the Hall of Representatives. The air is sucked in through open windows, and driven through a passage which you will think is a tornado's nest, if you step into it.

"I never!" says Young F.'s Aunt Polly, just putting her bonnet in; "it's enough to blow a body to pieces! Do come away, Young!"

"Yes, Young," said I; "being the *heir* of the family, you might be blown up the registers!"

"Dear me!" says Aunt Polly, not perceiving the joke, "what if he should?"

"If he should," said I, "he would first pass through that chamber overhead, where the coils of pipe are." (There are six miles of pipe, and the coils make a stack twenty feet long and twenty-five feet deep; when the Hall is to be warmed they are filled with steam from the boiler-room.) "Being exposed to the surface of the pipes," said I, "he would be heated, and made too dry to be breathed by his father and the other representatives. To remedy this evil, moisture would be added to him in the next chamber, where the blast of hot air passes through showers of hot water and spray. Then he would be ready to go up through the registers."

"No you don't!" says Young F. And his aunt pulled him away as if there had really been danger of such a catastrophe.

The fan makes one revolution every second, and forty thousand cubic feet of air (equal to a ton and a half in weight!) are thrown into the Hall every minute. The steam is let into the pipes every morning, in cold weather, and shut off at noon, as soon as the House is in session. The animal heat of so many bodies (especially when there is some *warm* debate going on) is sufficient to keep up the temperature; and then only cold air is thrown in, for ventilation. In hot weather, the fan is still kept in motion (if Congress is in session); but instead of steam in the pipes for heating the air, cakes of ice are placed on iron grates for cooling it.

There is a separate fan, and four miles of pipe, for the committee-rooms and passages of the House wing. The Senate wing has *its* heating apparatus besides.

There are a great many other things worth seeing, at the Capitol. Some of the committee-rooms are beautifully ornamented. The storerooms containing the books and public documents printed by Congress are "a sight to behold!" as Aunt Polly said, holding up both hands. Then there are the mailing-rooms, where you will see several cords of this precious stuff going off every day, mailed to "constituents," or to the home address of the members themselves. The books are in bags containing one hundred and fifty pounds each. Great, strong mail-wagons back up to the door to receive them. Of course all this matter goes free in the mails, and costs nobody

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anything, except poor old Uncle Sam. One of the mailing clerks told me they had lately been sending off *ten tons a day.* The approaching close of the session gives the mail-men (there are fourteen of them) extra work just now.

Do you ask what is the use of all this waste paper and binding? One use of it has been, lately, to make corduroy roads, out West. The driver of a mail or stage-wagon comes to an unpassable mud-hole; and the temptation to lighten his load, and at the same time fill the hole, is too great for weak human nature to resist; so over go a few bags of books. A rather expensive style of repairing roads, — don't you think so? (N. B. — I have this fact on good authority.)

We visited the bathing-rooms, where Uncle Sam furnishes tubs hewed out of solid blocks of marble, and hot and cold water, and colored attendants, for the accommodation of our august representatives; then the store-room, where they are supplied with almost every personal convenience, from a hair-brush to a spittoon; then the locksmith's room, where a large business is done by way of repairing the hundreds of locks belonging to doors, desks, drawers, &c., in the House wing alone; then the refreshment-rooms, where we had an excellent lunch.

It is astonishing to see how many little and big expenses are saddled upon good old Uncle Sam. If a member wants a penknife, or a piece of soap, or a ream of paper, or a pair of gloves to wear to the funeral of another member, they are furnished him, and paid for out of the appropriation for "contingent expenses." Under the franking privilege, members have been known to send home their clothes to be washed, and to keep their families supplied with Congressional stationery. It is n't wrong, of course, to steal from Uncle Sam!

Here is another neat little thing members sometimes do. They wish to pay some newspaper man for puffing them, or some politician for working for the party, so they get him appointed to a nominal clerkship, or other snug berth, in which there is nothing for him to do but to draw his salary.

Not all the clerks have so easy a time. In some of the committee-rooms they work hard enough. There are two hundred and twenty-five clerks, messengers, &c., on the pay-roll of the House. In the Clerk's office there are fifty engaged in keeping the official records.

As we were going over to the north wing, Young F. told of his first attempt to find the Senate Chamber. He was blundering in his near-sighted way along a passage just beyond the Rotunda, when he heard somebody say, "Senate Chamber?" "Yes, this is the place," said somebody else. "I 'm all right, then," thought Young F., and followed on, through a side door, into a fine semi-circular hall, with pilasters and columns of Potomac marble, and a skylight in the dome.

There were seven or eight figures in black gowns sitting behind a long, high table, on the back side of the room. In a space before them, enclosed by a bar, one prosy old fellow was on his legs talking to them, and several

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other persons were seated, writing, or examining papers, or listening. Then there were a few spectators on the seats outside the rail.

"Which are the senators?" says Young F., leaning over and whispering to one of the men he had followed into the room.

"Which are the senators?" says the man, with a prodigious grimace, — as if he had been asked which was the man in the moon. "This is the Supreme Court of the United States, and these are the judges!"

"Oh!" says Young F. "But I understood you to say this was the Senate Chamber."

"It *is* the *old* Senate Chamber, now occupied by the Supreme Court," says the man.

We looked in to see Young F.'s senators (as we have called them ever since); and heard Chief Justice Chase read an "opinion" of the Court on a subject we did n't understand a word of. Perhaps his style of reading, in a low voice, and with a lisp, was as much at fault as our intelligence. He has a grand old head, and is the noblest looking of the figures in black gowns.

The Supreme Court is the *highest court*, you know. It has jurisdiction in the most important questions arising under the Constitution and laws of the United States, or from our relations with foreign countries, and in cases "appealed" to it from the decision of inferior United States courts.

We walked on through the corridors of the Senate wing, some of which are covered with beautiful fresco paintings of birds and small animals, flowers and plants, and little landscapes enclosed in scrolls, which give to the walls and arches a sort of Oriental effect.

At last we found ourselves in the President's Room. Though not large, it is simply gorgeous. It contains portraits of Washington and the members of his cabinet, besides many other paintings on the walls and vaulted ceiling. In the midst of all this splendor, what do you think my little Cousin Jessie said?

"Please don't stay in this dreary old Capitol any longer; I want to go home and play with Bella."

Bella is the little colored girl that takes care of her; and her black face and bright eyes were pleasanter for the dear little heart to think of than all that painting and gilding.

Here happened another of Young F.'s blunders. At both ends of the President's Room are immense mirrors reaching almost to the floor. They reflect each other in such a way that, if you stand between them, you seem to be in the midst of an endless series of similar rooms, extending in both directions. Of course we who had eyes saw at once through the illusion. Not so our near-sighted young friend. He thought the mirrors were doors, and started to walk through one of them into the visionary apartments! He had actually lifted his foot to step over the bottom of the frame, which he took for the threshold, when he saw a fellow of about his own size appear immediately in front of him, and put up a foot in precisely the same way.

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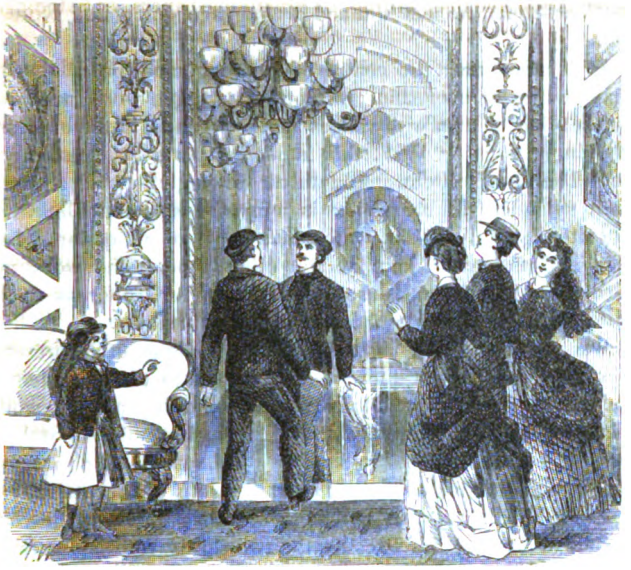

Not wishing to run against anybody, Young F. retreated, and set out to explore the imaginary rooms in the other direction. But just as he was going through the opposite door (as he supposed), behold! he was met by just such another fellow! Then Young F., thinking the way through the first door was clear by this time, went back, and met the first fellow coming in again. He turned aside to make room for him; the fellow turned too, and walked off, as he did. By this time we were all laughing.

"Why don't they come in, if they are coming," says Young F., beginning to be irritated, "and not act like such thundering fools?"

Then he saw that his doors were mirrors, and that the "thundering fools" he complained of were only his own shadows in the glass! He had a good laugh with us; and my Aunt Clara, who likes to moralize for the benefit of the young, said this was a good illustration of the way we often find fault with the world, while the world is only a sort of mirror to us, and the fault is all in ourselves.

We were sitting on the sofas, resting, and watching the visitors as they came in, when one appeared who set us all to laughing again.

"It's the man with the valise!" whispered little Jessie, giving me an awful nudge.

The fun of it was, that we had already met him about twenty times that day. He was a tall, square-shouldered fellow with trousers tucked in his boots, and a small valise in his hand. He looked as though he had arrived in town that morning, and had not yet found a boarding-place. We had seen him and his valise at every turn; he came in and sat down at a table in the restaurant just as we were leaving; and as we were coming out of the

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Supreme Court-room, we met him and his baggage going in. Now here he was again.

He took his stand near the centre of the room, and turned slowly round and round, staring at everything, without speaking a word, and making a perfect picket-line of men with valises in their hands, in the endless vistas of the looking-glasses. "Wal! this is *some!*" says he, speaking for the first time. Then out he went. And did n't we giggle?

Under a splendid gilt chandelier is a marble-topped table, where the President sits signing bills during the last hours of a Session. Indeed, I believe he seldom comes here at any other time. The work must be despatched, and the White House is too far off for Congress to keep up a communication with him in the final rush of business.

A bill, whether it originates in the Senate or House of Representatives, must be passed by both, you know, and then sent to the President for his signature. If he signs it, or fails to return it within ten days, while Congress is in session, then it becomes a law. If he don't like the bill, he most likely *vetoes* it, — that is, sends it back to the house in which it originated, with a message stating his objections to it. A vote of the majority is sufficient to pass it in either House, at first. But to pass it "over the veto," and make it a law in spite of the President, a two-thirds vote is necessary. It is so hard, however, to get a two-thirds vote for any measure the President objects to, that vetoing a bill is pretty sure to kill it. As the two branches of Congress are a check upon each other, so the President is a check upon both; and this arrangement, troublesome as it seems, has its use in preventing the hasty enactment of unwise laws.

The President may, besides, *recommend* to Congress the consideration of such measures as he thinks necessary. And this is all he has to do with making the laws. It is the business of Congress to make laws; it is his business to execute them. Congress alone has power to declare war; but the President is Commander-in-chief of both army and navy. The President may make treaties with foreign powers, but the Senate must confirm them. He receives ambassadors from foreign courts; and appoints ambassadors to those courts, with the concurrence of the Senate.

You see how the thing is balanced? When things go smoothly it is a nice see-saw, with Congress at one end of the board and the President at the other. The board is the division of power; and the fence it rests on is the Constitution. Sometimes the two fellows don't agree; then Congress holds the President up in the air, or he tries to play the same trick upon Congress, and they blackguard each other over the fence, — as we have seen them do during Andy Johnson's administration.

We must n't forget that there is a third fellow sitting on the fence, with his hands on the board, to keep it from slipping, and to see that the fence receives no damage. But here my figure breaks down a little; and I must descend to plain language.

By the fellow on the fence I mean the Judiciary, or the power of the United States courts. The government, you see, is divided into three

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branches, — Congress, that makes the laws; the President, who executes them; and the courts, that interpret and apply them. All are bound by the Constitution, which defines their separate powers. If there were no Constitution, and our chief ruler could be at once law-maker, judge, and executive, — or could dictate to the law-makers and judges, — then he would be nothing but a tyrant, you see.

As the President cannot, of course, attend to all the executive business himself, this again is divided into departments, — as the State, Treasury, War, Navy, Interior, and Post-office, — the chief officers of which he appoints, with the concurrence of the Senate. These are called "Heads of Departments." There are six of them; and they, together with the Attorney-General, — Uncle Sam's lawyer, you know, — constitute the President's constitutional advisers, and are called his "Cabinet."

You must n't, of course, confound the national government with that of the separate States. Each of these has its governor, legislature, and judiciary, the powers of which correspond more or less closely with those of the President, Congress, and the Judiciary of the United States. Like a large family of boys, each resembling more or less the old man, you know. Each takes care of his own private affairs, but the authority of the father is over the whole household.

In the evening, we thought we would go and call on the President. The "Presidential Mansion" is on Pennsylvania Avenue just above the Treasury, and a mile and a half from the Capitol. It is built of sandstone painted white (which gives it the name of "White House"); it has a great staring portico, with high, white columns, in front; and it is surrounded by pleasant grounds.

It was to be the last "President's reception" of the season. We started early, expecting a rush. It was about eight o'clock when Young F. and I and our aunts and three other ladies arrived at the White House; but the rush was there before us. The Avenue was lined with carriages. Crowds were flocking from every direction to the portico, which was already a perfect jam of people waiting to get in. The bright gaslight, shining over all, and up and down the Avenue, made an exciting scene.

There were all sorts of people in that crowd, — well-dressed, over-dressed, ill-dressed, boorish, polite, — ladies holding up their trains, and occasionally a colored gentleman in white kids. Among the rest, whom should we see struggling on the outskirts of the throng but our old friend, the man with the valise! We had seen him last sitting on that faithful piece of baggage before the gate of the Capitol grounds, waiting for a street car. It seemed he had n't found a boarding-place yet, for he still had his valise in his hand, taking it with him to call on the President.

"Maybe he thinks he 'll be asked to stop over night," says Young F.

Seeing the ladies in our party, a policeman came up to us, and said it would be impossible for them to get within sight of the door for at least an hour or two; "then," said he, "they 'll wish themselves back again."

I thanked him in my most polite manner (and I fancy I *can* be polite when

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I try), and asked him what he, a man of experience and a gentleman, would advise us to do.

"I can get you in at the window," says he, and beckoned mysteriously for us to follow him. He made way for us, along on the ragged edge of the crowd, at the right of the door, until we came to an open window, guarded by policemen. Though the crowd was great outside, there seemed to be a still greater crowd within.

> "'Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
> Leap in with me into this angry flood,
> And swim to yonder point?'"

I said, and "plunged in" through the window. The ladies followed, helped by me and the policeman, — bounding over the sill, one after another, five of them, and looking so like a flock of sheep leaping a wall that I could n't help laughing. Then while we were waiting for Young F., up came our constant friend, the man with the valise!

"Does he belong to your party?" cries out a policeman.

"Not very much!" said I, laughing. But 't was too late to stop him; man and valise come tumbling through the window.

"Ladies this way!" called out an usher; and our five disappeared in a dressing-room on the right. "Gentlemen pass on to the Red Room!"

"Where is the Red Room?" I asked.

"Where you see those doors; they will be opened in a few minutes."

The doors he pointed out were on the other side of the hall, just visible over the heads of the crowd. Everybody was pressing towards them, and the crush was becoming frightful. Under the circumstances, the request that gentlemen should pass on to the Red Room seemed cruelly facetious.

The time that elapsed before the doors were actually opened was, judged by my feelings, fifteen hours. By reference to my watch, I found it was just fifteen minutes. I kept on the edge of the crowd, as near the window as I could, but even there the atmosphere was terrible. How we managed to live in the midst of such heat and suffocation, I can't say. All I know is, that human powers of endurance are greater than I ever thought before.

Occasionally a lady fainted, and was carried out through a side door that led to the basement. This door was guarded by two soldiers with crossed bayonets; they would let anybody out that wished to go, but would n't let anybody come back.

"I shall die if I don't have a breath of air!" says Young F.; and he made for this door.

"But you have n't seen the President!" I said.

"Who cares for the President!" says he; and out he went, stooping under the bayonets.

I should have followed him, but then what would have become of the ladies? They were by this time in the Red Room, probably, waiting for their escort; and it would n't do to forsake them.

After a dozen or twenty persons had been let in, the doors of the Red

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Room were closed again, just as there came a tremendous rush from behind which swept me on helplessly in the crowd. In a little while another squad was admitted; then another; and so on, until in just about an hour from the fatal moment when I jumped over the window-ledge, I found myself going through that awful doorway, like mince-meat through the small end of a sausage-stuffer.

I had been unable to get at the hat-racks on the farther side of the hall, and still had on my overcoat, which nearly melted me. But getting through into the Red Room was some relief, for there one could breathe and move about a little. Not finding the ladies, I pushed on against the tide to the dining-room. That was a scene of disaster. The crowd had mounted the tables, which had just broken down, and the sound of crashing table-legs and women's screams gave a pleasant variety to the occasion.

Still in search of my aunt and her friends, I kept on to the ladies' dressing-room. There confusion reigned. There were gentlemen inquiring for ladies, ladies in despair because they had lost their gentlemen, new-comers putting away their things, others hunting for their things to go home, and two or three pinning up skirts and long trails that had been almost torn from their backs in the jam.

Seeing nothing of *my* ladies on that side of the house, I returned to the Red Room, and passed on to the Blue Room, in a surging crowd that carried me to the President.

There he stood, shaking hands with everybody who passed. A gentleman at his elbow took my name, to introduce me; when, waiting a moment for my predecessor to get through with the ceremony, fancy, if you can, my feelings, on recognizing in him — whom do you suppose? — the man with the valise!

He and his everlasting luggage had evidently had a hard time in the crowd. His hat was battered, and his coat was torn half-way up his back. He held his hat under his left arm and his valise in his hand, while with the other hand he shook most cordially, and with a prolonged grip, that of the suffering President. Perhaps he was waiting to be asked to stop over night.

After *my* turn had come to shake hands, I moved on in the stream to the famous East Room. This is the President's public parlor, — an immense room, eighty feet long. The furniture had been taken out, and there was nothing in it but blazing chandeliers, curtains, mirrors, and a host of visitors. I felt like our old friend, Yankee Doodle, — I could n't see the reception, there were so many people.

The man with the valise was before me. He came up to two ladies glittering in low necks, lace, and diamonds, who had crossed their trains in the only path open to us; it was like a notch between a mountain of silk and a mountain of satin; he took one long stride, and went over. That was my last sight of him; but in memory I see him still, going through the crowd with his torn coat and his valise.

The crossed trains did not keep me a prisoner long, I tell you. The

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crowd behind pushed me on, and — well, the last I saw of those ladies, they were standing backed up in a corner, with their trains wrapped around them, to prevent them from being torn to pieces.

After elbowing my way up and down through the East Room two or three times, I found my aunt, who had been searching for me during the past hour and a half. Then we found Young F.'s aunt, who was greatly excited when I told her how I had lost her nephew. It took about an hour longer for me to get all my little flock together, and marshal them to the door where I had last seen Young F. and where we went out.

He had disappeared; but, on reaching home, we found him there before us. I asked him if he saw the reception.

"I saw it outside," says he; "that was enough for me."

For my part, I don't quite understand what anybody wants to see it inside for. Catch me in such a crowd again!

CLARENCE.

J. T. Trowbridge.

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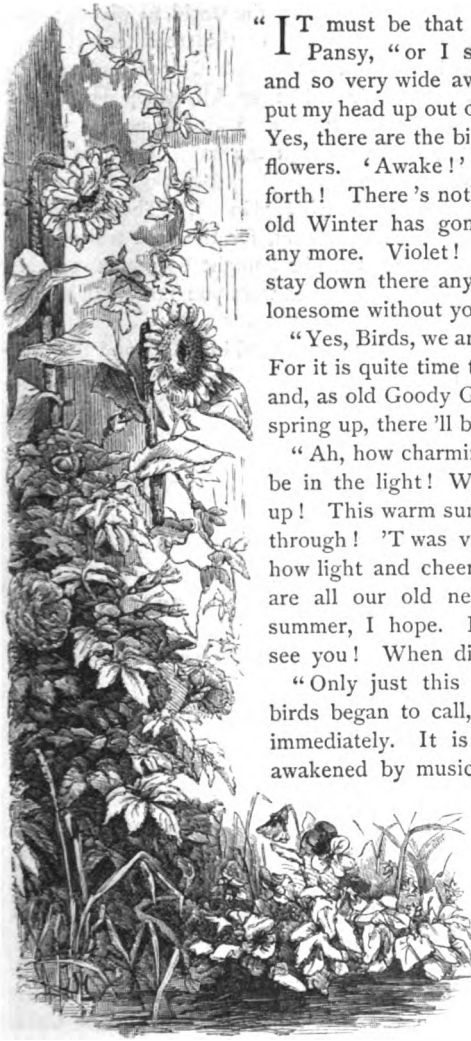
FLOWERS WAKING UP.



"IT must be that spring has come," said the Pansy, "or I should never feel so uneasy, and so very wide awake! I 've a great mind to put my head up out of the ground and see. Hark! Yes, there are the birds. They are calling to the flowers. 'Awake!' they say, 'awake, and come forth! There 's nothing to be afraid of now, for old Winter has gone away. He can't hurt you any more. Violet! Snowdrop! Pansy! Don't stay down there any longer. We little birds are lonesome without you!'

"Yes, Birds, we are coming, and that right soon. For it is quite time the spring work was a-doing; and, as old Goody Grass says, if some of us don't spring up, there 'll be no spring at all!

"Ah, how charming to breathe fresh air, and to be in the light! Why, I feel all alive, all stirred up! This warm sunshine thrills me through and through! 'T was very dismal down there. But how light and cheerful it is up above! And here are all our old neighbors, come to spend the summer, I hope. Dear Violet, I 'm so glad to see you! When did you come up?"

"Only just this moment, Pansy. When the birds began to call, I felt that we ought to start immediately. It is really very pleasant to be awakened by music; pleasant, too, to meet old friends once more. And O how good it is to be alive! I have just your feelings, and cannot keep myself quiet. What is the charm that works upon us so?"

"I believe," said Pansy, "that the great shining sun up there has something to do with it, in a way we don't understand. Ah, Neighbor Snowdrop, how do you do? No doubt, being such an early riser, you were one of the very first upon the ground!"

"Why, yes," said Snowdrop, "I do make a practice of coming early. It

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seems as if the birds should have some one to welcome them back, — it must be hard work singing to bare ground, after what they 've been used to at the South, — and, besides, my dreams were so unpleasant that I was really glad to shake them off. Probably I slept too near the surface, for the terrible uproar aboveground disturbed me, even in my sleep. I dreamed that a mighty giant was striding about, shaking the world to pieces; that he stamped upon the flowers, and was so cruel to the trees that it made them groan dreadfully! Once I half awaked, and shuddered, and said to myself, 'O, what can be going on overhead!' then fell asleep again, and dreamed that the whole beautiful earth was covered with something white and cold, and that a voice said, 'Go up through the snow!' — to which I answered, 'O, I 'm afraid to go alone.'

"When I awoke, the voice seemed still saying, 'Go up.' Then I remembered the birds and came, but came trembling, for the cold white snow was truly here, and I feared that dreadful giant might be real also. My good friends, did you have no bad dreams, and were you not disturbed by the tumult?"

"Not at all," said Pansy. "When our mother told us the good Summer who loved us had gone, and that there was a dreadful old Winter coming, who would growl and pinch and bite, and that we 'd better keep our heads under cover, then I went to sleep and slept soundly. I have n't heard anything of all this rowdedow you say has been going on overhead, but, on the contrary, have had very charming dreams. I dreamed of being in a place where the sky was made up of the most beautiful colors! O, such purple and yellow, and such delicate pale gold and straw color! And there were purple and yellow rainbows reaching down from the sky to me! At last I awoke, and heard the birds calling. Was n't that pretty? Now, little Violet, what did you dream?"

"In my dreams," said the Violet, "the sky was all over blue, — a deep, beautiful blue. And I can't tell you how it was, — the dream was a strange one, — but while it lasted this blue seemed to fall upon me, — fell gently, as the dew falls; and with the blue came a most delightful perfume. It was a very sweet dream!"

"Now I slept here quite accidentally," said a young Sunflower, starting up; "but I too had my dreams. I dreamed of seeing something round and bright and glorious moving across the sky, — something which I so worshipped, so longed to be like, that wherever it went I never failed to turn towards it. And in return for my worship this glorious object sent me down floods of its golden light!"

"As for me," said a Damask Rose-bush, "I have n't been to bed at all, but slept standing. And in my dreams the sky was the color of the east just before sunrise, and every object seemed bathed in its lovely light. There was a fragrance, too, in the air about me, and whispers, very faint whispers, which sounded like this: 'Love, love, love'; and there were little winged boys hovering around."

"Now I," said the Woodbine, "slept leaning against the house, and my

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dreams were chiefly of climbing. Nothing would satisfy me but getting higher. And really the dream seems to have meant something. I do have such strange sensations, — feel so active, so restless! What has got into me, I wonder? Must be the sap! Well, here I go!"

And the other dreams seemed to have meant something too. For the Snowdrop bore a flower the color of snow. A pale, trembling blossom, that looked as if it were afraid old Winter would come back and have a grab at it yet. And the Pansy's flower was of the wondrous hues she dreamed of, — purple, yellow, and straw-color. The Violet's was blue, and shed around it a delicious perfume, like that which in her dream came down with the blue from the heavens.

The Sunflower grew up very tall, and produced a flower which always turned to the sun, from the time of his rising in the east to his setting in the west, and thus drew into itself such floods of golden light, that at last this devoted flower came to resemble somewhat the sun it worshipped.

The buds of the Damask Rose were used by lovers when they wished to tell their love in the most beautiful way. And no doubt they and those who received them heard whispers in the air, like those the Rose-bush dreamed of. And if they did not see the little winged boys, why, they might have been there, for all that!

As for the Woodbine, it climbed till the house-top was reached, and at last accounts was still creeping up the roof.

"Well," said Aunt Lucy, "I think children are something like flowers."

"Yes," said Aunt Mary, "when pleasant, they really brighten up the house."

"I don't mean that wholly," said Aunt Lucy. "I mean that they usually become what they most dream about when they're young. I'm speaking now of their waking dreams, or plannings and longings. The dream is just the bud of themselves, and buds must blossom, you know."

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

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THE GYPSIES.—A MAY-DAY DRAMA.

CHARACTERS.

LADY CAROLINE.
FLORA, *little daughter of* LADY C.
MARGERY, *her maid, an elderly person.*
ELSIE, *a young girl in attendance upon* FLORA.
AN OLD GYPSY MAN.
AN OLD GYPSY WOMAN.
PEG, *a Gypsy girl.*
TOMKINS, *a showman.*
A BLIND FIDDLER, *old and gray.*
GIRLS *and* BOYS, *who dance the May dance and sing May songs.*

SCENE I. — LADY C. *reclining in arm-chair. Enter* MARGERY *with vase of flowers.*

LADY C. How beautiful, Margery! Did little Flora help you gather them?

MARGERY. Yes, my lady. Miss Flora, why Miss Flora, she do frisk about so, pulls Elsie here, and then there, — "Now this flower, Elsie!" and "Now this nice one, Elsie!" That be a most wonderful child, my lady; she be playful like a kitten, and gentle, too, like a pet lamb.

LADY C. (*anxiously*). Ah, already I regret having given her permission to go with Elsie to the green. But she longed so to see the May dances.

MARGERY. O, never fear, my lady. There is n't anywhere a faithfuller little maid than Elsie; she will not let Miss Flora out of her sight. But nobody could wish Miss Flora out of sight, she is such a little angel. Indeed and in truth, my lady, in all the world can't be found a child sweet-tempered like her!

LADY C. O, do not call her an angel, good Margery; call her a lamb or a kitten, if you will, or even a squirrel, but never an angel.

(*Children's voices outside. Enter* FLORA, *singing and skipping.* ELSIE *follows, quietly.*)

FLORA. O mamma! see her wreaths and garlands, and the white dress she has on, for the May-day dances! Don't she look lovely, mamma? O, just as lovely as — O, I don't know!

LADY C. (*smiling*). Indeed she does, dear. Elsie, do all the lassies wear white?

ELSIE. Yes, my lady, — white, with right gay garlands.

FLORA. Good by, mamma, it is time to go now. (*Goes to her mother.*)

LADY C. O Elsie, will you take the very best care? She never went far from me before. I shall be so anxious!

ELSIE. Yes indeed, my lady, I will take very good care.

FLORA. And I will stay with Elsie, and be so good — O, just as good as — O, you can't think!

(*A company of singers heard outside, as if passing at a distance.*)

FLORA (*skipping and clapping hands*). O hark, mamma! Do hark to the May songs! Come, Elsie, quick! Good by, mamma.

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LADY C. (*embracing her*). Good by, darling, good by. [*Exit* F. *and* E.

MARGERY. I must see to their lunch-baskets. [*Exit* MARGERY. *Curtain falls.*

SCENE II. — *Gypsies seated in a tent, or on the ground.* OLD WOMAN *counting over silver,* OLD MAN *looking on. He is dressed in old, ill-fitting clothes.* WOMAN *has a black handkerchief wound about her head, shabby dress, blue stockings, and something bright around her neck.*

MAN. Wal, old Beauty Spot, how many d' ye count?

WOMAN. Eight spoons, six forks, five thimbles, one cup.

MAN. Is that all we 've took on this beat?

WOMAN. Not by somethin'! Look ye here, dad! (*Holds up a ladle.*)

MAN (*delighted*). Now you be the beater! (*Rubs his hands.*) Let 's take a look. (*Examines it.*) Real, is 't? Hope they have n't cheated us. Hard on a cove, I say, when he takes chance of a jail, to put him off with bogus. But where 's Peg?

WOMAN. Off on her tramps about the grand house yonder. Owner 's away. Nobody left but my lady and servants. Never a better time, daddy?

MAN. Nor a better day. Tomkins will set up his show tent. Everybody stirring! Pockets to pick! Fortunes to tell!

WOMAN (*rubbing her hands*). Lads and lassies dancing on the green! Old uns looking on! Nobody taking care of the spoons 'n the house!

MAN (*slapping her on the shoulder*). We 're in luck, old woman, — in luck! (*Enter* PEG, *dressed in red bodice, black skirt, red stockings, light blue handkerchief on her head, pinned under her chin*). Here comes Peg, now. Wal, my Nimble Fingers, any game to-day?

PEG (*takes a few articles from her pocket*). Not much now, dad, but some a coming, if you an' her (*points to* WOMAN) be up to it.

MAN (*earnestly*). What 's that?

PEG. O, a nice little job!

MAN and WOMAN (*earnestly*). Speak out, gal!

PEG. Wal, you see I walked in through the park, and along by the hedgerow, and into the kitchen-garden, thinkin' to go boldly in at the back door, as you told me, to ask for cold bits.

BOTH (*bending eagerly forward*). Yes!

PEG. But jest when I got my mouth open to say, "Charity for my poor sick mother — "

BOTH. Wal?

PEG. Why, a nincumbobby servant ordered me off!

MAN. An' what then?

PEG. Why, then I turned to come away. But next I sees —

WOMAN. Sees what?

PEG. Somethin' in our line.

BOTH (*impatiently*). Tell away, can't yer?

PEG. Sees my lady's child, a walkin' out with her maid.

WOMAN. Wal, what o' that?

PEG. You keep quiet, an' I 'll tell. Jest you keep on a interruptin' an' I 'm mum 's a fish.

MAN (*to* WOMAN). Hush up now, can't yer? (*To* PEG.) Sees what?

PEG. I seed as how little miss was a' dressed out in all her finery, — her velvet an' her silks an' gold beads an' bracelets. (*Clasps throat and wrists*). O, more 'n we 've stole these six months! (*Old couple nod approvingly at each other.*)

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MAN. Mebby they be (*holding up old bag*); but how bees they a goin' to jump in this 'ere?

PEG. There ye go agin a interruptin'.

WOMAN (*to* MAN). Hush up, dad! Let the gal speak, can't yer?

PEG. Then I watches to find out where wud they be a goin' ter (*old couple nod to each other*), and I sees 'em take the path down by the hedgerow. So I creeps along softly, a-tiptoe, on t' other side, — just like this (*shows how she crept along*), a peepin' through.

WOMAN (*rubbing her hands together*). Sharp gal you be, Peg!

MAN (*to* WOMAN). Keep still! Don't bother her!

PEG. When they goes down on the grass to rest I goes down too, on t' other side, ye know, to rest, — so. (*Sits down.*)

MAN (*laughing*). Yes, yes! So ye did! Poor little gal! Was n't used to trampin'!

WOMAN (*to* MAN). Gabble, gabble, gabble! The gal 'll never git done!

MAN. Tell away, Peg!

PEG. I listens, an' I finds little miss is a goin' with her maid to see the dances. There, I 've started the game, let 's see ye foller it up!

(*Old couple sit in silence for a few moments turning over the silver.*)

MAN (*thoughtfully*). 'T is deep water, but I sees through.

PEG (*bending forward*). Let 's hear. (WOMAN *listens.*)

MAN. Tomkins's show draws all the crowd, missy among 'em.

PEG. Go on, dad.

MAN (*rising*). They two, missy and maid, stands a gapin' at it, — so. (*Imitates.*) You creeps in between, — so. (*Imitates.*) I stays outside.

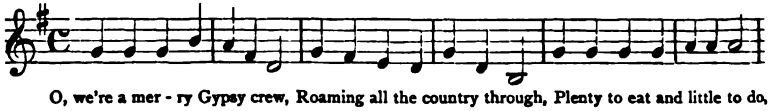
PEG. Yes, yes.

MAN. In the middle of it I gets myself knocked down outside, and groans and roars, "Help! Help! Thieves! Murder!"

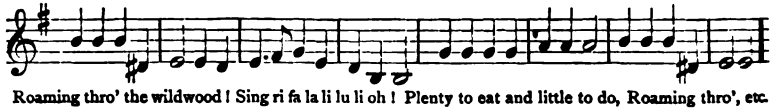
WOMAN (*eagerly*). Then everybody 'll run!

MAN. Then everybody 'll run. Peg catches hold o' little miss, says, "I 'll take care of yer!" runs her off to here. Neat job, hey? (*Rubs hands.*)

PEG (*briskly*). Then I 'll lend her some of my clothes, 'cause they 's better for her, you know, an' help her eat what 's in the buful basket; an' she 'll be my little sister, and she 'll tramp with us (*rises*) an' our merry, merry crew! (*Sings. Old couple join in chorus, and all keep time with feet and hands.*)



O, we're a mer - ry Gypsy crew, Roaming all the country through, Plenty to eat and little to do,



Roaming thro' the wildwood! Sing ri fa la li lu li oh! Plenty to eat and little to do, Roaming thro', etc.

Want and care we never know,
Sun may shine, or winds may blow,
All the same we come and go.
Roaming through the wildwood.
Sing ri fa la li lu li oh!
Plenty to eat and little to do,
Roaming through the wildwood.

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SCENE III. — *Enter* FLORA *and* ELSIE, *hand in hand. Both have flowers, and* ELSIE *carries a pretty lunch-basket.*

FLORA. What pretty flowers there were in that meadow! Why, I wanted every one!

ELSIE. Then we 'd have to fetch a wagon to carry them home in, I guess.

FLORA. A wagonful of flowers! What would mamma say to that, I wonder?

ELSIE. All the vases together would n't half hold 'em!

FLORA. Then I 'd put them in my little crib, and have them for my bed!

ELSIE. Margery would n't spread her white sheets on such a bed as that!

FLORA. But I could take flowers for bedclothes, and smell them all night!

ELSIE. And when you were asleep the buttercups could get under your chin, to see if you loved butter!

FLORA. O, what a — (*Stops suddenly, and listens.*) I hear music! Hark! (*Music heard faintly, as if afar off.*) O Elsie! They 're coming! They 're coming! Hark! Don't you hear the singing?

ELSIE. Yes (*looking in the direction of the music*). They 're marching this way! (*Singing comes gradually nearer, until the chorus is heard outside. Enter a procession of girls and boys, blind fiddler following. Boys are dressed in white trousers, with bright or striped jackets, flowers at the button-hole. Girls in white with garlands. All march round the stage singing, then either eight or sixteen of them form a circle for dancing the May Dance. At intervals, in some pretty figure, the dancers pause and sing a May song, in which all join. Dancing ends with a march, which is interrupted by a girl rushing in from the show.*)

SONG (*briskly, — to "The Poacher's Song," or any lively tune*).

We come! we come, with dance and song,
With hearts and voices gay;
We come! we come, a happy throng,
For now it is beautiful May!

We 've lingered by the brookside
To find the fairest flowers,
We 've rambled through the meadows wide
These sunny, sunny hours!

(*All move round.*) CHORUS: O, we 'll dance and sing around the ring,
With footsteps light and gay!
O, we 'll dance and sing around the ring,
For now 't is the beautiful May!

GIRL. O come! Do come and see the show! 'T is the funniest show!

ALL TOGETHER. Where? Where? (*pressing about her.*)

GIRL (*pointing*). Over yonder by the wood! Only a penny! Come!

ALL TOGETHER (*or nearly so*). Yes! Let 's go! Come! Only a penny? We 'll all go!

(*All rush out,* ELSIE *leading* FLORA. *Curtain falls.*)

SCENE IV. — TOMKINS, *in flashy costume, preparing for the show. There should be several objects, supposed to be statues or animals, covered with white cloth. The animals may be boys in various positions. The coverings will not be removed, as the show is interrupted.* TOMKINS *moves about, peeping under the coverings, dusting the statues, patting and quieting and perhaps feeding the animals. He holds in one hand a string which is attached to one of them. Enter* TOM THUMB *and his* BRIDE *arm in arm, followed by his aged parents and maiden aunt.* (*Five little children must be dressed*

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up to represent these.) TOMKINS *helps them to a high platform at the back part. Old lady is knitting a doll's stocking. Enter crowd of May-dancers,* PEG *among them. She tries several times to separate* FLORA *from* ELSIE, *while they are listening to* TOMKINS, *and finally succeeds.* (*This scene may easily be lengthened by adding other figures to the show, such as a giant, or curious animals, &c.*)

TOMKINS (*arranging the spectators, speaks rapidly*). Stan' reg'lar, ladies and gentlemen, stan' reg'lar, and let the tall ones look over the short ones, for if the tall ones don't git behind the short ones, and the short ones gits behind the tall ones, then how 's the short ones a goin' to look over the tall ones? Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to show you the only 'xhibition of the kind on record. On this 'casion 't is not a talkin' 'xhibition. Six talkin' 'xhibitions they 've done to-day. Do I want 'em to die on my 'ands? Do I want to close their 'xpiring eyes? An' say — an' say — farewell, my dears? No. Let 'em live to d'light the world, an' to 'dorn — to 'dorn — my 'xhibition. (*The animal gets uneasy.* TOMKINS *jerks the string.*) Sh — sh — your time 'll come when the Thumbs is all done. Ladies and gentlemen, you see before you the descendants of the real Tom Thumb, who lived in story-books a thousand years ago. Their grandfather far removed was carried in his master's waist-coat-pocket, and swallowed by a cow! (*Animal steps. He pulls the string.*) Sh — sh. They would speak to the audyence, but six talkin' 'xhibitions they 've done to-day, an' their healths must be looked to, as their constitootions compares with their sizes, and 't is very nat'ral they 'd be short-breath'd. The old lady, as you see, is knittin' a stockin' for her grandchild, that lives in Siam. The old gentleman takes his pinch of snuff, an' would smoke his pipe, but — ladies present. The maiden aunt is neat about her dress, and that 's why she 's smoothin' out the wrinkles and rubbin' off mud-spots. Tom Thumb is very fond of his bride, an' you won't think strange of his strokin' her curls an' lookin' at her face in admiration. (*Animals move a little.*) But my an'mals is uneasy, and I must also proceed to uncover the statuarys. Thumb family may march round and take their leave. (*They march round and go out, each turning at the door to salute the audience.*) I will now proceed to uncover the famous, unheard-of, wonderful animal called — (*Deep groans heard outside. "Help! Thieves! Murder!"*) Don't be uneasy! (*All rush out.* PEG *runs off with* FLORA.)

[*Curtain falls.*

SCENE V. — LADY CAROLINE *reclining in her chair. She rings a bell. Enter* MARGERY.

LADY C. You may bring that small round table nearer to me, Margery; Miss Flora and I will take our tea together. What a treat it will be for her!

MARGERY (*bringing the table*). Yes, my lady. (*Spreads cloth.*)

LADY C. She will be so eager to tell all that has happened, and I shall be just as eager to hear. (MARGERY *fetches plates, &c.*) Bring her small china mug, Margery, — she likes that best, — and bring her low rocking-chair.

MARGERY. Yes, my lady. The little dear will be so tired! (*Brings the things.*)

LADY C. Place the chair near me. Is the supper all ready? What an appetite the little traveller will have to-night!

MARGERY. Everything is ready, my lady.

LADY C. And fetch her slippers lined with down. They will be so soft to her tired feet! Ah, how many steps they have taken since she kissed me good by! (MARGERY *brings slippers, and places them in front of the chair.*) So. That is right. Now that all is ready, how long seems every moment! Margery, go stand by the

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upper window, and bring me word when you catch the first sight of them coming along by the hedgerow.

MARGERY. I will, my lady. I 'll watch, and not leave the window, not for one single moment.

[*Exit* MARGERY. *Curtain falls.*

SCENE VI. — GYPSY MAN *and* WOMAN. *Old bags, bundles, and baskets lying about.* MAN *is binding an old shoe to his foot with a strip of cloth. Foot is on the shoe, not in it.* WOMAN *is picking over rags of different colors.*

WOMAN. Wal, ole man, here we bees agin. 'T is a year ago this blessed day since Peg 'ticed the little gal from Tomkins's show.

MAN. 'T would n't ha' been a year, mammy, only we got no news o' the reward. Fifty guineas, an' no questions asked. Wal a day! Many 's the weary tramp we 's had that we need n't 'a!

WOMAN. An' many 's the trinket I 'll buy!

MAN. Now, ole Beauty Spot, you don't git the spendin' o' that gold!

WOMAN. I don't! Wal, we 'll see! I don't, do I? Humph!

MAN. But why don't Peg git here? Meet us by this wood, she said. An' 't is past the time set. She must a' reached the Hall, two days agone.

WOMAN. If I 'd 'a had my say, the child should ha' been sent by some other body; but Peg she would go along.

MAN. 'T is a marcy an' she don't git fast under lock an' key!

WOMAN. Wal, the child 's back to where she belongs, an' lucky she be. For our Peg, that be a deal too smart for us, will go to mind every crook o' that young un's finger. An' worse 'n that! Now I 'll tell ye. I harked one night, — late it was, with the stars all so bright, we inside the tent, they two out, nobody stirring, no noise, only corn rustlin' a-near us, an' a little matter of a breeze in the trees; an' what does I hear? Why, that young 'un a tellin' our Peg about the angels, an' more besides. An' what good was, an' what wicked was. Does I want a gal o' mine to hear the like? No, I does n't. Peg ain't the gal she was (*shaking her head*). No, no. She ain't up to half the smart tricks. (*Enter* PEG.)

MAN and WOMAN. The money! The gold! The gold! Where 's the gold?

PEG. The lady wants to see you at the Hall.

BOTH. Ha!

WOMAN. Be we fools?

MAN. She wants, does she? Ha, ha! She wants! He, he, he!

PEG. I want, then. And the gold is ready for you there.

MAN. There be gold then?

WOMAN. What be we a goin' to the Hall for?

PEG. She has a favor to ask.

WOMAN. Yes. The favor o' shuttin' us up!

PEG. The favor o' lettin' me be servant to Miss Flora. (WOMAN *nods to* MAN.)

MAN. Have more sense, gal!

WOMAN. O Peg, an' would ye go from us, an' to be a slave?

MAN (*picking up bundles*). 'T is all a trap to nab us.

PEG. No, there be no trap.

WOMAN. An' what use our seein' the lady, or her seein' we?

PEG. She be loath to keep anybody's child without consent. The little un begs me stay, an' I must.

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WOMAN (*entreatingly*). Don't, Peg! Let her go. She be n't one o' our sort!

PEG. I can't. An' the truth must be spoken to ye. I 'm tired o' trampin', tired o' beggin' an' thievin' an' skulkin' about. An' what 's more, I can't lose sight o' *her*.

WOMAN (*sorrowfully*). O Peg! An' how could the little un bewitch ye so?

PEG. How do I know? How can I tell what makes me pine for a sight o' her sweet face, an' why the sound o' her sweet voice touches me here, (*places hand on her heart,*) an' why I weep when she tells me of the angels and holy things? Will ye go or no? (*Moves towards door.*)

MAN (*to* WOMAN, *confidentially*). Between you an' me, I 'd sooner have Peg there. Don't ye see? (*Claps hand on her shoulder.*) Many 's the nice bit she 'll help us to, or a silver penny, or a spoon, who knows?

WOMAN. That she won't. An' if she 'd do 't, ain't we got money enough, wi' all that gold? I 'd sooner keep my gal. (*Folds arms and looks down sorrowfully.*) But 't won't be for long. (*Looks up more cheerfully.*) Peg 'll come back to us. She 'll soon pine for the sweet woods agin'! (*Ties up her bundles.*)

MAN (*contemptuously*). Enough! Enough gold! (*Picks up baskets.*) What do the old gal mean? Enough money? Ha, ha, ha! Enough! He, he, he!

[*Curtain falls.*

SCENE VII. (*chiefly a Tableau*). — LADY C. *sits with her arm round* FLORA. MARGERY *arranging the furniture. Enter gypsies, conducted by* PEG. LADY C., *at sight of them, shudders and turns away.* MARGERY *keeps them at a distance.*

MARGERY. Stand back, stand back! Don't ye see my lady almost faints at sight of ye? (*Music heard afar off, comes gradually nearer.*)

LADY C. (*listening*). What music do I hear, Margery?

MARGERY. 'T is the May party, my lady. They come to welcome Miss Flora back with a cheerful song.

LADY C. Bid them enter, Margery.

(MARGERY *goes to the door. Enter May party and blind fiddler. They are arranged by* MARGERY. *Gypsies watch the proceedings,* OLD GYPSY *leaning on his staff with both hands,* OLD WOMAN, *rather sullen, stands with folded arms.* PEG *moves softly along, and sinks upon the floor near* FLORA. ELSIE *is among the singers, but stands silent with downcast looks.* MARGERY *motions for the young people to sing, and when they begin holds corner of apron to her eyes.*)

CLOSING SONG.

Home again! home again!
All her wanderings o'er.
At home, sweet home again, to dwell
With loving friends once more!

Flowers, show your fairest hues,
Make the meadows gay.
Dear little birds O carol forth,
Your sweetest songs to-day!

CHORUS. For home again! home again!
Her weary wanderings o'er,
At home, sweet home again, she dwells
With loving friends once more!

[*Curtain falls.*

Mrs. A. M. Dias.

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ENIGMAS.

No. 33.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 1, 8, 3 and 3, and 2, — your motto thes must be;
10, 11, 14, 16, 9, and 12 you 'll seldom see.
For my 19, 17, 7, 4, how mournful is the sigh!
My 10, 3, 15, 6, and 12, — these show a storm is nigh.
In my 3, 4, 13, 1, and 5, for the theme I pray you look;
Slip in my 18, then my *whole;* you 'll know it like a book.

E. J. W.

No. 34.

I saved the day at Winchester,
I took the news from Ghent,
I told a fib at Ilium,
But seemed of good intent.
The poor man paid his all for me,
I served him through the town;
And yet a monarch once had fain
Resigned for me his crown.
The laundress knows the worth of me,
The carpenter as well;
And if you would my cunning learn
Let Alexander tell.
If now you know me, 't is confessed
That you my *first* have rightly guessed.

Now turn you to a pirate's den,
And there in me descry,
The coffer of his dreadful gain,
The couch whereon to die.
Or yet within the miser's home,
I 'm just the devil's bid; —
The very thing which shut so close
When fair Ginevra hid.
The seat of that dire scourge of all
That wiles our friends away;
And if you quite divine the word,
My *second* 's clear as day.

Next take the fiery railway train, —
Its safety lies in me;
Just let me drop or burst apart,
What horrors you will see!
I 'm from the foreign strand conveyed;
I grow beside your door;
I 'm just the thing a kitten likes
When playing on the floor.
So sweet that mortals hold me up,
A symbol of such store.
Now guess me right, and you 'll have got
The *last* of my three parts, I wot.

And now my *whole:* a boon I am
To mowers in the field;
The panting roadster sees me near,
And fain would seek my shield.
The searching children gather round;
I fill their pockets up;
Nor all the wealth of Indian mines
Could fashion such a cup,
So luring to their childish eyes,
As they can make of me,
With stains of rich mahogany. —
Now, friends, what can I be?

J. W.

No. 35.

ÆNIGMA GRAMMATICUM LATINUM.

Viginti quatuor literæ me componunt.

II. IV. XI.	mei, verbum latinum est.	
VII. XXIV.	conjunctio "	"
XIV. XV. X. XII. IX.	adjectivus "	"
IV. XVII. XXIV.	verbum "	"
I. V. III.	præpositio "	"
VI. XII. XVIII.	nomen "	"
VIII. XIV. IV. XIII.	nomen "	"
XIX. XX. IV.	nomen "	"
XXIII. XVI.	præpositio "	"
XXI. XIV. X.	conjunctio "	"
XIII. XXII.	conjunctio "	"
XIX. V.	conjunctio "	"

Totus est dictum latinum.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 36.

Hitty Maginn.

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CHARADES.

No. 37.

My *first* is in bow, and also in arrow.
My *second* is in bluebird, but not in sparrow.
My *third* is in road, but not in lane.
My *fourth* is in toy, but not in game.
My *fifth* is in robin, but not in wren.
My *sixth* is in quill, but not in pen.
My *seventh* is in nail, but not in tack.
My *eighth* is in gown, but not in sack.
My *ninth* is in foam, but not in spray.
My *tenth* is in month, but not in day.
My *eleventh* is in lake, but not in river.
My *twelfth* is in shake, but not in shiver.
My *thirteenth* is in vision, but not in dream.
My *whole* is a famous magazine.

No. 38.

In stormy sea or placid lake
The fisher seeks my *first* to take.
To lonely swamp or fenny bed,
My *second* lures the sportsman's tread.
My *whole*'s a prison, dark and drear,
Where captives pined for many a year.

K. C.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.—No. 39.

Minnie.

ANSWERS.

19. Small things make base men proud.
20. Grasshopper.
21. The darkest hour is just before morning
22. Spy, spire, spiced.
Fee, fear, feast.
Toe, tore toast.
Ye, year, yeast.
Boo, boor, boost.
23. C-ape. P-ounce. C-row. R-eel. D-apple. G-ray.
24. Earthquake.
25. Reindeer.
26. RhodeS. HallE. IliI. NaiN. ElbE.
27. Rocking-stone.
28. Shakespeare.
29. "Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss."
[(Ten cents) (ewer) (W R *on* G) (fo u)r) (one who writes) (a Miss.)]
30. Often (D K. Decay.) At-ten-u-ate. (Uri Your eye.) (Rebel-lions. Rebellions.) It consists of believings (Bee-leavings).
31. Beautiful lily, dwelling by still rivers
Or solitary mere,
Or where the lazy meadow-brook delivers
Its waters to the weir.
LONGFELLOW'S *Flower-de-luce.*
[(Beau-T full) (lily) (dwelling) (bee eye)(s till) (rivers)
(Oar) (solitaire) (Emir),
(Oar) (W hair) (tea hee)(l a sea)(m a doe) (bee rook) (D levers)
(ITs) (waters) (too)(th E) (W ear.)]
32. Pearl. [Earl, Pear, Ear, Pea]

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THE compositions and puzzles for which prizes were offered are now all received, and we hope very soon to announce the decision regarding them. It is of course understood that the offer was made only to our subscribers. Some have requested to be informed at once whether their efforts were successful or not. As we could not ourselves know, until all the papers had been read and compared, this has been impossible. "Augusta D." and others will therefore see why their letters have not been answered.

"J. H." writes to us thus: —

EDITORS OF THE YOUNG FOLKS:

i Saw, in your Book, a, Piece, Saying, any, one, Could, get, Paid For, Sending, you, good, Puzzles, and, here, is a, good, one, about as, good, a, one, as, Can, be, found. Send, me, the money, as, Soon, as, you, get, it, if you, Want, any, more, Puzzles, Write, and, i Will fill your, Order, With Pleasure.

Write soon

Write Soon.

yours, Truly,

Ans. quick. J. H.

Now, dear "J. H.," we should think more of your proposal if you had used capital "I's" in addressing us; but, aside from that, your rebuses are much below the average standard. And we have no "orders" for puzzles to be filled, as our kind friends keep us constantly supplied.

We add this letter from another of our ambitious "young folks."

DEAR SIRS: —

Hearing of your kind offer, I have undertaken the task of competing. I have the first four (4) numbers of the present volume. It has proved very interesting to me; it is far more interesting than any book published for the same price. You must excuse my bad handwriting and grammar; I live in the country, and have not the facilities of other "city gents." Yet I hope that I may succeed with my story. I hope that the time may come when I shall be a bright star in the firmament of living authors; yet I know that "there is no excellence without great labor." The prize, if I gain it, will prove a lasting memorial of your kindness; and it will also be a fortune to me. You well may know what the first few cents were to John Kitto, Abraham Lincoln, S. P. Chase, John Jacob Astor, and the Harpers. I am not joking, worthy sirs. But you must remember that I am *bound* to excel. I hope that I have enough resolution to excel, like John C. Fremont, Dr. Kane, and others. My hope is only in its infancy, but I hope it may break its shell and emerge into a brighter sphere unknown to me.

I am truly interested in your cause and hope you will succeed, which wish I wish returned. I am not a boy with a dictionary, pen, and ink, &c., for a head. In other words, I mean that I am not a learned linguist, penman, or grammarian.

Yours in haste,

WILLIE W.

P. S. — I am 14 years 23 days old, 4 ft. 10 inches high (in bare feet); of a resolute spirit and fiery nature. W. W.

Your good wishes are reciprocated, Willie. We do not advise you to "fling away ambition," but *our* wings were clipped long ago, and we fear yours must be, if your hope should at last "break its shell." It is really necessary for the finest literary birds to condescend to pick up the humblest crumbs of etymology, syntax, and the like, before they can make a successful flight into the heaven of authorship.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I am a reader and lover of your magazine, and try to follow the advice you so pleasantly give. I am especially interested in the papers you have published showing "How and What to Read." As I am to be out of school a year or so, I want to read a good deal with advantage, and mean to begin with English History, as I am quite deficient there. Your author has said the best light reading in this connection is to be found in the Waverley Novels. But I do not know of what reigns the respective volumes treat. Could you oblige me and several others of your readers who have spoken to me of this want, by publishing a list of the novels and the respective reigns in which the events described happened?

Yours gratefully,

SARAH.

WISCONSIN, December 17, 1869.

Some time we will make room for the list which "Sarah" desires. The finest edition of the Waverley Novels that we know of is published by *Fields, Osgood, & Co.*, in twenty-five volumes.

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"Ivanhoe" furnishes an excellent picture of our ancestors' ways of living when they were serfs under their Norman conquerors. It is also one of the best novels ever written. "Kenilworth" is a story of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and "Woodstock" of Cromwell's times. It is not to be expected that any of these tales will give the exact facts of history. An idealized representation of past times is what the historic novelist usually attempts, — and none has done so more successfully than Sir Walter Scott.

TEACHERS and scholars, to say nothing of those who have to do their reading "around the evening lamp," will find a treasure in the recent volumes of the "Illustrated Library of Wonders" issued by *Charles Scribner & Co., New York.* The "Wonders of the Sun" and "The Sublime in Nature" will be sure to add zest to the study of Astronomy and Geography. "Egypt Three Thousand Years ago" and the "Wonders of Pompeii" — the latter a most interesting description of the exhumed city whose history is in itself a marvellous romance — form a valuable accompaniment to the reading of ancient history; and "Glass-making" will bring an added pleasure to those who enjoyed the articles on the same subject in our last year's volume.

WE are sometimes asked to mention pieces which are suitable to read or speak in school, and we shall be glad to do so whenever there is room in Our Letter Box. At present we will only name two or three that we have heard read in concert, with admirable effect. They are Southey's "Falls of Lodore" and "March to Moscow," Poe's "Bells," and one beginning with: —

> "In their ragged regimentals
> Stood the old Continentals,
> Quailing not, —"

which we think has not been printed in any reading-book, having seen it ourselves only in "Folk-Songs" and "Songs of Life," — two of *Scribner & Co.'s* elegant volumes. The poem is a remarkable one for its vivid and ringing words, and for its stirring description of a battle-field.

Those who are in search of dialogue-reading will find nothing better than *Lee and Shepard's* new volume, called "Dialogues from Dickens." The selections are of the best, and the book is a beautiful one.

L'Etranger. We fear we shall be unable to make use of your ingenious charade.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

Please ask some of your younger readers to try and see how many consecutive words of two letters each they can introduce into a sentence. Here is a specimen: —

Joseph and his father were down by the river one day, and saw an animal struggling in the water; Joseph wanted to help him, but his father said, —

"O no, Jo, if it is to be so, so be it, so it is; if it is an ox, it is my ox, or if he is on an ax, he is on my ax, so he is in no danger."

W. W. W.

Don't be beaten, Young Folks. See what you can do with it. Perhaps we shall offer a prize for the best composition in words of two letters. We will think about it. — Meanwhile, here are some of your nuts sent back to us cracked.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I noticed in the Letter Box of the December Number a question asking where the quotation "Though lost to sight, to memory dear" is to be found. It is not from any book or play, but is an old inscription found on an English tombstone. Its origin is not known.

Yours truly,
A NEW-YORK SUBSCRIBER.

PHILADELPHIA, March 26th, 1870.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I think I have the answer of that question in the Letter Box. "Nibelung (or Niflung) was king of the Nibelungen, a mythical Burgundian tribe. He bequeathed to his two sons a hoard or treasure of gold and gems, beyond all price or computation, which twelve wagons in twelve days, at the rate of three journeys a day, could not carry off, — it was incapable of diminution. It was won by Siegfried (Szeek-freet), who made war upon the Niblungen and conquered them."

Here is an interesting fact for the readers of "Gardening for Girls." If you plant an onion so that it will touch the roots of a rose-bush, the odor of the roses growing upon it will be increased, and the rose-water distilled from them will be far superior to any other.

Your friend,
ROSA MOSS.

PALATINE BRIDGE, March 25, 1870.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

If "Annie, Charley, Louie, and Ella" will look at the Fifth Act of the Second Part of Shakespeare's Henry IV., they will see that "Pistol" says, "Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die." Bezonian was a term of reproach derived from the Italian *bisogno*, a fresh, needy soldier." And as to "Prester John," he belongs to the myths of the Middle Ages. He was supposed to be a Christian Prince who reigned in the interior of Asia.

L. L. F.

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TROTTY'S COMPOSITION.

DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE, JR.] [See the Story.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. VI. JUNE, 1870. No. VI.

WE GIRLS: A HOME STORY.

CHAPTER VI.

CO-OPERATING.

WHEN mother first read that article in the Atlantic she had said, right off, —

"I 'm sure I wish they would!"

"Would what, mother?" asked Barbara.

"Co-operate."

"O mother! I really do believe you must belong, somehow, to the Micawber family! I should n't wonder if one of these days, when they come into their luck, you should hear of something greatly to your advantage, from over the water. You have such faith in 'they'! I don't believe '*they*' will ever do much for '*us*'!"

"What is it, dear?" asked Mrs. Hobart, rousing from a little arm-chair wink, during which Mrs. Holabird had taken up the magazine.

Mrs. Hobart had come in, with her cable wool and her great ivory knitting-pins, to sit an hour, sociably.

"Co-operative housekeeping, ma'am," said Barbara.

"Oh! Yes. That is what they *used* to have, in old times, when we lived at home with mother. Only they did n't write articles about it. All the women in a house co-operated — to keep it; and all the neighborhood

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co-operated — by living exactly in the same way. Nowadays, it 's co-operative shirking; is n't it?"

One never could quite tell whether Mrs. Hobart was more simple or sharp.

That was all that was said about co-operative housekeeping at the time. But Ruth remembered the conversation. So did Barbara, for a while, as appeared in something she came out with a few days after.

"I could — almost — write a little poem!" she said, suddenly, over her work. "Only that would be doing just what the rest do. Everything turns into a poem, or an article, nowadays. I wish we 'd lived in the times when people *did* the things!"

"O Barbara! *Think* of all that is being done in the world!"

"I know. But the little private things. They want to turn everything into a movement. Miss Trixie says they won't have any eggs from their fowls next winter; all their chickens are roosters, and all they 'll do will be to sit in a row on the fence and crow! I think the world is running pretty much to roosters."

"Is that the poem?"

"I don't know. It might come in. All I 've got is the end of it. It came into my head hind side before. If it could only have a beginning and a middle put to it, it might do. It 's just the wind-up, where they have to give an account, you know, and what they 'll have to show for it, and the thing that really amounts, after all."

"Well, tell us."

"It 's only five lines, and one rhyme. But it might be written up to. They could say all sorts of things, — one and another: —

"*I* wrote some little books;
I said some little says;
I preached a little preach;
I lit a little blaze;
I made things pleasant in one little place."

There was a shout at Barbara 's "poem."

"I thought I might as well relieve my mind," she said, meekly. "I knew it was all there would ever be of it."

But Barbara's rhyme stayed in our heads, and got quoted in the family. She illustrated on a small scale what the "poems and articles" *may* sometimes do in the great world.

We remembered it that day when Ruth said, "Let 's co-operate."

We talked it over, — what we could do without a girl. We had talked it over before. We had had to try it, more or less, during interregnums. But in our little house in Z——, with the dark kitchen, and with Barbara and Ruth going to school, and the washing-days, when we had to hire, it always cost more than it came to, besides making what Barb called a "heave-offering of life."

"They used to have houses built accordingly," Rosamond said, speaking of the "old times." "Grandmother's kitchen was the biggest and pleasantest room in the house."

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"Could n't we *make* the kitchen the pleasantest room?" suggested Ruth. "Would n't it be sure to be, if it was the room we all stayed in mornings, and where we had our morning work? Whatever room we do that in always is, you know. The look grows. Kitchens are horrid when girls have just gone out of them, and left the dish-towels dirty, and the dish-cloth all wabbled up in the sink, and all the tins and irons wanting to be cleaned. But if we once got up a real ladies' kitchen of our own! I can think how it might be lovely!"

"I can think how it might be jolly-nificent!" cried Barbara, relapsing into her dislocations.

"*You* like kitchens," said Rosamond, in a tone of quiet ill-usedness.

"Yes, I do," said Barbara. "And you like parlors, and prettinesses, and feather dusters, and little general touchings-up, that I can't have patience with. You shall take the high art, and I 'll have the low realities. That 's the co-operation. Families are put up assorted, and the home character comes of it. It 's Bible-truth, you know; the head and the feet and the eye and the hand, and all that. Let 's just see what we *shall* come to! People don't turn out what they 're meant, who have Irish kitchens and high-style parlors, all alike. There 's a great deal in being Holabirdy, — or whatever-else-you-are-y!"

"If it only were n't for that cellar-kitchen," said Mrs. Holabird.

"Mother," said Ruth, "what if we were to take this?"

We were in the dining-room.

"This nice room!"

"It is to be a ladies' kitchen, you know."

Everybody glanced around. It was nice, ever so nice. The dark-stained floor, showing clean, undefaced margins, — the new, pretty drugget, — the freshly clad, broad old sofa, — the high wainscoted walls, painted in oak and walnut colors, and varnished brightly, — the ceiling faintly tinted with buff, — the buff holland shades to the windows, — the dresser-closet built out into the room on one side, with its glass upper-halves to the doors, showing our prettiest china and a gleam of silver and glass, — the two or three pretty engravings in the few spaces for them, — O, it was a great deal too nice to take for a kitchen.

But Ruth began again.

"You know, mother, before Katty came, how nice everything was down stairs. We cooked nearly a fortnight, and washed dishes, and everything; and we only had the floor scrubbed once, and there never was a slop on the stove, or a teaspoonful of anything spilled. It would be so different from a girl! It seems as if we *might* bring the kitchen up stairs, instead of going down into the kitchen."

"But the stove," said mother.

"I think," said Barbara, boldly, "that a cooking-stove, all polished up, is just as handsome a thing as there is in a house!"

"It is clumsy, one must own," said Mrs. Holabird, "besides being suggestive."

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"So is a piano," said the determined Barbara.

"I can *imagine* a cooking-stove," said Rosamond, slowly.

"Well, do! That 's just where your gift will come in!"

"A pretty copper tea-kettle, and a shiny tin boiler, made to order, — like an urn, or something, — with a copper faucet, and nothing else ever about, except it were that minute wanted; and all the tins and irons begun with new again, and kept clean; and little cocoanut dippers with German silver rims; and things generally contrived as they are for other kinds of rooms that ladies use; it *might* be like that little picnicking dower-house we read about in a novel, or like Marie Antoinette's Trianon."

"That 's what it *would* come to, if it was part of our living, just as we come to have gold thimbles and lovely work-boxes. We should give each other Christmas and birthday presents of things; we should have as much pleasure and pride in it as in the china-closet. Why, the whole trouble is that the kitchen is the only place taste *has n't* got into. Let 's have an art-kitchen!"

"We might spend a little money in fitting up a few things freshly, if we are to save the waste and expense of a servant," said Mrs. Holabird.

The idea grew and developed.

"But when we have people to tea!" Rosamond said, suddenly demurring afresh.

"There 's always the brown room, and the handing round," said Barbara, "for the people you can't be intimate with, and *think* how crowsy this will be with Aunt Trixie or Mrs. Hobart or the Goldthwaites!"

"We shall just settle *down*," said Rose, gloomily.

"Well, I believe in finding our place. Every little brook runs till it does that. I don't want to stand on tiptoe all my life."

"We shall always gather to us what *belongs*. Every little crystal does that," said mother, taking up another simile.

"What will Aunt Roderick say?" said Ruth.

"I shall keep her out of the kitchen, and tell her we could n't manage with one girl any longer, and so we 've taken three that all wanted to get a place together."

And Barbara actually did; and it was three weeks before Mrs. Roderick found out what it really meant.

We were in a hurry to have Katty go, and to begin, after we had made up our minds; and it was with the serenest composure that Mrs. Holabird received her remark that "her week would be up a-Tuesday, an' she hoped agin then we 'd be shooted wid a girl."

"Yes, Katty; I am ready at any moment," was the reply; which caused the whites of Katty's eyes to appear for a second between the lids and the irids.

There had been only one applicant for the place, who had come while we had not quite irrevocably fixed our plans.

Mother swerved for a moment; she came in and told us what the girl said.

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"She is not experienced; but she looks good-natured; and she is willing to come for a trial."

"They all do that," said Barbara, gravely. "I think — as Protestants — we 've hired enough of them."

Mother laughed, and let the "trial" go. That was the end, I think, of our indecisions.

We got Mrs. Dunikin to come and scrub; we pulled out pots and pans, stove-polish and dish-towels, napkins and odd stockings missed from the wash; we cleared every corner, and had every box and bottle washed; then we left everything below spick and span, so that it almost tempted us to stay even there, and sent for the sheet-iron man, and had the stove taken up stairs. We only carried up such lesser movables as we knew we should want; we left all the accumulation behind; we resolved to begin life anew, and feel our way, and furnish as we went along.

Ruth brought home a lovely little spice-box as the first donation to the art-kitchen. Father bought a copper tea-kettle, and the sheet-iron man made the tin boiler. There was a wide, high, open fireplace in the dining-room; we had wondered what we should do with it in the winter. It had a soapstone mantel, with fluted pilasters, and a brown-stone hearth and jambs. Back a little, between these sloping jambs, we had a nice iron fire-board set, with an ornamental collar around the funnel-hole. The stove stood modestly sheltered, as it were, in its new position, its features softened to almost a sitting-room congruity; it did not thrust itself obtrusively forward, and force its homely association upon you; it was low, too, and its broad top looked smooth and enticing.

There was a large, light closet at the back of the room, where was set a broad, deep iron sink, and a pump came up from the cistern. This closet had double sliding doors; it could be thrown all open for busy use, or closed quite away and done with.

There were shelves here, and cupboards. Here we ranged our tins and our saucepans, — the best and newest; Rosamond would have nothing to do with the old battered ones; over them we hung our spoons and our little strainers, our egg-beaters, spatulas, and quart measures, — these last polished to the brightness of silver tankards; in one corner stood the flour-barrel, and over it was the sieve; in the cupboards were our porcelain kettles, — we bought two new ones, a little and a big, — the frying-pans, delicately smooth and nice now, outside and in, the roasting-pans, and the one iron pot, which we never meant to use when we could help it. The worst things we could have to wash were the frying and roasting pans, and these, we soon found, were not bad when you did it all over and at once every time.

Adjoining this closet was what had been the "girl's room," opening into the passage where the kitchen stairs came up; and the passage itself was fair-sized and square, corresponding to the depth of the other divisions. Here we had a great box placed for wood, and a barrel for coal, and another for kindlings; once a week these could be replenished as required, when

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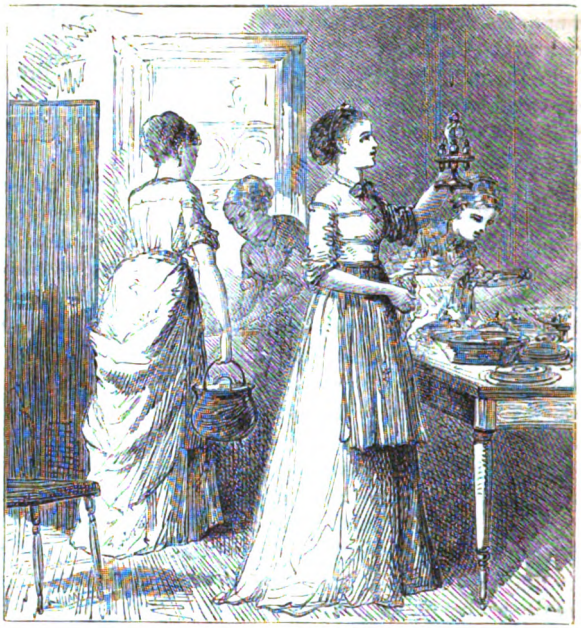

the man came who "chored" for us. The "girl's room" would be a spare place that we should find twenty uses for; it was nice to think of it sweet and fresh, empty and available; very nice not to be afraid to remember it was there at all.

We had a Robinson-Crusoe-like pleasure in making all these arrangements; every clean thing that we put in a spotless place upon shelf or nail was a wealth and a comfort to us. Besides, we really did not need half the lumber of a common kitchen closet; a china bowl or plate would no longer be contraband of war, and Barbara said she could stir her blanc-mange with a silver spoon without demoralizing anybody to the extent of having the ashes taken up with it.

By Friday night we had got everything to the exact and perfect starting-point; and Mrs. Dunikin went home enriched with gifts that were to her like a tin-and-wooden wedding; we felt, on our part, that we had celebrated ours by clearing them out.

The bread-box was sweet and empty; the fragments had been all daintily crumbled by Ruth, as she sat, resting and talking, when she had come in from her music-lesson; they lay heaped up like lightly fallen snow, in a broad dish, ready to be browned for chicken dressing or boiled for brewis or a pudding. Mother never has anything between loaves and crumbs when *she* manages; then all is nice, and keeps nice.

"Clean beginnings are beautiful," said Rosamond, looking around. "It is the middle that 's horrid."

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"We won't have any middles," said Ruth. "We 'll keep making clean beginnings, all the way along. That is the difference between work and muss."

"If you can," said Rose, doubtfully.

I suppose that is what some people will say, after this Holabird story is printed so far. Then we just wish they could have seen mother make a pudding or get a breakfast, that is all. A lady will no more make a jumble or litter in doing such things than she would at her dressing-table. It only needs an accustomed and delicate touch.

I will tell you something of how it was. I will take that Monday morning — and Monday morning is as good, for badness, as you can take — just after we had begun.

The room was nice enough for breakfast when we left it over night. There was nothing straying about; the tea-kettle and the tin boiler were filled, — father did that just before he locked up the house; we had only to draw up the window-shades, and let the sweet light in, in the morning.

Stephen had put a basket of wood and kindlings ready for Mrs. Dunikin in the kitchen below, and the key of the lower door had been left on a beam in the woodshed, by agreement. By the time we came down stairs Mrs. Dunikin had a steaming boiler full of clothes, and had done nearly two of her five hours' work. We should hand her her breakfast on a little tray, when the time came, at the stair-head; and she would bring up her cup and plate again while we were clearing away. We should pay her twelve and a half cents an hour; she would scrub up all below, go home to dinner, and come again to-morrow for five hours' ironing. That was all there would be about Mrs. Dunikin.

Meanwhile, with a pair of gloves on, and a little plain-hemmed three cornered, dotted-muslin cap tied over her hair with a muslin bow behind, mother had let down the ashes, — it is n't a bad thing to do with a well-contrived stove, — and set the pan, to which we had a duplicate, into the out-room, for Stephen to carry away. Then into the clean grate went a handful of shavings and pitch-pine kindlings, one or two bits of hard wood, and a sprinkle of small, shiny nut-coal. The drafts were put on, and in five minutes the coals were red. In these five minutes the stove and the mantel were dusted, the hearth brushed up, and there was neither chip nor mote to tell the tale. It was not like an Irish fire, that reaches out into the middle of the room with its volcanic margin of cinders and ashes.

Then — that Monday morning — we had brewis to make, a little buttered toast to do, and some eggs to scramble. The bright coffee-pot got its ration of fragrant, beaten paste, — the brown ground kernels mixed with an egg, — and stood waiting for its drink of boiling water. The two frying-pans came forth; one was set on with the milk for the brewis, into which, when it boiled up white and drifting, went the sweet fresh butter, and the salt, each in plentiful proportion; — "one can give one's self *carte-blancher*," Barbara said, "than it will do to give a girl"; — and then the bread-crumbs; and the end of it was, in a white porcelain dish, a light, delicate, savory bread-por-

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ridge, to eat daintily with a fork, and be thankful for. The other pan held eggs, broken in upon bits of butter, and sprinkles of pepper and salt; this went on when the coffee-pot — which had got its drink when the milk boiled, and been puffing ever since — was ready to come off; over it stood Barbara with a tin spoon, to toss up and turn until the whole was just curdled with the heat into white and yellow flakes, not one of which was raw, nor one was dry. Then the two pans and the coffee-pot and the little bowl in which the coffee-paste had been beaten and the spoons went off into the pantry-closet, and the breakfast was ready; and only Barbara waited a moment to toast and butter the bread, while mother, in her place at table, was serving the cups. It was Ruth who had set the table, and carried off the cookery things, and folded and slid back the little pembroke, that had held them beside the stove, into its corner.

Rosamond had been busy in the brown room; that was all nice now for the day; and she came in with a little glass vase in her hand, in which was a tea-rose, that she put before mother at the edge of the white waiter-napkin; and it graced and freshened all the place; and the smell of it, and the bright September air that came in at the three cool west windows, overbore all remembrance of the cooking and reminder of the stove, from which we were seated well away, and before which stood now a square, dark green screen that Rosamond had recollected and brought down from the garret on Saturday. Barbara and her toast emerged from its shelter as innocent of behind-the-scenes as any bit of pretty play or pageant.

Barbara looked very nice this morning, in her brown-plaid Scotch gingham trimmed with white braids; she had brown slippers, also, with bows; she would not verify Rosamond's prophecy that she "would be all points," now that there was an apology for them. I think we were all more particular about our outer ladyhood than usual.

After breakfast, the little pembroke was wheeled out again, and on it put a steaming pan of hot water. Ruth picked up the dishes; it was something really delicate to see her scrape them clean, with a pliant knife, as a painter might cleanse his palette, — we had, in fact, a palette-knife that we kept for this use when we washed our own dishes, — and then set them in piles and groups before mother, on the pembroke-table. Mother sat in her raised arm-chair, as she might sit making tea for company; she had her little mop, and three long, soft clean towels lay beside her; we had hemmed a new dozen, so as to have plenty from day to day, and a grand Dunikin wash at the end on the Mondays.

After the china and glass were done and put up, came forth the coffee-pot and the two pans, and had their scald, and their little scour, — a teaspoonful of sand must go to the daily cleansing of an iron utensil, in mother's hands; and *that* was clean work, and the iron thing never got to be "horrid," any more than a china bowl. It was only a little heavy, and it was black; but the black did not come off. It is slopping and burning and putting away with a rinse, that makes kettles and spiders untouchable. Besides, mother keeps a bottle of ammonia in the pantry, to qualify her soap and water with,

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when she comes to things like these. She calls it her kitchen-maid; it does wonders for any little roughness or greasiness; such soil comes off in that, and chemically disappears.

It was all dining-room work; and we were chatty over it, as if we had sat down to wind worsteds; and there was no kitchen in the house that morning.

We kept our butter and milk in the brick buttery at the foot of the kitchen stairs. These were all we had to go up and down for. Barbara set away the milk, and skimmed the cream, and brought up and scalded the yesterday's pans the first thing; and they were out in a row — flashing up saucily at the sun and giving as good as he sent — on the back platform.

She and Rosamond were up stairs, making beds and setting straight; and in an hour after breakfast the house was in its beautiful forenoon order, and there was a forenoon of three hours to come.

We had chickens for dinner that day, I remember; one always does remember what was for dinner the first day in a new house, or in new housekeeping. William, the chore-man, had killed and picked and drawn them, on Saturday; I do not mean to disguise that we avoided these last processes; we preferred a little foresight of arrangement. They were hanging in the buttery, with their hearts and livers inside them; mother does not believe in gizzards. They only wanted a little salt bath before cooking.

I should like to have had you see Mrs. Holabird tie up those chickens. They were as white and nice as her own hands; and their legs and wings were fastened down to their sides, so that they were as round and comfortable as dumplings before she had done with them; and she laid them out of her two little palms into the pan in a cunning and cosey way that gave them a relish beforehand, and sublimated the vulgar need.

We were tired of sewing and writing and reading in three hours; it was only restful change to come down and put the chickens into the oven, and set the dinner-table.

Then, in the broken hour while they were cooking, we drifted out upon the piazza, and among our plants in the shady east corner by the parlor windows, and Ruth played a little, and mother took up the Atlantic, and we felt we had a good right to the between-times when the fresh dredgings of flour were getting their brown, and after that, while the potatoes were boiling.

Barbara gave us currant-jelly; she was a stingy Barbara about that jelly, and counted her jars; and when father and Stephen came in, there was the little dinner of three covers, and a peach-pie of Saturday's making on the sideboard, and the green screen up before the stove again, and the baking-pan safe in the pantry sink, with hot water and ammonia in it.

"Mother," said Barbara, "I feel as if we had got rid of a menagerie!"

"It is the girl that makes the kitchen," said Ruth.

"And then the kitchen that has to have the girl," said Mrs. Holabird.

Ruth got up and took away the dishes, and went round with the crumb-knife, and did not forget to fill the tumblers, nor to put on father's cheese.

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Our talk went on, and we forget there was any "tending."

"We did n't feel all that in the ends of our elbows," said mother in a low tone, smiling upon Ruth as she sat down beside her.

"Nor have to scrinch all up," said Stephen, quite out loud, "for fear she 'd touch us!"

I 'll tell you — in confidence — another of our ways at Westover; what we did, mostly, after the last two meals, to save our afternoons and evenings and our nice dresses. We always did it with the tea-things. We just put them, neatly piled and ranged in that deep pantry sink; we poured some dipperfuls of hot water over them, and shut the cover down; and the next morning, in our gingham gowns, we did up all the dish-washing for the day.

"Who folded all those clothes?" Why, we girls, of course. But you can't be told everything in one chapter.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

SONG OF QUEEN SUMMER'S HERALD.

DID any one know I was coming?
I wonder if I 'm too early!
I can see red tints and yellow,
In place of the pink and pearly.
Will the buttercups bear me over,
Or shall I wait for the clover?
Here 's a bee in his holiday trappings;
You have taken my breath, bold fellow!
If the rose is n't out of her wrappings,
Nor the strawberry turning mellow,
My lady will certainly cry
That the world is going awry!

Spring, are you clearing your coasts?
There 's a dog-wood turning gray;
But what are these tiny crotched posts, —
Do the mandrake-roofs fall in May?
And the dandelion hosts
From where their encampments lay,
Must have sped in a single day;
For I meet their little white ghosts
At every step of the way.

Tut, blue jays, you screech like Comanches!
Ho! robins and peewees, let pass!

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Are the nests all safe in the branches?
  The little nests snug in the grass?
Shall I know the old homes from the new ones
By the pretty brown eggs and the blue ones,
  All daintily mottled and pearled?
Or by tiny mouths stretched, like a sack
With a binding of yellow and black,
  Wide open to swallow the world?

Baby ferns, are you all in your places,
Unwrinkling your little pinched faces
  That were hindered so long from the light?
And, phlox, with your gossamer fleeces,
  Lavender, lilac, and white, —
If you 've taken your annual leases
Of spots where the sun falls strongest,
And blushes the reddest and longest,
  In love with your delicate dyes, —
You may curtain my Queen at her rest;
Cross softly above her sweet breast,
  Lie lightly upon her sweet eyes!

Little brooks, you may babble and blink,
But the ponds must fill to the brink;
  And wherever my lady sips,
There are prints of her feet in the sedges;
So, pitcher-plant, burnish your edges,
  And wait for her beautiful lips.

Queen Summer is crossing the border!
  If the sentinel-grass is asleep,
  And the humming-bird failing to keep
  His tryst in the flowering lime,
If the four-o'clocks strike out of order,
  And the blue-bells ring out of time;
If there 's missing in place of minding,
And seeking without the finding,
  My lady will certainly cry
That the thread of the world is unwinding,
  And the universe going awry!

Helen L. Bostwick.

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REASONS WHY THE COW TURNED HER HEAD AWAY.

REPORTED BY A BARN SWALLOW.

"MOOLLY COW, your barn is warm; the wintry winds cannot reach you, nor frost nor snow. Why are your eyes so sad? Take this wisp of hay. See, I am holding it up! It is very good. Now you turn your head away. Why do you look so sorrowful, Moolly Cow, and turn your head away?"

"Little girl, I am thinking of the time when that dry wisp of hay was living grass. When those brown, withered flowers were blooming clover-tops, buttercups, and daisies, and the bees and the butterflies came about them. The air was warm then, and gentle winds blew. Every morning I went forth to spend the day in sunny pastures. I am thinking now of those early summer mornings, — how the birds sang, and the sun shone, and the grass glittered with dew! and the boy that opened the gates, how merrily he whistled! I stepped quickly along, sniffing the fresh morning air, snatching at times a hasty mouthful by the way; it was really very pleasant! And when the bars fell how joyfully I leaped over! I knew where the grass grew green and tender, and hastened to eat it while the dew was on.

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"As the sun rose higher, I sought the shade, and at noonday would lie under the trees chewing, chewing, chewing, with half-shut eyes, and the drowsy insects humming around me; or perhaps I would stand motionless upon the river's bank, where one might catch a breath of air, or wade deep in to cool myself in the stream. And when noontime was passed and the heat grew less, I went back to the grass and flowers.

"And thus the long summer day sped on, — sped pleasantly on, for I was never lonely. No lack of company in those sunny pasture-lands! The grasshoppers and crickets made a great stir, bees buzzed, butterflies were coming and going, and birds singing always. I knew where the ground-sparrows built, and all about the little field-mice. They were very friendly to me, for often, while nibbling the grass, I would whisper, 'Keep dark, little mice! Don't fly, sparrows! The boys are coming!'

"No lack of company, — O no! When that withered hay was living grass, yellow with buttercups, white with daisies, pink with clover, it was the home of myriads of little insects, — very, very little insects. O, but they made things lively, crawling, hopping, skipping among the roots, and up and down the stalks, so happy, so full of life, — never still! And now not one left alive! They are gone. That pleasant summer time is gone. O, these long, dismal winter nights! All day I stand in my lonely stall, listening, not to the song of birds, or hum of bees, or chirp of grasshoppers, or the pleasant rustling of leaves, but to the noise of howling winds, hail, sleet, and driving snow!

"Little girl, I pray you don't hold up to me that wisp of hay. In just that same way they held before my eyes, one pleasant morning, a bunch of sweet clover, to entice me from my pretty calf!

"Poor thing! It was the only one I had! So gay and sprightly! Such a playful, frisky, happy young thing! It was a joy to see her caper and toss her heels about, without a thought of care or sorrow. It was good to feel her nestling close at my side, to look into her bright, innocent eyes, to rest my head lovingly upon her neck!

"And already I was looking forward to the time when she would become steady and thoughtful like myself; was counting greatly upon her company of nights in the dark barn, or in roaming the fields through the long summer days. For the butterflies and bees and all the bits of insects, though well enough in their way, and most excellent company, were, after all, not akin to me, and there is nothing like living with one's own blood relations.

"But I lost my pretty little one! The sweet clover enticed me away. When I came back she was gone! I saw through the bars the rope wound about her. I saw the cart. I saw the cruel men lift her in. She made a mournful noise. I cried out, and thrust my head over the rail, calling, in language she well understood, 'Come back! O, come back!'

"She looked up with her round, sorrowful eyes and wished to come, but the rope held her fast! The man cracked his whip, the cart rolled away; I never saw her more!

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"No, little girl, I cannot take your wisp of hay. It reminds me of the silliest hour of my life, — of a day when I surely made myself a fool. And on that day, too, I was offered by a little girl a bunch of grass and flowers.

"It was a still summer's noon. Not a breath of air was stirring. I had waded deep into the stream, which was then calm and smooth. Looking down, I saw my own image in the water. And I perceived that my neck was thick and clumsy, that my hair was brick-color, and my head of an ugly shape, with two horns sticking out much like the prongs of a pitchfork. 'Truly, Mrs. Cow,' I said, 'you are by no means handsome!'

"Just then a horse went trotting along the bank. His hair was glossy black, he had a flowing mane, and a tail which grew thick and long. His proud neck was arched, his head lifted high. He trotted lightly over the ground, bending in his hoofs daintily at every footfall. Said I to myself, 'Although not well looking, — which is a great pity, — it is quite possible that I can step beautifully, like the horse; who knows?' And I resolved to plod on no longer in sober cow fashion, but to trot off nimbly and briskly and lightly.

"I hastily waded ashore, climbed the bank, held my head high, stretched out my neck, and did my best to trot like the horse, bending in my hoofs as well as was possible at every step, hoping that all would admire me.

"Some children gathering flowers near by burst into shouts of laughter, crying out, 'Look! Look!' 'Mary!' 'Tom!' 'What ails the cow?' 'She acts like a horse!' 'She is putting on airs!' 'Clumsy thing!' 'Her tail is like a pump-handle!' 'O, I guess she 's a mad cow!' Then they ran, and I sank down under a tree with tears in my eyes.

"But one little girl stayed behind the rest, and seeing that I was quiet, she came softly up, step by step, holding out a bunch of grass and clover. I kept still as a mouse. She stroked me with her soft hand, and said, —

"'O good Moolly Cow, I love you dearly; for my mother has told me very nice things about you. Of course you are not handsome. O no, O no. But then you are good-natured, and so we all love you. Every day you give us sweet milk, and never keep any for yourself. The boys strike you sometimes, and throw stones, and set the dogs on you; but you give them your milk just the same. And you are never contrary like the horse, stopping when you ought to go, and going when you ought to stop. Nobody has to whisper in your ears, to make you gentle, as they do to horses; you are gentle of your own accord, dear Moolly Cow. If you do walk up to children sometimes, you won't hook; it 's only playing, and I will stroke you and love you dearly. And if you 'd like to know, I 'll tell you that there 's a wonderful lady who puts you into her lovely pictures, away over the water.'

"Her words gave me great comfort, and may she never lack for milk to crumb her bread in! But O, take away your wisp of hay, little girl; for you bring to mind the summer days which are gone, and my pretty bossy, that was stolen away, and also — my own folly."

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

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TROTTY'S COMPOSITIONS:

A POSTSCRIPT TO THE TROTTY BOOK.

I SAT down this morning to write you a story about a boy who hung himself; but Lill came in.

Lill does n't like that boy; she has heard about him a dozen times, for he was a real boy, and he really did it; she disapproves of him on high æsthetic, moral, and religious grounds, — which means that the boy did an awkward thing, and hurt his mother's feelings. So Lill took the boy to light my fire with, and he burned up with a loud snap, as if he much preferred it to hanging.

Then last week I wrote you a little story, called "Bobbitt's Hotel," but Lill said it made her cry. And, as I could n't possibly print you a story that Lill objected to, for excellent reasons, that nobody but Lill and Trotty and myself understand, I sat down and looked at Lill in despair.

Between you and me, if ever I can come to an understanding with Lill, and this again is something which only Trotty and Lill and I *can* understand, and I beg your pardon distinctly, for you know, and I know, how impolite it is to talk secrets "before folks," — it can't possibly be helped this time, however, — but *when* I come to an understanding I shall tell you about the boy and about the hotel. That is, always supposing that you feel any interest either in the boy or in the hotel; for, as is perfectly well known, story-tellers never say anything that is *not* interesting under any circumstances. Consequently, if you feel any anxiety on the subject either of the boy or of the hotel, and can let me know of it, without a breath of the matter reaching Lill, we will see what can be done.

But, as I said, I looked at Lill in despair.

"Don't be troubled," said Lill, patronizingly, "You can write about the giant who lived in a pumpkin, on account of having the cramp, or did he have the cramp because he lived in the pumpkin? I forget."

I objected that that was a small subject.

"Or the fairy who married the governor, and hid in the decanter when she had her first dinner-party. Or the ghost who sat on the northeast corner of the Queen's looking-glass. Or, — let me see, — the man who was tried for committing suicide. Or that island in the Pacific, you know, where the inhabitants all dine on hashed novels, with poetical obituaries for dessert. Or — "

"Lill," said I, "any one of those stories would be an imposition on the intellect of the Young Folks. What is that sticking out of your pocket?"

"Gerty's notes, I suppose. Gerty writes to me, and I write to Gerty, a note every day. Gerty's SPLENDID! Why, no, they're Trotty's compositions."

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"Trotty's compositions!"

"O yes, to be sure. Did n't you know? Trotty writes a composition every week. We all write a composition every week."

"But Trotty could n't write, the last I saw of him, which was at half past eight this morning."

"Only to print — no — and such letters! When he prints his name on the blackboard I can't think of anything but a spider fighting a duel with a puppy. But then he dictates, you see, and Miss Pumpkin or I write them out. Is n't it funny in Miss Pumpkin to make him? But he 's got used to it now, and talks as fast as fun. Want to see them? They 're all numbered. The first one will kill you! He fretted a week, and cried an hour, before he got that off."

When Lill went to school she left the compositions all in a little crumpled heap in my lap. On reading them over, I decided to copy them out for you, for three reasons. First, because I found them entertaining; second, because I thought it was a bright idea in Miss Pumpkin to make her little people begin to compose as soon as they began to think; third, because it would save me the trouble of telling you a story myself!

No. 1. — *Slavery is the Greatest Curse of Human Nature.*

(I feel compelled to insert a parenthesis for the purpose of admitting that No. 1 was not, even at the cost of "fretting a week and crying an hour," an original production on the part of Trotty. It is a fac-simile of the first composition written by the daughter of a famous antislavery author, — with whom *I* used to go to school when I was the size of Trotty, — and Trotty had heard me tell about the school, and the author, and the daughter, and the author's daughter's composition, till he knew it by heart; and I have no doubt that he thought he was doing just as smart a thing as the little heiress of fame had done, when he gravely got it off; and that Nita or Nate would some time or other be telling of it and him to some other Trotty yet unborn and unbothered with the duties of authorship.)

But if I stop to talk, I shall never finish copying; so here, word for word, as Miss Pumpkin wrote it down for Trotty, is

No. 2. — *Peanuts.*

I like peanuts. Grandma don't. So does Lill and Biddy. First you crack e shell. Wiv your teef. It' else you step on it and, — *Smush* it, Sir! I tell you!

Sometimes they grow wivout shells. That kind grows on a Christmas tree when I got lost in e snow-storm. In little bags. I punched a hole in mine. Ven ve old fings all rolled down e register, splash! Lill says somebody cried. It was n't Lill, and it was n't Grandma, either. It must have been Zherusalem.

That 's enough.

No. 3. — *Mar-lar-sis Candy.*

First you hotten it; ven you warm it; ven you pop some popped corn.

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So ven you stick it all into a little muss. And nuts too. Once I candy-pulled some of my own. But when I got it candy-pulled all up, it was n't vere. Lill says I eat it. But Lill never did know much.

I like mar-lar-sis candy. I like it better than I do to give my money to ve negroes. Sometimes vey bake rounds like doughnuts, with holes in the middle. I don't mean in e negroes but in e candy, don't you see?

Once Nate and me and Zherusalem we had a candy-pull when Nate was sick. Over at Nate's. But Nate was n't any better. And Zherusalem felled in. All over. So I stuck to ve kitchen floor; on the bottoms of my shoes, you know. And I kept a sticking. So Nate's mother she would n't laugh, because she had to wash ve floor. But me and Nate and Zherusalem we laughed when Zherusalem falled in. And if vere 's any more about mar-lar-sis candy, I don't know it.

No. 4. — *General Grant.*

Miss Pumpkin says to write somefing vat I can't eat.

I can't fink of anyfing but General Grant.

General Grant.

We made him out of a wood-pile once.

General Grant.

(Dee me! Dee, dee! I don't know any.)

Well — General Grant.

He lives into ve White House up at Washington. He 's ve President. I 'm going to be. When I get big enough. But Max says not before I get into long pants. Vats e trouble with my mother. She 's a very good woman, but she keeps your pants so short.

Ho! hum — General Grant.

Let me see. Aunt Matthews saw him down at Bethlehem this summer. Where ve mountains are. But Lill says it was n't e Bible Bethlehem. Lill 's always saying something.

General Grant fighted in the war, and he just *Beat* 'em! Of course he did. So would I.

Once I saw a Rebel. He was alive, too. I did n't see anyfing very funny about him. Nor pistols either.

No. 5.

DEAR MRS. PUNKINS, —

I don't fink a letter sounds much like a composition, and Lill is writing it out because you said so. I should n't fink you 'd want a letter from me, when you know as well as you want to how you 'll just see me at quarter of nine to-moller morning.

I 'm sitting on e table. Once I tipped over the ink-bottle. It did n't 'most all go into Lill's lap. Vere was a little left. Lill 's in a chair. Grandma is knitting. Zherusalem 's got under her rocker, and she rocks on him. So I tipped e ink over trying to get him out.

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Ven last night my muvver went to a prayer-meeting. She said it was Solomon. But I don't believe it, and I would n't if I were you either. Solomon could n't be vere because he died, and you KNOW you told us vere were n't any ghosts in North America!

If you 'll give me bumble-bee to spell to-morrow, I 'll get to ve head. You need n't tell, either. B-u-m bum b-e-l ble, bumble, b-e-a bee. Bumble-bee.

I 've got a sore froat. Playing Drown in e hogshead. So Nate put on ve cover and I could n't get out till I 'd stayed in awhile. It felt a little damp.

But I don't fink vey need to changed all my clothes. Ve water was n't more 'n a foat deep; and another piecer foot.

Lill says e ink 's all gone. Because Zherusalem jumped me over it again getting rocked on.

I don't like letters. I 'd rather telegraph. I had a blue silk one. Before I went to school to *you*. Grandma lost it.

Lill says I am

Your affectionate Pupil,

TROTTY TYROL.

But I don't believe it! I would n't be anyfing vat sounded so.

TROTTY.

No. 6. — *Murder.*

This composition is about murder. Last night Lill read aloud about murder. In a book. Mr. Quinces wrote the book, but I don't know him. He said murder was a Finart, but I don't believe vat, eiver. It 's when you 've shooted a man; or jabbed a hole in him. Or chopped him up with a Natchet. Or screwed a cock-screw into him.

Or you might wring a schicken's neck if you 'd rather. Once I punched a frog with my hoop-stick too. So did Nita. But it was all e same frog.

Murder is very wicked. If you don't look out, you get hung.

But I did n't.

Absolam got hunged. In a tree. Dangling.

Max murdered beetles all squirming on a pin. In the middle of em.

Vere 's *somebody* in vis town I know, murdered a puppy last spring. But I sha' n't tell. Hee was a revelation of mine. But I did n't say it was my brother Max, eiver. It cried. In a meal-bag, too. I pasted an eternal revenue stamp on e bag. So this is a composition on murder.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

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LITTLE SORROW.

AMONG the thistles on the hill,
In tears sat Little Sorrow;
"I see a black cloud in the west,
'T will bring a storm to-morrow.
And when it storms, where shall I be?
And what will keep the rain from me?
Woe 's me!" said Little Sorrow.

"But now the air is soft and sweet,
The sunshine bright," said Pleasure;
"Here is my pipe, — if you will dance,
I 'll wake my merriest measure;
Or, if you choose, we 'll sit beneath
The red rose-tree, and twine a wreath;
Come, come with me!" said Pleasure.

"O, I want neither dance nor flowers, —
They 're not for me," said Sorrow,
"When that black cloud is in the west,
And it will storm to-morrow!
And if it storm, what shall I do?
I have no heart to play with you, —
Go! go!" said Little Sorrow.

But lo! when came the morrow's morn,
The clouds were all blown over;
The lark sprang singing from his nest
Among the dewy clover;
And Pleasure called, "Come out and dance!
To-day you mourn no evil chance;
The clouds have all blown over!"

"And if they have, alas! alas!
Poor comfort that!" said Sorrow;
"For if to-day we miss the storm,
'T will surely come to-morrow, —
And be the fiercer for delay!
I am too sore at heart to play;
Woe 's me!" said Little Sorrow.

Marian Douglas.

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BRAVE BOYS.

FIRST of all I will tell you the true story of

THE LITTLE FRENCH MIDSHIPMAN.

He entered the navy of the first Napoleon when he was only nine years old, and became famous before he was ten. His father was the second officer of the fleet which was sent by Napoleon under Admiral Brueys to fight the English commander, Lord Nelson, and drive him out of the Mediterranean Sea. He and his son, the little midshipman, were on the Admiral's ship, L'Orient (which means "The East"), a great war frigate having three decks and carrying one hundred and twenty cannon. Both were much loved by the sailors on the ship; the father was called by them the "brave flag officer," and the son was known everywhere as the "favorite of the fleet."

On the first day of August, 1798, the English and French fleets met in the Bay of Aboukir, near Alexandria, Egypt; and a great naval battle ensued. The French fleet was a large one, and the English ships were small; but the French ships were at anchor when the English fleet came sailing up to them late in the day. Lord Nelson knew it was a great disadvantage to the French to be at anchor, and he at once ordered his officers to run their ships close to the French men-of-war, and begin the battle briskly, although the sun was then setting and darkness would soon come on. Like a brave sailor, Lord Nelson ran his own ship, the Vanguard, into the battle first, and went within half-pistol shot of the French ship, the Spartiate. He was afraid that his flag might be shot away, and as he had no intention of being beaten, he ordered his men to hoist six flags. He had resolved to win the victory or perish, and had said to his officers on the previous evening, "Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey"; meaning that if he was victorious he would be rewarded with greater rank by his king, or if defeated he would die and be buried in Westminster Abbey, the resting-place for England's heroes.

The Vanguard had not been long engaged before Lord Nelson was wounded, and every man at the six cannon in the fore part of the ship was either killed or wounded. Another of his fleet, the Bellerophon, was shot almost to pieces, and two hundred of her crew were killed. You can imagine from this how severe a battle it was.

The French suffered even more, and by nightfall five of the ships of Admiral Brueys had been disabled, and had been withdrawn or surrendered. Soon after L'Orient became engaged Admiral Brueys and his "brave flag officer" were wounded; but they ordered their men not to take them below, but to let them remain on deck to die at their posts. The little midshipman had been directed by his father to take a position on the deck, and not to leave it until he ordered him to do so. It was probably not an exposed place, for his father, who loved him most devotedly, would not

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needlessly have sent his boy into danger; besides, it is known that, through all the storm of shot and shell to which the noble vessel was subjected for several hours, the midshipman at his post was not injured.

About nine o'clock at night the Admiral's ship caught fire, and blazed so brightly that the bay shone as if it were day. Then Lord Nelson signalled his ships to fire no more at L'Orient, but ordered his sailors to row in their small boats to the burning vessel and rescue those who still remained on board. The French sailors on L'Orient gladly surrendered, to escape from the wreck, which they knew must blow up as soon as the flames reached the powder-magazine. They therefore hastened to spring into the English boats, but not until they had called to the little "favorite of the fleet" to come with them. Some of the sailors ran to bring him, but he refused to go. They told him that the ship must soon blow up, and entreated him to come; but still he answered that he would not leave his post until his father ordered him. In the French reports of the battle it reads that he said, "No; I am where my father stationed me, and I will not move save at his call." Then he was told that his father was wounded and dying, and would never call him again; and he was entreated to escape.

Still he did not go with the sailors, but hastened to his father to aid him. By the light of the burning ship the sailors, rowing away, saw the brave little hero kneeling beside his father's form, and lashing it to the fragment of a mast which had been shot away and had fallen on the deck. He was then seen to drag the mast and his father's body to the side of the vessel, and all three disappeared at the same time, the little midshipman springing into the water with his precious charge.

Almost at the same instant a fearful explosion, which shook every ship in the harbor, blew L'Orient into a thousand pieces. As soon as the flying and burning fragments had fallen, the English boats returned to aid any who might be struggling in the water. For a moment the crew of one boat saw at a distance the helpless figure of the "brave flag officer" bound to the mast, and the little midshipman struggling to keep his father's head above the waves; but before they could reach the spot darkness had settled over it; the little favorite had sunk, and was never seen again. He slept peacefully in the depths of Aboukir Bay.

This brave boy's name was Casabianca, and you may have read of him in a poem by Mrs. Hemans, which begins with these words, —

> "The boy stood on the burning deck
> Whence all but him had fled";

and ends with this true and fitting couplet, —

> "But the noblest thing that perished there
> Was that young faithful heart."

The wars of our own country afford more than one remarkable example of bravery in children. It was during the Revolutionary War, in which Andrew Jackson fought as a boy, then only fourteen years old, that his mother's house was captured, and he and his brother Robert were taken prisoners. The British officer, Major Coffin, rested awhile in their mother's

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log-cabin, and while there ordered Andrew to clean his muddy boots. The bold boy indignantly refused, declaring himself an American soldier, and demanding the treatment due a prisoner of war. The officer drew his sword, and aimed a murderous blow at the boy's head; but he parried it with his arm, receiving a severe wound, the scar of which he carried through life. Andrew's brother Robert was then ordered to do the menial service, and on his refusal the Major struck him over the head with his sword, inflicting a wound which caused his death.

Admiral Farragut was more fortunate in meeting in an enemy a man of a nobler nature than Major Coffin. At the time of his capture, in 1812, he was a young midshipman only twelve years old. He refused to perform service on the ship while a prisoner, and refused in such a brave and manly way that the British commander, admiring his spirit, procured him an early exchange and sent him home.

There are instances of the display of coolness and courage by mere lads during the recent Rebellion, which are of unusual interest. One of these is the story of

The Brave "Powder-Monkey."

His name was Oscar Peck, and he enlisted when only twelve years of age on the United States ship-of-war Varuna, commanded by Captain Charles Boggs, in time to engage in the famous "passage of the forts" below New Orleans. This was one of the most daring naval achievements of which we have any record, and it was in this battle that the brave little "powder-monkey" distinguished himself. Do you know what "powder-boys are,"—or, as sailors call them, "powder-monkeys"? They are employed on shipboard during peace in various light duties, but during a battle they carry cartridges from the magazine to the gunners. The cartridge is a small bag of powder, and in going from the magazine to the cannon it must be protected, else the ship would be endangered by a chance explosion; so the "monkey" is provided with what is called a "passing-box," in which it is laid and the lid shut down. To be a "powder-boy" one must be lithe and active and intelligent, as well as brave and ready to go wherever duty calls.

In the famous battle of the forts, the Varuna, with our little hero on board, was the second to pass up and engage the Rebel fleet of rams and gunboats which remained above to protect New Orleans. The firing was very heavy and terrible, so that it is a wonder that the ships succeeded in passing at all. A Boston officer, Major Joseph W. Bell, who was in the battle, has described the terrible night scene in these words: "Combine all that you have ever heard of thunder, and add to it all you have ever seen of lightning, and you have, perhaps, a conception of the scene." Through this terrible storm the Varuna passed in safety to encounter nearly the whole Rebel flotilla. Captain Boggs, writing of the battle afterwards, said that on passing the forts he found himself "amid a nest of Rebel steamers." He determined to break up that nest, and so began firing broadsides into each

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vessel of the enemy which came under his guns. The boiler of the first one which he met was exploded, and she drifted ashore. Three others met with nearly the same fate. A Rebel ram, called the Governor Moore, was a more dangerous enemy, and attacked the Varuna furiously. For a few minutes the fight was desperate and doubtful. It was at this time that Oscar Peck was seen by his captain to leap up the ladder from the hold, spring through the hatchway on to the deck, and run towards the stern of the ship. Captain Boggs thought he was running away from his post, and, as the little fellow was something of a favorite with him, he was much pained by his supposed cowardice.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" he demanded of the boy, in a loud, gruff voice.

The little fellow stopped short, and made a salute before answering.

"To get another passing-box, sir," he said; "mine was smashed by a ball."

His captain smiled and nodded for him to go on, and I have no doubt he said in his heart, "That 's a brave boy." And so he was, for soon after he was seen going back to his duty below deck with a new passing-box in his hands.

At the same time that the Governor Moore was attacking her another large Rebel ram, the Breckenridge, ran into the Varuna and crushed in her side. The Rebel became entangled with the Union ship, and drifted around with the current until her unarmored part became exposed, and a

few shots from the Varuna's rear guns set her on fire, and her commander was glad to run her on shore and escape. Meantime Captain Boggs, finding

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that, with her side "stove in," his vessel was rapidly filling with water and sinking, ordered her to be run on shore. But his gunners continued to fire at the Moore, which was also soon in flames, until the water came up to the port-holes of the Varuna through which they were firing, and the guns could no longer be managed. Then Captain Boggs ordered all his men to leave the hold and come on deck. He watched anxiously at the hatchways while the wounded men were being handed up, and afterwards saw most of those who were not wounded scramble on deck, but he was not a little pained to find that his favorite powder-boy did not come up through the hatchway with the rest. He turned away full of sorrow at his loss, and was about to ask about him, when the little hero, saluting him, said,—

"All right, sir; I report myself on board."

He afterwards explained that when the water began to pour into the port-holes he had thrown himself out of one into the water, and by swimming a few minutes had reached the ship again and scrambled on deck. The captain and his crew remained on the bow, which was aground and above water, and were soon taken off. Of course among the rescued was the little "powder-monkey," who became quite famous in the fleet, and whose brave exploits on that day were told by his captain in a report which was sent to the good President Lincoln, and read by him and his counsellors in the Cabinet meeting. Oscar Peck, if still living, is now a young man about twenty years of age. I hope he has always behaved as bravely as he did in the famous battle of the forts, and that he will do nothing to disgrace his brilliant early record.

The Sergeant of the Staff.

Johnny Clem was not less brave than Oscar Peck or Casabianca. He was a small, delicate little fellow when I first knew him, and when he enlisted and joined General Rosecrans' army in Tennessee he was not more than twelve years of age. He was allowed to join his regiment as a drummer-boy because the officers and men were fond of him, rather than because he was expected to do any duty. He was a sort of "pet of the regiment."

During the famous siege of Chattanooga, in which the Rebels nearly surrounded General Rosecrans' army in that city, and almost starved it into surrender, Johnny Clem's regiment was ordered on an expedition to obtain food or supplies for the besieged armies. During a long and tedious march across the mountains Johnny and some others were captured by the Rebel cavalry under General Wheeler, and taken before that officer. General Wheeler was very anxious to obtain information about our army at Chattanooga, and at once began to question his prisoners in regard to the numbers and position of the troops of General Rosecrans, and the amount of ammunition and food which they had in Chattanooga. He met with very little success in examining the men, but when he came to little Johnny Clem he thought to frighten him into telling all he knew. But to the first question asked him Johnny returned a very positive answer.

"I won't tell you anything," he said. "*I* am no traitor."

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Now this General Wheeler *was* a traitor, for he had been educated by the United States government at its military school, and had deserted from its army to fight against the flag of his country. So Johnny Clem's answer exasperated him.

"You little rascal," exclaimed General Wheeler, "answer my questions, or I 'll have you taken out and shot."

"You may shoot me, but I won't tell," replied Johnny Clem, stoutly.

"I 'll have you hung in five minutes," exclaimed Wheeler, enraged still more by the coolness of the boy.

"I am not a rascal," said Johnny Clem in reply, "and you have no right to call me so. I am a United States soldier, and you dare not hang or shoot me."

And in spite of the rage of Wheeler and the show of preparations to hang him, Johnny Clem stoutly refused to tell anything. At last General Wheeler ordered him to be taken away. During the night the Rebels had to break up camp, and also to release their prisoners, who again joined their comrades. His fellow-prisoners, very proud of Johnny, related how he had behaved in General Wheeler's presence. This account coming to the ears of General Rosecrans, he sent for Johnny Clem, and at once made him a sergeant, and attached him to his staff. An order was sent to the quartermaster for a uniform for Sergeant Clem; but it was found that there were no uniforms in the camp which would fit a boy of thirteen years, and small for his age. Then one of General Rosecrans's officers sat down to his desk and wrote out the story of Johnny Clem's bravery and of his promotion, and the fact that there was no uniform in camp small enough to fit him, and sent it to a newspaper. It was published, and copied all over the country, and from many cities in the North came handsome blue uniforms, with the decorations of a sergeant embroidered on the sleeves in gold lace, and soon Johnny Clem had the largest and richest wardrobe of any officer in the service. He became known as the little "Sergeant of the Staff." Afterwards he was attached to the staff of General George H. Thomas, whose recent death has been so much deplored, and followed him through all his battles to Atlanta, and was with him in the great victory at Nashville, and was much admired and loved by the officers.

You see from this that it is never too early for a boy to be a hero. I have told you of five brave boys, all of whom were famous for courage before they were fourteen years of age, and one of them before he was ten. One perished in the act which made his name imperishable. One of the others, now dead, won renown as the defender of New Orleans during the war of 1812, and was President of the United States for eight years; and another, not yet a very old man, is the chief officer of the United States Navy, and the only man who has ever held the rank of Admiral in it. The other two are still youths, but they may yet become great men and high officers in the army and navy.

"Yes," I think I hear you say, "if there is another war."

But I answer that wars are not the only opportunities for heroism. I know the story of two lads who never heard a gun fired in battle, one of

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whom performed a deed as brave as that of Oscar Peck, and the other an act as full of devotion as that of Casabianca. In order that you may understand their stories, I must first tell you of

The Monthyon Prizes.

About fifty years ago — it was in the year 1820 — a French lawyer and nobleman, the Baron de Monthyon, died at Paris. His last act was to continue, as far as his will could do it, a great and good work which he had been engaged in during his whole life, — that is, encouraging virtue by rewarding it. While living he gave all his time to the good of his fellow-creatures; at his death he devoted his large fortune to the same work. The greater part of it he gave to hospitals which he had established, but he devoted forty thousand francs to four prizes, to be called the Prize of Hygiene, or Health, the Prize of Science, the Prize of Literature, and the Prize of Virtue. The first prize was to be bestowed upon the person who during the year had discovered any mode of rendering work in mines and factories or at any mechanical art less unhealthy. The Prize of Science was to be given to any one who invented any means or instrument for perfecting medical science or surgical art. The Prize of Literature was to go to the author of the most moral book published. The Prize of Virtue was to be given to the person performing the most virtuous act. The French Academies of Science and Literature were to choose from all the world the persons most worthy to receive the prizes. The Prize of Virtue of 1837 was given to Jean Vigier, and that of 1841 to Etienne Lucas; the first for an act begun when nine years old, and the other for a deed done when he was only six and a half years old.

The deed performed by Etienne Lucas was the rescue of another little boy from drowning. Walking one day in his father's garden, he saw two children of a neighbor playing on the bank of the river Eure, a small stream which ran near by. While watching them at play he heard one scream, and saw the other fall over the steep bank. He had lost a little sister some time before by drowning in the same river and at the same spot, and he knew the great danger, yet he ran like a brave boy to help the little fellow who had fallen in. When he reached the bank he saw the poor little child struggling in the cruel water below. He immediately jumped off and waded to him, and caught him in his arms, and by hard struggling drew him to the shore, although the little one was insensible and very heavy to carry. When he reached the steep bank he found that he could not climb it with the burden in his arms, and he was afraid that his strength would not hold out very long. He told the little playmate of the half-drowned boy he had rescued to run for help, and at the same time he began calling as loud as he could. A countryman passing by heard him, and ran to his assistance, and both the children were saved. This noble act came to the ears of the wise men whom the Baron de Monthyon had selected to distribute the Prize of Virtue, and they decided that the prize for that year should be given to the brave little rescuer. A gold medal, inscribed with his name and deed,

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was given him; and, what was better, he was presented with a scholarship at an institution of learning, where he received a good education.

Jean Vigier was twenty-eight years old when, in 1837, the French Academy voted him the Prize of Virtue, or the *Prix de Vertu*, as the French call it; but his virtuous act had continued day and night, year after year, for nineteen years, before it was heard of by the public. His story is of the true devotion of a son to a mother, and was as brave a deed as ever was performed.

His mother was at one time rich, but on the death of her husband she found herself left a widow with four sons in extreme poverty. Two friends came to her aid, but one of them was only a poor curate, and the other was not wealthy. Her three eldest sons were old enough to work, and her friends obtained good situations for them, in which they could support themselves. The youngest, Jean, a boy about nine years old, they determined to educate; but after he had been nearly a year at school the widow's friends found that they could not support both the mother and boy; and, upon consulting with her, they decided on sending her to the hospital, in order that he might be educated. Jean was at his boarding-school, but his friend, the curate, intending to tell him what they were going to do with his mother, invited him home for a holiday. This little Jean was glad to do, for he was very fond of the good curate who was so kind to her, and who had encouraged him in his studies even to the extent of giving him a silver watch as a prize. While he was at the curate's house the good man broke the news to him, and showed him an order for his mother's admission to the hospital.

"No," said the little fellow, when he had read it, "my mother shall not go there. She would die of vexation. I will not return to school, but will go and labor to support her."

It was in vain that the curate tried to reason him out of his resolution. He consulted his brothers, and begged them to assist his mother; but they refused, and told him to let her go to the hospital while he went back to his books. He said no, and then asked them to lend him a small sum to begin business, promising to repay them. They laughed at the idea of a mere infant going into business; and one of them, envious because he had a watch, told him to sell that to get his capital with. He resolved to do so, and with the money obtained in exchange for the watch he bought some toys and cakes, and carried them about the streets and sold them at the doors of the citizens. In this way, little as he was, he earned enough to support his mother and keep her from the hospital and from starvation. When he grew older he became a servant in an inn, where he earned enough to maintain her very comfortably. At last his noble devotion to his mother reached the ears of the members of the French Academy, and the Prize of Virtue was awarded to him. It consisted of the interest on the ten thousand francs which the Baron had invested; and this sum he spent, — how do you suppose? In making his mother more comfortable. This was truest courage; and to my mind Jean Vigier was the bravest of the brave boys of whom I have written.

Major Traverse.

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HOW EDGAR LEFT HOME.

LOUD screams in the wood-shed frightened everybody in the house; and Mrs. Drew ran to see what was the matter. She opened the door, and there stood her son Edgar by the work-bench, looking proud and fierce, with his fist doubled up; and there sat his little cousin Walter on the floor, his eyes shut tight and his mouth wide open, screaming as loud as he could scream.

"Children! what is the matter?" cried good Mrs. Drew, hastening to see if Walter had had a finger cut off, or an eye put out, or a leg broken, for she was always afraid some such accident would happen to those boys.

"He — struck — me!" screamed Walter.

"He sha' n't have my playthings!" said Edgar, shaking his head, and looking prouder and fiercer than ever; and with his foot he began to push them under the work-bench. There was an express-wagon with four wheels, and a cart with two wheels, and a wheelbarrow with one wheel, a bow and arrow, a box of blocks to make houses of, an India-rubber dog that would bark and a cat that would mew, when you squeezed them, a jumping Jack, and I don't know how many more things. Edgar had had most of the toys a good while, and had played with them till they no longer interested him, and they had long lain in his tool-chest at the end of the work-bench neglected and forgotten, and of no use to anybody. When his little cousin Walter came to live with him his mother said, "There are those old playthings of Edgar's; they are just what we want for Walter."

Walter was of course delighted with them. But Edgar, as soon as he found out that somebody else wanted his playthings, thought that *he* wanted them, and was unwilling to share them with Walter. If his cousin wished to take the express-wagon, Edgar said *he* was just going to take it, and Walter should n't have it; then if Walter gave that up, and chose the cart, Edgar declared he must have the cart, — he was just going to draw chips in it. And so they quarrelled, in spite of all Mrs. Drew could say to make her son ashamed of his selfishness.

But to-day she thought the time had come to put an end to these disputes about the playthings. So she stooped and put one hand kindly on the weeping Walter's head, and took Edgar's unwilling hand in the other.

"There, Walter, don't cry; you shall have the playthings, for I said you might. Edgar, how *can* you treat your little cousin so? Remember, you are a great boy, almost eleven years old, and he is only five!"

"I don't care! I ain't going to have him coming into this house, and getting all my things away from me!"

"Have you forgotten what you told me when his poor mother died? Said I, 'Edgar, your little cousin has n't any mother now, and he won't have any home, unless we let him come here; how would you like to have him

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for your little brother?' You said you would love him, and be very good to him."

"Yes!" muttered Edgar. "I thought we 'd play horse, and he 'd let me drive; but he wants to drive half the time! The idea of *his* driving *me!* I ain't going to stand any of that nonsense, now, come!"

"Look here, Edgar; do you know you are talking to your mother?" said Mrs. Drew.

"I can't help that! You always take his part against me. I 've stood it long enough. I sha' n't stand it any longer."

Mrs. Drew looked at her boy in astonishment. After a moment's pause she said, calmly, "What will you do about it?"

"I 'll have Walter go away. If *he* stays in this house, *I* won't!"

"Very well. Walter is going to stay in this house, and have kind treatment from everybody in it. I have talked to you enough. Your father and I have done all we could to make a good, generous, happy boy of you; and now if you wish to leave us, because you are too selfish to have your little cousin here, and too ungrateful to remember how you came by these very playthings, — why, you can go. And if you are resolved to be such a bad, rebellious boy, the sooner you go the better."

"Well, I 'll go, then!" said Edgar, snatching his hand away, and walking, fierce and straight, up to his little bedroom, to pack his things.

Mrs. Drew did not believe he would have the courage to go, or perhaps she would not have said what she did; but having said it, she determined to wait and see what he would do. She went into the sitting-room, and sat down to her work (she was making Edgar a skating-cap), but left the door open, so that she could see him as he passed through the entry. She tried to appear calm, but she could not help feeling very anxious all the while he was in his room; and when at last he came down stairs with his best clothes on, and a little bundle under his arm, her heart gave a great throb of love and grief, and it was all she could do to keep from sobbing outright.

Edgar, on his part, had not believed that his mother would finally let him leave the house, any more than she had believed that he would go; and he thought it would be a great triumph to have her at the last moment entreat him to stay. So he made a great noise tramping through the entry, in order to attract her attention. As he looked in, and saw her at work on his skating-cap, his heart almost failed him; but he was too proud to stop then, and as she did not speak, he stalked out of the door, thinking she would call him back before he got past the gate.

"Edgar!" she said, rapping on the window; and glad he was to turn back, although he did so very sullenly.

"What!" said he, with a cross, impatient look.

"You are not going away without bidding me good by, are you?" said his mother, cheerfully, for she had got the better of her emotions by this time.

"I did n't know anybody wanted to say good by to me," replied Edgar, gloomily, hugging his bundle.

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"Why not?" said his mother. "If it is best for you to go, I am willing; but let us part friends. And I must see what you have in your bundle."

"O, I have n't anything Walter will want; don't be afraid!" said the envious Edgar, bitterly.

Mrs. Drew paid no attention to this remark, which was intended to be very stinging, but quietly undid the bundle.

"What! nothing but a shirt and a night-shirt, a pair of stockings and a handkerchief? Why, my child, it will never do to go away from home with so few things!"

"These are enough," said Edgar, stifling his remorse and grief. "You 'll be glad to give the rest to Walter."

"But you will have to go to work, if you leave home, and you will want some every-day clothes."

The boy had not thought of that; and the prospect of living out somewhere in the service of strangers was not very encouraging.

"I can't carry a big bundle," he said.

"Well, then we will send you what clothes you want, if you will write to us, after you have found a place," said his mother, tying up the bundle again.

"I shall go to sea, and you will never hear from me again!" said Edgar, fiercely. He thought that would bring her to terms, but she appeared quite unmoved.

"Have you money enough for your journey?"

"I have three dollars and a half."

"Where did you get so much?"

"It — it — it 's some you gave me!" Edgar faltered. Then, finding that he was beginning to soften, he added, vindictively, "I can leave it for Walter, if you want me to!"

"No, my child; you will want more than that; and you know I have never taken anything from you that you needed, to give it to Walter. It is n't because I don't love you, and would n't do everything in the world for you, that I insist on your being kind to your little cousin. After you have been away from home awhile, living among strangers, who will not be to you what your father and mother and sisters have been, then you will wish you had been more kind to that poor little homeless, motherless boy."

Mrs. Drew wiped away a tear as she put back the boy's purse. How he longed then to throw his arms about her neck, and ask her forgiveness, and promise never to be unkind to Walter again! But he was too proud for that, and he was angry because she seemed so willing to part with him.

"What shall I say to your father and sisters when they come home, and ask for Edgar?"

"Anything you like; I suppose you 'll make out as bad a story as you can about me!"

"O Edgar!" said his mother, reproachfully. Then, showing the skating-cap, "What shall I do with this? I have spent so many happy hours over it, anticipating so much pleasure seeing you wear it this winter; and there will be skating now in a few weeks."

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"I sha' n't want it; and I don't suppose I could have it long if I did; you 'd give it to Walter the first time he teased for it," muttered Edgar, turning to go.

He knew how cruelly unjust this taunt was, and he wanted her to reply to it. But she only said, "Well, Walter shall have the cap. He will be the only boy we shall have to love and care for now. But, Edgar, it is going to rain. There is no need of your starting in bad weather. You can wait till morning, if you like."

"No, I 'd rather go now!" And away he strode, with a tragical air, so full of sorrow and anger and remorse that he could not say another word, nor look back without bursting into tears.

Little Walter, now just beginning to comprehend what the great trouble was, ran after him, and caught him by the arm. "Don't go, Edgar!" he pleaded; "don't go! Come back, and I won't ask for your playthings any more!"

But Edgar shook him off rudely, and slammed the gate, and so bade good by to his comfortable, happy home, and went out into the great, lonely world.

It was going to rain, sure enough. The sky was dark, and a few drops already began to sprinkle the dust of the road. One fell on Edgar's hand

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and another on his cheek. The earth had never looked so dreary to him; he had never felt such cold, ominous rain-drops before. "She 'll be certain to call me again before I 'm out of sight," thought he; and O, how he hoped she would! But she did not.

She saw him go up the long hill, carrying his little bundle, farther and farther, dimmer and dimmer, under the darkening clouds, — her darling boy! Would she ever see that little coat, those trudging feet again? Every moment she expected he would relent and turn back. "The rain will certainly send him home!" thought she; and so she watched and prayed till he was out of sight.

The rain set in, slow and chill, not like a shower, but like a long, dismal storm. An hour passed, and no disheartened little boy with his bundle was seen coming down the hill. Then it grew so dark and rained so hard that his mother could not have seen him even if he had come.

Edgar walked on very fast at first, without any idea where he was going, crying bitterly, and muttering to himself, "I won't go back now! I don't care if I do get wet! I 'll drown myself, then I guess she 'll feel bad! I 'll go to sea, — I will! I 'll come home a rich man, and put up at the hotel, and not go to see her; and I 'll drive a fast horse past the house, and make all my old friends presents, and — boo-hoo-hoo!" wept the wretched, angry boy, unable to support his heart with these spiteful fancies.

Patter, patter went the rain, darker and darker grew the way; and now the serious question forced itself upon his mind, where was he to pass the night? Why not go to the hotel now? Because everybody knew him in the village, and it would look so strange for him to go there for lodgings, so near home. "I 'll go where nobody knows me; I 'll crawl into a barn somewhere, and sleep on the hay."

Lights began to appear in the farm-houses he passed, their cheerful beams making the rain and darkness seem all the more dismal to his lonely heart. In one warmly lighted doorway a woman appeared and called, "Come, my son, come to supper." "All right, mother," answered a cheery boy's voice from the door of a barn close by; "I 've got the chores all done now." And Edgar saw a lad about his own age go into the house with a brimming pail of milk, — go in to light and warmth and supper, and the comfort of a mother's presence, while he, houseless, motherless, hungry, drenched, wandered on in the darkness and rain.

"I 'll go into the next barn I come to," thought he. And there was one near by; but just as he was gliding stealthily to the door a man came out, and seeing him, exclaimed gruffly, "What do you want here? Clear out, you little beggar!"

Edgar was frightened, and ran away as fast as he could. He walked about half a mile farther, then sat down on a stone-wall by the side of the road. Not a person was passing, not a light was to be seen anywhere. Night had now fairly closed in, and it was raining still. And there Edgar thought of the past and of his dismal prospects.

"I wish Walter had never come to our house! Making a row 'twixt me

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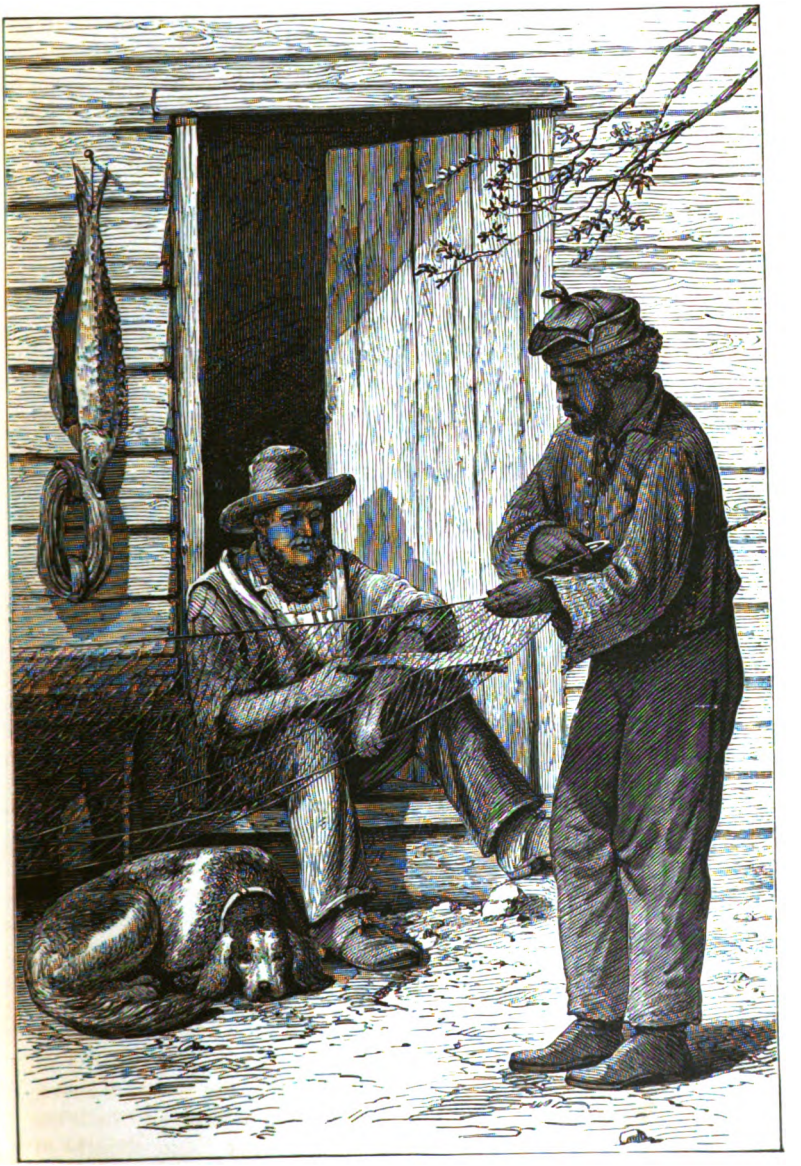

MENDING THE NETS.

DRAWN BY EDWIN FORBES.]

[See the Poem.

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and mother! I was happy as I could be before. I did n't use him very well, I know. I 'd got through with the playthings, and he might have had 'em. I don't blame him for wanting to drive me once in a while. And I don't blame mother for taking his part. I *was* mean and selfish. I wish I was back there. Father 's got home by this time, and Jane and Ellen. They 're eating supper now. I sha' n't ever see any of mother's good toast again! I wish I was dead!" And Edgar, jumping from the wall, which tumbled down after him, walked on again blindly and miserably.

In the mean while his father and sisters *had* come home, and his mother had anxiously told them what had happened.

"Don't be frightened," said Jane; "he 'll be glad to come back again."

"No he won't," said Ellen, "he 's so stuffy."

"I wish," — Mrs. Drew, now greatly alarmed, appealed to her husband, — "I wish you would go after him, and see if you can find him, or hear from him. It don't seem to me that I can live through the night unless I can know that he is safe."

But Mr. Drew said, "The rogue! I 'm of Jane's opinion, — he 'll come home for supper and a dry bed. At all events, he will know enough to go in out of the rain."

The family sat down to supper; but a sad supper it was. All were anxious about Edgar, and as the rain beat against the windows, they could not help wondering if he was out in it.

After supper Mr. Drew said, "I believe I will go out and see if I can track him." So he lighted a lantern, and took an umbrella, and went off in pursuit of the fugitive.

In an hour he came back — without him.

"Could n't you find him?" cried out the despairing mother.

"What! has n't he come home yet? I expected to find him here before me. It 's an awful night!"

It was now getting very late. Mrs. Drew did not dare to say what she felt; she could not stay in the presence of the family; but she went up the stairs to her boy's little bedroom, and entering where all was dark, threw herself upon her knees by his bed, and began to pray, in a voice convulsed with anguish, for the welfare and safe return of her dear lost child.

"Mother!" sobbed out a well-known voice by her side.

"Edgar, you here!" she cried.

"Yes, mother!" said the penitent, under the bed-clothes.

In her joy she threw her arms about him, and it was a minute before she could control her feelings sufficiently to ask, "How came you here? how did you get in?"

"I was ashamed to have you see me, and I climbed up the apple-tree on to the piazza, and got in at the window, about half an hour ago. And, O mother, I have been so unhappy — and I know I 've been a bad boy — I know I don't deserve it, but if you *will* forgive me — "

Forgive him! Why, the happy mother had never loved him so in all her life. She went and told his father and sisters, and brought him up a plate

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of toast she had kept warm for him, and stood by while he ate it, sitting up in bed.

"I tell you, mother," said he, "I 've found out what *home* is, and you won't catch me leaving it again in a hurry. I thought of it, sitting on that stone-wall in the rain, and I did n't go much farther after that, you 'd better believe; but I turned round in a little while, and came as straight back as ever I could. I crossed by Towner's Lane, and that 's the way, I suppose, I missed father. O, what toast! It 's the best toast, and I 've got the best father and mother, and the best home and sisters, there are in this world! And see here, mother," — Edgar looked up earnestly in her face, — "if I can't afford to be a decent sort of boy in such a home as this, just send me off again, that 's all!"

Need I add that she has never yet had occasion to send him off again?

J. T. Trowbridge.

BERTIE'S PIONEERING.

III. — Housekeeping on the Plains.

BY the end of the second day at the White House, housekeeping was fairly under way. Two little benches, a cupboard made from an old packing-box, and a table, had been constructed. The last was the most difficult to make, there being nothing for legs and very little for a top. The house had never been finished off inside, so a framework was made and fastened to the upright posts of the walls, and a top pieced out with shingles. Rather rough, but it held a tin plate as well as mahogany would have done. Up to this time Mr. George and Bertie had lived on crackers, cheese, and jam; but the completion of a table was so suggestive of what Western people call a "square meal," that Bertie, who had been rearranging the things in the cupboard, declared he was hungry, and was sent at once to pick up some wood near the creek for a fire. In two minutes he was back again.

"But, Mr. George, I guess you 've forgotten one thing. How can we cook dinner without a stove?"

George meditated. "I have it, Colonel," he said. "Come with me"; and Bertie followed, wondering how they were to manage, with neither chimney nor stove, and how the spade he had been told to bring would help them. Back of the house was some ploughed ground, and here George stopped, turned up some pieces of sod, and cut them each about two feet long.

"I 'll cut and you carry to the side of the house," he said; and Bertie carried till he had some twenty or thirty pieces lying there; then Mr. George came up and began to place them very much as a mason lays the foundation of a house, leaving a space inside about eighteen inches wide by three feet

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long and eighteen inches high. From the beginning each sod overlapped the one under it about an inch inwards, so that when the right height was reached only about a foot remained to be covered. For this a tough sod was selected, and two holes cut in it, — one for the coffee-pot and one for the frying-pan. Then nearly the whole front of the stove was cut out, and a door made to fit the opening, a draft being left at the bottom. Then a chimney-flue was cut at the back near the top, and George, rubbing his hands, said, "Now, Colonel, the stove 's done; bring on your wood."

"I don't believe it will burn in such a contrivance," said Bertie; but within five minutes the roar of flames inside proved it would, and that a sod-stove was more comfortable to cook by than an open fire. The draft was perfect, and the stove continued in good order all the time they stayed there, the only trouble being when it rained. There were only occasional showers, however, and they were never obliged to wait more than half an hour for a meal.

To-day, a dinner of baked potatoes, fried ham, bread, and apple-sauce made the place seem like home, Bertie said. The only drawback was the dish-washing afterward.

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"Let's do as the Pawnees do," said Bertie. "I saw 'em wash their dishes by slatting 'em back and forth in the wet grass."

"I'm surprised at you, Colonel, — when we own a dish-cloth, and there's a creek full of water close by! No, sir; we'll be civilized till the dish-cloth is worn out, if no longer."

"Well," said Bertie, while waiting for the water to heat, "there's one good thing about our house, — everything's so strong it *can't* be cracked or smashed. I think it's splendid to slash round just as you've a mind to, and never break anything."

"So do I, Colonel. That's one strong reason for coming into the wilderness. I can't sit still, you know, — never have in my life, mother says; and your mother knows that I'm responsible for half the breakages in her house. It's delightful to kick the furniture, without a fear of injuring it, and to throw the dishes about the room whenever you like."

It took some time to wash the dishes, and put everything in place again. When this was done, Mr. George said, "Now for a walk. We'll see if we can borrow some ink to write up the journal, which we'll take into Schuyler and mail to-morrow. Those two houses at the west are new; we'll try at both."

Maple Creek was low, and they crossed it on stepping-stones, Bertie mentally determining to have a wade very soon. They walked on over the rolling prairie toward the low house, nearly two miles away. The occupants proved to be Germans, who were delighted to see any one, and at once offered them a seat on the ground inside the house, where not a chair, bed, or even a box was to be seen. A small bag of meal and one tin pail formed their entire outfit for housekeeping. The sun shone in through the cracks in the roof, which were nearly as wide as the boards that covered the remainder of it. On the wall hung two meerschaum pipes, and in one corner was a keg of smoking-tobacco, from which the large, pleasant-faced German filled his pipe when it became empty. Opposite him, on a pile of dirt, sat the equally large wife, whose fat, smiling face had not a trace of care, and beamed with admiration whenever she looked at her husband, or peeked through a knot-hole close by at her son, a boy of fifteen, who was chopping wood outside. They knew only a few words of English; but as George could speak German easily, he talked with them some time about their prospects. They had planted corn and potatoes, and expected to live very comfortably on these. They appeared to be wretchedly poor, but not a word of complaint came from them, and Bertie wondered at what seemed their perfect contentment.

"They're an astonishing couple," said Mr. George, as he and Bertie walked on, "but I don't doubt they will succeed. No ink there. We must try the next house."

They found a more comfortable building, tolerably furnished, but with an atmosphere of such discontent and bitterness that they were glad to get away, after borrowing a little ink. A woman with sharp, discontented face, who rocked back and forth continually in a squeaking chair, insisted on telling her story, to which Bertie listened with wide-open eyes.

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From her own account it would seem that she had had everything that money could buy till a year after her marriage, when her husband failed in business, and, not knowing what to do, at last took up a homestead on Maple Creek and began farming. Here they might have done well, but, as George found in other visits, the husband, a young, energetic man, was kept back in every effort by the whining, utterly good-for-nothing wife, who sat rocking from morning till night, while he did the housework and went about in rags.

"I 'd rather live with those Germans, I do believe," said Bertie, with a long breath, as they left the stifling house. "It 's awful to hear anybody fret so every minute. Why did n't you tell her what a hateful thing she is?"

"That would n't have been the way to cure her, I think. Here are nearly twenty houses on the line of this creek, Bertie. I wonder if we shall learn something about them all before we go home. Every one has a story, you know."

"Nothing ever happened to me," said Bertie. "Perhaps there will, though, before I 'm a man. There 's a fire yonder, Mr. George. I guess there 's an emigrant-train. Let 's go and see."

The light proved to be a camp-fire, around which were gathered some twenty or thirty men, women, and children, cooking their evening meal. Seven canvas-covered wagons were close by, and the tired oxen which had drawn them through the day were feeding on the prairie. The people were all Swedes, and could only smile good-naturedly at their visitors, who soon turned homeward.

"To-morrow we 'll begin working regularly," said George, as they were making ready for bed. "You and I together must see if we can't finish a sod-wall for the back of the cattle-shed. We won't work too hard, because we have come here for our health, you know."

"I think I 'd rather do a little something than not," was Bertie's last remark for the night; but when morning came he was almost ready to take it back, and declare that the bed was better than anything. A bath in the creek waked him up, however, and then for an hour they cut and carried sods to the great field where the shed was to be built. Then came breakfast and dish-washing, then another hour's work; by this time the sun had come out hot and scorching, and they found the coolest place they could, and wrote or talked or told stories till dinner-time. So they worked from day to day. From four to six in the afternoon were the best working-hours of the day. Then came supper, and a long walk afterward over the prairie, sometimes making calls at one house or another, and always watching the glowing sunset as they returned. Saturday afternoon they walked into Schuyler, mailed their journal, and got their package of letters and papers, and then went to Henry's boarding-place, where they stayed till Monday morning, going to the little church on Sunday, and ending the day with their usual walk.

Three weeks went by in this way. A very stupid life some of you will think; but Bertie worked and fished and heard stories, and every Saturday afternoon in Schuyler was sure of just as many hand-car rides as he chose

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to take, for he was a favorite with all the workmen on the road. Bertie received long letters from Gracie and little John. He wished they were with him, but he could never be made to declare himself homesick. Every day he wrote, or rather printed, a few lines to his mother, thus making quite a letter by the end of the week; but this was harder work, he said, than laying sod-wall.

The fourth Friday there came a very heavy rain, which lasted all night, and on Saturday, as they set out for Schuyler, they found the bridge over Shell Creek had been carried away, so that they were prisoners, unless they swam over. The creek, ordinarily only two or three feet deep, was now five or six, and whirled along so wildly that George thought it unsafe for Bertie to swim, and so they turned back, a good deal disappointed at the loss of letters. One of the neighbors brought them at night, however, and reported the creek to be falling, and next morning they found it safe enough to swim across. Tuesday the neighbors on both sides gathered together to rebuild the bridge, and Bertie for once had wading enough. All the pieces of the old bridge which could be found were gathered from the banks on both sides, and floated up to the spot on a raft, which Bertie poled along. By afternoon the bridge was finished, and one heavy-eyed man who had worked energetically, but who had gone away for a few moments every half-hour or so, staggered off toward a cluster of houses which lay at the north, and Bertie saw that he carried a brown jug.

"Is he drunk?" he whispered. "I did n't know people in the country ever got drunk."

"In country and city both, Colonel; though he, poor fellow! is the only one I know of near us. He is drinking himself to death, and, like all drunkards, it would be next to impossible for him to stop. It is curious that his next neighbor is an opium-eater."

"What 's that?" said Bertie; and then followed a long talk, wherein he was told, not only what opium-eating is, but also the story of De Quincey, who has written a famous book on the horrors of the practice. Bertie listened, inwardly resolving he would never be bound to such a bad habit, and went to bed to dream all night of more bridge-building.

Two days afterward one of the neighbors rode by and stopped a moment.

"You have n't seen anything of Harding, I suppose?" he said. "He 's been missing since Tuesday. I should n't wonder if he 'd fallen off that log he has to cross, going over the creek, and been drowned."

"Is that the drunken man?" Bertie asked. "Why don't somebody look for him?"

"We have," said the man, "and more are going to look to-morrow; it 's my opinion, though, he 's drowned"; and the man drove on whistling.

"I should n't think he cared much," said Bertie, indignantly. "It 's dreadful to think that perhaps he 's drowned."

"More likely he went off to fill his jug, and is now lying drunk in some barn. He may go home to-day."

Two or three days passed, and still no news of Harding. The people whom they saw in Schuyler on Sunday thought he must have been drowned.

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On Monday Henry walked out with the young minister, intending to fish in Maple Creek, and spend the night at the White House. There was everything desirable for supper but bread, and so Bertie volunteered to run to the next neighbor's, a mile and a half away, and borrow a loaf. He went on, half walking, half running, stopping a few minutes at the little prairie-dog village, none of whose inhabitants he had ever succeeded in catching, and laughing, as he always did, at their somerset into their holes when they caught sight of him.

By the time he had got the bread and turned homeward it was sunset, and a red light flooded the prairie, making it appear almost as if fire were sweeping over it. Bertie glanced at the copper-colored sun slowly sinking, and thought, "What a hot day it will be to-morrow!" Then he walked on, coming presently to some tall grass, high above his head. He stopped a moment to watch a little peewit, which flew before him, trying to draw attention from the nest which he knew must be close by. Bertie never robbed nests, but he liked to count the eggs, and watch the wide-mouthed young birds, and so he turned aside from the path, and went toward a bush, where he thought the nest must be, and, parting the branches gently, looked through it. No nest, but there was quite a thicket of bushes just beyond, and he determined to try each one. As he reached the third the mother-bird flew up, uttering sharp cries, and Bertie, sure now he was right, had just laid his hand on the bush, when he saw, lying directly under it, an old boot.

"Queer that there should be a boot here," he thought, giving it a little push, and then a harder one when it did not yield. As he did so he stumbled and fell, and the long grass bending beneath him showed the figure of a man lying there. Bertie's first impulse was to cry out and run, — but he was not easily frightened.

"It 's somebody that 's gone to sleep," he said to himself, and went softly toward his head. Then he did scream and try to run, for the brown jug was still held tight under one arm, and the blackened, swollen features he knew were Harding's.

How Bertie got home he does not know even now. As he ran through the tall grass, it seemed to him as if the dead man were following and swinging his jug at him; and when he burst into the White House, where all were wondering at his long stay, he looked for a moment at George, and then, for the first time in his life, fell fainting on the floor.

"Harding is dead in the bushes," he said as he opened his eyes and saw George kneeling by him; and then the sick, frightened feeling came over him again, and he lay still a few moments, swallowing the spoonful of brandy and water George gave him. Presently he sat up and told what he had seen. Henry and the minister started off at once to attend to the removal of the body, and they did not get back till nearly nine. Bertie felt better by this time, but wanted no supper, and lay quietly listening to the singing and prayer which followed, glad he was not alone.

The next day poor Harding was buried, the people all turning out to the first funeral among them. In a day or two afterward Bertie and George

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shut up the White House, left the key at Henry's, where they spent the night, and the next morning started on their homeward journey, Bertie two inches taller, two inches broader across the chest, and twelve pounds heavier than when he left home. The suit of clothes with which he started had been worn out, and the jacket and trousers of farmer's drill which had taken their place were also the worse for wear. Little remained of the hat but its checkered lining, and if Bertie had not been in good company he would have passed for a disreputable-looking little beggar.

Gracie and little John, who had walked down the old military road to meet Bertie, stared in amazement at his scandalous appearance. Ann, too, was shocked; but mamma said, as she looked at her muddy, tanned ragged, shoeless boy, that he need not mind what was said, now that he had really got well.

Helen C. Weeks.

OUR MENAGERIE.

III.—ANTS.

THE last time we opened this menagerie we exhibited our largest animal. This time we will show the smallest. Let us see how much the size of the brain has to do with intelligence. If you have your head examined by a travelling phrenologist, he will tell you that it is a good thing to have a large one. But if you have a very big one yourself, very likely some boy will say to you, —

> "Little head, little wit,
> Great head, not a bit."

Now let us see how it is with the family of ants, for though their brains are small, their wits are great. Nothing on earth but man can surpass the devices of those little heads, no bigger than if they belonged to so many pins.

And do you know that there is not a creature on earth, not even man, which can build anything so large in proportion to itself as the race of ants? The larger quadrupeds, even the "half-reasoning elephant," build nothing at all. The little coral insect does not build, properly speaking; for the coral islands are composed merely of the hard parts of innumerable bodies; they do not construct anything deliberately as the ants do. But the *termites*, or white ants of Africa, build houses higher than the huts of the negroes around them, and more firmly put together. The traveller Andersson, in his interesting book called "Lake Ngami," describes some of these houses as being twenty feet high and more than a hundred feet round.

These houses are made of clay, and become, when dried, almost as hard as brick or stone, so that hunters ascend them to look for game and the wild buffaloes mount them for the same purpose. Of course it takes a vast number of *termites* to make these buildings, but it requires great intelligence, too, for if they did not know how to work together they would only be in

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each other's way. It takes intelligence as well as strength and numbers to make a skilful and orderly work. It took a great deal of all these to make the pyramids of Egypt, which are four hundred and fifty feet high, and the largest works ever built by man. But the mounds of the *termites* are built by architects less than a quarter of an inch high; and the pyramids would have to be ten times their present size before they could be in proportion to these insect-houses.

The *termites* are not true ants, but their general structure is the same, and so are their habits. And the little ants of our fields and paths, if you watch them closely, will show you how their African cousins work. Watch how they dig their tunnels and cover them in, like so many railway engineers. See how they stop, every now and then, to study out their plans; how they consider all obstacles and avoid them; how they use every leaf and stick and straw, to make a wall or a roof for their galleries. Who is the foreman, or "boss," as men sometimes say? Sometimes a single ant has hit upon a new plan; he goes to work on it; the others soon adopt the improvement, and help the skilful inventor; they are all as busy as possible, and yet they all have their common plan. The queen lays her eggs; the workers take care of them, and keep running with them from place to place, always with some object. Almost all ants have several stories or sets of cells for their houses in this way.

Then they watch the state of the weather very carefully. If the sun is

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warm, and it will do the eggs good to be in the upper galleries, every little ant begins tugging them along to put them in a warm place. Then if it grows very hot indeed, so as to make the upper galleries too sultry, the eggs are carried down into the next row, where it is cooler. Then if a sudden rain comes, making these middle galleries too damp, up run the little busy workers, and carry all the eggs to safe chambers far underground. We sometimes think that a single baby makes a great deal of work in a house. But suppose that in every house there were a thousand babies, and that every baby had a nurse, and that all these nurses were running to and fro all day with the babies in their arms, carrying them from room to room, to sun them or air them or dry them, what a scene there would be, and how the nurses and babies would tumble over each other, up stairs and down! And yet that is what goes on all the time, in the ants' nurseries.

Our North American ants spend most of their time in these peaceful pursuits, though they can fight, too, as everybody knows who has hammered with a stick on a "biting-ant's nest" in the woods. But in South America these little creatures are more formidable, and there is a species called "foraging ants" (*Eciton drepanophora*), whose armies sometimes overrun the country. They form narrow columns, a hundred yards long, and march in military order, with their officers on the flank, to keep the rest from straggling. These officers are larger than the workers, and have great white heads, which are very conspicuous on the march. When once in motion, they fear nobody, but will attack men or animals, if found in their way. The custom of people whose houses they approach is to go out and leave everything open. Then the ants enter, search every corner and crevice, kill

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scorpions, cockroaches, snakes, and lizards, and presently go on their way, bearing with them their spoils. It is said that the people are glad to see them approaching, expecting to be rid of all vermin by their means; and that a bird which travels with them, the "ant-thrush," is always welcomed, as a sign of their approach. You will find a full account of the bird and the insect in a book called "Homes without Hands," by Rev. J. G. Wood.

I believe we have no ants that travel in this way, but our American naturalist, Henry Thoreau, once saw a contest between two whole tribes of ants, who seemed to have met in his yard for that purpose. "One day," he says, "when I went out to my wood-pile, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold, they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested

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him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was 'Conquer or Die.' In the mean time there came along a single red ant on the hillside of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had dispatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle. He saw this unequal combat from afar, — for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the reds, — he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cement to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. I never learned which party was victorious, nor what the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage of a human battle before my door."

I have only given a part of Mr. Thoreau's description of the battle, but you will find the whole of it, together with the final fate of those three particular ants, in his delightful book, called "Walden; or, Life in the Woods." Almost any boy would enjoy the greater part of that book, for the author did what almost every boy thinks he would like to do, — he built himself a Robinson Crusoe hut in a wood, by the shore of Walden Pond, and lived there alone for two years, observing nature and particularly the habits of animals.

I never saw a battle of ants, but when I lived in a tent in South Carolina I had all around me the curious little holes of a creature that feeds on ants, though it is no bigger than they are, — the ant-lion (*Myrmeleon formicarius*). I had read about this little insect, as most children have, but I had never before seen it, except in its complete state, when it is a pretty lace-winged fly. But the remarkable part of its life is passed in the grub or larva state. Then it is a soft heavy little thing, with feeble legs and nothing strong about it but its appetite and its jaws. But how is it to get its living? It feeds on other insects, but as it cannot chase them, it must find a way to bring them to it; just as if we should sit at table and the turkeys and chickens should come flying into our mouths. This is the way.

The ant-lion chooses a sandy place, and then crawls round in a circle two or three inches in diameter. Then it makes another round, inside the first, a little deeper, and jerks the sand outward with his head. Then it makes an inner circle deeper still, and so on, always scooping up the sand and throwing it out, until at last it has made a regular little pitfall, shaped like a cone; and then it lies at the bottom, with its jaws or forceps just sticking out of the sand, waiting for dinner to come.

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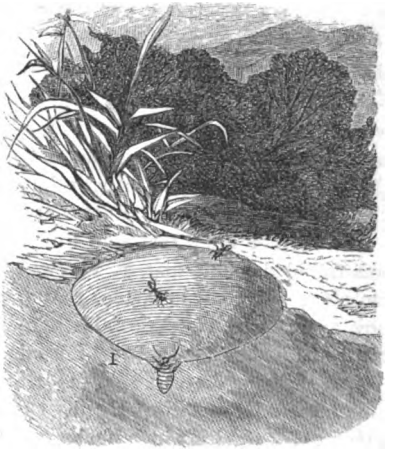
Dinner comes by and by in the shape of some little ant, roaming round for its own dinner, and attracted by this queer little pit. Almost all animals have some curiosity, and so the ant looks over the edge. His feet slip in the soft sand, the more he struggles the faster he slips down, and the ant-lion, wriggling up half-way to meet him, soon has him in his strong jaws, that never let go. In the struggle the sand is thrown about, and the pitfall is often so destroyed that it is easier to make a new one than to repair the old. I have seen a hundred of these tiny burrows beside each other in the woods, and have often put into them little pieces of stick or straw, that I might see how easily these obstructions slid down, and how eagerly the little ant-lion seized upon them. It seemed a selfish and lonely way of getting one's food, besides the treacherousness of it. For I never saw two ant-lions in the same dining-room, and you cannot have as much sympathy for them as for those who are collecting food to keep their families from starving. At any rate, it shows that if ants have sharp wits, they are needed to resist such very intelligent enemies.



The most remarkable ant I have ever seen described is the agricultural ant (*Atta malefaciens*) of Texas. It is a large brown ant, living in families, which occupy mounds or "cities," as they are called, set upon artificial hills, three or four feet in diameter. Around these mounds the ants smooth away the surface for three or four feet farther, in all directions, and make a sort of farm of this cleared region. They are said actually to plant the seeds of a certain grass of which they are fond; then they keep the crop clear of all other weeds and grasses; then they harvest the seeds, clearing the chaff away, and storing the rest for winter use. They tend it as carefully in winter as they tend their eggs and grubs, drying it when damp, and throwing it away if spoiled. Their harvest-time is November, and after harvest they clear away the stubble and leave the surface bare till the next year.

I must say that I think this rather a tough story, but it is believed by Mr. Darwin, a celebrated naturalist, who read an account of these ants before the Linnæan Society of London, April 18, 1861. The discoverer of the ants was Dr. Lincecum of Texas, who said that he had watched them for twelve years, and knew that it was all true. If so, it is the most remarkable piece of instinct told of any animal, and we shall find in all our menagerie nothing to equal the agricultural ant.

T. W. Higginson.

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IN BUSINESS FOR HIMSELF.

AS the middle of June drew near, Loot began to look heavy and sleepy. His mother went through the programme of fears that she always had when Loot looked in any way unusual, — measles, mumps, scarlet fever, whooping-cough; for Loot had let all the diseases escape that a boy of thirteen ought to have caught long before. But the symptoms neither changed nor increased. Loot was only sleepy.

His mother knew that something must be weighing on his mind, and she was troubled about that, as she had been about the imaginary mumps and measles; but she knew, too, that Loot was a strange, independent, quiet boy, and that he would drop his burden for her to carry just as soon if she waited as if she asked for it. Loot dropped it very soon.

One morning he came down to breakfast, sleepy as he had been all the month. As he was breaking his egg, it occurred to him that he might as easily break the ice which he felt had been thickening between himself and his mother. So the yolk of his egg and the yolk of his trouble ran out together.

"Mother, have you ten dollars?" She very nearly knocked the coffee-urn over, Loot's voice had so much of a start in it.

"Why, yes," she said. "I should think I might raise as much as that. There are my city bonds, or I might sell my new bonnet."

"But, truly, mother, have n't you ten dollars that you might lend me, and never miss it?" urged Loot.

"No, Loot; I hope I may never be so rich that I shall not miss ten dollars." Loot's mother had some very funny ideas about money. The poor folk around knew more than Loot about those ideas.

"But could you *spare* me ten dollars, if I were to pay you pretty soon?" said Loot.

"Yes, I think I might if you could pay me a high rate of interest. Not in any trouble, I hope, Loot?" His mother changed her half-playful tone to one wholly anxious.

"No," said Loot; "just this. You know every Fourth of July there has been a Fair here, and a refreshment-table. Now this year there is n't to be any, and I may as well set up a candy-tent; don't you see? But all the money I have in the world is fifteen dollars. I 've thought and thought how I might get more, and I can't think of any way except to sell my new skates; but I could n't get anything for them in June."

"Why could n't peoples skate in 'e ice-house?" asked Criss-Cross, with vague notions of roofed skating-rinks.

Criss-Cross was Loot's little sister, who had been baptized Christiana, and called Criss-Cross ever since because she was always crossing every one's plans with some little experiment of her own.

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"Where would you get your stock in trade, Loot?" questioned his mother.

"Send to Portland for it," said Loot.

"But where would you sell it? You can't rent the town-hall, you know, as the Fair people do."

"I 'd take that tent that father used to carry when he went off fishing up country. I should like to make money as father did."

When Loot wanted to do anything "as father did," he generally saw in his mother's great, blue, quiet eyes that he might do it if he could. Loot used to wonder if those blue eyes saw father, out through the wide blue sky.

It was arranged that his mother should lend him ten dollars, and that he should send for his candy by the next boat, for the Fourth of July was very near.

Criss-Cross's little feet ran after him as he left the table, for her little ears had taken in every word, and her little fingers pulled his hair, which she could just reach, and so she drew him down. Indeed, it was rather depth of feeling than height of body that made it far for him to come.

"Pease to gi' me some o' you' candy when 'e boat comes," she whisperingly begged.

"You shall have some, Criss-Cross," said Loot. He felt already more like Mr. Southmayd than Mr. Southmayd himself could feel.

Loot found the tent up in the attic with a fish-scale or two on the outside of it. He took it to a washerwoman to be made white and fresh for the Fourth, and then sat down to write his candy order.

HIGHLARKEY, MAINE, June 26, 1869.

MESSRS. CHECKERBERRY & CHOCOLATE:

DEAR SIRS, — Please send to me, by boat express, fifteen dollars' ($15) worth of your best-selling common candies, mostly lozenges, gum-drops, and stick candies. Also eight dollars' ($8) worth of nuts, and two dollars' ($2) worth of lemons.

I will pay the bill when I get the goods. You may make it C. O. D.

Yours truly,

LOOT STRING.

P. S. — Please send these things right away, as I want them at once for the Fourth of July.

L. S.

C. O. D. was technical language. Loot had learned only the week before, that when a selling party marks a package with C. O. D. he means to say, "It puts far from me the temptation of keeping it back, if I am not paid till you get the package"; and that a buyer in requesting a package to be marked with C. O. D. means only to say that he thinks so too.

Loot directed his letter, and sent it at once. Friday, the second day of July, the expressman drove up to Mrs. String's door, with a box on his wagon and a very broad smile on his face.

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"Loot!" called the expressman; and you may be sure that Loot was not slow to make his appearance.

"Do you know who belongs to this box, or anything about it?" asked the expressman.

"It is mine," said Loot, loftily.

"I 'm glad I 've found out what your name is. Here 's the bill. Hum! Kind o' heavy!" And the man let the end of the box come down — bump!

Loot took out the pocket-book which he had carried with him from four to five o'clock for the last three afternoons, for the particular reason that he did not wish to have to run to his mother for it when the box came, and paid the man.

Then he read the direction. There it was in great, black, painted, curled letters: —

Loot String.
Highlarkey,
Maine.

The first thing that Loot did was to sit on the box till some boys who were passing got quite out of the way; the next thing was to carry it into the house, tear off the cover, and burn it up.

Then he looked over his stock in trade. There were little square pound packages of stick candy, boxes of gum-drops, boxes of almond-drops, sugar kisses, two boxes of lozenges, and a box of pink melting-looking drops with a crystal sparkle in them, that Loot liked the looks of better than of the others.

He tasted one.

"These will sell first," he said to his mother.

She tasted one.

"They are wine-drops," she said. Loot had joined the Independent Order of Good Templars only the month before. He looked blankly at his mother, and she looked keenly at him.

"What shall we do with them, Loot?" she asked.

Loot felt farther from fortune than before, for the wine-drops were expensive; but he bravely took them down to the brook behind the house, and threw them in; and a lot of young trout came and nibbled at them, and when Loot went down the next day, neither wine-drops nor trout were there. He says that the trout ate the drops. I have no doubt that they did and were poisoned by them, for not a trout has been seen there since.

After putting the wine-drops to soak, Loot hunted up all the glass jars and big-mouthed bottles that he could find, and filled them with candy; but they would not hold it all, so he put the rest into his mother's preserve-dishes. Then he took the bill and marked his goods at prices adapted to the Fourth.

If you will trace, in your last year's diary, the month of July till you come to the figure 4, you will see that it stands over against a Sunday. You will know, then, that Loot was obliged to arrange everything that he could on Saturday night, and celebrate the Fourth on the Fifth after all.

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Monday came, beautifully blue and bright and bustling. Every boy had on his best jacket, and every girl her thinnest white dress. Every jacket pocket had a little roll of scrip in it, and every white dress was pulled down a little at one side by pennies, more or less.

Loot's tent was set up in the early morning, with a broad counter across the front, covered by a fresh white cloth that hung to the ground. Under the counter and behind the cloth, was a tin pail filled with spring water, a box of washed ice from the ice-house, and the lemons. Soon there was a line of little faces outside the counter, and a row of little hands held above it; some wanted a stick of candy, some this, and some that. Loot felt very happy and business-like.

The little people came first, because their mothers had dressed them first to get them out of the way. But it was not long before the heavier business came, — of orders for nuts by the pint, lemonade for two, lemonade for three.

Loot had a capital way of making lemonade. He learned it from an old man who kept a lunch-house on one of the roads in the White Mountains. First he put in the fine white sugar, then the lemon, — half a lemon to a glass, — then the ice, then the water; and it certainly was the best lemonade that you have ever missed tasting.

Towards the middle of the day a bright idea struck Loot, — that he might have some strawberries and cream ready for the older young people when they should come home from their ride round Skuduc Pond. So he waited till he saw a poor-looking boy go by his tent; and you need not wait long anywhere, even on the Fourth of July, to see a little boy so ragged that you may be sure he is thinking of money that he must earn, but of none that he has to spend.

When Loot saw him, he called, "I say, Jim! Want to earn thirty cents?"

"You bet!" said Jim.

"Then find another boy, and go and pick strawberries for me till five o'clock. You can each earn thirty cents," said Loot.

"Yes, sir," said Jim, "I 'll go." And he was gone.

There is nothing more pitiful among children than to hear one boy say "sir," to another of his own age, and never know it till it is said. But you don't care anything about that now, nor do I either.

All day long Loot's tent was the centre of attraction to the children. A little world of quarrels and play, of love and torment, of laughing and crying, of eating and headaching, spun round there from morning to night.

Loot himself was looked upon as a king; and little Criss-Cross shone, by reflected glory, as a queen. She was petted and held and teased, till she felt that she was the main cause of the good luck of the whole establishment.

Loot counted his money at noon; he had taken fifteen dollars, which is a great deal to come from the pockets of little clean jackets and muslin dresses.

Late in the afternoon the people from the pond came home, more tired

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and hungry than sentimental; and then Loot showed that he was really and truly a business man, however he might be hampered by circumstances in transacting it. He opened a side door in his tent, and cleared a space on the green grass floor; then he spread two little round tables, with plates for four at each; brought eight chairs from the house, and made so charming and cool a place of it that there were eight immediate occupants.

Jim had come with the strawberries, and Criss-Cross had brought over cream. Strawberries and cream were so soon out of sight that but for the testimony of eight reliable persons I should never believe there had been any.

Now this is simple enough to tell, but there are not many boys who would foresee demands and bring supplies into the market to meet them so quickly. That faculty of foresight is about all that makes one boy grow into a successful business man when another fails.

As night came on, Loot packed away the stock that was left, and was surprised to find it so much. The lemons and the berries were all gone, but some nuts and candy were left. Loot took it all home with him, and sat down, tired enough, to count his money, and was astonished again to find that he had so much. He brought his higher mathematics to bear on it, and found that he had *cleared* fourteen dollars.

He held a consultation with his mother about what it would be best to do next.

"Might give it to Criss-Cross," said Loot; "I promised her some."

"I suspect that she would be Criss-Crosser than she is now if you were to do that," said his mother.

"I might give it to the poor." He thought that that would just suit his lady-mother.

"I should prefer to give them money," she answered.

"I have it!" said Loot. "I 'll keep open shop till it is gone."

So *that* was settled; and every night the candy was packed, and every morning it was opened, for three days, when it was nearly gone, and Loot had made eighteen dollars and eighty cents.

"I shall just about get up to twenty with the rest," said Loot one night, while he was packing.

Criss-Cross heard him.

The next morning trade was dull, and Loot was growing a little tired of the candy business. He wanted to be an overseer or a ship-builder for a while, and see if he should n't like that better. As a means to that end he thought he would run down to the ship-yard and see what was going on. So he called to Criss-Cross.

"Criss-Cross! Crissy-Crossy! Criss — Oh! there you are, are you?"

"O yes!" said Criss-Cross. "Course I am."

"Can you stay in the tent here a little while?" asked Loot.

"Yes," said Criss-Cross, condescendingly, "'*ittle* 'ile."

"Well," said Loot. "Now be a good Crissy, and don't be a Crossy; and if any one comes, say I 'll be back in a minute."

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"O yes! Of course," said Criss-Cross. After Loot had been gone a good many minutes, a big boy came along.

"Hullo, Criss-Cross! where 's Loot?" asked the big boy.

"Back in a minute," said Criss-Cross.

"Is this all the candy he has left?" pursued the big boy.

"O yes," said Criss-Cross.

"How much would you take for it, now?" said the big bartering boy.

Here was a chance for Criss-Cross. No chance could be better. She sat and thought, with her head on one side, her eyes rolled up, and her hands clasped. Had n't Loot said that morning that he meant to get twenty for the rest?

"Where you get you' 'ittle knife?" asked Criss-Cross. The big boy had in his hand a little pewter case-knife of his sister's.

"Bought it," said the big boy.

"You gi' me 'ittle knife and — twenty, and I 'll give you candy," said Criss-Cross.

"Twenty cents?" asked the big boy.

"O yes! of course," said Criss-Cross. So he took the candy, and she took the twenty cents and the pewter knife, and that was the end of it.

When Loot came home, he was crosser than Criss-Cross herself for about three minutes. Before these three minutes were over, the little girl had told him all about the candy and the knife and the twenty cents.

"You said you would n't be gone any, Loot; and you were gone *al*ways," argued Criss-Cross.

Then Loot took her up in his arms and hugged and kissed her, and said, "O well, Criss-Cross, you are only a girl, and of course we could n't expect you to sell candy, and I love you dearly."

"O yes! Of course," said Criss-Cross, with the bent head, and the rolled eyes, and the folded hands.

And that was all that was said about it.

Loot was a smart boy; but, between you and me, I think he was a little mistaken about Criss-Cross. The reason that she did n't sell the candy to greater profit was — not because she was a girl, but — because no one had ever taught her to sell candy.

Mary B. Harris.

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MENDING THE NETS.

AT break of day our sails we spread,
  Our blithe keels cut the scented foam,
And when the west is painted red
  We put the rudder hard for home.
Yoho! yoho! for the little bay,
With its strip of sand where the children play,
  And bright eyes watch for the boats to come!

My work beneath my fingers grows.
  O happy life beside the sea!
Yon shifting tide that ebbs and flows
  Runs over golden sands for me.
For kindly voices fill the air,
And friendly faces are everywhere,
  And the world is as bright as bright can be.

I 'm bound to where the white crests are showing,
  And the fresh winds are blowing, and the shore sinks low;
I 'm bound to where the salt spray is flying,
  And the merry waves are trying to catch us as we go.

The sun is shining bright and clear,
  As if he too were just made free;
The ripples on the beach I hear,
  And, when I raise my eyes to see,
There 's a great expanse of gleaming blue,
And the wheeling gulls and a sail or two,
  And a boat drawn up that belongs to me.

My nimble shuttle weaves my net:
  What work is hard when the heart is light?
No more the overseer is set
  With whip to guide my fingers right;
For the Lord took pity, and he spoke,
And the weeping stopped and the fetters broke,
  And a morning rose on the black man's night.

I 'm bound to where the white crests are showing,
  And the fresh winds are blowing, and the shore sinks low;
I 'm bound to where the salt spray is flying,
  And the merry waves are trying to catch us as we go.

Lily Nelson.

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IF WISHES WERE HORSES.

ONCE upon a time, — the precise date does not signify, but somewhere about the time when water ran up hill and bean-stalks grew a hundred feet high, — when gorgeous palaces sprang up like mushrooms in a single night, and geese laid golden eggs, — in short, about the time when "wishes were horses," that happened which I am going to relate.

Once upon a time, then, a little girl was walking by herself through a quiet country lane. Her name was Florilla, and she was on the way to spend the afternoon with her cousin Myra.

She seemed in no haste to get there, however, for she fluttered in and out, hither and thither, like a butterfly. Now it was a field-mouse's nest which attracted her notice, — and anon she paused to listen to the lilting song of the oriole, or to watch the dragon-fly in his wild waltz over the pool. Thus engrossed, she gave no heed to the weather, until she felt a drop of rain on her forehead, and, looking up, saw that the sky, which, when she started from home, was as blue as her frock, had now become as gray as grandmamma's best pongee.

"O dear! O dear!" cried Florilla, "it 's going to rain. It *always* rains when I want to go anywhere."

She hastened on, but the great drops began to patter down, leaving long exclamation-points upon the flowing ribbons of her hat and her pretty silk dress.

She ran under an oak-tree for shelter, and, stamping her little foot impatiently, exclaimed, "I wish it would stop raining, and never rain again, — *never!*"

"'Never' is a long time," said a voice, and, looking up, the child beheld standing beside her the queerest figure that ever was seen.

He had a merry face all dimpling with smiles, and although it was a *human* face, it at the same time reminded one of a great jolly sunflower; his hair, which hung down over his shoulders, resembled ribbon-grass, and over his head was a bright arch like a rainbow. He was dressed in a suit of vivid green, and his shoes were made of the cups of the nepenthes. In his hand he carried a watering-pot of silver, festooned with lilies and cowslips.

"I am the Genius of the weather," said he. "I have heard your wish, and, if you are really in earnest, I should like to oblige you. But consider well; *never* is a long time."

"I *am* in earnest, and I don't need to consider," exclaimed Florilla. "O, I shall be *so* happy!"

"Are you sure of that?" asked the Genius. "Perhaps you have not thought how much depends on the rain. Suppose we begin with a week?"

"O no, that will not do at all," said Florilla; "for next week there is to

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be a picnic at Strawberry Island, and the week after is my birthday, and I am to have a party on the lawn, and the week after that I am to go with papa to the seashore, and — O dear me, a week is nothing at all!"

"It shall be as you say," said the Genius, "but take this reed," drawing one from the watering-pot, "and if ever you should change your mind, one blast upon it will summon me."

So saying he seemed to fade slowly away, and to become absorbed in the oak-tree under which they stood. At the same moment the clouds parted and the sun shone out gloriously, and with a light heart Florilla tripped away to her cousin Myra's.

When she went home at night she put the reed away in a drawer, "just to remember the Genius by," as she said to herself, though she was quite sure she should never want to use it.

"Fine growing weather," remarked the farmers one to another, as a week passed on without a drop of rain; but the second week they began to shake their heads doubtfully, the third to talk despondingly of "the drought"; the fourth a universal wail was heard throughout the land. The crops which had promised so well now threatened to come to naught, and housekeepers were at their wits' end to contrive meals for their families without vegetables, and pickles and preserves for winter use without fruit.

As to the washerwomen, they ran frantically about the streets with pails and mops in their hands, crying, "Water, water!" when there was not a drop to be begged, borrowed, or stolen.

The weeks went on, and the sun rose and went through the heavens and set, a lurid ball, its rays untempered by a cloud as large as a man's hand.

The fields which the mower's scythe had passed over were dry and yellow. The leaves hung sear and drooping, and if a breath of air stirred their stillness it was like the simoom that sweeps over the desert.

Florilla learned that things can look very dismal even in fair weather.

But that was not the worst of it. Streams and rivers dried up which had never been known to be dry before; cattle were driven miles to water, and many of them died with thirst. Men and horses fell down with sun-stroke, and at last a grievous sickness broke out.

Florilla heard all these things talked about, but she was too much a child to understand them fully. Still it made her feel uncomfortable, and one day, when the conversation ran upon a ship at sea which was five days without fresh water, she quietly slipped out of the room, and went down to the brookside. But the brook was no longer there! Only a broken, rocky channel remained, on the pebbly bottom of which lay shoals of dead minnows. This shocked Florilla more than anything she had seen, for between her and the animal world there had always existed a wonderful sympathy. Besides the minnows there was one old trout who seemed to be just breathing his last. "Poor fellow," said Florilla, pityingly, "don't look so sad. I'll take you home and put you in the water-pail, and then you'll revive again."

"Talk not to me of water-pails," said the trout; "for why should I wish

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to live when all my companions are gone? But for you, we might still be disporting ourselves in the cool water. You have always pretended to be our friend, but you have proved more hard-hearted than boys with their fish-hooks. They only kill two or three, or a dozen at most, but you have caused us to perish by hundreds. Go away, cruel child, and leave me to die in peace."

Florilla turned away without speaking, and the next thing she saw was a bird sitting on a bough with drooping head and wing. "Come, cheer up, little bird, and give me a song," said she.

The bird raised its head feebly, and said, "I and my mate sang at your chamber window every morning just as the day broke, until you caused this terrible drought to come upon us, but, alas! we shall never sing there again. Go along, little girl, for you have been more heartless than the boys with their bows and arrows."

Florilla went a little farther and saw a honey-bee on a thistle. "O you pretty little brown bee, show me where you keep your honey," said she.

"Alas!" said the bee, "how can you expect me to gather honey when you have caused the flowers to wither and die? I advise you to run away as quickly as you can, for the bees are all very angry with you, and, should they see you, would very likely sting you to death."

Florilla took the bee's advice and hastened away.

Pretty soon she came to a pasture where some cattle were seeking shelter under the scorched and withered trees. The poor creatures were stretched upon the ground, their tongues were lolling from their mouths, and they were panting with the heat.

"Ah, that is the little girl who caused the springs to dry up," said a fine large ox, fixing his mild eyes reproachfully upon Florilla. "All our lives we have labored patiently for her and hers, and this is the reward we get."

"And we," said the cow, "although we have not worked in the plough or the cart, we have given her butter for her bread, cream for her strawberries, and milk to make her fat and rosy; and now she comes to triumph in our misery. Go away, go away, ungrateful child."

"Well, if this is the way I 'm to be treated, I may as well go back again," said Florilla, — and she ran as fast as she could toward home. The first thing she saw, when she came to her father's yard, was old Dobbin gazing sorrowfully into the empty watering-trough. She went up to him, and laying her hand on his mane said, "Come, I see you have nothing to do, let 's have a canter up and down the yard."

"My cantering days are over," answered Dobbin, sadly; "many a long mile have I carried you, and, strong as I am, I have suffered you to guide me as you listed; and yet, in order that you might go to parties and wear fine clothes, you have deprived me of water through all these long, hot summer days. I am so dry that I verily believe, if you were to touch me with a lighted match, I should blaze up like tinder."

"Just so with me," said the hen, who was sitting on the pump; "and yet you expect me to lay an egg for your breakfast every day. How is

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anybody going to lay eggs on an empty stomach, I should like to know? The grasshoppers have no more moisture in them than so many chips, neither have the beetles, nor the squash-bugs, and as to the garden, I might as well go and scratch for seeds and grain in the gravel-walk. Cut, cut, cut, — get out! get out!"

"O Bruno, will *you* forsake me too?" cried Florilla, throwing her arms round the neck of the old house-dog. Bruno snarled, snapped at her, and, clearing the fence with one bound, set his nose to the west, and darted away, away, till he plunged at last headforemost into the great round red setting sun!

Then Florilla threw herself upon the ground, exclaiming, "There is no creature loves me!" The precise words which King Richard the Third uttered on Bosworth field, but it is not likely the child knew anything of that.

"There is no creature loves me!" exclaimed she, and sobbed as though her heart would break.

By and by, as she lay there weeping, she chanced to remember the reed which the Genius had given her; and, wiping her eyes on her little white pinafore, she went to her bureau and took it from the drawer where it had lain so long. Then she stole to the garden, and, concealing herself behind a tall sweet-brier bush, blew a faint silvery note. In an instant the Genius was at her side.

"Well, what now?" said he.

"Rain, — O, give us rain!" said Florilla.

"Certainly, if you wish it," said he, "but remember to-morrow is the picnic at Cedar Grove."

"No matter for the picnic," cried she.

"And Sunday you want to wear your pretty sea-green frock, which water spots, you know."

"I can wear my old serge and my riding-hood," said Florilla.

"Hoity-toity! here's a change indeed! But perhaps you are thinking of a shower only, while nothing short of a week's storm will put things where they were before. Just think how dismal it will be to stay in the house looking at the weather-cock, and wishing it would stop raining, and never rain again, — *never*."

"I shall not be so foolish again," said Florilla, blushing to hear her own words repeated by the Genius.

"Then you don't think you are quite wise enough to manage the weather?"

"O no, indeed."

"Good; but mind, you must never complain of *my* management, even though it should sometimes cross your plans."

"I never shall, for I shall be sure you know best."

"Excellent. I see you have learned a good lesson, my child, and, devoutly hoping that you may not forget it, I bid you adieu till we meet again."

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"Adieu," said Florilla; but the Genius had already faded away, and there remained only the sweet-brier bush nodding in the sultry breeze.

That night Florilla was awakened by the pattering of rain upon the roof, but no music had ever sounded to her so sweet. The storm raged for days, but no weather had ever seemed to her so delightful. When at last the sun shone out again, he shone upon a world refreshed and rejuvenated: the trees and grass bore the tender hues of early spring, the flowers looked up in thankfulness, the brooks went on their way rejoicing to the river, and the river moved majestically on its "grand march to the sea." The birds sang, the bees gathered honey, the hen cackled over her new-laid eggs, Dobbin frisked and capered as in his colthood, the fishes darted joyfully through the sparkling water; and every living creature, in its own way and manner, joined in the general jubilate.

When, one fine morning, old Bruno came trotting in at the east door, as if he had just returned from a journey round the world, Florilla's happiness was complete.

Ruth Chesterfield.

A LILY'S WORD.

MY delicate lily, —
Blossom of fragrant snow,
Breathing on me from the garden, —
How does your beauty grow?
Tell me what blessing the kind heavens give!
How do you find it so sweet to live?

"One loving smile of the sun
Charms me out of the mould:
One tender tear of the rain
Makes my full heart unfold. —
Welcome whatever the kind heavens give,
And you shall find it as sweet to live."

Lucy Larcom.

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ENIGMAS.

No. 40.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 14, 9, 8, 3, 4, 10, 4, 12 is an island in the Mediterranean Sea.

My 1, 12, 4, 13, 15 is one of the United States.

My 2, 7, 4, 11 is a lake in North America.

My 9, 14, 4, 12 is one of the grand divisions of the earth.

My 3, 16, 7, 4, 6, 10 is an isthmus in America.

My 6, 5, 13, 16, is a mountain in Sicily.

My *whole* is a great body of water.

H. N. S.

No. 41.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 20, 6, 4, 8, 17, 10 is used in the cars.

My 2, 3, 18, 5, 1 is necessary to life.

My 21, 9, 18, 19, 13, 14 is in front of fires.

My 7, 11, 12, 15 is the fruit of an evergreen tree.

My 16, 3, 12 is an important person in her own fowlish estimation.

My *whole* is one of Dickens's most delightful works.

Mammoth Cave.

No. 42.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 2, 6, 11, 15 is the soldier's home.

My 5, 9, 10, 3 is proud.

My 13, 1, 17, 4 is what we often do to an apple.

My 18, 14, 21, 7 is a sound made by a cat.

My 12, 19, 20, 8 is acid.

My 16, 22 has occurred five times in this enigma.

My *whole* is a proverb fit for April.

No. 43.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 1, 6, 3, 15, 5 is the name of a month.

My 3, 6, 14, 13 is what people do not like to be caught in.

My 10, 3, 6, 7, 4, 16 is a country in Europe.

My 11, 2, 3, 1, 9, 7, 8 is an Eastern State.

My 2, 6, 3, 8, 5 is what we live on.

My 4, 9, 10, 10, 12, 16 is very good at breakfast.

My *whole* is the name of one of Shakespeare's most popular plays.

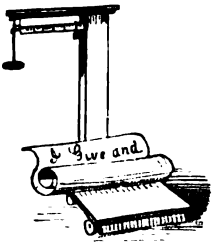
"*Tennyson.*"

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

No. 44.

C. Oak.

No. 45.



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CHARADES.

No. 46.

My First.

I have no feet to run,
  I have no wings to fly,
Yet neither hare nor swallow fleet
  Can speed so fast as I.
But swift as is my flight
  My swiftness none perceive;
I seem to loiter everywhere
  "From morn till dewy eve."

My Second.

Alike a shelter and a care,
Manifold the shapes I wear.
In every city, every town,
You may see me, — up and down.
Nay, towns and cities could not be
But for multiplying me, —
No churches set in grassy space,
Bank, nor store, nor dwelling-place.
His hearth and home I give to man,
And every comfort that I can.
Though never I forsake him, he
Often, often leaveth me!

My Whole.

Voiceless and blind to every snare,
I say to passers-by, "Beware!"
Though I can reach no helping hand,
From where in chained strength I stand;
A friend in need, a friend indeed,
My warning men are swift to heed.

H. M. K.

No. 47.

TWENTY ENGLISH POETS.

1. Three fourths of a machine, and a weight.
2. A metal, and its artificer.
3. The gypsy's home, and something noisy and useful.
4. A pronoun feminine, and a part of a farmer's wealth.
5. A domestic animal, and one half an individual.
6. Idle things, and true merit.
7. What all have been, or still are.
8. To use cruelly, and to fasten together.
9. A pronoun masculine, and improper plural.
10. Two fifths of an amphibious creature, and a path.
11. A merry old soul, and the top of a mountain.
12. The home of thousands, and two thirds of a priceless treasure.
13. What the Thames never was, and a robber's abode.
14. Two thirds of a Christian name, and a near relation.
15. A cage in the Zoölogical Gardens, and a nice joint.
16. Half a nut, and half a visitor.
17. A friend at the breakfast-table, and half a town.
18. The ornament of summer, and part of a landscape.
19. An unpleasant wild fruit, and an auxiliary verb.
20. A painful injury, and a great multiplier.

G. G.

No. 48.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

Foundation Words.

You do not like to hear my voice,
I do not bid your heart rejoice;
My muttering sounds wake many a fear,
And fall discordant on the ear.

You often gaze upon my face,
As it reflects the deep-blue sky;
A type of boundless power and love,
I speak of Him who dwells on high.

Cross Words.

My notes are always heard alone;
Their melody is all my own.

By Romans brave I oft was worn,
With graceful folds I draped the form.

My ugly shape you cannot see,
In Eastern tales you read of me.

A lovely name for maiden fair,
I breathe a perfume through the air.

So fair and calm, so wondrous bright, —
You hail my coming with delight.

C.

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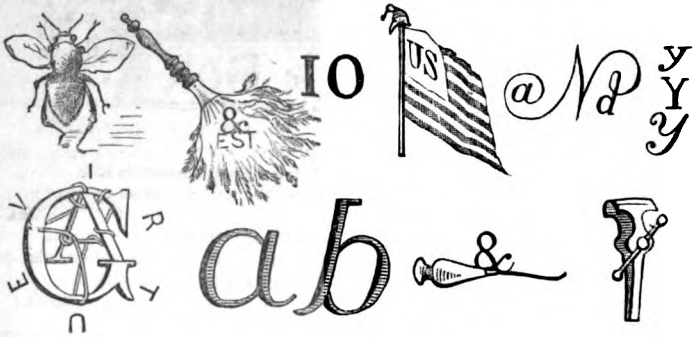
ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 49.



A. M K.

PUZZLES.

No. 50.

ALPHABETICAL PUZZLES.

What letter causes a small word to make a loud noise?

What letter appalls a relative?

What letter obliterates a tree?

What letter enables skill to take a rapid flight?

What letter makes a place of commerce lively?

What letter makes an article move swiftly? *A. M.*

No. 51.

My *first* is in hover,
My *next* is in cover,
My *third* 's in a name,
My *next* 's in the same,
My *fifth* is in reek.
My *whole* you may seek
In the name of a Greek.

M. H.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 52.

ANSWERS.

33. Mother Goose Melodies.
34. Horse Chestnut.
35. "Perseverentia omnia vincit."
36. Each heart knows its own sorrows. [(E chart) (nose) (it zones) (R o's)].
37. Our Young Folks.
38. Bastile (Bass, Teal).
39. *Foundation Words*: Muff, Knit. *Cross Words*: MonK, UrN, FungI, FaT.

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Of all the birds that sing in May and June the merriest is the bobolink. So it seems to New England ears, listening to his wide-awake carol, that bubbles above the quieter warbling of meadow-larks, yellow-birds, and purple finches, and scatters bold little dashes of music upon the ears of the boy at the plough, and the little country girl on her morning trip to school.

The robin and the song-sparrow have had some verses sent to them through the "Letter Box," and it is no more than fair that our cheerful neighbor, the bobolink, should have a poetical translation of his song given to our readers in the same way, since a friend has sent us one. Here it is: —

THE BOBOLINK.

Merry meadow bobolink!
White as snow and black as ink, —
White the ruffle sound your throat, —
Black your glossy velvet coat;
White your crest, and black your bill,
And your bosom blacker still, —
Little piebald, babbling elf,
Caring only for yourself, —
Ever joyous, ever singing,
Ever through the lilies winging,
Flitting here and flashing there,
Never quiet anywhere, —
Do you ever stop to think,
Merry meadow bobolink,
What a funny song you sing
While you flutter on the wing?
Rest, then, birdie, on that stake;
Keep your black eyes wide awake;
Don't you laugh, and don't you wink,
While I tell you, bobolink,
In a half a dozen sounds,
How your rattling nonsense sounds,
When your crooked carol crazes
School-boys, birds, and bees, and daisies.

"'*Bobolink, link-a-tink!*' Ho, pretty lass!
Up in the sunny sky, down in the grass; —
Good morning, Miss Jenny Wren; sweetly you look,
With feathers so bright from a wash in the brook.
'*Tweet-a-lee, tweet-a-lee, link-a-ti-ting!*'
Come, Jenny, with me, on the daisies, and swing;
And out of their cups, my darling, we 'll drink
Dew-drops and honey-drops, '*tweet bobolink!*'"

"Twittering lady-bird dressed in blue,
Swallow of Summer, good morning to you;
'*Pe-le-weet, pe-le-weet!*' your flight is so fleet,
Your shadow goes dancing over the wheat,
And over the mower who leans on his scythe
To list to my song, so merry and blithe; —
'*Tink-a-lum, tink-a-lum!*' sprite of the air,
Bobolink wishes your love to share."

"Hallo! Kitty Catbird! what is the matter?
'*Click, plash, twang, clatter-ti-clatter!*'
Come here on the lilies and swing and swing; —
Bobolink ballads together we 'll sing."

"'*Tweet, tweet!*' Goldfinch, out in the grove,
Filling the shade with a chirrup of love,
Trilling your song in one little note,
Just hear a tune from a bobolink's throat."

"'*Tu-ra-lee, tu-ra-lee!*' cherries and clover;
Johnny 's come home from the war that is over!
Bessie is down in the grass on her nest,
Brooding young bobolinks under her breast; —
Lilies bend over the water, I think,
To look at their beauty, — never to drink; —
So here on the fence *I* sit and sing,
Proud as a popinjay, '*link-a-ti-ling!*
Ho, ho, cleet! cleet!' some other fine day,
My gay little finch, I 'll finish my lay.
Good by for the present! I 'd pipe a refrain,
But there comes a school-boy down through the lane!
I know by his step, I know by his wink,
He 's a stone in his hand for poor Bobolink.
Good by, little birds; '*tril-i-link!*' good by:
I 've opened my wings and away I must fly."

So the black-eyed bobolink,
With a mighty knowing wink,
Gives his snowy cap a shake,
Flutters from the leaning stake,
And across the clover-bed,
Turning now and then his head, —
Clears the meadow in his track
Ere he folds his wings of black:
And we hear him, as he passes
Gayly o'er the nodding grasses,
Singing "*Ting-a-ling-a-link!*
I 'm a merry bobolink."

G. H. Barnes.

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JUNE is the loveliest of months. The very name seems full of the perfume of clover and wild roses. The sweetest flowers are in bloom, the grass is fresh, the roadside leafage dewy and dustless, and the mild sunshine a refreshment to body and soul. Let us be thankful, dear Young Folks, that every year has a June in it.

"Then, if ever, come perfect days."

But there are always some sad hearts in a world which Death is continually wandering through. Lottie Hamilton sends us this pathetic termination of her "Turkey cousin's" story. Our readers will be sorry with her, as we are, for little Jen's death.

"UNDER THE ROSE-BUSH."

Dear little Jen! So much dearer now she is gone! A few days ago, while we all sat talking of our darling, Frank brought in a letter. We knew it at once as one of the dear Turkey letters, and we were not long in opening it. O, what sad news it contained! Our Jen had gone back beyond the sea only to *die!*

A few weeks before little Jen died, Auntie Nell was very ill, — so ill that they did not expect her to live. One day she said to Jen, "What will you do, darling, when you don't have any mamma to take care of you?"

Jen thought a minute, and then said, in her own cunning way, "I guess God will take care o' me. We 'll see." God *has* taken care of her, but not in the way we expected.

Uncle told us, in his letter, of her sickness and death, and then said, "To-morrow we shall lay her under the rose-bush in the garden."

O, how I wish I could see her once more! It seems as if I could almost teach the birds to sing the songs she used to love.

The last words she said were, "Mamma, mamma." And uncle said, "Mamma is coming very soon, darling."

All the little relics we have of her are a tiny bead from the string she used to wear, and a little blue sack folded away in the drawer.

The other day I went up garret, and there, among the books and dust, lay a little shoe, with its shoe-string all knotted as the little fingers had left it. I could n't help sitting down and crying over this dear little shoe, for I thought of the pretty fat toes that used to cuddle in it, and of the little foot that would never pat around in it any more.

I want to hear her say "Yottie" again. She used to say so sweetly, "I do 'ove 'oo, Yottie!"

If I could only have *one* rose from the rose-bush over that dear, dear little grave, I think it would be sweeter than any other rose.

Poor little lonely Addie says, "Jennie gone way up in 'e sky, papa. I can't see Jennie."

I wonder if our dear little "punkins" will keep on saying and doing funny little things in heaven. If she *does*, I think the angels will be glad they took her.

I expected to see her again some time; but now all I can do is to look at the dear little laughing face that peeps at me from her picture, and *try* to think she is talking to me. A few days ago I went to my writing-desk for something, and there lay a dear little letter that Jen had written to me. Not *written* either, for there were only some scratches on it. But it told me pretty stories of little Jen. I could *almost* see the merry face and bright blue eyes, and the little fingers holding the unruly pencil, while she thought of Cousin "Yottie."

If angels *do* watch over us, I hope little Jen will come to watch over me.

It seems so sad for the pretty dimpled arms and the sweet red lips to be laid in the ground, even if they are under the roses!

Lottie E. Hamilton.

DURING two or three weeks of the early spring, the whole city of Boston held the thought of one little lost child in its heart, with motherly tenderness. Three-years-old Nelly Burns was anxiously inquired for, evening by evening, at every fireside; and tears of gratitude came to thousands of eyes that never beheld her, when the glad newsboys shouted, — sure of selling their papers now, — "Discovery of the lost child!" It is painful to think of a woman who could steal an innocent baby like Nelly away from a happy home, to bury her alive in filth and wretchedness; but now that the mother has her darling safe in her arms again, we know how much our own home happiness depends upon that of every other family, and are glad that every one of these little ones belongs to us all, "to seek and to save" when lost, and to love and care for when found. The small, sweet human blossoms that are cherished out of sight behind the brick-and-mortar walls of city streets are a comfort to the dreams of lonely people. This would be a dull world if everybody were grown up, — if there were no little children left.

One of our correspondents has sent us some charming verses, which are not out of place in this connection: —

A CHAMBER IN MY CASTLE.

I have a "castle in the air."
Filled with many a vision fair;
But one bright chamber still is there,
Warm, sunny, airy;
There oftenest my steps repair,
There longest tarry.

For fairest in that fairy place,
There is a form of childish grace,
A little smiling baby face,

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My vision meeting;
She lifts herself to my embrace
With eager greeting.

Two little rosy lips and sweet
My own with fragrant kisses meet;
Two little restless springing feet
Too young for roaming:
Two little beaming blue eyes greet
The mother's coming.

And closely, with a loving arm,
I hold that precious baby form;
Her arms about my neck cling warm
With soft caressing;
Her every breath is like a balm,
Her touch a blessing.

My air-built castle rarely is
A scene of worldly luxuries;
Small place is there for wealth, or ease,
Or fame, it may be;
Dearest of all its treasures, this
My sweet dream-baby.

R. S. P.

ANOTHER EVENING AMUSEMENT.

"ASSUMED CHARACTERS."

The spirits and wits of the company having been enlivened by the absurdities of "Follow your Leader," they will be ready to appreciate the more dignified amusement of "Assumed Characters." Let A leave the room while her mates decide on some well-known character whom she shall personate.

We will suppose they fix on Pocahontas. A is then called back, and plied with questions like the following: —

B. "How did you dare to do such a thing?"

C. "Had you determined on it beforehand, or was it the impulse of the moment?"

D. "Was not your father very angry?"

E. "How did you enjoy your visit to England?"

F. "Did you not sometimes pine for your old life?" &c., &c.

A may answer the questions or not, just as she pleases. It is better to remain silent and listen to all the remarks, until you are sure you have guessed the character assigned you, then reply in such a way as to show that you have done so. As, for instance, if the character given you is Cinderella, some such questions as these will be asked: "How do your sisters behave now?" "Have you looked in the traps lately?" "Are you as fond of pumpkin as ever?" "Do you still prefer a yellow coach?" "What number in shoes do you wear?" Feeling now quite sure who you are, you reply, "One and a half, in glass"; and the person whose question gave you most light must go out next.

L. D. N.

Hattie Adams. — We have written to you several times, directing to the address you sent us, but have received no reply.

"*Jessie*" of Rochester, and *Biddie J.* of New York. — Your compositions will be placed in competition with the rest. We consider you the same as subscribers, if you purchase the numbers every month.

Emma S. — Thanks for your Denver letter and picture. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

Our Letter Box, — to say nothing of the Magazine itself, — overflows with poetry this month, — why should n't it? June is the singing-month for all the happy flying things out of doors, and why may not the happy wingless people, great and small, who live in houses, weave their happiness into songs? We cannot refrain from adding this one little poem, because we do sincerely enjoy a kind word said so prettily about ourselves.

WAITING FOR "OUR YOUNG FOLKS."

Four little faces against the pane,
Four pairs of eyes watching in vain,
Four curly pates gold in the sun
That falls on the head of each little one.

Four little hands clasped together,
Four little tongues wondering whether
Their dear "Young Folks" is coming soon;
They 've waited long, — 't is nearly noon.

Four little breasts heave four little sighs;
Four great tears in four pairs of eyes;
Four little voices sadly say,
"'Young Folks' is n't coming to-day."

The sun sinks slowly in the west;
The birds have hushed their songs to rest;
When down the road, quite far away,
Comes a well-known form in a suit of gray.

The four little voices shriek with delight;
Out of the door runs each little sprite;
Through the path rush eight little feet,
Each pair striving to be most fleet.

Quickly they reach the garden gate,
While the postman cries, "A little late!
You need n't trouble to lift the latch;
I 'll throw it over. Who can catch?"

Eight little arms up side by side,
Four little mouths opening wide;
"Victory!" shines from two blue eyes:
Baby Ethel has caught the prize.

Pearl Eytinge.

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CLARE'S SAYINGS.

CLARE is five years old, and from her earliest speech her mother has been in the habit of jotting down her sayings, — not that they are overwise, but because they interest those around who love her. Clare lives at the South, and has a colored maumer (pronounced mawmer) to take care of her, and much of her talk was carried on with this nurse. Imagine a little blonde with her inseparable maumer, who wears a high turban, checked apron, and a many-colored neck-handkerchief, chatting together and giving utterance to some of the following remarks, while her sable attendant thinks her as great as a queen on her throne.

[*Two years of age.*] When Clare's nurse unclosed the blinds at sunrise to let in the light, she said, "O mamma, maumer has opened the morning."

"Grandmother," handing her *Le Follet*, "would you like to see the fashions?"

"Clare, come and kiss me," said her father one morning. "I can't, papa, I am too busy."

"Clare, what are you crying so hard for?" "Just for badness," she replied.

Another day, as if impressed by her own exceeding virtue, and smiling in a broad, affected manner, she said, "*Ain't* I good?"

At another time she could not arrange some of her playthings to her satisfaction, so she threw them down despairingly and said, "What 's matter, *I?*"

Clare was looking as though lost in deep meditation. "Of what are you thinking?" asked her mother. "Of you," was the prompt answer. "You are so sweet," said her mother. "And you are sweet too." In so very little a child the way that her affection was expressed was touching.

One morning she said, "Let me see how the thermometer stands, — twelve o'clock!"

She took the clothes-brush and began dusting the furniture. Her maumer said, "Baby, that is forbidden." "O, if it is forbidden," she answered quickly, "*certainly* I must put it back in its place." She enunciates perfectly the long words, but one of the few that she trips upon is *geofilly* (geography).

One day she said to her little cousin, who came to pay her a visit, "Now, Willie, I will sit down in this chair, and you in that, and you must talk to me. *Talk* now."

She was handing her father an empty cup, "*playing party*" with her little tin set: "Stop, I must get a saucer so it won't spill itself."

She was shown a plaster half-image, and told that it was called a *Bust*. The next morning, pointing to it, she said, "Papa, how do you like that omnibust?"

One day her mother was telling her maumer about some children who were very beautiful, — far more so than Clare. Her maumer was quite indignant, and said, "It can't be so, but if it *is*, they have n't the sense of our baby." Clare was lying on the sofa, "cutting pigeon-wings," and as the last words were said, she put in "*Just so*," in a tone of intense wisdom. The effect was very ludicrous.

[*Clare's maumer.*] "I 'm trying to make this chile eat properly," she said to Clare's mother. "She don't chew her bittles [victuals] at all, but just mancipates it and swallows it."

"Clare," said her father one day, "whose handwriting is on this letter?" "I don't know, papa. I must take it to the lamp to see." Then, in the daylight, she went under the gas shade, and, examining the writing closely, said, "It is Brother Willie's"; but, alas for Clare's two-year-old wisdom! it was not.

Her father was giving her some figs. Said Clare, looking up archly, "Ain't we good friends, papa?"

"Mamma," said she, "did you ever been to the Battery?" "Yes, my darling; did you?" "O yes; it is down yonder by the big cistern." "The big cistern? Where is that?" said her mother. "Don't you know the big cistern?—auntie's house is there." Now, Clare's cistern is nothing more than the Atlantic ocean which washes the Battery on the city where she lives.

A friend gave her a good many tin plates for her baby-house. "Look *how quantity* plates," she said.

"Mamma, do *un*key [unlock] this box for me."

Early one day she looked out of the window, and exclaimed, "Good morning, morning."

One day, in an important tone, "Mamma, do lend me your spectacles. I can't see a thing without specs."

Another time, looking over a book of prints, and seeing a nude figure, she said, "Put on some clothes, miss."

"Clare, are you certain that you are not sleepy?" "What is *certain*, mamma?"

"Maumer," said she, turning to her in the horse-cars, "that lady is a bride." "How do you know, missee?" "Because she is dressed *all* in white; and which is your wedding finger?"

"Mamma, don't I look like a little grandmother?" putting on the spectacles; "and these specs fit me *zanuctly*."

[*Clare three year old*] Clare has developed but slowly for the past few months, but here are a few more jottings:—

"Clare," said her mamma, "when I want you to come to me I will call you." "Then you must call me *deafness* [loud]," she answered.

She said in an important tone, "I took a kiss-joke [motto] out of a paper, and told maumer what was on it." "Well what was it?" I asked. "Why *readness* [reading] was on it."

The rest of Clare's Sayings will be given another month.

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FARMER JOHN.

DRAWN BY EDWIN FORBES.]

[See the Poem.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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WE GIRLS: A HOME STORY.

CHAPTER VII.

SPRINKLES AND GUSTS.

MRS. DUNIKIN used to bring them in, almost all of them, and leave them heaped up in the large round basket. Then there was the second-sized basket, into which they would all go comfortably when they were folded up.

One Monday night we went down as usual; some of us came in, — for we had been playing croquet until into the twilight, and the Haddens had just gone away, so we were later than usual at our laundry work. Leslie and Harry went round with Rosamond to the front door; Ruth slipped in at the back, and mother came down when she found that Rosamond had not been released. Barbara finished setting the tea-table, which she had a way of doing in a whiff, put on the sweet loaf upon the white trencher, and the dish of raspberry jam and the little silver-wire basket of crisp sugar-cakes, and then there was nothing but the tea, which stood ready for drawing in the small Japanese pot. Tea was nothing to get, ever.

"Mother, go back again! You tired old darling, Ruth and I are going to do these!" and Barbara plunged in among the "blossoms."

That was what we called the fresh, sweet-smelling white things. There

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are a great many pretty pieces of life, if you only know about them. Hay-making is one; and rose-gathering is one; and sprinkling and folding a great basket full of white clothes right out of the grass and the air and the sunshine is one.

Mother went off, — chiefly to see that Leslie and Harry were kept to tea, I believe. She knew how to compensate, in her lovely little underhand way, with Barbara.

Barbara pinned up her muslin sleeves to the shoulder, shook out a little ruffled short-skirt and put it on for an apron, took one end of the long white ironing-table that stood across the window, pushed the water-basin into the middle, and began with the shirts and the starched things. Ruth, opposite, was making the soft underclothing into little white rolls.

Barbara dampened and smoothed and stretched; she almost ironed with her fingers, Mrs. Dunikin said. She patted and evened, laid collars and cuffs one above another with a sprinkle of drops, just from her finger-ends, between, and then gave a towel a nice equal shower with a corn-whisk that she used for the large things, and rolled them up in it, hard and fast, with a thump of her round pretty fist upon the middle before she laid it by. It was a clever little process to watch; and her arms were white in the twilight. Girls can't do all the possible pretty manœuvres in the German or out at croquet, if they only once knew it. They do find it out in a one-sided sort of way; and then they run to private theatricals. But the real every-day scenes are just as nice, only they must have their audiences in ones and twos; perhaps not always any audience at all.

Of a sudden Ruth became aware of an audience of one.

Upon the balcony, leaning over the rail, looking right down into the nearest kitchen window and over Barbara's shoulder, stood Harry Goldthwaite. He shook his head at Ruth, and she held her peace.

Barbara began to sing. She never sang to the piano, — only about her work. She made up little snatches, piecemeal, of various things, and put them to any sort of words. This time it was to her own, — her poem.

> "I wrote some little books;
> I said some little says;
> I preached a little pre-e-each;
> I lit a little blaze;
> I made — things — pleasant — in one — little — place."

She ran down a most contented little trip, with repeats and returns, in a G-octave, for the last line. Then she rolled up a bundle of shirts in a square pillow-case, gave it its accolade, and pressed it down into the basket.

"How do you suppose, Ruth, we shall manage the town-meetings? Do you believe they will be as nice as this? Where shall we get our little inspirations, after we have come out of all our corners?"

"We won't do it," said Ruth, quietly, shaking out one of mother's night-caps, and speaking under the disadvantage of her private knowledge.

"I think they ought to let us vote just once," said Barbara; "to say whether we ever would again. I believe we 're in danger of being put upon now, if we never were before."

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"It is n't fair," said Ruth, with her eyes up out of the window at Harry, who made noiseless motion of clapping his hands. How could she tell what Barbara would say next, or how she would like it when she knew?

"Of course it is n't," said Barbara, intent upon the gathers of a white cambric waist of Rosamond's. "I wonder, Ruth, if we shall have to read all those Pub. Doc.s that father gets. You see women will make awful hard work of it, if they once do go at it; they are so used to doing every — little — thing"; and she picked out the neck-edging, and smoothed the hem between the buttons.

"We shall have to take vows, and devote ourselves to it," Barbara went on, as if she were possessed. "There will have to be 'Sisters of Polity.' Not that I ever will. I don't feel a vocation. I 'd rather be a Polly-put-the-kettle-on all the days of my life."

"Mr. Goldthwaite!" said Ruth.

"May I?" asked Harry, as if he had just come, leaning down over the rail, and speaking to Barbara, who faced about with a jump.

She knew by his look; he could not keep in the fun.

"'*May* you'? When you have already!"

"O no, I have n't! I mean, come down? Into the one-pleasant-little-place, and help?"

"You don't know the way," Barbara said, stolidly, turning back again, and folding up the waist.

"Don't I? Which, — to come down, or to help?" and Harry flung himself over the rail, clasped one hand and wrist around a copper water-pipe that ran down there, reached the other to something above the window, — the mere pediment, I believe, — and swung his feet lightly to the sill beneath. Then he dropped himself and sat down, close by Barbara's elbow.

"You 'll get sprinkled," said she, flourishing the corn-whisk over a table-cloth.

"I dare say. Or patted, or punched, or something. I knew I took the risk of all that when I came down amongst it. But it looked nice. I could n't help it, and I don't care!"

Barbara was thinking of two things, — how long he had been there, and what in the world she had said besides what she remembered; and — how she should get off her rough-dried apron.

"Which do you want, — napkins or pillow-cases?" and he came round to the basket, and began to pull out.

"Napkins," says Barbara.

The napkins were underneath, and mixed up; while he stooped and fumbled, she had the ruffled petticoat off over her head. She gave it a shower in such a hurry, that as Harry came up with the napkins, he did get a drift of it in his face.

"That won't do," said Barbara, quite shocked, and tossing the whisk aside. "There are too many of us."

She began on the napkins, sprinkling with her fingers. Harry spread up

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a pile on his part, dipping also into the bowl. "I used to do it when I was a little boy," he said.

Ruth took the pillow-cases, and so they came to the last. They stretched the sheets across the table, and all three had a hand in smoothing and showering.

"Why, I wish it were n't all done," says Harry, turning over three clothes-pins in the bottom of the basket, while Barbara buttoned her sleeves. "Where does this go? What a nice place this is!" looking round the clean kitchen, growing shadowy in the evening light. "I think your house is full of nice places."

"Are you nearly ready, girls?" came in mother's voice from above.

"Yes, ma'am," Harry answered back, in an excessively cheery way. "We 're coming"; and up the stairs all three came together, greatly to Mrs. Holabird's astonishment.

"You never know where help is coming from when you 're trying to do your duty," said Barbara, in a high-moral way. "Prince Percinet, Mrs. Holabird."

"Miss Polly-put —" began Harry Goldthwaite, brimming up with a half-diffident mischief. But Barbara walked round to her place at the table with a very great dignity.

People think that young folks can only have properly arranged and elaborately provided good times; with Germania band pieces, and bouquets and ribbons for the German, and oysters and salmon-salad and sweetmeat-and-spun-sugar "chignons"; at least, commerce games and bewitching little prizes. Yet when lives just touch each other naturally, as it were, — dip into each other's little interests and doings, and take them as they are, what a multiplication-table of opportunities it opens up! You may happen upon a good time any minute, then. Neighborhoods used to go on in that simple fashion; life used to be "co-operative."

Mother said something like that after Leslie and Harry had gone away.

"Only you can't get them into it again," objected Rosamond. "It 's a case of Humpty Dumpty. The world will go on."

"*One* world will," said Barbara. "But the world is manifold. You can set up any kind of a monad you like, and a world will shape itself round it. You 've just got to live your own way, and everything that belongs to it will be sure to join on. You 'll have a world before you know it. I think myself that 's what the Ark means, and Mount Ararat, and the Noachian — don't they call it? — new foundation. That 's the way they got up New England, anyhow."

"Barbara, what flights you take!"

"Do I? Well, we have to. The world lives up nineteen flights now, you know, besides the old broken-down and buried ones."

It was a few days after that, that the news came to mother of Aunt Radford's illness, and she had to go up to Oxenham. Father went with her, but he came back the same night. Mother had made up her mind to stay a week. And so we had to keep house without her.

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One afternoon Grandfather Holabird came down. I don't know why, but if ever mother did happen to be out of the way, it seemed as if he took the time to talk over special affairs with father. Yet he thought everything of "Mrs. Stephen," too, and he quite relied upon her judgment and influence. But I think old men do often feel as if they had got their sons back again, quite to themselves, when the Mrs. Stephens or the Mrs. Johns leave them alone for a little.

At any rate, Grandfather Holabird sat with father on the north piazza, out of the way of the strong south-wind; and he had out a big wallet, and a great many papers, and he stayed and stayed, from just after dinner-time till almost the middle of the afternoon, so that father did not go down to his office at all; and when old Mr. Holabird went home at last, he walked over with him. Just after they had gone Leslie Goldthwaite and Harry stopped, "for a minute only," they said; for the south-wind had brought up clouds, and there was rain threatening. That was how we all happened to be just as we were that night of the September gale; for it was the September gale of last year that was coming.

The wind had been queer, in gusts, all day; yet the weather had been soft and mild. We had opened windows for the pleasant air, and shut them again in a hurry when the papers blew about, and the pictures swung to and fro against the walls. Once that afternoon, somebody had left doors open through the brown room and the dining-room, where a window was thrown up, as we could have it there where the three were all on one side.

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Ruth was coming down stairs, and saw Grandfather's papers give a whirl out of his lap and across the piazza floor upon the gravel. If she had not sprung so quickly and gathered them all up for him, some of them might have blown quite away, and led father a chase after them over the hill. After that, old Mr. Holabird put them up in his wallet again, and when they had talked a few minutes more they went off together to the old house.

It was wonderful how that wind and rain did come up. The few minutes that Harry and Leslie stopped with us, and then the few more they took to consider whether it would do for Leslie to try to walk home, just settled it that nobody could stir until there should be some sort of lull or holding up.

Out of the far southerly hills came the blast, rending and crashing; the first swirls of rain that flung themselves against our windows seemed as if they might have rushed ten miles, horizontally, before they got a chance to drop; the trees bent down and sprang again, and lashed the air to and fro; chips and leaves and fragments of all strange sorts took the wonderful opportunity and went soaring aloft and onward in a false, plebeian triumph.

The rain came harder, in great streams; but it all went by in white, wavy drifts; it seemed to rain from south to north across the country, — not to fall from heaven to earth; we wondered if it *would* fall anywhere. It beat against the house; that stood up in its way; it rained straight in at the window-sills and under the doors; we ran about the house with cloths and sponges to sop it up from cushions and carpets.

"I say, Mrs. Housekeeper!" called out Stephen from above, "look out for father's dressing-room! It's all afloat, — hair-brushes out on voyages of discovery, and a horrid little kelpie sculling round on a hat-box!"

Father's dressing-room was a windowed closet, in the corner space beside the deep, old-fashioned chimney. It had hooks and shelves in one end, and a round shaving-stand and a chair in the other. We had to pull down all his clothes and pile them upon chairs, and stop up the window with an old blanket. A pane was cracked, and the wind, although its force was slanted here, had blown it in, and the fine driven spray was dashed across, diagonally, into the very farthest corner.

In the room a gentle cascade descended beside the chimney, and a picture had to be taken down. Down stairs the dining-room sofa, standing across a window, got a little lake in the middle of it before we knew. The side door blew open with a bang, and hats, coats, and shawls went scurrying from their pegs, through sitting-room and hall, like a flight of scared, living things. We were like a little garrison in a great fort, besieged at all points at once. We had to bolt doors, — latches were nothing, — and bar shutters. And when we could pause indoors, what a froth and whirl we had to gaze out at!

The grass, all along the fields, was white, prostrate; swept fiercely one way; every blade stretched out helpless upon its green face. The little pear-trees, heavy with fruit, lay prone in literal "windrows." The great ashes and walnuts twisted and writhed, and had their branches stripped

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upward of their leaves, as a child might draw a head of blossoming grass between his thumb and finger. The beautiful elms were in a wild agony; their graceful little bough-tips were all snapped off and whirled away upon the blast, leaving them in a ragged blight. A great silver poplar went over by the fence, carrying the posts and palings with it, and upturned a huge mass of roots and earth, that had silently cemented itself for half a century beneath the sward. Up and down, between Grandfather Holabird's home-field and ours, fallen locusts and wild cherry-trees made an abatis. Over and through all swept the smiting, powdery, seething storm of waters; the air was like a sea, tossing and foaming; we could only see through it by snatches, to cry out that this and that had happened. Down below us, the roof was lifted from a barn, and crumpled up in a heap half a furlong off, against some rocks; and the hay was flying in great locks through the air.

It began to grow dark. We put a bright, steady light in the brown room, to shine through the south window, and show father that we were all right; directly after a lamp was set in Grandfather Holabird's north porch. This little telegraphy was all we could manage; we were as far apart as if the Atlantic were between us.

"Will they be frightened about you at home?" asked Ruth of Leslie.

"I think not. They will know we should go in somewhere, and that there would be no way of getting out again. People must be caught everywhere, just as it happens, to-night."

"It's just the jolliest turn-up!" cried Stephen, who had been in an ecstasy all the time. "Let's make molasses-candy, and sit up all night!"

Between eight and nine we had some tea. The wind had lulled a little from its hurricane force; the rain had stopped.

"It had all been blown to Canada by this time," Harry Goldthwaite said. "That rain never stopped anywhere short, except at the walls and windows."

True enough, next morning, when we went out, the grass was actually dry.

It was nearly ten when Stephen went to the south window and put his hands up each side of his face against the glass, and cried out that there was a lantern coming over from grandfather's. Then we all went and looked.

It came slowly; once or twice it stopped; and once it moved down hill at right angles quite a long way. "That is where the trees are down," we said. But presently it took an unobstructed diagonal, and came steadily on to the long piazza steps, and up to the side door that opened upon the little passage to the dining-room.

We thought it was father, of course, and we all hurried to the door to let him in, and at the same time to make it nearly impossible that he should enter at all. But it was Grandfather Holabird's man, Robert.

"The old gentleman has been taken bad," he said. "Mr. Stephen wants to know if you're all comfortable, and he won't come till Mr. Holabird's better. I've got to go to the town for the doctor."

"On foot, Robert?"

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"Sure. There 's no other way. I take it there 's many a good winter's firing of wood down across the road atwixt here and there. There ain't much knowing where you *can* get along."

"But what is it?"

"We must n't keep him," urged Barbara.

"No, I ain't goin' to be kep'. 'T won't do. I donno what it is. It 's a kind of a turn. He 's comin' partly out of it; but it 's bad. He had a kind of a warnin' once before. It 's his head. They're afraid it 's appalectic, or paralettic, or sunthin'."

Robert looked very sober. He quite passed by the wonder of the gale, that another time would have stirred him to most lively speech. Robert "thought a good deal," as he expressed it, of Grandfather Holabird.

Harry Goldthwaite came through the brown room with his hat in his hand. How he ever found it we could not tell.

"I 'll go with him," he said. "You won't be afraid now, will you, Barbara? I 'm *very* sorry about Mr. Holabird."

He shook hands with Barbara, — it chanced that she stood nearest, — bade us all good night, and went away. We turned back silently into the brown room.

We were all quite hushed from our late excitement. What strange things were happening to-night!

All in a moment something so solemn and important was put into our minds. An event that, — never talked about, and thought of as little, I suppose, as such a one ever was in any family like ours, — had yet always loomed vaguely afar, as what should come some time, and would bring changes when it came, was suddenly impending.

Grandfather might be going to die.

And yet what was there for us to do but to go quietly back into the brown room and sit down?

There was nothing to say even. There never is anything to say about the greatest things. People can only name the bare, grand, awful fact, and say, "It was tremendous," or "startling," or "magnificent," or "terrible, or "sad." How little we could really say about the gale, even now that it was over! We could repeat that this and that tree were blown down, and such a barn or house unroofed; but we could not get the real wonder of it — the thing that moved us to try to talk it over — into any words.

"He seemed so well this afternoon," said Rosamond.

"I don't think he *was* quite well," said Ruth. "His hands trembled so when he was folding up his papers; and he was very slow."

"O, men always are with their fingers. I don't think that was anything," said Barbara. "But I think he seemed rather nervous when he came over. And he would not sit in the house, though the wind was coming up then. He said he liked the air; and he and father got the shaker chairs up there by the front door; and he sat and pinched his knees together to make a lap to hold his papers; it was as much as he could manage; no wonder his hands trembled."

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"I wonder what they were talking about," said Rosamond.

"I 'm glad Uncle Stephen went home with him," said Ruth.

"I wonder if we shall have this house to live in if grandfather should die," said Stephen, suddenly. It could not have been his *first* thought; he had sat soberly silent a good while.

"O Stevie! *don't* let's think anything about that!" said Ruth; and nobody else answered at all.

We sent Stephen off to bed, and we girls sat round the fire, which we had made up in the great open fireplace, till twelve o'clock; then we all went up stairs, leaving the side door unfastened. Ruth brought some pillows and comfortables into Rosamond and Barbara's room, made up a couch for herself on the box-sofa, and gave her little white one to Leslie. We kept the door open between. We could see the light in grandfather's northwest chamber; and the lamp was still burning in the porch below. We could not possibly know anything; whether Robert had got back, and the doctor had come, — whether he was better or worse, — whether father would come home to-night. We could only guess.

"O Leslie, it is so good you are here!" we said.

There was something eerie in the night, in the wreck and confusion of the storm, in our loneliness without father and mother, and in the possible awfulness and change that were so near, — over there in Grandfather Holabird's lighted room.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

FARMER JOHN.

HOME from his journey Farmer John
Arrived this morning, safe and sound.
His black coat off, and his old clothes on,
"Now I 'm myself!" says Farmer John;
And he thinks, "I 'll look around."
Up leaps the dog: "Get down, you pup!
Are you so glad you would eat me up?"
The old cow lows at the gate, to greet him;
The horses prick up their ears, to meet him:
"Well, well, old Bay!
Ha, ha, old Gray!
Do you get good feed when I am away?

"You have n't a rib!" says Farmer John;
"The cattle are looking round and sleek;
The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty too: how he has grown!
We 'll wean the calf next week."

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Says Farmer John, "When I 've been off,
To call you again about the trough,
And watch you, and pet you, while you drink,
Is a greater comfort than you can think!"
And he pats old Bay,
And he slaps old Gray; —
"Ah, this is the comfort of going away!

"For, after all," says Farmer John,
"The best of a journey is getting home!
I 've seen great sights, — but would I give
This spot, and the peaceful life I live,
For all their Paris and Rome?
These hills for the city's stifled air,
And big hotels all bustle and glare,
Land all houses, and roads all stones,
That deafen your ears and batter your bones?
Would you, old Bay?
Would you, old Gray?
That 's what one gets by going away!

"There Money is king," says Farmer John;
"And Fashion is queen; and it 's mighty queer
To see how sometimes, while the man
Is raking and scraping all he can,
The wife spends, every year,
Enough, you would think, for a score of wives,
To keep them in luxury all their lives!
The town is a perfect Babylon
To a quiet chap," says Farmer John.
"You see, old Bay, —
You see, old Gray, —
I 'm wiser than when I went away.

"I 've found out this," says Farmer John, —
"That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasure and days of worry;
And wealth is n't all in gold,
Mortgage and stocks and ten per cent, —
But in simple ways, and sweet content,
Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,
Some land to till, and a few good friends,
Like you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray!
That 's what I 've learned by going away."

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And a happy man is Farmer John,—
O, a rich and happy man is he!
He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,
The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,
And fruit on vine and tree;
The large kind oxen look their thanks
As he rubs their foreheads and strokes their flanks;
The doves light round him, and strut and coo;
Says Farmer John, "I 'll take you too,—
And you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray,
Next time I travel so far away!"

J. T. Trowbridge.

ROBBIE MALCOLM.

ROBBIE MALCOLM lived in the sea. I do not mean that he was a fish, and went paddling through the water with fins; for he was a very live boy, who ran on two sturdy little feet over all the land he could find to run on, — which was not much, to be sure!

The house that Robbie lived in, of all houses in the world, was a lighthouse. There it stood on a narrow island, which was a mere heap of rocks and clay, that old Ocean beat at day and night as if he were bound to grind it to powder, and have things all his own way. For his way was a very fierce and destroying one; and the tall white tower of bricks and iron which had been built on the island, and lighted with great lamps every night to keep watch over his doings, prevented a world of the mischief he had been up to in the old days when he tossed the poor ships about in storm and darkness, so that, alas! many of them never saw harbor more.

However, thunder and rage as he might, he could not sweep away the stanch little island which, small as it rose above the water, had a firm foundation of rocks that seemed to reach down to the very heart of the world, expressly to hold up that shining white tower, where every night Robbie's father lighted the lamps, and kept them burning till the great sun came up again out of the sea.

A curious life Robbie lived compared to that of boys on shore: he could not go to see other boys at all; the lighthouse people could not make even a call without a voyage, so they dispensed with that ceremony of fashionable life altogether.

Robbie was not without companions, however. There were the sea-gulls, that built their nests in holes in the clay bank; — Robbie often peeped over and dropped crumbs into the mouths of the little ones, but he was manly

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enough not to pull the helpless things out of their nests, and modest enough to know that he could be only a very humble assistant in their bringing up, — that the chief charge must be left to their black-and-white-feathered mammas, that certainly understood their business thoroughly, and in a very short time had every callow fledgling of them darting over the waves, soaring and whirling on the wild ocean winds as if there were no such joy in life as being a sea-gull, and having a good hurricane to ride on.

Then there was the stormy-petrel, which before a tempest might be seen dashing along the surface of the waves like lightning; and the piping plover, that ran so fast on the beach, stopping every now and then to make such a sweet, sorrowful cry, that it seemed as if even a bird knew things were sometimes very sad in this strange world.

But the sea-bird that Robbie loved best was a jolly little fellow; I dare say Robbie knew his name, but I know only that this favorite of his was a reckless little creature: he delighted in tilting on the very foam-crest of the waves; and, when he saw a monster breaker coming in, he would just take to his wings at the very last second before it would crash over him; then with a flirt and a tilt he would go over on the next wave, morsel as he was, secure in his quick wit and wings against all the Atlantic Ocean.

I suspect that this tilting on the waves was not all for frolic, and that it had something to do with bugs for breakfast; for breakfast, whether of bugs or something else, is at the bottom of a great many showy exercises in this world. At all events, breakfast could n't have been taken more gracefully.

All these wild creatures of the air seemed at last to regard the solitary little lighthouse-boy as if he were one of them: they would sweep close to his curly head, and then shoot with their bold cry far up into the clouds, sometimes darting quickly back again with a shrill, scolding note, as if he were a backward fledgling they were teaching to fly, and whom they found rather too stupid to learn.

Robbie would watch his feathered companions for hours together, or gaze at the great ocean itself. Close to his feet, where it broke on the island, you could never say what the waves would bring up next, — fragments of beautiful sea-plants, growing nobody knew how far away, or broken spars and bits of old iron. Robbie used to wonder what kind of ship these had belonged to, and whether she had gone to pieces because there was no lighthouse to warn her; then he would think that keeping a lighthouse was the most beautiful thing in the world.

The hundreds of ships, too, that sometimes came in sight in a day, gleaming for a moment away off on the horizon, or sailing so near that Robbie could count the men on the decks, — homeward-bound ships, laden deep in the water with rich cargoes from wonderful lands on the other side of the globe, — outward-going vessels, steering for the same distant ports; — all these were a kind of society to Robbie, and told him strange things across the bright dashing water.

Small as the island was, it was large enough to hold a few pets for Robbie:

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he had rabbits that never ran away, because they had nowhere to run but plump into the sea; and he had a dog that swam off famously for sticks in the water; and hens and chickens, — bless me! such a time the latter had before they learned to walk against the wild ocean winds! their wings would be blown over their heads, and they would tumble about in the most ridiculous manner; but they soon adapted themselves to their breezy home, and, like Robbie himself, made the best of circumstances.

So my little hero lived in the sea, and was happy and contented there until the sorrows befell of which I am going to tell you.

I ought to have remarked, perhaps, that Robbie's parents were not originally of the seafaring class that usually take such places; the lighthouse-keeper was a stranger from far away, who had suffered some great wrong or misfortune that made him glad to fly from the haunts of men, and live out in this wild ocean home alone with his wife and little boy, amid the vast sights and sounds which seemed to breathe, with the large, calm spirit of eternity, over the troubles of time.

There was a mystery about the lighthouse-keeper's history which I do not fully know, — only that his wife so clung to him in his dark hours, and so sacrificed herself for his sake, that he thought her scarce a mortal woman.

One day when she felt weak and ill he sent to the mainland in great haste and fear the servant-boy, who lived at the lighthouse, to look up a good nurse, who would come and stay till she was better.

But a few hours after this messenger had gone such a storm arose as made it utterly impossible for any boat to come back to the island; and the poor wife, who had endeavored in her cheerful manner to make light of her illness, was soon seen, beyond all disguise, to be very dangerously ill with a fever, which, alas! before midnight so affected her brain that she no longer knew what she said or did.

While the fever raged within the storm raged without, — such a storm as had not been known before by land or sea for twenty years. Two days and nights the terrible tempest shook the bed on which the poor sufferer lay, and filled the air with such a thunder of waves as you can have no power to imagine.

All this while, as you may well believe, the lighthouse-keeper never closed his eyes, but spent every moment, save those he was obliged to give to the care of his lamps, in watching by the sick-bed of his wife, with desperate efforts and prayers for her recovery.

Now it really does sometimes seem in this world that the old proverb must be true, that disasters never come singly; certainly to this poor family in the lighthouse came many troubles, one upon another.

It was the third night of the gale, and the lighthouse-keeper had just been up to the top of the tower, into the great lantern, to light the lamps for the night, when as he was coming down the winding iron staircase, being giddy with grief and watching, and just now oppressed with a fresh anxiety because of some extra work that must be done about the lamps,

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that would keep him away from his poor wife so long, — in his worry and haste his foot somehow slipped on the staircase, and he fell over the iron balusters, striking heavily on the stone floor below.

The poor lighthouse-keeper lay white and motionless as if he were dead, with the dark blood trickling from a wound in his forehead, and away in the little room his unconscious sick wife on her pillow; and saddest of all, poor Robbie yet ignorant of the half of his calamities: for the tall tower of the lighthouse was distinct from the low brick building in which the family lived; and although a passage walled and ceiled over connected the two, the noise of the waves was so tremendous that a sound far louder than that which the poor man made in falling could never have been heard by his little son in his mother's room.

Robbie, however, seeing by the reflection outside, which made all the island bright, that the lamps were lighted, wondered and wondered why his father did not come. The sick mother had ceased that pitiful moaning which had made her seem so unlike Robbie's own mamma, who never murmured at all when well; she had fallen into a deep sleep, and Robbie stole softly out just to tell his father the good news.

Not finding him in the kitchen, he ran through the passage-way into the lower part of the lighthouse, where were the great oil-vats from which the lamps were filled; there were windows in this room, too, through which the lights of the tower cast back their reflection, and there on the stone floor he saw all that had happened.

It would not have been very strange if so young a boy as Robbie had been too terrified to do anything but sit helplessly down and cry at knowing himself alone out there in the ocean, with no human being who could hear a cry or lift a hand to help either of his parents so terribly stricken; but after a moment's bewilderment and a choking sob or two Robbie stooped down to see if his father was yet alive, and finding that his pulse still beat, he began to think what he could do to save him.

Living where he did, this little boy had been used to sights of great daring and noble courage, and doubtless these memories nerved his young heart. He had seen shipwrecked people snatched from the boiling waves at the utter risk of the lives of those who saved them, and brought in to the lighthouse to be labored over for hours by his own father and mother, who now lay helpless, with none but his childish arm to aid; and the little lighthouse-lad betook himself to his work with a presence of mind born, perhaps, of these solemn experiences.

It was a severe strain and struggle for the young child to draw his father's helpless form along the passage-way into the kitchen, but it was a bitterly cold night, and he knew that he must be brought where there was a fire, or what little life was left in him would surely be extinguished. And by that great strength and courage which love and faith give even to young arms this was somehow accomplished, and Robbie soon had his poor father's silent head supported on pillows before the kitchen fire, which was burning warm and bright. Then he stanched the blood flowing from the wound

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in his forehead, and brought spirits and other restoratives such as he had seen used for people who lay thus insensible; but though after a time low moans escaped his lips, the injured man spoke no distinct word, nor ever once opened his eyes.

Thus through a long, strange hour, between these two the young watcher went, — the sick mother sleeping the sleep heavy with the exhaustion of fever, and the father equally helpless and unconscious. The awful maddened ocean thundered on without; the deluge of rain and blinding snow had ceased to fall, but the waves rose higher than ever with the long fury of the gale; through the little windows they could be seen rearing their monstrous white heads in the alternate bright light and black shadow that the great lanterns made, like a crowd of horrible rushing phantoms who were bound yet to drag down the lighthouse and all it contained into their abyss.

There came a fearful moment when Robbie thought this was verily to be; his young head swam, he could scarcely see, but surely, surely those bright streams and black shadows were not so distinctly marked over the foaming water; they grew fainter, — one long glittering beam vanished

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utterly. Robbie knew the real truth in a moment, — the island was not sinking, but the lights, the great lights in the tower, were going out!

Alas! it was the anticipation of this that had made Mr. Malcolm's fatal haste and hurry; there was some special work that must be done to keep the lamps burning that night.

I suppose with all our imagining we can scarcely imagine what this new fear was to the little lighthouse-boy. It was something that beat in his blood and breathed in his breath, that, whatsoever else happened, those lamps must never go out.

"Be faithful!" There are no words of all the words that are spoken that Robbie's mother had taught him more earnestly than these; that to be true to your trust, to be as sure and certain to your promise as the sun to the sky, was the one quality that above all others made a man; that human beings were necessarily so bound to each other by a thousand mutual wants and dependences that faithless and lying people were the very worst he could encounter; because in the very best and smoothest times men must constantly confide in each other's honor, and in life's rough and dangerous ways, ah, what would become of them if they failed then in their mutual trust?

What would become of them, the poor sailors who might still be driving before the gale, if their last hope, the lighthouse lamps, should go out in blackness?

Robbie took one look at the pale, sleeping face of his sick mother, and thought how, if she could have knowledge of what had happened, she would surely go up to tend the lamps, even if she went with her dying feet; and then he sprang away, resolved, if he was at last to lie down and die with his parents, to first do what he could to fill their place.

Now Robbie was a very observing boy; in the serious little life he had lived it had come to be a habit with him to note carefully whatever he saw done about him, and when he had climbed up the long, winding stairway into the great lantern at the top of the lighthouse, he knew very well what the lamps needed.

There were sixteen of them in all, set with their powerful reflectors in two rows around the circle of the lantern, which was wholly made of iron and glass, the iron-work painted white to reflect the light more strongly, and the glass very thick and solid, as it well needed to be.

This was unharmed; although the floor of the giant lantern shook under Robbie's feet, and the whole tower sensibly rocked with the gale, the architect who built the lighthouse had so thoroughly done his work, the elements might shake but could not destroy it.

The faithless person was the oil-contractor, or the government agent who had employed him. Whichever was the guilty party, a preciously mean thing had they done.

There were two kinds of oil used at the lighthouse, called the summer-strained and the winter-strained oil, and the former congealed so readily, that it would not burn at all in that exposed place when the cold reached a certain intensity.

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Now, the contractor had placed some extra hogsheads of the cheap summer-strained oil in this year's allowance, making the supply of the better kind so short that Mr. Malcolm had been at his wits' end to make it last through the severe weather. And the last drop had been exhausted before this storm came on, since it was very late in the season.

Still, late as it was (the month of March had commenced), there had been great showers of snow and rain, and now that these had ceased, the thermometer rapidly fell until the cold was as severe as that of any winter night, and the oil had congealed. Seven of the sixteen lamps were already out, and the others were burning very dimly, when Robbie climbed through the trap-door into the lantern.

But one thing could be done, and that was to heat some oil in a kettle over the fire, and then refill the lamps with it one by one; and all this in the bitter cold night, with so many weary stairs to go up and down between the top of the tower and the stove in the little kitchen, — the two helpless ones still to be tenderly cared for.

Those were terrible hours for that lonely little boy, but through them all his brave young spirit watched and toiled with unceasing devotion.

All night long, fed by one childish hand, some light still streamed over that raging ocean to tell where the tower yet stood; and every extinguished lamp those numb little fingers set once again bright and burning in its place was like a prayer sent up to Heaven to save those in the lighthouse, even as they had tried to save those on the sea. No doubt something of that great calm and peace which comes from the consciousness of having done one's best came even in his grief and trouble to the little lighthouse-boy.

The morning dawned at last over the wild ocean waste, and on the top of the tower that had so often and often shone to save the storm-tossed mariner poor Robbie hoisted his little flag of distress.

I do not know exactly how many hours it was before help reached him, or how long a time passed ere that poor father and mother were strong and well again, but I know they both lived to learn the faith and courage of their little boy; and I am very glad to say that the government so far appreciated the conduct of this noble lad as to provide for his education till he should become of age.

I sincerely hope no more summer-strained oil, that must be boiled at midnight to make it burn, has been sent to worry those who have lighthouse lamps to tend, whether they are grown-up men or brave little boys like Robbie Malcolm.

Lulu Gray Noble.

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PLANTED.

I HELD my baby on my knee,
My blue-eyed Bessie, three years old;
She laid her dimpled cheek on mine,
And in my ear her trouble told.

"Papa, pease may me go to school,
Like Sister Nell and Tatie Snow?"
Then as I smiled she begged again,
With kisses sweet, "*Pease* may me go?"

"When Bessie grows as large as Nell,
Then she may go to school," I said.
"But mother's words and father's rules
Are quite enough for this small head."

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She said no more, but sat awhile
  "Thinking her think," then ran away;
And as I turned to work again,
  I heard her in the yard at play.

Then mother called, "Come, Bessie, come;
  'T is time to go to sleep, you know."
"O dear mamma, pease let me stay!
  I 'se panted, 'tause I want to grow."

'T was true! for there our baby stood,
  With feet fast planted in the ground,
While water-pot and garden tools,
  Ready for use, lay scattered round.

On mother's second call she came,
  With rumpled dress and muddy shoe,
And looking up quite grieved, she said,
  "Why tan't me grow, as flowers do?"

A. Q. G.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURE OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

JUAN FERNANDEZ was a gentleman of the household of Prince Henry of Portugal at the time when that noble prince was sending out ships year after year to make discoveries along the coast of Africa. Like all the other gentlemen who served the Prince, he took the deepest interest in those voyages; and the more because he had once been a prisoner among the Moors in Africa, and had learned their language. Being more a soldier than a sailor, he could not assist his master by taking command of a vessel, and discovering new capes, rivers, and inlets; but he was able to serve him not less effectually in another way, which called for a great deal more courage and address than he could have displayed as a mere navigator.

I have already given some account of the great cargo of slaves brought from the African coast in 1444 by Captain Lançarote, and of the heart-breaking scenes which took place at Lagos in Portugal when they were sold, and torn from one another's embrace. Few Portuguese, I suppose, looked on those scenes without being sorry for the captives. But it does not appear to have occurred to any one that it was wrong to seize innocent people on their native shores and sell them into slavery in a foreign land. The Portuguese were sorry for them very much as a farmer's family pity the anguish of a cow when her calf is taken from her. They wonder per-

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haps at the strength of motherly love in a beast, and regret that the interests of the farm require the separation of the calf from its mother; but they never think of giving back the calf to the poor cow on account of her bellowing. So the work of enslaving the Africans went on more vigorously than ever, and the Portuguese seem really to have been astonished that the Africans themselves objected to it!

In 1445, the very next year after the great sale of slaves, Prince Henry sent out a valiant squire of his, Gonzales de Sintra, who left Portugal determined to go beyond any one else that had ever sailed down the coast; but at the same time he was willing to pack his ship as full of captives as it could hold. But he met with disaster. Before he reached Cape Blanco, two Africans whom he had brought with him as interpreters, pretending a great love for the Portuguese, obtained the captain's permission to go on shore and see their relations, promising to return. Of course Gonzales never saw them again, and he was a good deal laughed at by his crew for trusting his interpreters.

Smarting under this ridicule, the old chroniclers tell us, he determined to wipe out his disgrace by some brilliant action. So the same night he manned a boat with twelve of his crew, intending to attack a village on the shore, and "take revenge" for the *injury* which he thought his two interpreters had done him by running away. Near the shore the boat ran aground, and as the tide was falling it was soon hard and fast in the sand. Daylight dawned. The villagers to the number of two hundred attacked the Portuguese with spears and arrows, and killed the captain and seven of his men. The rest leaped into the sea and saved their lives by swimming to the ship. Disheartened by the loss of their captain and comrades, the crew hoisted anchor and sailed for Portugal, where they related their sad mishap to the Prince.

Now the Portuguese appear to have thought it particularly "barbarous" in these poor people to have thus defended their lives and liberty against Captain Gonzales de Sintra. It seemed to them the most natural thing in the world for Gonzales to revenge upon those villagers the wrong he fancied he had received; and all Portugal would have rejoiced if he had brought the whole population, men, women, and children, to Lagos, and sold them at auction. But when the news was spread abroad that they had risen in arms upon a noble Christian gentleman and cavalier, and killed him with a poisoned arrow, the people were shocked at their inhumanity, and the Prince determined to send an expedition for the purpose of "converting those barbarous nations to the faith of Christ"; and, if they would not consent to be baptized, of cultivating peace and friendship with them. It is difficult for us to comprehend how they could have felt so; yet it is all gravely recorded by an historian of the time, who evidently saw no inconsistency whatever in the conduct of his countrymen.

The next summer Prince Henry and his brother prepared three vessels, and directed the captains to go to the very spot where Gonzales had met his death, and there use all their endeavors to convince the people of the

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excellence of Christianity, and persuade them to be baptized. Priests provided with the splendid garments worn by them in celebrating the mass, and carrying with them crosses and sacramental vessels, accompanied the expedition. In one of the ships went Juan Fernandez, whose knowledge of the language of the Moors, it was thought, would be of great assistance in bringing about their conversion to Christianity. The three vessels sailed on this mission early in the summer, and soon arrived off the place that had proved so fatal to the Portuguese the summer before.

I suppose I need hardly say that no converts were made by these gentlemen. The people inhabiting that coast had a religion of their own, — the Mohammedan, — to which they were strongly attached; and we must own that the conduct of the Christians in stealing harmless fishermen and sleeping villagers was not calculated to recommend their religious teaching. The Moors, it is true, were in the habit of entrapping negroes and selling them as slaves; but although millions of our race have thought it a good thing for other people to be slaves, no one ever liked slavery for himself and his own father, mother, brother, or sister. Hence, the Moors, as we are told, hardened their hearts against the message of the Portuguese, and could not be convinced that they meant them any good. Upon one old Moor, however, a favorable impression was made.

Having heard Juan Fernandez speak much of the goodness and greatness of Prince Henry, this old man said he would like to go in one of the vessels and pay the Prince a visit. The voyagers gladly received him, knowing well that nothing could please the Prince better than to get such knowledge of Africa as this native could impart.

Then it was that Juan Fernandez made up his mind to render the Prince a service which no one had yet dared to attempt. He volunteered to go on shore and be left behind by the ships till the next summer, intending to live among the natives in their own way, and pick up all the knowledge he could of that part of Africa, and of the unknown countries to the south, trusting to the chance of being seen and taken off by some vessel in the course of the next season. His captain consenting, Fernandez was set on shore, with no clothes but those he had on, and with a little biscuit, wheat, and dried fish, — enough to last him a few days. He landed near the Ouro River, on the border of the Great Desert, whence, after bidding farewell to his companions, he directed his steps toward the interior, and was soon lost to view.

The three vessels sailed for Portugal. The old Moor who had so much faith and curiosity was received by the Prince with the greatest possible friendliness. He gave him lodgings in his own palace at Sagres. He provided him with handsome clothes in the Portuguese style, and gave him such princely entertainment that the old man was in no hurry to be sent home. The Prince questioned him closely and often respecting his country and his people, and when he had extracted from him all that he knew, sent him back in one of the ships laden with valuable presents, designing thus to spread abroad among the people of the desert a notion of the liberality

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of the Portuguese and the superiority of their religion. It never seems to have crossed his mind that the plundering habits of his servants might perhaps influence the benighted Africans rather more than the presents bestowed upon this aged chief. Positively, this good Prince, — one of the best men then living, and one of the wisest too, — had such a sense of the advantage of being a Christian, that he appears to have thought the Africans themselves must be *pleased* to be carried off and sold as slaves in a Christian country.

It was wonderful what wicked and cruel things the Portuguese did on that coast; but the most wonderful thing of all was that they had not the least idea they were doing wrong. One noble cavalier, within a year of the time when Fernandez landed, caught sight of some women on the African shore. The valiant gentleman had a boat manned, and went in pursuit of this valuable game. He captured a girl of fourteen and a woman of thirty, with her child two years old. The girl of fourteen was got into the boat easily enough; but the woman was so strong, and struggled so resolutely, that the crew could not drag her along. Fearing that her cries would bring the natives to her rescue, these ingenious Christians hit upon a way of overcoming her scruples. One of them took the child in his arms, and walked with it toward the boat. The poor mother seeing this, resisted no longer, but followed her child, and was thus secured. These were the people whom Prince Henry was so anxious to convert and make friends of; and such were the deeds which his honored and trusted servants perpetrated.

Juan Fernandez, meanwhile, was enjoying the hospitality of the Africans. He had landed, as I have said, on the edge of the Great Desert of Sahara, and he saw before him a vast expanse of level country, thinly covered with grass, and dotted here and there with stunted palms, — a barren prairie, affording but scanty sustenance for beasts, and leaving man to eke out his living from the sea. After parting with his comrades he walked on, carrying his little store of provisions, until he met a number of natives, who led him to one of their villages, treating him on the way with much civility. He found their language different from that of the Moors of Morocco, but still he was able to make himself understood, and he said everything he could think of to win their favor.

Arrived at the village, they took away his biscuit, grain, and fish, and stripped him of his clothes. In return they gave him a kind of blanket, very old and ragged, and not as clean as it might have been, with which to cover himself. It is a hot country, — the thermometer rising sometimes to one hundred and thirty-six in the shade, and to one hundred and fifty-six in the sun, — so that he needed only clothing enough to keep the sun from blistering his skin. Far from offering any objection to this robbery, Fernandez pretended to be quite willing to give up everything he had, telling them that he wished to live among them in their own manner. He must have been a man of a great deal of tact and good-nature, this Juan Fernandez, — one of those men who know how to make themselves at home wherever they go.

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When night came they spread before him a strange repast. One of the viands was grasshoppers dried and roasted in the sun; and to this was added some roots and fresh sprouts. For drink they gave him camel's milk, the water on that coast having so much salt in it as to be hardly fit to drink. Sometimes they gave him lizards to eat, and for bread a kind of pounded seed which grows in that region. Occasionally they shot a few birds, which gave them a great feast, and frequently they caught very good fish in the ocean. It very often happened, however, that for several weeks at a time these poor wretches had hardly any food except the milk of their camels. This was poor fare for a Portuguese gentleman; but Fernandez made the best of it, and put his time to good use in observing the ways of the people among whom he lived.

All the world now know something about these children of the desert, who were then just such a people as they are now. Fernandez found them to be a restless, wandering race, with herds of camels and cattle, and a few swift docile horses, similar to those of the Arabs. When they had remained long enough in one spot to consume all the herbage, and make the region pestilent with the refuse of a camp, then they would fold their tents, and move off with their herds to another spot, not neglecting, five times a day, to stop and say the prayers enjoined by the Mohammedan religion. Living about midway between the negroes' country and the Mediterranean Sea, they were accustomed to send parties, well mounted, to the southward, and there entrap as many negroes as they could, and carry them swiftly northward, and sell them to Christian traders, who conveyed them to Europe. Fernandez found negro slaves among them whom they had kept for their own use, and he also saw in their possession some small pieces of gold, which they said they had obtained in the land of the negroes. Poor as most of the natives were, he found that among them, as everywhere else in the world, there were some rich men, who had good horses, with saddles and stirrups, and whose wives wore rings of gold round their ankles and jewels in their ears and hair. All this, which is so familiar to us now, was most strange to this inquisitive Portuguese, who noted everything he heard and saw, and stored it away in his memory, in order to have a great budget of interesting things for his prince, if he should ever see him again.

As the winter wore away he got farther from the sea-coast, until at length there were no more fish, and he was obliged to be content with camel's milk, lizards, grasshoppers, and such chance game as the arrows of the natives could reach. As the season approached when ships from Portugal might be expected off the coast, he began to be impatient to be nearer the sea. One day while he was walking in the outskirts of the camp, two horsemen met him, who stopped and entered into conversation with him. They said they were on their way to a chief who lived at a distance of several days' journey, and who was a very wealthy chief, with a great number of followers, and plenty of horses and camels. They invited Fernandez to go with them, and he gladly consenting, they mounted him upon a camel, and away they rode across the trackless plain.

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It was a hard journey for our Portuguese squire. On the road their water gave out, and for three days they had nothing to drink; nor was there anything to guide them on their way except the stars, the sun, and the flight of birds. At length, after enduring tortures of thirst, they reached the village of this mighty chief, with his retinue of one hundred and fifty ragged Moors and negro slaves. On being shown to the tent of the desert lord, Fernandez bowed low to him. The chief ordered his servants to relieve his maddening thirst with camel's milk, and treated him in all respects so well that he soon recovered his health and good looks. He even grew fat in the camp of this chief, and lost all appearance of a man who had been starved on dried grasshoppers and toasted lizards.

After a while, finding the chief very friendly, he explained his situation to him, and let him know how desirous he was of being near the sea, so that he could be on the lookout for the expected ships. It so happened that the chief had some negroes for sale and a quantity of gold, which, Fernandez informed him, he could sell to good advantage to any Portuguese captain who might come to that coast. The chief, therefore, began to take a lively interest in the coming of the vessels, and he sent Fernandez down to the coast with several of his own men as a guard. Seven months had now passed since he had seen the face of a Christian, and you can easily imagine how anxiously he looked out over the sea, and how impatient he was to descry a sail on the horizon.

In the spring of 1447 Prince Henry prepared three small vessels, and sent them to bring Juan Fernandez home, and as many slaves with him as could be caught. The vessels were separated by a violent storm, but they met on the coast of Africa not far from Cape Blanco, whence they continued their course southward, keeping a sharp lookout for their countryman, and a sharper perhaps for natives with whom they could load their vessels. The poor Africans were beginning to be aware of their danger, and would doubtless have avoided the coast altogether but for their being obliged to catch fish. As soon as any of those dusky fishermen caught sight of a sail, they dropped their fishing-nets and ran as fast as they could into the interior. Observing this, the commander of the expedition manned several boats, and, leaving the vessels behind, rowed along the shore to the island of Arguin, a place much resorted to by the natives for fish, which are usually found in great quantities about islands that lie a little way from the coast. On this island, however, they only found one man and his daughter, whom they captured.

Strange to say, this man told them where they could find some more natives, and they actually took twenty-five, from the information which he gave them. The historian of this expedition tells us that it was a common thing for these poor creatures, when they had been taken prisoners themselves, to conduct the Portuguese to where they could take more of their countrymen, even their own friends, brothers, wives, and children.

The three vessels, in the mean time, kept on their way toward the south, the sailors always looking out for men on the shore. They saw one day a

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man walking along the beach. Standing in shore as close as they could, they perceived that he resembled in dress and color one of the native chiefs, and they accordingly took him for one who had come down to the coast in order to buy or sell some slaves. It was no desert chief, however, whom they saw; but their old friend and comrade, Juan Fernandez, burnt almost black by the sun, and clad in an old mantle which the friendly chief had given him. He was recognized at length, and the vessels resounded with the joyful outcries of the Portuguese. Boats were manned and Fernandez was soon surrounded by his countrymen, who testified at once their delight at seeing him, and their amazement at finding him in such good condition. He soon made his countrymen acquainted with the chief who had been such a good friend to him; and from him they bought his negroes, nine in number, and his gold-dust.

The vessels now set sail for home. On the way they made a descent upon a village, and captured fifty-five natives; so that the expedition not only accomplished the main purpose of bringing home Juan Fernandez, but yielded a large profit besides. The Prince, we are told, was well pleased to hear that the vessels had brought home ninety slaves and a good quantity of gold; but the profit of the voyage was as nothing in his eyes compared with the safety of Fernandez, who could tell him so many strange and wonderful things of the coast which it was the business of his life to explore.

Up to this time Prince Henry had sent fifty-one vessels to the coast of Africa, which had brought home nine hundred and twenty-seven slaves. From Juan Fernandez he learned that his work was scarcely begun; for Africa, according to the account of the Moors, stretched away to the south as far beyond Cape Blanco as that cape was distant from Portugal. At the same time, the Prince and his friends were much encouraged by the profitableness of the last voyages. Year after year, therefore, he continued to send out ships of discovery. One of his captains soon discovered Cape Verde, and others pushed on toward the country of the negroes, and approached the coast of Guinea, — a coast which so many Christians afterwards visited for the purpose of trafficking in ivory, gold, and men. Scarcely a year now passed without some bold mariner sailing farther south than any one had sailed before, so that almost every year the Prince had to enlarge and correct his map of the world. His captains reached, at length, the land of the elephant, the tusks of which furnished another article of trade. Juan Fernandez, upon another visit which he made to Africa, was so fortunate as to procure a live lion, which he took to the Prince, who made a present of it to an Irish friend. The Irishman took the lion home with him, and this was the first lion, it is said, ever brought to Ireland.

But whatever else the Portuguese might take from the coast of Africa, — ivory, gold, spices, valuable woods, or seal skins, — still their principal object was human beings, the profit upon whom paid the greater part of the expense of these annual expeditions. I will relate one more incident to show how little they thought of the abominable cruelty of this traffic.

At the mouth of a river a sailor one morning caught sight of a small

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cabin, which seemed to be inhabited. The captain sprang into a boat, five sailors followed him, and they rowed ashore. As they were creeping cautiously up toward the cabin, a little naked boy came out of it, whom they immediately seized; and in it they found his sister, a little naked girl, eight years old. Having thus secured the two children, they proceeded to steal whatever else the cabin contained which any of them happened to fancy, — among other things, a curious shield made of an elephant's ear. As they were returning to the boat with the two children, they saw the father of the family, who was so busy doing carpenter's work that he did not see the plunderers of his household. The Portuguese captain crept up softly behind him, sprang upon him, and seized him by the hair. The African was tall and exceedingly strong. The captain also was a strong man, but so short in stature that when the African stood upright he lifted the captain off his feet. A terrible struggle ensued, the Portuguese clinging to the African's hair as a dog clings to the nose of a bull, and the giant African slinging him about, and exerting all his strength to free himself. The other Portuguese hurried up and held the negro's arms; when the captain, supposing the prisoner was secure, let go his hair. Instantly the negro shook himself free, and plunged into the underwood, where he was soon lost to sight. But the instinct of the father prevailed over the terrors of the man; and while the Portuguese were looking for him in the bushes, he came back to his hut to search for his children. When he found they were gone, he seized his club, and rushed out in a frenzy of grief and rage. He soon met one of the Portuguese, and after striking him with his weapon seized him in his arms, each struggling to get the other down. A negro came to the aid of the bereaved father, and it would have gone hard with the Portuguese if his comrades had not come up in the nick of time. The two negroes dropped their prey and were instantly lost in the thick forest.

The children were carried captive to Portugal, where there was probably not one man, not one father, nor one tender mother, who felt the enormous iniquity of this outrage. The Prince, we are told, had the boy put to school, intending to educate him for the priesthood, and finally to send him home to preach Christianity to his benighted countrymen! But the lad died before his education was completed.

In the course of years Prince Henry came to understand that this manner of getting slaves was not the best, nor the most humane, and was not calculated to win the poor benighted children of the desert to the Christian religion. He therefore put a stop to it, had a fort built upon the island of Arguin, and let the privilege of trading with the coast to a company of merchants, who were required to buy the slaves, in a regular way, from the native dealers in the interior. Under this system there was less violence and bloodshed, perhaps; but it sent into slavery a great many more Africans every year than were caught in the old way of surprising villages and carrying off the inhabitants.

James Parton.

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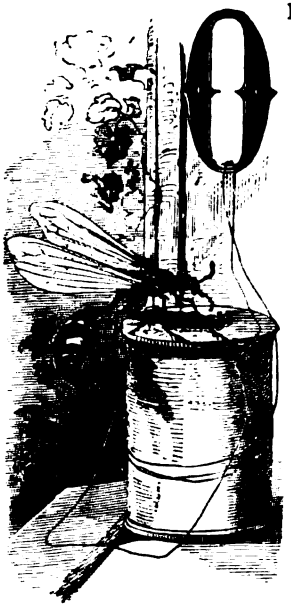
THE MASON AND THE TENT-MAKERS.



ON a hot summer day, a certain Madam Mason-Wasp chanced to fly by the open window of a pretty country house. "How tired I am!" she wearily hummed. "What am I to do for a nest? I must soon find a good place for one, or I shall die of grief to think that when I am dead and gone there will be no little wasps to take my place."

In this discouraged mood Madam Wasp most gloomily perched herself on a rose-bush just in front of the window. She had no spirit left to hum, so she sat quietly gazing before her at a lady, who was seated at work by a curious-looking table. A queer noise was made by turning a large wheel, which turned smaller wheels, that in their turn made spools roll round, and a little needle fly up and down very fast. Marvellous to say, cloth placed under a bright shining foot came out on the other side all stitched and beautiful, as ruffles, waists, skirts, and frocks.

Even the wasp thought this wonderful, and everything looked so cool and bright that she longed to take a peep, and for a minute forget her trouble. It was no sooner longed for than done. In she flew, whirling in great circles up to the white ceiling, where, not having been accustomed to any other awning than the sky and green leafy boughs, she naturally gave herself a slightly bruised back, and a new bit of experience. She whizzed, sang her prettiest song, and cut curves and various strange figures just before the lady's black eyes, so as to show her graceful wasp figure and exquisite wings, as she thought, to the best advantage. When she saw that her pranks made an unfavorable impression on the lady, — for the white hand had seized a strip of cloth in defence, — Madam Wasp felt inclined to show how powerful a sting she could give; but, changing her mind, she took a safe resting-place high up above the window.

At last, not seeing the wasp, the lady went to work again, taking off spools, and putting others on, basting and sewing.

"Those wooden things with something white wound round them and holes in the centre are funny affairs," said Madam Wasp. "Those holes are about as large as I would care to make my nest. There is one on the window-sill. I will creep quietly down to see, and not trouble the lady any more."

To be sure, she could be as still as any mouse. Noiselessly she stole

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nearer and nearer, and, gaining more courage, she flew straight down and took a glance at the hole.

"It is the very thing," whispered the wasp to herself, for fear the lady should hear. "My body will fit it nicely." And in she went to try it, and then came out tail first, according to the manner of wasps under such trying circumstances.

"Yes, I will do it. I could not dig a more comfortable hole for my darlings in any sand-bank. Now I shall be saved all the trouble of dig, dig, digging hour after hour. I can easily prepare and bring my bricks here and build my house."

With this glad thought, out Madam whisked with great animation and a flourish of wings to seek her afternoon meal.

The next morning, after having passed a restless night, long before the sun was up Madam jumped merrily from her green couch, a young leaf of a lilac-tree, took her breakfast, and flew directly to the window. There was the spool still; but between lay a vexing pane of glass, and the more Madam buzzed, struck, stung, and vainly worked herself up to a high state of indignation, the harder seemed the glass, and the more bruised became her wings. She was about to give up in despair, when the girl rattled down stairs, threw open the window, and walked off to the kitchen.

"Hurrah," hummed the wasp loudly, as she sat looking down into the hole, musing on her good fortune. But not a single moment could be wasted in musing. "Where shall I make my bricks?" she said, looking eagerly about.

It would have made you laugh to see her rush around in whirligig fashion, from rock to rock, and from mound to stone wall, in search of something that she did not seem to find. Suddenly she espied just what she wanted, a small sand-bank, and there she fell heartily to work. The loose grains of sand were quickly caught up by Madam's nimble feet, and glued together by her wet, lively little tongue, into round balls as large as mustard-seeds. No sooner was one ball nicely patted and well kneaded, so as to exactly suit her taste, than away it was taken from its old home and companion grains to the top of the reel of cotton, and laid at the very edge of the hole. In this way Madam went backwards and forwards with her round moist bricks, and placed them one by one along the edge of the hole, making a complete circle around it; and then she piled them up, row upon row, until she had built something that looked like a tower of beautiful filigree-work standing on the reel. The lady appeared to have got through sewing, and the room was all Madam Wasp's. When the loose grains of sand became more scarce she used her sharp double pickaxe jaws to dig the grains from the hard bank; for wasps have very powerful little jaws. As she came in with the last brick, she threw it in place with a cheerful hum, and went in and out of her tower, over and over again, to see if it would admit her with ease.

What do you suppose this tower was for? Perhaps you think the wasp wished to make her nest longer. No, it was only the neat, orderly

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way in which mason-wasps always pile up their bricks for use around their holes because they wish to have their building materials near at hand, so that they can build their houses more quickly.

Have you ever tried the wasp's plan? It is a very good one. Put your things away, each in its place neatly, and you will get on much faster.

So this pretty tower the wasp had made, as long as her own body, and, like it, bent over a little to one side, was to be taken down and used for a house inside. The hardest part of the work was done, and it did not take long to break down the tower, brick by brick, and carry it into the hole, first to form the foundation, and then the firm walls. The walls were thin but strong, and a most cosey nest it was. At any rate, Madam Wasp thought so, for as she sat resting, her cheery song grew loud enough to disturb Master Rover, who had been dozing away a whole hour in one corner unseen. A growl and a snappish look from out one side of his left eye showed that he marked the offender.

"My back aches and I am tired; but I should like to have a little fun after my hard work," thought the wasp.

She tried to tease the dog by buzzing in his ears, hopping on his bushy tail, and flying within a half-inch of his sensitive nose. He seemed to enjoy the fun at first, pricking up his ears, whisking his tail, and striking playfully at her with his paw; but as it often is with boys and girls who begin to fight for play, and then end most sadly in earnest, so it was with them. The wasp became more tantalizing, the dog more furious, and at last, not being able to stand it any longer, he came within a hair's breadth of swallowing her alive, and she in great anger and fright gave him a sharp sting on one of his paws, and retreated through the window. Rover whined piteously, and, holding his sore paw up in the air, limped away crying and wailing into the next room, to lay it mournfully on his mistress' lap to be dressed. The wicked wasp fell exhausted with fatigue and fright at the foot of her favorite lilac-tree, and did not even have strength to seek her supper; but there lay cold, hungry, and forlorn until morning.

If you could have peered into the wasp mansion early the following day, you would have descried a youthful caterpillar of a green complexion, lying tightly coiled within its dark walls. There had been no eye by to watch the interesting labors of Madam Wasp that morning, not even Rover's. A hearty meal had restored her strength and spirits, and from the sprightly way in which she darted from nettle to nettle in the garden you would never have imagined her to have engaged in a pitched battle with Rover. She very well knew the kind of caterpillars her little ones would like, and where to find them.

What do you suppose these caterpillars were about on such disagreeable things as nettles?

They were busy spreading their tents; for some caterpillars live in what may be called tents.

Madam Wasp knew all this, and for once she wished to watch the whole process of caterpillar tent-making. In and out among the leaves she flitted

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in quest of the round form of some innocent victim of a caterpillar. When she caught sight of one, she hid herself under cover of a leaf to mark every motion, and wait for a good opportunity to suddenly spring upon her unconscious prey. This was what she saw.

An able-bodied caterpillar walked carefully over the nettle leaves, and chose one which could easily be bent. Taking its place in the middle and clinging to the midrib, by means of its little legs near the tail, it reached its head forward and began spinning a number of cords, which it fastened side by side to the edge of the leaf. The other ends of the cords it bound to the midrib. By the weight of its body, and by dint of hard pulling, it managed to shorten these cords, and shortening them of course obliged the edge of the leaf to curl down towards the midrib. It went on spinning other series of silken cords, crossing and recrossing one another in such a manner as to form a web, or a thin pretty curtain. These it also fastened from the edge to the midrib. A little more shortening and tightening made the leaf to curl still more. The caterpillar fancied it had not yet done enough to strengthen its abode. To accomplish this, it spun threads into strong bundles, and these caterpillar ropes took the place of those ropes attached to the outside of a tent, which extend beyond the canvas and are pegged to the ground.

In this tent, the sides of which were the rolled leaf and fine silken curtain, it was going to live, little dreaming of an enemy so near.

"Now is the time," thought Madam Wasp. She crept quietly and stealthily on tiptoe, with wings silently folded, close behind the unwary caterpillar; then she pounced savagely down upon it, took good hold of its fat, plump waist, and flew slowly away with her burden to the spool on the window-sill.

She rolled it down her nest with a will, and there wound it into a coil so that it could not move. But one was not enough. Eight times that day Madam Wasp lodged a green living coil within her nest; singing as she went gladly home that night, — "How happy I am that my work is done! To-morrow I 'll lay some eggs, and when from them pretty grubs are hatched, there 's a sweet, sweet morsel for my darlings, as round and plump as any dumpling. What a nice nest I have made for my pets, and how well I have stocked it! They will find that out when they come to feast on the delicious caterpillars and build their cocoons; and when at last they burst their cocoons, gnaw through the opening, and leave as full-grown wasps their comfortable home for the great weary world, they will thank their mamma for their cosey nest and her good training."

With this same thought Madam fell asleep. But wasps as well as people are never sure of to-morrow.

Betty, the nimble housemaid, as was her custom every morning, threw open the window and hastened off to the kitchen. It was sweeping-day, and she soon came back. Then tables moved at a brisk pace out of the way, chairs marched out of the room at a respectable rate, sundry light articles went tripping into the entry, and the broom flew about in earnest.

The caterpillars thought they would certainly be choked by the dust; but

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as long as Betty plied her broom they were obliged to stand it; there was no use in trying to move, they had been rolled together so closely by wise Madam Wasp.

The duster came in for its share of work, and Betty chased the dust as though it were her peculiar hatred. Coming to the window, she said, "What is this spool doing here, I wonder?" Straightway she gave it a toss toward a work-box, holding many other reels of cotton, sharp scissors, and a multitude of things well known to belong to a lady's sewing apparatus.

Where was Madam Wasp all this time? Out on a hunting expedition for the tenth caterpillar. She wished to be sure and have enough. As she flew in with her last heavy load, the lady sat down to sew, and rolled spool after spool out of the box to get one of the right size. Distracted at not finding her nest, Madam paused on the sill.

"O dear! what's in this spool? Why, little green worms!" cried the lady in surprise, and with a touch of disgust.

Such jerkings, joltings, jarrings, and terrible shakings as the caterpillars then felt! Ten thousand earthquakes in one would not have equalled the power of that white hand, they thought. One by one, with the breath almost shaken from their bodies, and nearly paralyzed by the fall, the green coils tumbled out on the table. The strong foundation of the nest gave way, and the walls crumbled beneath repeated blows.

At first Madam Wasp was furious in her rage. She dropped her charge, and would have revengefully stung the lady's cheek; but suddenly a faint quivering and a feeling of utter hopelessness seized her. The sight of her ruined work was sickening. One view of the battered walls, the scattered caterpillars, and the melancholy end of her toil was enough to drive her wildly to her refuge, the lilac-tree. There she lay stupidly convulsed with sorrow, and if she had had a brain, it would have reeled, or a heart, it would have burst with grief, or if she could have cried, you would have seen floods of tears roll down her cheeks. As these were all impossible she lay motionless, and you would have thought her dead.

Meanwhile the lady called for her microscope. She placed a caterpillar on the glass slide and adjusted the whole instrument.

What a wonderful sight met her eyes! The little caterpillar, not an inch long, appeared as a monstrous mass of soft green rolls and puffs strung together to form the body, with an immense broad, black, hard, horny head that looked very much as you would imagine one of the tough ancient helmets to have looked on the head of a warrior dressed in mail. Out of this great light-green mass sprang a few long black hairs, and here and there a small black spot gave variety to the back of the strange creature.

It was then turned over and examined. Near its mouth was a short, sharp pair of horns, that may have been used either to pierce and grasp or to tear its food. Next below lay another pair of black horns longer than the first, and more powerful; then came two pairs of light pearly-white horns, or rather claws, for they were jointed. These were very handsome. They resembled a collection of pearls, and contrasted well with the light green

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of the body. These horns may have served the purpose partly of hands and partly of feet. Then followed an odd arrangement for feet. They were short, thick, round green pieces of flesh, looking most like the bits of round wet leather to the centre of which are attached strings, which boys call suckers, and which they use in raising stones from the ground. With these feet they can creep rapidly over the most slippery leaves without the slightest fear of falling off. The tail seemed to be formed of a pair of very small suckers; but that the caterpillar curled up so persistingly that the lady could not be sure. She could spare no more time from her sewing, so she rang for Betty and told her to clear the table of dust and caterpillars.

Betty was a kind-hearted girl. The table was brushed by a gentle hand, and the caterpillars were carefully shaken out of the kitchen window, and they landed without harm on the turf below.

"There, poor things," said Betty, "go seek your living again. I 'll not hurt you."

Here I must leave the history of a few days of Madam Wasp's life and the caterpillars, with only a word.

Near the kitchen window grew a nettle, which our caterpillars soon found, and shortly nine little tents held within them nine little cocoons. These were in due time burst open by pretty winged moths, that always remembered Betty's kindness, and never gave her any trouble.

Distressed Madam Wasp finally revived, and looked at what she had thought a terrible misfortune, and the ruin of every hope, in a more cheerful and sensible way.

"I ought not to have wished to shun the labor of digging a hole for my nest, and then I should not have seen such trouble," said she. "Other wasps do it, and I am ashamed of myself for shirking my work, and choosing the attractive spool instead of a less showy nest in a common sand-bank, as other wasps do."

In three days the sand-bank visited before boasted of a comfortable nest and several eggs, to the great consolation and joy of Madam Wasp.

H. T. J.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

THE kittens were to be given away. Billy was waiting with a basket to carry them off to Farmer Green's house, which stood the other side of the meadow and the great stretch of woodland. It had been understood for some time that the kittens were to go there as soon as they were big enough, and now Billy was waiting with the basket. So Mother Puss, feeling the importance of the event, combed their hair and washed their faces very carefully. Then she boxed their ears, and told them to behave, for

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now they were going out into the great world to begin life. But the kittens only laughed, and rolled over and over, they felt so happy.

"There! now I must brush the dust off your clothes again!" cried Mother Puss, running after them and catching them in her paws.

They were dressed with great care, to be sure. Dilly had on her little gray suit with white stockings and mittens, and her small fair face and blue eyes looked very pretty indeed under her warm gray hood. Daffy had on his yellow cloak fringed with white fur, and his little straw-colored hat, which shaded eyes as blue as Dilly's. They were handsome kittens, and Puss, who had said only the night before that she would be glad to get rid of them, now began to feel really sad as she thought of her babies being forced so young to go out into the world to seek their fortunes, as all their brothers and sisters had done before them.

"It is rather hard," she murmured to herself, "when I think of all the kittens I have raised, that not one should settle down here in the homestead with me, to be company for my old age!"

"Why don't you smile? Why don't you purr? Why don't you box our ears?" cried the kittens, jumping up to kiss her good-by.

Then Billy put them in his basket, and shut the cover down, and walked off along the road whistling. Puss brushed a tear from her eye, and shrugging her shoulders went out of the back door to a corner of the garden, where there was catnip growing, and nibbled a few leaves of it for comfort.

Meanwhile Billy trudged on, and was not careful to keep the basket from jolting, which made it uncomfortable for the little passengers inside. By and by they wanted more air, so Daffy pushed up the cover, and then they both put their heads out to look around. How fast the trees and walls were going by! and the dear old homestead was already out of sight. The kittens grew frightened, and began to cry piteously, and struggled to get out.

"Here, none of that!" exclaimed Billy, roughly, and, pushing them back, he crowded the cover down hard; "mind yourselves, now!"

So Daffy and Dilly minded themselves, and, putting their arms around each other, cried very softly, as they were carried along bumpety-bump. But pretty soon they forgot, and put their heads out again to look around.

They were in the dark old woods now; nothing but great trees were to be seen, — stern straight evergreens, tall oaks reaching to the sky, and maples turning red and yellow. The kittens did not understand this at all, and in their terror they began to scream again, and tried to get out of the basket.

"Here, stop that!" said Billy, crossly. But they did not stop.

"Well, I say," declared the cruel boy, "you don't catch me carrying a lot of screaming kittens through the woods all day. What difference does it make? I don't believe the Greens want them. I mean to let them go, they make such a fuss. It'll be good enough for them if they starve to death. There, clear out, you young brutes!"

So he tipped the kittens out on the ground, and slung the empty basket over his arm. It would have melted almost any heart to see little innocent Dilly standing there in her gray suit and white mittens, and Daffy's brave

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blue eyes looking out from under his straw hat. But it did not touch Billy's; he whistled indifferently and walked off, thinking what sort of a story he could make up, so that no one would find out that he had dropped the kittens in the woods. He was very soon out of sight, and then the kittens looked at each other.

"I 'm glad we 're out of the basket, any way," said Daffy, cheerfully; "here 's some sunshine and a round stick. Let 's play with it."

Dilly was quite ready, and they bit the stick and rolled over with it a great many times. Then they chased each other round a tree, and played hide-and-seek in the dead leaves. Once a bird sang on a bough near them.

"Oh!" said Dilly, sharpening her little claws, "how curious that makes me feel. It seems as if I must jump at her!"

Just as she opened her mouth to say this a tiny gnat came sailing by, and she snapped her teeth on him.

"O Dilly," said Daffy, coming up and rubbing his cheek against hers, "did you have something to eat? I wish I had too."

"Well," said Dilly, "then let 's go on to Farmer Green's, and get some supper."

"No, we don't know the way," remonstrated Daffy; "let 's go home!"

"But I 'm afraid we don't know the way there either," answered Dilly, very mournfully. And they sat there side by side looking at the great trees.

The sunshine began to fade, evening was coming on, and the kittens were very hungry indeed. But by and by a little brown cricket came hopping over the leaves, and Dilly put her paw on him quick and ate him up.

"That tasted good!" she said, wiping her mouth. At that very moment a little green katydid leaped down in front of Daffy, and he caught it. So the kittens were not quite supperless. Then they found a little plant with green leaves and blue flowers, that when they smelt of it made them feel as if they must eat it. So they did eat some, and as it was valerian it made them sleepy.

"I want to go to bed," said little Dilly, rubbing her half-shut eyes. But there was no warm stove to creep under, nor any nice great box to get into, such as they were used to at home.

"I 'm sleepy," said Daffy, drowsily; "let 's make a bed in the leaves."

So they went to work, without caring whether they soiled their mittens or not, pulling away the dry leaves right by the root of an oak, till they had hollowed out quite a comfortable little place for a bed. There they crept in, nestling side by side, and managed to cover themselves up a little with the leaves, although there was no Mother Puss to tuck them in. They put their paws round each other's necks, purred a minute or two, and then fell asleep.

The stars came out, the moon shone down, the dews fell softly around, and the old oak branches bent kindly overhead. Never before had there been two such helpless and cruelly deserted darlings in the forest by night

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as these two that lay sleeping so sweetly under the leaves, Dilly in her little gray coat and hood, and Daffy with his cloak tumbled and his yellow hair in a tangle.

At midnight there was a stealthy step in the forest, and two keen eyes searching on every side. Do you wonder who it could be? I must go back a little to explain.

Puss had lain all the afternoon in the sunshine by the catnip and philosophized. The kittens must sooner or later go out into life, she reasoned; why not now? She only hoped that Mrs. Green had a warm kitchen and would let them sleep on the rug. So she grew quite cheerful. But that evening Billy came in to get a pail of cider, and her mistress said, "Did you get the kittens safely to Farmer Green's, Billy?"

"I reckon!" he answered, boldly; but there was something false in his tone, and Puss detected it. Let alone cats for finding people out!

"I don't like this!" she muttered, shaking her head and sharpening her claws. "It is a fine moonlight night, and I think I shall stroll through the woods over to Farmer Green's, and see whether Daffy and Dilly are really there. It can't be more than two miles."

So she warmed her feet and brushed her black shawl carefully, and gave a touch to her black bonnet. She always wore dark colors, as became an old lady. Then she slipped quietly out of the door and trotted along the road. She had some adventures. A toad hopped across the path, a whip-poorwill sang up in a tree; once she met a dog, and twice she caught a

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snapping-bug to eat. But after a while she entered the gloomy forest, and there she walked along very cautiously. Who knew if a fox might not catch her? She wondered how much farther it was to Farmer Green's.

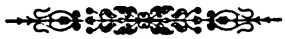
Suddenly she pricked up her ears, — she hardly knew why. She began to listen, to scent the air, to look under every tree and in every hollow. By and by she made a bound to the foot of the old oak-tree, and cried, eagerly, "Dilly, are you dead? Daffy, are you alive? Wake up!"

For there were the two pretty little faces of her baby kittens, peeping out from under the gray hood and the yellow hat, all in among the leaves. They waked up, rubbing their eyes with their paws, and ran straight into their mother's arms. O, how glad Puss was then that she came, for they would have been lost and starved to death, you know. She sang them a little cradle-song, and then she boxed their ears and told them to get right up and come along home with her. Such naughty kittens to stay out so late at night!

So they trotted along by her side and when the little feet were tired then they stopped to rest. It took them a long time to get home; in fact it was just daylight when the hired man, on his way to the barn-yard to milk the cows, saw Puss trotting up the road with Daffy and Dilly at her side, — Dilly in her little gray suit, and Daffy in his yellow cloak.

Then there was a great excitement in the house, and Puss never had so splendid a breakfast in her life before. Everybody said she should be allowed to keep her kittens now, since she had been all the way to Farmer Green's and brought them home with her! And so at last Puss had two children to settle down with her in the dear old homestead.

M. L. Bolles.



SAMUEL'S DREAM.

YOUNG SAMUEL sat by the window-seat,
In his own little chamber, bright and neat,
Where the west-wind came through the open sash,
And the setting sun, with a cheery flash,
Twinkled in through the elm that hung over the eaves
And checkered the light with the shade of its leaves.
Very sweet was the breath of the evening breeze,
Floating lazily in through the waving trees;
Very bright was the green of the grass-plat below,
Where a light-hearted company ran to and fro;
And hearty and strong the gay chorus rang,
As a frolicsome song the merry boys sang.

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Sammy's lessons that day had been hard and long; —
His grammar perplexed him, his sums were all wrong;
He was tired of his book, and he wanted to play;
But he turned to his slate, and he puzzled away.

With elbows on table, both hands in his hair,
He fixed on the problem a resolute stare;
But vain his resolve, — his brain was too tired;
He could not bring out the answer required;
And the book and the slate seemed to mingle and change
To a broad rolling moorland, — a scene new and strange,
Where every book he had studied or read
Was flinging itself at his poor puzzled head.
Geometry, algebra, old Latin grammar,
All shouted at once, with unmerciful clamor;
Abbreviations, equations, historical dates,
Notes on paper, book-covers, on blackboards and slates;
Bright stories of fairies, grave tales of the fates,
The founders of empire, the builders of states,
The rivers and bays, the continents wide,
The castles and towers, the dwellings of pride,
The mills by the river, the ports by the sea;
The sorrows of bondmen, the joys of the free,
The wildest of fancies, the plainest of facts,
The books of the Bible, from Numbers to Acts, —
Every sort of a thing you could fancy or name,
Whether hid in seclusion or well known to fame,
Had taken itself a face and a shape,
And, hedging him round, with no way of escape,
All shouted at once, "Here I am! look at me!
Th' identical chap you are wanting to see."

What a tumult they made! With flags and with banners,
With helmets and caps, but without any manners, —
No system, no order, no notion of time,
Defying all rules of both grammar and rhyme,
With faces that altered, and colors that changed,
With titles on side-way, with vision deranged,
Squinting eyes, glowing eyes, and eyes that would wink
More times in a minute than two men could think.
And such shapes! all unlike, and varying fast,
Each new-comer droller than those that had passed,
With cones, prisms, and cubes, parallelograms, squares,
Some gayly bedecked, some in need of repairs,
And angles obtuse, and angles acute,
And angles whose angles no man could compute,

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With tangents, co-ordinates, sines and co-sines,
Till at last, in despair at the bothering lines,
He thought with sincerest delight he should hail
The "dry times" of the proverb, when "all signs do fail."
And amid the great crowd he saw his hard sum,
As big as a hogshead, as round as a drum,
And wondered what drummer could ever be found
To make it give out an intelligent sound,
When over his knuckles he got a smart rap,
And a jolly voice shouted, "Sure, I am the chap!"
And glancing around, he saw a queer face
Perched up on two legs, just fit for a race,
And the jolly voice said, "Yes, I am the man,
The 'unknown,' who can answer when no other can,
And I 'll serve your desire with remarkable pleasure
If you 'll just catch me first, and take my true measure."

This said, Signor *x*, in his swallow-tailed coat,
In a dim foggy haze, away seemed to float,
And demure Madame *y*, his mysterious bride,
Laid her hand on his arm, and tripped off by his side,
With their well-known attendants, *a*, *b*, and *c*,
And their Arabic servitors, 1, 2, and 3.

Such a chase as they led him! — from less back to more,
From greater to less, then repeat as before;

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Now climbing up ladders to 4th and 5th powers,
Now down to a $\sqrt{\text{root}}$: it might have been hours,
It might have been weeks, for all Sammy could say
(He 'd have followed, if need be, a year and a day).
So chasing x round with his sharp pencil-point,
He opened his armor at every joint,
Drove off his companions, Sirs a, b, and c,
His Arabian servitors, 1, 2, and 3,
Till at last Madame y, spite of every evasion,
Was forced from his side, clear across the equation;
And so with his value x-actly x-prest,
Sir x stood alone, quite apart from the rest,
When a rubicund sphere, like a pumpkin-shell bomb,
Rudely whirling along in a waltz with a rhomb,
Right into the ring unexpectedly blundered,
Like the cavalry charge of the famous Six Hundred.

Now this was too much for banter or joke.
Sir x took offence, and went off into smoke.
And chasing him there would have been very like
A right hungry fellow attempting to strike
With a very blunt fork an exceeding small pea
In a bowl of thin porridge as big as a sea!

Sam's patience gave out! He sprang up with a jerk,
Provoked at the prospect of losing his work.
Something fell ón his foot with a rattle and crash,
Something blinded his eyes with a dazzle and flash,
And he fairly awoke, — found his slate on his toes,
And his chum with a lamp not a foot from his nose.

Dim twilight had fallen on valley and hill,
His comrades departed, their voices were still.
And of all his queer vision but one thought remained, —
But that one solved the problem he wanted explained.
So he scribbled it down on his slate with delight,
Then jumped into bed and slept soundly all night.

Guilbert.

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HOW TO DRAW.

SIX LETTERS TO A LITTLE GIRL, WHO KINDLY WISHED TO HAVE THEM PUBLISHED IN "OUR YOUNG FOLKS," FOR THE USE OF — EVERYBODY.

No. I.

AT last, dear Allie, I find time to prepare the first of the series of papers promised to you long ago, on the subject of

DRAWING,

which is the art of expressing things visible to us in the natural world through Nature's own language, — that of FORM.

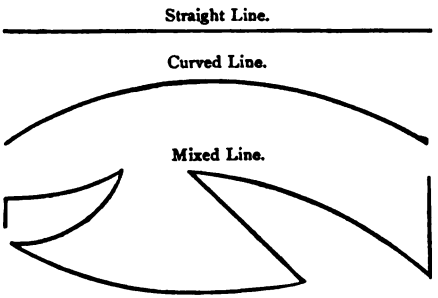
In the first place, I want you to remember, whenever you hear drawing spoken of, that *form* and *shape* mean one and the same thing. We speak of the *form* of a house, you know, and of its *shape;* of the *form* of a gun, and of the *shape* of a pistol.

If there were no divisions of solid matter in the space over which the eye ranges, what we call *form* would be entirely unknown to us. That is, if all the solid objects on the surface of the earth were to come together, the substance we call body would be altogether lost, and this wondrous world would go back again to chaos. And this brings me to the special place from which your information about drawing must proceed.

I begin by telling you that the smallest division of solid matter to be conceived by the human mind is a *point*, ., and that a succession of points joining each other makes a *line*, ..., that a succession of lines placed side by side so as to touch each other, makes a surface, and that surfaces joined to surfaces make body.

Thus we have a book, a house, a car, a mountain.

Now all things visible to us in the beautiful world we live in are bounded by LINES, and when you have learned to make them in imitation of those used by Nature and Art, that is to say, when you can draw very nicely the straight line, the curved line, and the mixed line, which is a combination of the first two, you are a long way on your pleasant journey towards learning how to draw.



Let us see what drawing has done for mankind before we go further.

Ages upon ages ago, long before the alphabet you use was invented, men selected objects from the world of visible things about them to express their thoughts to each other, to describe events, and to convey information.

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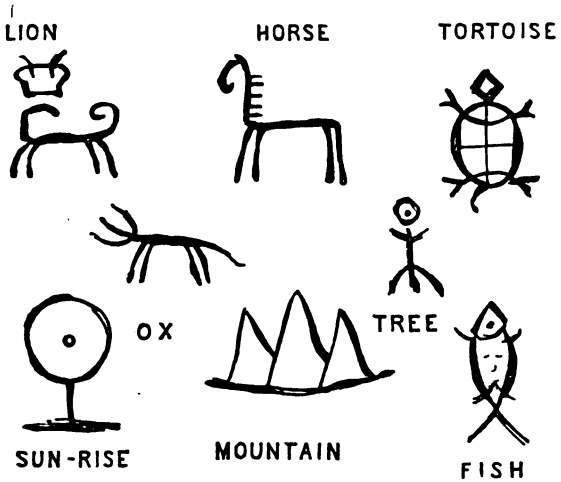
Here is one of the songs of the Egyptian peasants, found in a tomb at Eileithyias, which, translated into English, you can easily read.

> "Thresh for yourselves, O oxen,
> Thresh for yourselves,
> Measures for yourselves,
> Measures for your masters."

All the early nations of the earth, my dear child, accepted Nature's invitation to copy her manifold forms thousands of years before writing was invented. The Chinese in the East, the Mexicans in the West, the Egyptians in the South, and the Scythians in the North, with all the intermediate tribes, made use of pictures constantly in their communications with each other.

Examine these curious characters taken from a Chinese record. They are very old, — in fact, the oldest signs known to have been used by men.



Once more. When Cortez invaded Mexico in the year 1519, daily communications by means of pictures were sent by the natives to Montezuma, their king. All over the country picture language was understood and familiarly used.

Look at this queer story of a trial and an execution, copied from one of the earliest hieroglyphic tables.

In the first scene two men placed before the king are charged with

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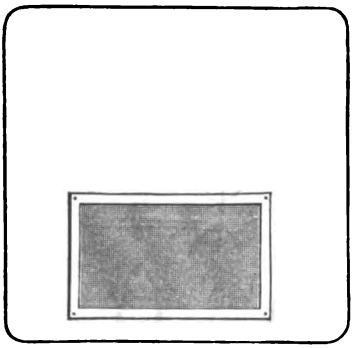
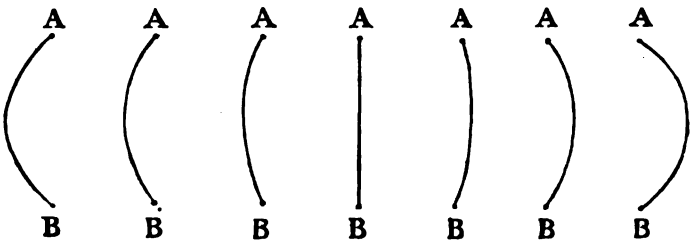
stealing the bag to which the king is pointing. In the second, with averted face, the king dismisses one of the offenders. Then comes a parting interview, and then the execution. In the fourth scene we have the executioner walking away from his dreadful work, which he describes by pointing to his bloody sword. The singular object opposite the mouth of each figure is evidently intended to show that the person is speaking.



And now, if you please, you are to commence your work in drawing, first placing your slate, or paper square, in front of your body, according to this diagram of a slate upon the top of a table. Stay a moment, though, until you learn what a *straight line* is.



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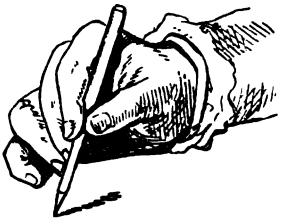
A STRAIGHT LINE is the *shortest* line that can be drawn from one point to another. Do not forget this definition, and take particular notice of the following illustration, A and B marking the points. The middle line (it being the shortest way between two points) is the *straight* line.

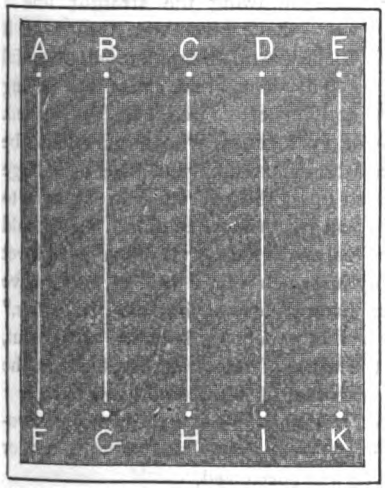
You may place your points, of course, anywhere you please on your slate, as the straight line may be made in any direction.

Begin now, holding your pencil, not as you hold your pen when you write, but in the way shown by the accompanying illustration; and I want you to be very careful never to make a line (at least, while you are studying drawing) without *thinking* about what you are to make. A clear understanding of the line required is absolutely necessary, and *that can only* be obtained through making dots, or points, for each extremity of your line.



Now, then, for the start.

You are to make *five straight lines*, with an equal distance between them, first placing your points A B C D E F G H I K where they belong, just as you see them in your copy, which is a representation of a slate, and you are expressly forbidden to use anything whatever to measure either the distances between the lines, or their lengths, as all measurements must be made by the eye alone. Hold on! I thought you would go wrong, notwithstanding that I am supposed to be closely watching you.



Put your hand now in a position to command the *whole length* of *the line*, and place the point of your pencil on the dot under A, then (keeping your eye on F, just as a good sportsman keeps *his* eye on the bird he intends to kill) draw your line boldly from A to F.

No rubbing out (REMEMBER IT) and no measuring. Wearisome labor, I dare say, but don't get discouraged, though you *do* find that drawing *straight lines* even is hard work.

But what of that? Take courage, and be determined to overcome *all* difficulties, repeating often to yourself this most excellent saying: "IT IS LESS PAINFUL TO LEARN IN YOUTH THAN TO BE IGNORANT IN AGE."

See, I have brought to light again a drawing you made for me when you were a *very*, VERY little girl, and I want you to take a good look at it,

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and preserve it, so that you may be prepared one of these days to tell me how much you have improved. Perhaps (who can tell?) many years from now, if you live, this simple sketch may have a wondrous value in human eyes, as showing the first step taken in Art by a lady of great renown, whose name we must not think of mentioning here.

Only learn, little one, day by day, thoroughly, what you have to do in this earthly life (which is truly a vast workshop for your faculties), and trust in the good God always for the rest.

I have come now nearly to the end of my letter, which will presently close (after I have asked you to practise drawing the straight line I have given you, and to call it A VERTICAL LINE) with the story of Apelles, who painted most beautiful pictures more than two thousand years ago. The great artist was paying a visit to Rhodes, where Protogenes, another celebrated painter, resided. There Apelles sought out the studio of Protogenes, who happened to be from home, but an old woman was in attendance, taking charge of a large panel which was standing ready prepared upon the easel for Protogenes to make a picture on. When the old woman inquired what name she should give her master upon his return, Apelles answered by taking a pencil wet with color, and drawing a line (probably just such a line, little girl, as I have set you to draw) upon the panel of Protogenes, saying simply, "*His.*" When Protogenes returned, and saw the panel, he instantly cried out, "Apelles has been here, for that is the work of no other hand!" and he took a pencil and drew another line beside that of Apelles and went away.

After a little while Apelles returned, and when he saw the work of Protogenes, — the line that Protogenes drew, — he immediately made another line, a finer one than his first, that never was surpassed.

The panel upon which the famous "line of Apelles" was drawn was destroyed at the burning of the imperial palace on the Palatine, in the time of Augustus, one of the Roman Emperors.

There, my dear little pupil, you have work enough to do, drawing STRAIGHT LINES, until you hear from me again; and let me tell you, in conclusion, that the ability to draw such lines is the very best evidence of a draughtsman's power.

I am very affectionately yours,

Charles A. Barry.

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THE WILLIAM HENRY LETTERS.

NEW PACKET.

William Henry to Aunt Phebe.

DEAR AUNT, —

There is going to be a dancing-school, and Dorry's mother wants him to go, and he says he guesses he shall, so he may know what to do when he goes to parties, and his cousin Arthur, that does n't go to this school, says 't is bully when you 've learned how. Please ask my grandmother if I may go if I want to. Dorry wants me to if he does, he says, and Bubby Short says he means to, too, if we two do, if his mother 'll let him. Dorry's mother says we shall get very good manners there, and learn how to walk into a room. I know how now to walk into a room. I told him, walk right in. But he says his mother means to *enter* a room, and there 's more to it than walking right in. He don't mean an empty room, but company and all that. I guess I should be scared to go, the first of it, I guess I should be bashful; but Dorry's cousin says you get over that when you 're used to it. Good many fellers are going, Mr. Augustus and Old Wonder Boy and Mr. O'Shirk. Now I suppose you can't think who that is! Don't you know that one I wrote about that kicked and did n't pay, and that would n't help water the course? The great boys picked out that name for him, Mr. O'Shirk. The O stands for owe, and Shirk stands for itself. I send home a map to my grandmother, I 've just been making, and I tried hard as I could to do it right, and I hope she will excuse mistakes, for I never made one before. 'T is the United States. Old Wonder Boy says he should thought I 'd stretched out "Yankee Land" a little bigger. He calls the New England States "Yankee Land," and he says they make a mighty poor show on the map. But Mr. Augustus told him the brains of the whole country were kept in a little place up top, same as in folks, so W. B. kept still till next time. Dorry said he 'd heard of folks going out of the world into Jersey. If I go to dancing-school, I should like to have a bosom shirt and quite a stylish bow. I think I 'm big enough — don't you? — for bosom shirt. I had perfect this forenoon in all. I 've lost that pair of spotted mittens, and I don't know where, I 'm sure. I know I put them in my pocket. My hands get just as numb now with cold! Seems as if things in my pockets got alive and jumped out. I was clapping 'em and blowing 'em this morning, and that good tip-top wedding-cake teacher told me to come in his house, and his wife found some old gloves of his. I never saw a better lady than she is. When she meets us she smiles and says, "How do you do William Henry?" or Dorry, or whatever boy it is, and when W. B. was sick one day, she took care of him, and she asks us to call and see her, and says she likes boys! Dorry says he 's willing to wipe his feet till he wears a hole in the mat, before he goes in her house. For

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she don't keep eying your boots. Says he has seen women brush up a feller's mud right before his face and eyes. My hair grows darker colored now, and my freckles have most faded out the color of my face. I 'm glad of it.

From your affectionate nephew,

WM. HENRY.

Aunt Phebe to William Henry.

MY DEAR BILLY, — .

We are very much pleased indeed with your map. Dear me, how the United States have altered since they were young, same as the rest of us. That western part used to be all territory. You could n't have done anything to please your grandmother better. She 's hung it up in the front room, between Napoleon and the Mourning Piece, and thinks everything of it. Everybody that comes in, she says, "Should you like to see the map my little grandson made, — my little Billy?" You 'll always be her little Billy. She don't seem to think you are growing up so fast. Then she throws a shawl over her head and trots across the entry and opens the shutters, and then she 'll say, "Pretty good for a little boy." And tells which is Maine and which is New York, and points out the little arrow, and the printed capital letters. Folks admire fast as they can, for that room is cold as a barn winters. The last one she took in was the minister. Your grandmother sets a sight o' store by you. She 's proud of you, Billy, and you must always act so as to give her reason to be, and never bring her pride to shame. We are willing you should go.

At first she was rather against it, though she says she always meant you should learn to take the steps when you got old enough, but she was afraid it might tend to making you light-headed, and to unsteady your mind. This was the other night when we were talking it over in your kitchen, sitting round the fire. Somehow we get in there about every evening. Does seem so good to see the blaze. Your father said if a boy had common sense, he 'd keep his balance anywhere, and if dancing-school could spoil a fellow, he was n't worth spoiling, worth keeping, I mean. I said I thought it might tend to keep you from toeing in and being clumsy in your motions. Your Uncle J. said he did n't think 't was worth while worrying about our Billy getting spoiled going to dancing-school, or anybody's Billy, without 't was some dandified coot. "Make the head right and the heart right," says he, "and let the feet go, if they want to." So you see, Billy, we expect your head 's right and your heart 's right. Are they?

The girls and I have turned to, and cut and made you a couple of bosom shirts, and three bows, for of course you will have to dress rather different and think a little more about your looks. But not too much, Billy! Not too much! And don't for gracious' sake ever get the notion that you 're good looking! Don't stick a breastpin in that shirt bosom and go about with a strut! I don't know what I had n't as soon see, as see a vain young man. I do believe if I were to look out, and you should be coming up my

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front-yard gravel path with a strut, or any sort of dandified airs, I should shut the door in your face. Much as I set by you, I really believe I should. Lor, what are good looks? What are you laying out to make of yourself? That's the question. Freckles are not so bad as vanity. Anybody 'd think I was a minister's wife the way I talk. But, Billy, you have n't got any mother, and I do think so much of you! 'T would break my heart to see you grow up into one of those spick-and-span fellows, that are all made up of a bow and a scrape and a genteel smile! Though I don't think there 's much danger, for common sense runs in the family. No need to go with muddy boots though, or linty, or have your bow upside down. You 've always been more inclined that way. Fact is I want you should be just right. I have n't a minute's more time to write. Your Uncle J. has promised to finish this.

Dear Cousin Billy. This is Lucy Maria writing. The blacksmith sent word he was waiting to sharpen the colt, and father had to go. He 's glad of it, because he never likes to write letters. I 'm glad you are going to dancing-school. Learn all the new steps you can so as to show us how they 're done. Hannah Jane's beau has just been here. He lives six miles off, close by where we went once to a clam-bake, when Dorry was here. Georgiana's great doll Seraphine, is engaged to a young officer across the road. He was in the war and draws a pension of a cent a week. The engagement is n't out yet, but the family have known it several days, and he has been invited to tea. He wore his best uniform. Seraphine is invited over there, and Georgie is making her a spangled dress to wear. The wedding is to come off next month. I do wish I could think of more news. Father is the best hand to write news, if you can only get him at it. Once when I was away, he wrote me a letter and told me what they had for dinner, and what everybody was doing, and how many kittens the cat had, and how much the calf weighed, and what Tommy said, and seemed 'most as if I 'd been home and seen them. Be sure and write how you get along at dancing-school, and what the girls wear.

Your affectionate cousin,

LUCY MARIA.

William Henry to Aunt Phebe.

MY DEAR AUNT, —

Thank you for the bosom shirts and the ones that helped make them. They 've come. I like them very much, and the bows too. They 're made right. I lent Bubby Short one bow. His box had n't come. He kept running to the expressman's about every minute. We began to go last night. If we miss any questions to-day, we shall have to stay away next night. That 's going to be the rule. O, you ought to 've seen Dorry and me at it with the soap and towels getting ready! We scrubbed our faces real bright and shining, and he said he felt like a walking Jack-o'-Lantern. I bought some slippers, and had to put some cotton-wool in both the toes of 'em to jam my heels out where they belonged to. I don't like to wear

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slippers. My bosom shirt sets bully, and I bought a linen-finish paper collar. I have n't got any breastpin. I don't think I 'm good looking. Dorry does n't either. I know he don't. That 's girls' business. We had to buy some gloves, because his cousin said the girls wore white ones, and nice things, and 't would n't do if we did n't. Yellowish brownish ones we got, so as to keep clean longer. But trying on they split in good many places, our fingers were so damp, washing 'em so long. Lame Betsey is going to sew the holes up. When we got there we did n't dare to go in first of it, but stood peeking in the door, and by and by, Old Wonder Boy gave me a shove and made me tumble in. I jumped up quick, but there was a great long row of girls, and they all went "Tee, hee, hee! Tee, hee, hee!" Then Mr. Tornero stamped and put us in the gentlemen's row. Then both rows had to stand up and take positions, and put one heel in the hollow of t' other foot, and then t' other heel in that one's hollow, and make bows and twist different ways. And right in front was a whole row of girls, all looking. But they made mistakes theirselves sometimes.

First thing we learned the Graces, and that is to bend way over sideways with one hand up in the air, and the other 'most way down to the floor, then shift about on t' other tack, then come down on one knee with one hand way behind, and the other one reached out ahead, as if 't was picking up something a good ways off. We have to do these Graces to make us limber, so to dance easier. I tell you 't is mighty tittlish, keeping on one knee and the other toe and reaching both ways, and looking up in the air! I did something funny; I 'll tell you, but don't tell grandmother. Of course 't was bad; I knew 't was, made 'em all laugh, but I did n't think of their all pitching over. You see I was at one end of the row and W. B. was next, and we were fixed all as I said, kneeling down in that tittlish way, reaching out both ways, before and behind and looking up, and I remembered how he shoved me into the room, and just gave him a little bit of a shove, and he pitched on to the next one, and he on to the next, and that one on to the next, and so that whole row went down, just like a row of bricks! Course everybody laughed, and Mr. Tornero did too, but he soon stamped us still again. And then just as they all got still again, I kept seeing how they all went down, and I shut up my mouth, but all of a sudden that laugh shut up inside made a funny sort of squelching sound, and he looked at me cross and stamped his foot again. Now I suppose he 'll think I 'm a bad one, just for that tumbling in and shoving that row down and then laughing when I was trying to keep in! He wants we should practise the Graces between times, to limber us up. Dorry and I do them up in our room. Guess you 'd laugh! The boys that go keep practising in the entries and everywhere, and the other ones do it to make fun of us, so you keep seeing twisted boys everywhere. Bubby Short was kneeling down out doors across the yard on one knee, and I thought he was taking aim at something, but he said he was doing the Graces. I must study now.

Your affectionate nephew,

WM. HENRY.

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P. S. Dorry 's just come in. He and Bubby Short and I bought "Seraphine" some wedding presents, and he 's done 'em up in cotton-wool, and they 'll come to her in a pink envelope. Dorry sent that red-stoned ring, and I sent the blue-stoned. We thought they 'd do for a doll's bracelets. Bubby Short sends the artificial rosebud. We bought the presents at the Two Betseys' shop. They said they 'd do for bracelets. Dorry says, "Don't mention the price, for 't is n't likely everybody can make such dear presents, and might hurt their feelings." We tried to make some poetry, but could n't think of but two lines: —

When you 're a gallant soldier's wife,
May you be happy all your life.

Dorry says that 's enough, for she could n't be any more than happy all her life. "Can too!" W. B. said, "can be good!"

"O poh!" Bubby Short said. "She can't be happy without she 's good, can she?" But I want to study my lesson now.

W. H.

Those bosom shirts are the best things I ever had.

W. H.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

FRANKIE.

OUR little, laughing, rollicking boy
Is full of the mischief all day long;
Now he 's breaking his last new toy,
And now he sings a cradle-song.

He pulls from his foot the dainty shoe,
And, fixing upon it a tiny sail,
With pouting lips and breath of dew
He floats it across the water-pail.

At night he comes with weary feet
To lisp his prayer and go to bed,
And soon is lost in a sleep so sweet,
He seems a cherub by cherubs led.

Darling Frankie, our household joy,
How will it be in the world's great strife?
Angels guard thee, my precious boy,
And point thee safe to a higher life!

C. F. Gerry.

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OUR YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

PRIZE ESSAYS.

No. I. — BOYS.

In choosing Boys to write upon, I feel that I have an unpopular subject; but as I am a boy myself, it is one that I have some interest in. In the first place, I do not think boys ever have justice done them; they are never so pretty as girls, consequently they are not wanted in the parlor; they are not considered as bright at school, and I will admit the girls are generally ahead in spelling, writing, grammar, and composition, especially in writing stories and articles for Our Young Folks, but in arithmetic, both mental and written, and history, especially of wars and conquest, the boys are far ahead. Boys from thirteen to seventeen are much more bashful and diffident than girls of the same age; the girls begin to wear long dresses and waterfalls, and they can generally tell all they know without any hesitation, and then they think and speak so much quicker than boys, that boys knowing just as much, and often more, make a poor show beside them.

Girls can thump on a piano all day without annoyance to any one; but let a boy drum a little on the table, and he is requested to go out doors; if he wants people to hear how well he can whistle "Captain Jenks," he is told it is not gentlemanly to whistle in the house; and if he attempts to dance a double-shuffle on the carpet, he is advised to adjourn to the barn, — as if he cared to do any of these things without an audience! If he is a noisy natural boy, he does not seem to be wanted anywhere; if he is a quiet nice little boy, and likes to sit by the fire and read and draw, and hear his grandma tell stories, and perhaps help a little about the cooking, every time he goes out the other boys will sing out, "Girl-boy! Girl-boy!" and pin rags on his coat.

When we are babies in dresses, with our hair in long curls, we are as pretty as the girls, petted and praised, and have our pictures taken every few weeks. I am often shown one of myself taken when I was two years old, always with the remark, "Could any one believe you ever looked as well as that?"

As soon as we are shaken into a pair of pants, have our hair cut off, and get our first boots, then the trials of boyhood begin, and we are of more *real* importance in our *own* eyes than ever again.

The first day at school for a little boy that has reigned king at home is an event never to be forgotten in after life.

I remember very well being dressed in my best, with a cap that had a tassel on it, and thinking how nice I looked, and expecting to make a favorable impression by my grandeur. When I came near the school-house, after walking a mile, a number of the boys came out to meet me, and the first thing I knew my pretty cap was snatched off and thrown over the fence into a ploughed field. I climbed the fence with great diffi-

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culty, picked it up and put it on, but no sooner had I gained the road than over it went again. When I got it the second time I was considerably discouraged, but I did not dare to cry, as they would have called me a baby; but there was a very large lump in my throat, and then to make up for their bad conduct they told me I 'd be a man before my mother.

When the teacher came she was very kind to me and I felt some better, but still I found myself of small consequence. I went home at night rather tired, and was asked if I had been a "little man"; I said, "I dunno."

The next thing that I remember that gave me great delight was my first suspenders. I took off my coat and sat on the gate-post, where passers-by could see me, and when any one came along I whistled away and looked as unconscious as possible; but no one noticed me at all, and I soon retired in disgust.

School is the place, after all, for boys to find out what they are worth; if they are bright and can contribute anything to the general sport or fun, they are always sought after; no matter what dress and position may do for them when they get older, as boys and with boys they stand on their real merits; if they fail of gaining proper respect and attention, the fault is in themselves. The brightest scholars are often from the families of the poor and uneducated, but they are always looked up to by those that cannot learn easily.

Another great disadvantage the boys of these days have to contend with is the tendency to drive ahead. They don't have time to be boys. I have often thought it would have been fun to have lived before the flood; then a boy stayed a boy a hundred years or so, and twenty years on the multiplication-table would not have been considered a waste of time.

Well, I suppose there is no help for it, and I shall soon swing a cane and part my hair in the middle.

Alfred D. Churchill, age 15.

DAVENPORT, Scott Co., Iowa.

No. II. — THE TEA-KETTLE'S PARTY.

THE Tea-kettle danced and sang, and sang and danced, until Mary, the cook, thought it would dance itself off the range, but she did n't know that it felt awfully jolly, and was telling its neighbor, the Saucepan (who was boiling potatoes for the dinner), that it intended to give a party. "Why should n't we have a party?" sang the Kettle. "We 've worked hard enough, goodness knows, for some weeks past. What with Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's Day we 're nearly worn out. Let 's rest a day or two, and then have a party ourselves."

The Saucepan rattled its lid in hearty applause, and held out its hand-le in token of ready acquiescence.

The Poker and Shovel, who had been listening, cried, "That 's an excellent idea!" and so the matter was settled.

That evening, after the servants had gone to bed, the Tongs, who was the best walker, on account of the length of his legs, went round with the invitations. Of course none of the China family were invited, because they lived in the dining-room, and very rarely associated with the inhabitants of the kitchen. The Tins glowed with delight when they heard of the party, and the young Pans and small Pipkins raised such a clatter that the Rolling-pin gave them several round raps to silence them.

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At last the long-looked-for evening arrived. All the family had retired, and the kitchen was put in perfect order. The Broom had swept the floor until not a grain of dust could be found on it, and the Tins had polished themselves until they shone again. The Kettle was so excited that, although it was a winter evening, she was in a state of profuse perspiration, and the Saucepan had her round hat placed on one side of her head in the most knowing manner.

The first arrivals were the Tins. They lived up town, and were obliged to slide down the walls, but this did not dim their lustre in the least.

"You all look as though you were brand-new out of the store," said the good-natured Kettle to them. Then came the guests who resided in the closets. First the Frying-pan and the Griddle stepped out, their broad faces shining with good-humor and looking as though they fed on the fat of the land.

Next came the Coffee-pot with the Quart-measure leaning gracefully on his arm, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Pint. Then came the Gridiron and the Dish-pan, — the latter wearing an elegant waterfall made out of the dish-cloth. The next couple were the Hash-chopper (O, such a sharp fellow!) and the Fluting-iron, who wore her hair in the fashionable style, waving down her back; and they were followed by the two large wooden Spoons. Some Earthen Dishes and a number of Pipkins arrived soon after, and the party commenced.

The Kettle proposed a waltz, and although on several occasions the Dinner-pot had called her *black*, she kindly forgave him, and taking his arm prepared to lead off the dance. An old Guitar in the corner struck up a merry tune, and a small Waiter behind the stove played upon the tambourine.

The Poker grasped the Shovel round the waist and hopped into the middle of the room, the Broom slid off with the Window-brush, the Coffee-pot danced with the Quart-measure, and the Griddle pulled the Dish-pan about so rudely that her waterfall fell off, and was found by the cook on the hearth in the morning. The Tins jingled and tinkled, and even the Nutmeg-grater, a rough old fellow, could not resist the music, but seized the Apple-corer and danced away as merrily as the rest.

After the waltz they had a polka, then a quadrille, then the Tongs danced the sailor's hornpipe in a manner wonderful to behold. When he ceased every one applauded, even the Covers on the range rattled as loudly as possible to show how pleased they were.

After the hornpipe the Kettle made a steaming bowl of punch, and the Broom proposed the health of the hostess. The hostess said she was strictly temperate, never drank anything but water, but never refused to assist in making punch for those who liked it. In water, therefore, she returned the toast, and hoped they all might meet again soon and spend another pleasant evening; she loved and esteemed her friends, and would like to see them often.

"I 'm most 'steemed," whispered the Iron-stand, "for I hang from the mantle right over the range."

"Joke!" cried one of the little Pipkins, and laughed till he cracked his sides.

The company then dispersed; and the girls coming in next morning never dreamed that the Tea-kettle had been having a party.

Pearl Eytinge, age 15.

NEW YORK.

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No. III. — OXYGEN.

OXYGEN is a great king. He wields his sceptre over land and sea with undivided sway. He first made himself known to the world in the year 1774, at which time he was observed by Mr. Priestley while exploring his realm.

He is called by the Germans *Sauerstoffluft*, or sour gas; and not without reason; for, with Electricity, a king as powerful as himself, and Nitrogen as witnesses, he has been known to sour milk by his mere presence.

His nature is so transparent that he has never been seen by man. But although colorless himself, he is very fond of colors, and when with Chlorine and Hydrogen he has been known to consume vast amounts.

He is fond of change, and of roaming about. He is constantly building up and tearing to pieces again everything that exists throughout his wide domain.

He is very destructive in his nature, and if he can get Heat to help him, he will burn up everything he can lay hands on, excepting Fluorine, who constantly defies him, and whom he has never been able to conquer. He is an inveterate thief, seizing upon fruit or anything left in his way. We say that it is decaying, but it is only being made way with by this prince of thieves and rascals.

Yet he does much for us. We open the damper of the stove, and in he rushes, attacking the fuel and carrying it away with him, up the chimney, and out into the open air, producing what we call fire, and protecting us against the cold of winter, cooking our food, preparing iron and other metals, propelling locomotives, and serving us at every turn.

Our writing-fluid, sometimes so pale when first used, he colors black.

He is always on the lookout, and the moment that anything dies he begins his work, taking away that which is no longer of use.

Our blood, which makes the tour of our bodies once in every three minutes, is filled with little iron bags, in which he is carried through the system, wherever he is needed.

If we supply our bodies with plenty of food, he consumes that; but if we do not, as he must have something to live upon, he tears away at our flesh, — first the fat, then the muscle, and then the brain, — until we become crazy, and at last waste away and die.

When we wish to move a muscle it must expand or contract, and for this purpose Oxygen must be present. This is evident from the fact that when we do any violent work we soon begin to breathe very fast.

A person weighing one hundred and sixty pounds has sixty-four pounds of muscle. With the help of Oxygen he could dissipate this in about eighty days of ordinary labor; but at night we use our muscles much less than in the daytime, and so the blood circulating through our veins has time to build us up again.

The heart is beating all the time, and so it is burnt out by Oxygen once a month; thus we have, literally, a new heart every month. At evening, on account of the exercise taken during the day, a person is shorter than in the morning. A French physiologist says that his son lost two inches in height by a single night's dancing. This was due to Oxygen, who burns up a part of the muscles every time they move.

Volumes might be written, and still the record of his deeds would not be ended. Every day and every hour we feel his presence and see his work. As long as we live he must live to support us, and when he leaves us we leave this world.

William C. White, age 16.

RACINE, Wisconsin.

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HONORABLE.—AN ACTING CHARADE.

CHARACTERS.

MISS MINNIE LAWTON, *a schoolmistress.*
MR. GREY, *a rich old gentleman.*
MRS. WATSON, *a poor widow.*
JENNIE WATSON, HARRY WATSON, } *her children, scholars of Miss Minnie.*
WALTER BROWN, TOM GORDON, } *cousins, scholars of Miss Minnie.*
Other scholars, boys and girls.

SCENE I. HONOR.

Scene, a schoolroom. Centre of background, facing audience, MISS MINNIE *seated.* JENNIE *and* HARRY WATSON, WALTER BROWN, *and a number of other scholars seated on benches. Curtain rises, discovering all studying.*

Miss Minnie. Attention! [*All put down their books and look at her.*

Miss Minnie. You will all remember that two weeks ago I had occasion to reprove some of my scholars for having been detected in robbing Mr. Gibson's orchard. I told you then that if there was another complaint made to me of the same character I would expel the *thieves* from the school. This morning Mr. Grey came to me to complain that his orchard was robbed last night, and not only did he lose a great deal of fruit, but several very valuable young trees were badly injured.

Walter (*aside*). I wish I was at home!

Miss Minnie. I am glad to say that I have a clew to the culprit.

Walter (*aside*). What can she mean?

Miss Minnie. Mr. Grey's gardener made a visit to the orchard at twelve o'clock last night. As you all know, it was bright moonlight. At daybreak he went there again, and under one of the stripped trees he found a glove, which he is quite certain was not there at midnight. Somebody must have dropped it there, and that somebody is probably the boy who robbed the orchard.

Walter (*aside*). A glove! I wonder if Tom carried his gloves!

Miss Minnie (*holding up a glove*). Do you recognize this glove? Can any one tell me who owns it?

Harry (*standing up*). It is mine!

Miss Minnie (*looking astonished*). Yours? I am amazed. You, Harry Watson, that I thought the soul of honor, robbing an orchard in the dead of night!

Harry. I never stole a bit of fruit in my life, Miss Lawton.

Miss Minnie. But you say this is your glove?

Harry. Yes, ma'am, that is my glove, and I dropped it in the orchard, but I was not stealing fruit.

Miss Minnie. What were you doing, then, in Mr. Grey's orchard after midnight?

Harry. I was on my way to the doctor's, and Mr. Grey lets me go through his orchard, as it saves nearly half a mile walking to the village. Mother was sick in the night, and I had to go.

Miss Minnie. Then if you were there at that time you probably saw who they were?

[HARRY *does not answer.*

Walter (*aside*). I 'm in a perfect tremble. Will he tell?

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Miss Minnie. I repeat, Harry, you probably saw some one in the orchard. Who was there?

Harry. I cannot say.

Miss Minnie. Did you see any one?

Harry. Yes, ma'am.

Miss Minnie. You must have recognized any one you saw in that clear moonlight. Who was there?

Harry. I cannot tell you.

Miss Minnie. You *cannot*, or you *will* not?

Harry. Please, Miss Lawton, don't ask me.

Miss Minnie (*sternly*). Answer my question, Harry Watson. Who were the thieves in Mr. Grey's orchard last night?

Harry. Miss Lawton, I cannot tell you, — indeed, I cannot.

Miss Minnie. Do you mean that you do not know?

Harry. I know, but I cannot tell.

Miss Minnie. What prevents you?

Harry (*proudly*). My honor.

Miss Minnie. This is mere obstinacy! If you do not at once tell me, Harry, I shall certainly expel you from the school, as you are the only scholar proved to have been in the orchard after midnight.

Walter (*aside*). He will tell now!

Miss Minnie. You are at the head of your classes, Harry, and examination is only a few weeks off, when you are almost certain to take a high prize if you study as diligently as you have done ever since you came into the school. I should be sorry to expel you, but I must keep my word, if you do not tell me who are the real culprits.

Harry (*sadly*). I cannot tell you, Miss Lawton.

Miss Minnie (*looking round the room*). The thieves are here, I know. Who will confess the fault, and save Harry Watson from being expelled for trying to screen them?

[*A silence of a moment or two.*

Miss Minnie (*slowly*). Take your books, Harry Watson, and go home.

Jennie (*sobbing*). O Harry! Harry! why don't you tell?

Harry (*taking his books, and going toward the door*). Good morning, Miss (*sobs*) Lawton.

[*Exit* HARRY.

Miss Minnie. Resume your studies! I honor Harry now more than the coward who is keeping his place in school, and letting a good boy bear his punishment. [*Curtain falls.*

SCENE II. ABLE.

Scene, a handsomely furnished parlor. TOM GORDON *lying upon a sofa, reading. One boot is off, and his foot extended upon a pillow.*

Tom (*throwing down his book*). I can't read or study with this horrid shooting pain in my ankle. I wonder how long I 've got to lie here! I never made such a stupid blunder in my life as forgetting that hole in the plank walk. It was all the fault of that great pillow-case full of pears, as heavy as lead! I wonder how old Grey looked this morning when he found his great yellow pears gone! There ain't much fun in having them, after all, for we dare not give any away, and more than half of them must rot before Walter and I can eat them. Then here I am tied down to this sofa with a sprained foot, and examination only three weeks off.

(*Enter* WALTER *with an armful of books.*)

Walter. How 's your foot, Tom?

Tom. Did you ask Miss Lawton about that geometry, Walter?

Walter. I entirely forgot it! The fact is, Tom, we were so nearly found out this morning that I forgot everything else.

Tom. Nearly found out! How?

Walter. You know Harry Watson went through the orchard when you were in the great pear-tree.

Tom. But he promised he would not tell.

Walter. He dropped his glove there, and the gardener found it, and Mr. Grey sent it to Miss Lawton.

Tom. O Walter!

Walter. So when she held it up to find the owner Harry claimed it.

Tom. Go on!

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Walter. He had to own he was in the orchard, and saw somebody there. Miss Lawton told him she would expel him if he did not tell her who it was.

Tom. Well?

Walter. He would not tell.

Tom. She did not expel him?

Walter. Yes, she did, and we are safe.

Tom (*indignantly*). Safe! You miserable coward!

Walter (*angrily*). What do you mean, Tom Gordon?

Tom. I mean just what I say. You sat there and let the best boy in school be expelled for your fault.

Walter. *My* fault. It was just as much yours as mine.

Tom. I don't deny *that*, but I am not going to let Harry Watson shoulder my share of the blame, I promise you. I 'll go this very minute to Mr. Grey. (*Attempts to rise, and falls back, groaning.*) O, my foot! my foot!

Walter. You had better lie still, Tom. It is only for three weeks anyhow.

Tom. How do you know that? Perhaps Miss Lawton won't take him back next term, and you know his mother is not able to send him to a private school. If we are expelled Uncle James *is* able to send us; but poor Harry misses his only chance of education if he is forced to leave the public school.

Walter. But father will be so angry.

Tom. I know that; we had no business to do it.

Walter. Well, we can't do anything to-day. I *won't*, and you are not able. [*Exit* WALTER.

Tom. Poor Harry! I *can't* lie here and let him be expelled for trying to screen us. What shall I do? I know! I 'll write to Mr. Grey. Where is my pencil? Here, in my copybook, and I can tear a leaf out of that to write on, for Walter won't get me pen, ink, or paper, I know. Jerry can take it. (*Writes.*) There! Jerry! Jerry!

Voice behind scenes. Well, Mister Tom.

Tom. Come here. I want you to do an errand for me.

Voice. In a minute, Mister Tom.

Tom. Hurrah! Who says Tom Gordon is not able to defend his honor! [*Curtain falls.*

SCENE III. HONORABLE.

Scene, a small, meanly furnished room. MRS. WATSON *seated by a small table, sewing.* JENNIE *beside her, ciphering on a slate.* HARRY *seated, studying.*

Jennie. I 've got it right, Harry (*dolefully*); but I don't care about it now. If you are not at the examination, I do not care to be there.

Harry. But you should care, little sister. I shall study just the same, and if I cannot be at school, I can try to learn as much at home. Mother will hear my lessons.

Jennie. But, Harry, why don't you tell?

Harry. Because I promised I would not, and no honorable boy breaks his word.

Mrs. Watson. Don't worry Harry any more, Jennie. That is ten times at least you have asked the same question since you came home from school.

Jennie. But, mother, the scholars all think it was Walter Brown and Tom Gordon.

Harry. What makes them say that?

Jennie. Because Tom is at home with a sprained foot, and they say Walter hid away in recess to eat his luncheon, and some of the boys caught him eating great yellow pears, like those on Mr. Grey's trees; and you know, mother, nobody else has that kind of pears in the place.

Harry. Don't you speculate about it, Jennie. Mr. Brown is one of the richest men in the village, and Walter can buy pears if he wants them. (*A knock.*)

Jennie (*opening the door*). Mr. Grey!

(*Enter* MR. GREY.)

Mrs. Watson (*offering chair*). Good afternoon, Mr. Grey. Pray take a chair.

Mr. Grey (*sitting down*). Thank you! Where are you, Harry?

Harry. Here, sir. (*Goes to Mr. Grey.*)

Mr. Grey. Dear me! dear me! So they 've expelled you from school for robbing my orchard. Why did n't you come and tell me about it?

Harry. I did n't want to trouble you, sir.

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Mr. Grey. A good joke, too, for you to rob my orchard at midnight, when you are at perfect liberty to help yourself there, whenever you choose, in broad daylight!

Mrs. Watson. I don't think Miss Lawton thought Harry stole the fruit, sir, but she thought he ought to tell who did take it.

Mr. Grey. To be sure! Harry, you young scapegrace, who stole all my big yellow pears?

Harry. I did not, sir.

Mr. Grey. No. I 'll tell you who did, though, — Tom Gordon.

Harry. Who says so?

Mr. Grey. *He* says so. He 's got a sprained foot for his night's work, and cannot go out, but he wrote me a penitent little note, and told me of your trouble, begging I would come and put you all right, and punish him as I thought best.

Harry. Then he owned he was in the orchard with Walter?

Mr. Grey. Walter! He don't say a word about Walter. So *he* was the culprit, after all. The young scamp!

Harry. O Mr. Grey, I did not mean —

Mr. Grey. So, so. You and Tom, two honorable, noble boys — if Tom did rob my orchard — are to suffer for a sneak who is willing to skulk off while you are being punished. I 'll see about that. Tom has got his punishment, for I don't think he will be able to walk for a week. As for you, come to my house in the morning, and I will go with you to Miss Lawton, and see if you cannot resume your old honorable position in school.

Mrs. Watson. O, thank you, Mr. Grey.

Mr. Grey. Pshaw! thank *me*, indeed. Thank Tom Gordon. Good by! Good by.

[*Exit* Mr. Grey.

Jennie. And Harry will be at examination, after all! [*Curtain falls.*

S. Annie Frost.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 53.

PUZZLES.

No. 54.

BURIED CITIES.

The puzzle is to find the name of some city in the sentence given.

1. I sent Sara to gather strawberries.

2. Remember Lincoln, our martyred President.

3. I asked, "Where are my jewels?" and Echo answered, "In burglar's pockets."

4. They were thrown into a panic or kind of sudden fright.

5. What good mittens to wear in ice and snow!

6. I was asked, "Where does her money go?" and answered, "She gives part away to the poor."

S. M. M.

No. 55.

This will claim a constant thought,
Or you will never tell
Where here there are two cities hid,
And hidden very well.

F. Y. P.

No. 56.

Arrange nine letters so that they will make nine words of three letters each.

Jay Zell.

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ENIGMAS.

No. 57.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 5, 3, 4, 7 is a means of physical support.

My 6, 10, 2, 1 is a source of annoyance to housekeepers.

My 10, 8, 9, 3 is a girl's name.

My 2, 7, 4, 9 is a season of religious observance.

My *whole* is an oracle consulted by people and forbidden by priests.

Sallie R. G.

No. 58.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 36 letters.

My 1, 15, 23, 27, 32 was a heathen goddess.

My 2, 28, 24, 7, 25, 35, 9 was a city of Judah.

My 3, 26, 22, 34, 12, 4 was a queen of Persia.

My 6, 4, 34, 30, 17 was a king of the Amorites.

My 8, 34, 13, 19, 32 was a river of Assyria.

My 10, 5, 21, 20, 15 was a city of Bashan.

My 11, 8, 4, 18, 33, 34 was a town of Palestine.

My 14, 13, 5, 9, 18, 21 was an ancient city.

My 26, 29, 23, 7, 16, 36 was a village of Canaan.

My 31, 2, 30, 9, 15 was a Jewish woman.

My *whole* is a beautiful passage in the Bible.

Isola.

No. 59.

MATHEMATICAL ENIGMA.

I consist of 10 letters.

My *first* is one third part of 20 cwt.

My *second* is one eighth of four feet.

My *third* is one fifth of 16 oz.

My *fourth* is one ninth of a Troy pound.

My *fifth* is one seventh of 40 rods.

My *sixth* is one sixth of 100 cts.

My *seventh* is an ell.

My *eighth* is one tenth of a cotton-bale.

My *ninth* is one eighth of a farthing.

My *tenth* is one eighth of 12 d.

The successful solver of this problem will get ten dollars for his trouble.

Ent. R. Tainer.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 60.

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CHARADES.

No. 61.

When thinking of my *first* I find
This picture rises to my mind :
A gray old man, with cruel eyes,
Is waiting eager for his prize.
Beside him lies the sharpened knife,
Ready to take his victim's life.
Before him see a young man wait
To hear the judge pronounce his fate :
All hoped-for aid has failed, and there
Is nothing left him but despair.
Then, like a star upon the night,
Rises a woman fair and young,
With wit and wisdom on her tongue.
Dismay and shame that gray head cover
As, pleading mercy, justice, right,
She puts his wicked schemes to flight,
And saves the fortunes of her lover.
Study each figure well in turn ;
In one of them my *first* discern.

My *second* is a sin too common,
We find alike in man and woman.
But if a punishment it bore,
As once it did in days of yore,
When two who yielded to its snares
Were carried lifeless from the door,
I think the lesson soon would teach
Simplicity of thought and speech.

My *whole* is thought scarce worth a pin,
Except my *fourth* to usher in,
Which enters with a merry din
And shouts of happy boys.
Its bells ring loud at morning light,
Its rockets stream across the night,
And young folks hail with wild delight
This carnival of noise.

My *whole* I need not now explain, —
Already is its meaning plain.
Her breath is always warm and sweet,
And strawberries ripen at her feet,
And flowers blossom all the while,
Beneath the sunshine of her smile.

But now my conscience cannot rest
Until one fault I have confessed :
Though of my *fourth* I 've sung the fame,
Yet — your indulgence, friends, I claim—
Two syllables are all my name.

R. S. P.

No. 62.

To heedless ears the hoary Trojan speaks,
"E'en though they offer gifts, I fear the Greeks."
With fatal madness cursed,
With ropes and creaking pulleys slowly through
Their prostrate wall the ponderous gift they drew.
Alas ! it was my *first.*

Ah, hapless Paris ! surely thou hadst spurned
The beauteous prize that thy decision earned,
Hadst thou but reckoned
How dearly for thy sweet but transient joy
Thy sire and fated race and blazing Troy
Must pay my *second.*

With loosened cables and extended sail,
The Grecian fleet awaits the favoring gale ;
The foaming billows roll
And dash upon the altar by the shore,
Where sturdy priests the gathered fagots bore,
And offered up my *whole.*

Hitty Maginn.

No. 63.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

A signal for darkness, a pleasant fruit,
A feminine name, a pattern, a shoot,
A being by Greeks of fancy bred, —
The *initials* of these give a play-ground free ;
Of their *finals*, possessor each wishes to be ;
A something we live in they both show when wed.

Jay Zell.

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WILD-FLOWER RIDDLE.—No. 64.

(The four initials form the answer.)

When the sweet mayflower has drooped and gone,
And wind-flower and violet are left alone,
Then my *first* in shady dells is seen, —
With purple flush, — the proud, shy Queen!

When the primrose fair and the wild rose blow,
And water-lily with breast of snow;
In the ferny shadows that shelter them,
My *second* you 'll find, — an amethyst gem.

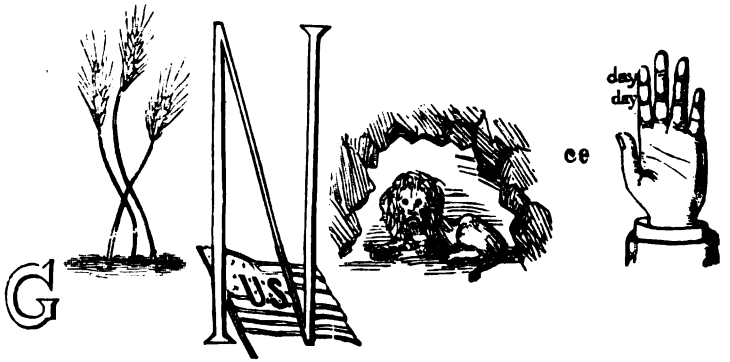
My *third* is a monarch's signet ring,
Under green boughs its white bells swing.
My *fourth* is a flowering wayside tree,
In the "Vicar of Wakefield" you read of me.

My *whole* is the fairest in June's fair bowers,
The nightingale's love and the queen of flowers.
The pride of Persia, — of Sharon's plains, —
Yet loves to haunt our New England lanes.

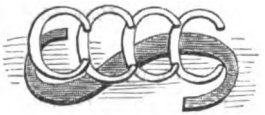
J. H. G.

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

No. 65.



No. 66.—Good for a twelvemonth.



No. 67.—More than a span.

ANSWERS.

40. Mediterranean Sea.
41. The Cricket on the Hearth.
42. It never rains but it pours.
43 Merchant of Venice.
44. Everything by turns and nothing long.
45. Where there 's a will there 's a way (weigh).
46. Lighthouse.
47. 1. Milton. 2. Goldsmith. 3 Campbell. 4. Herrick. 5. Cowper (person). 6. Wordsworth. 7. Young. 8. Beattie. 9. Hemans. 10. Otway (otter). 11. Coleridge. 12. Shelley (eye). 13. Dryden. 14. Thomson. 15. Denham. 16. Waller (walnut, caller). 17. Cowley (Leyden). 18. Bloomfield. 19. Crabbe. 20. Burns (burn, plural *s*).
48. *Foundation Words:* Storm, Ocean.
Cross Words: SolO, TuniC, OgrE, RosA, MorN.
49. Be upright and honest, industrious and wise,
Abounding in virtue, abandon all vice.
[(Bee *upright*) (& *on* est) (*in* duster)(ious) (& y's) (A *bound in* G *in* virtue) (ab & *on* awl) (vise)].
50. D-in. D-aunt. D-ash. D-art. S-mart. R-an.
51. Homer.
52. The least hare (hair) makes a shadow.

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When it first occurred to us to offer prizes for compositions, we had very little hope of drawing out from our young friends much that would be really worth printing. Compositions are so very apt to be dry, you know! — and, besides, as a general rule, it takes practised pens to write entertainingly for old or young. Then why offer the prizes? Not because we were in want of contributions, very surely! for is not our drawer always brimming full of good things, the publication of which we are obliged often (much to our sorrow) to postpone month after month, solely because we cannot find room for all that our kind friends send us? But this is the way of it. You all know how hard it sometimes is for boys and girls to do any required task in which they take no interest. That is a very tiresome seam which little Jane sews unwillingly, — and what a long, long row of corn it is which Thomas hoes alone! But inspire little Jane with the thought that she is going to surprise and delight some dear aunt or grandmother with the work, — give Thomas cheerful companions hoeing in the rows beside him, and perhaps tell him they are all to "go a-fishing" when their tasks are done, — and what before was toil becomes a pleasure. It is just so — we may as well confess it — with grown people. We all need encouragement — in short, some prize placed before us — to make us do our best.

Now, dear young friends, our design in making up a choice variety of sketches, poems, and puzzles, and sending them to you in the covers of this magazine, is not simply to afford you amusement for leisure hours. That is good as far as it goes. But, beyond that, we want you to learn *to think*. We mean that every story we give you to read shall awaken something within yourselves, — that every riddle you guess shall aid in developing your minds. With this end in view it occurred to us to offer prizes for such things as would specially exercise the wit and ingenuity of our large family of boys and girls, — trusting that competition and the hope of success would stimulate them to do what otherwise they might never have dreamed they could do.

The last result has been very surprising and very gratifying. Particularly as regards the compositions. These we have read, and re-read, and compared, with a satisfaction marred only by the thought that we could not award prizes for all of them. We had never the faintest expectation of getting half so many, or any half so good. Dear friends, we wish we could tell you how much pleasure your contributions have afforded us, and how heartily we thank you all!

And now, before declaring the prizes, let us explain to you one important result of your efforts. Of course we could not think of ever printing all your little stories and essays in our Letter Box, — or one half of them; and in our perplexity we opened the package before an earnest friend of "Our Young Folks," to whom we often go for counsel on such occasions. He read one after another of the neatly folded papers with increasing astonishment; exclaiming at length, —

"Print them, by all means! Print them, even if you have to make a NEW DEPARTMENT for them."

"The very thing!" we replied, "and we will call it 'OUR YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.'"

So there you have it, as you see by this month's magazine, — a new department, dear Young Folks, designed expressly for *you*. It will not be confined to the compositions; but we shall print in it, along with the best of them (it would take the entire magazine to print them all!), many other of those nice little things which you are constantly sending us, and for which we are always wishing to find room.

The publishers sympathize with us fully in the wish that every composition worthy of a place in "OUR YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS" should receive a prize. And this is what they generously propose to do. The six best compositions will receive the six prizes of money, according to the terms offered in our prospectus at the beginning of the year; after which every composition published will be awarded a special prize, either of books or money, as may be determined hereafter. Other contributions from our young friends, used in that department, will be paid for in the same way.

It has been very hard to decide, among so many excellent compositions, which were in all respects the best. One has the merit of correctness; another, of graceful turns of expression; this is a model of penmanship and punctuation; that is spirited and life-like; some show fine descriptive powers and a love of nature, while others have nearly every merit except the first, — that of correctness. All these things have to be taken into

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careful consideration before a just judgment can be rendered: and no doubt much has weight with us, who have the manuscripts in hand, which may not be apparent to those who see the pieces only in print.

The prizes for compositions of the first class, offered to subscribers under seventeen years of age, are awarded as follows: —

The first (thirty dollars) to ALFRED D. CHURCHILL, of Davenport, Iowa, aged fifteen, for an essay on "Boys."

The second (twenty dollars) to PEARL EYTINGE, of New York City, aged fifteen, for a story entitled "The Tea-kettle's Party."

The third (fifteen dollars) to WILLIAM C. WHITE, of Racine, Wisconsin, aged sixteen, for an essay on "Oxygen."

Of the prizes of the second class, offered to subscribers under fifteen, the first (twenty dollars) is awarded to MARY BELLE SIMPSON, of Louisville, Ky., aged fourteen, for a composition on "Cats."

The second (fifteen dollars) to LIZZIE SHELDON, of Oswego, N. Y., aged twelve, for a piece entitled "My Home."

The third (ten dollars) to MARY P. WEBSTER, of Boston, aged eleven, for a description of "A Yacht Voyage in September."

It will be noticed that the boys have come in for a share of the prizes this time, although they failed last year; and that one of the successful competitors of last year has again been awarded a prize.

Among the compositions of the first class which we greatly wished to rank with the prizes we may mention particularly a capital one on "Fishing," by ALICE T. BRADISH, of Fredonia, N. Y.; one on "Our Newspapers," by BELLE ROGERS, of Pomfret, Conn.; a description of a "Visit to the Bahama Islands," by CORA EMERSON, of Pittsfield, Mass.; "A Bird's Contribution," by HENRY A. TODD, of Woodstock, Ill.; "My Home," by JENNIE WEBB, of Greenleaf, Minn.; "Old Letters," by HATTIE PETTES, of St. Louis; and "Our Lake," by HELEN REMINGTON, of Baraboo, Wis. If there had been four of these prizes, "On the River," by HARRIET E. BOGG, of West Springfield, Mass., would certainly have taken one.

Among the best pieces by contributors under fifteen years of age we will mention a few which have particularly pleased us: "My Winter Garden," by HATTIE P. ROOD, of Great Barrington, Mass.; a practical treatise on "Hens," by ABBOT E. SMITH, of Arlington, Mass.; "Popcorn," a story of a cat, by MARY WILLIAMS, of West Virginia College; "My Experience in Trapping," by GEORGE F. GREENE, of South Sand Lake, N. Y.; "The Ship Augusta," by LOTTIE A. MOSELY, of Newburyport, Mass.; a touching little story of "The Faded Flower," by ANNIE G. SHELDON; "Victor," by LILIAN M. HULL, and a squirrel story by her sister, MAY HULL, "age eight next rose time" (we wish we could print the charming little letter that came with these!); a description of "Central Park," by DOLLIE SMITHSON, of New York; "Saratoga," by WILLIE WALCOTT FAY, of Saratoga, N. Y.; and "Puss and her Kittens," by ALICE STONE ROCKWELL, of Roseville, New Jersey, — last, but among the first in merit.

As most of the above-named pieces will appear in due time in "Our Young Contributors," along with the prize compositions, we will say here that any judicious criticisms upon them will be kindly received by the editors, and perhaps published. It will also be a good practice for you to criticise them among yourselves. Only remember, dear friends, that not a piece among them is perfect, and that it would have been a very great wonder had it been otherwise. We shall print the articles, as a general rule, just as they were written, correcting only such obvious slips of the pen as even writers for the press are liable to make.

The other prizes, for rebuses, riddles, and charades, will be declared next month, when some of the successful contributions will be published.

IN this number of our magazine will be found the first of a series of papers on *Drawing*, written expressly for us by an artist whom you have all heard of before, — MR. C. A. Barry, now Professor of Drawing in the Boston schools. We are sure you will welcome these pleasant and useful lessons in a delightful art. We remember that, in our own school-days, a favorite recreation with nearly every boy and girl was making pictures on the slate; and we cannot help thinking how gladly *we* should have welcomed some such sure and simple guide as these papers will be, in *our* awkward attempts to draw a dog or a horse! We failed, because we had no means of learning the first principles of the art, and it is quite necessary to begin with these. Let all our young readers study carefully what Mr. Barry will have to say from month to month, and practise patiently the few exercises taught, and they will be astonished to find how much may be accomplished without a master. Even for those who have masters Mr. Barry's suggestions will be found valuable and interesting.

The very great importance of Drawing as a branch of education is beginning to be recognized both in this country and in Europe. It is now required to be taught in the public schools of Boston, and an act of the Legislature will soon carry it into all the public schools of Massachusetts. Will our *Young Folks* be behind the times in this important matter?

One of the most celebrated teachers the world ever saw — Pestalozzi — declared *observation* to be the foundation of all knowledge, and that "the principal objects in education should be to lead children to *observe* with accuracy, and to express

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correctly what they *do* observe." To effect this, there is no better discipline than learning to draw.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a riddle over which we remember puzzling our heads in our childhood, and which we have found very few grown people able to answer. It is this:—

Suppose a man able to travel so fast that, starting, we will say, from Chicago, on Monday at noon, he keeps the sun directly over his head while he makes the entire circuit of the earth. As he journeys, he asks everybody he meets, "What day is it?" The answer for a while is, "Monday at noon." But it is certainly Tuesday at noon when he gets round to his starting-place; and the question is, When will people begin to tell him it is Tuesday? This problem is not a mere *catch*, as may at first appear, but is susceptible of a scientific explanation. The answer our correspondent sends with it is quite absurd. We shall not say what it is, but wait and see how many of our readers can give the correct answer.

A KIND friend writes to us from Dresden:—

April 5, 1870.

Yesterday your April number came to us across the sea, and I can tell you it is always most warmly welcomed. The Game of Monosyllables soon caught our attention, and the evening found us, a merry party of old and young, gathered round a large table, and all puzzling our brains over the little words. The subject was "Moreau's Monument," which we had all been to see the day before. Moreau, as your young readers may not all know, was once a famous general of Napoleon's army, but having been banished to America for opposing that great man in his plan of taking the Imperial Crown, he turned traitor to his country; when he returned to this land he joined the enemies of Napoleon, and in the battle of Dresden lost his legs, which were shot away by a ball. They are buried on a hill not far from Dresden, and a monument marks the spot. I will give you two or three of the monosyllabic compositions on the subject.

LITTLE NICK'S COMPOSITION.

There was once a man who had legs, but a ball shot them off, and they lie in the ground on a hill, and a great stone is on top of them. i went to see it. the rest of him did not die that time, but did one day and it lies far from here. it must be queer to have no legs when one has had them all their life i would not like to lose my legs for then i could not run and play ball but pa says it was a ball play that took off this man's legs and so i must take care — I can write no more on legs.

NELLY'S COMPOSITION.

Once on a time there was a man who fought for Nap first — I will call him M. You all know who Nap first is — I would say his whole name if I could. Nap sent this man to our land for a thing he did or would not do and when he came back he fought for the foes of Nap. To pay him for this, one of the balls of Nap took off his legs and they lie in the ground on the hill, which I saw one day, and a tall stone stands on the spot. I do not know what to call the rest of him which did not die at that time. I fear Nap was glad when the legs of M. were shot off. This is too hard a game for me — It is not so nice to write small words as large ones which is odd.

UNCLE JOHN'S COMPOSITION.

There was a man quite tall,
  And sure as eggs are eggs,
There came a red-hot ball
  And shot off both his legs.
And so he down did fall,
  For he had lost his pegs.

They laid them in a hole,
  And put a heap of sand on;
And so this poor old soul
  Had not a leg to stand on.

And then for days, they say,
  He felt quite sick and sore, O —
And now I cease my lay,
  For I must not say *more, O!*

"*Ex. Navy*," writing from Cambridge, Mass., calls our attention to the fact that in Major Traverse's "War on the Water," the Alabama is called "an English-built iron-clad," and says: "The Alabama was a wooden-built second-class sloop-of-war, — of the same class as the Kearsarge." He adds: "The Navy does not use colored lanterns, but colored lights of the same nature as the blue lights for night signals."

F. S. W., of Bangor, Me., says, "My home would be very dull indeed if it was n't for 'Our Young Folks,'" and wishes William Henry would write some more letters. Thousands of our readers wish the same, and they will be gratified at seeing him again in this number.

Nellie and Fred write from WHITEWATER, Wis.:—

"DEAR 'YOUNG FOLKS': We have taken your magazine since the first number was issued, and all read it, from the oldest down to the youngest. We now have the volumes all bound, and are constantly re-reading them.

"The first of the month we had an exhibition, the proceeds of which were to buy an organ for the Grammar School, and in it we brought out the Opera which was in the March number; also the Carpet Charade that came in 'William Henry's

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Letters.' The Opera was the great success of the evening, being something new here, and was executed by the primary scholars. The singing and acting were nicely done, though the Middy had to pace back and forth in a room instead of a deck."

We have heard of the successful performance of this Opera in very many places. We are happy to say that we have another from the same author, which we shall publish soon.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know "A New York Subscriber's" authority for saying that the quotation, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," is "an old inscription found on an English tombstone."

Herbert. The couplet,

> "Old roads winding, as old roads will,
> Here to a ferry, and there to a mill,"

occurs in Whittier's "Prophecy of Samuel Sewall."

Allie M. — "*Caddie's 'Fession*" is a good little story in many respects, and it reads like a true one. But your pen will have to practise a good deal yet before it can write well for a magazine. And you *must* learn to spell. You say "she tried to *apologies* to the little girls"; Caddie "*stoped* to see if the roses were fragrant"; "she had soon *strewen* the petals over the walk"; she did it "on *purpus*"; "Em will be *hoping* mad," &c.: and that you will be *thankfull* for our criticisms. Well, here you have them, Allie, with *our* thanks for your good opinion of us, and our best wishes for your future improvement in story-writing.

William W. Bingham, of Newark, N. J., sends us, with answers to our May enigmas, the following riddle, which we print because it is good, although we have a faint recollection of having seen it before: —

"What is it that the rich man wants, the poor man has, the spendthrift saves, and we all take to our graves with us?" The answer is, Nothing: for the rich man wants nothing, the poor man has nothing, the spendthrift saves nothing, and we take nothing to our graves with us.

How many of our young friends feel the same want expressed by the writer of the following letter, which comes to us all the way from San Jose, California?

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I write to you from these far-off shores to let you know how much I like your magazine. I wait impatiently for every number. I am fourteen years old, but, unlike one of your correspondents, I can't say much about "a resolute spirit and fiery nature." Just now I am hungry for an unknown correspondent. If any boy or girl anywhere in the United States is also desirous of making an acquaintance and having a California correspondent, I would be happy to have them address

C. W. A., Glass Box 16,
San Jose, Cal.

P. S. — I will give my full name on receipt of one letter.

WE are constantly receiving letters like the following: —

"I write to ask if you could possibly accept me as a contributor to 'Our Young Folks.' Money is not so much an object with me as is improvement. I am but sixteen years old, and would like to have your opinion on one of my stories. Shall I send you one to see; and will you answer me by return mail?" With others money is an object, very properly, and we are asked how much we pay for acceptable articles, etc.

As it is impossible for us to write to every one of these good friends personally, we will say here that we are always glad to get fresh contributions *from any source whatever*; that they are sure to be examined by one or both of the editors, and that, if found suitable for our use in the pages of the magazine, they are accepted and paid for when published. The amount paid for each depends upon its quality. Articles not accepted are returned at the author's request. As our magazine is small, and it is our aim to print only the best of everything, of course we are compelled to decline many really good contributions. As for writing out an opinion of every one of these, — life is short, dear friends, and we must beg to be excused.

ON the covers of this number will be found advertised a new field game, "*Le Cercle*," which is said to be superior in many respects to *Croquet*. Thinking our readers might wish to know something about it, we have taken some pains to examine it, and find it very interesting *on paper*. As it can be played on a smaller area of ground than is required by Croquet, it has at least one decided advantage over that popular game.

THE earliest answers to the puzzles in the June Number were sent in by Mamie Shaw, of Philadelphia (whose kind letter, by the way, will be attended to), and by "Ettie Del Roy," of New York.

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"DAT AR BILL."

DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE, JR.] [See the Story.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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WE GIRLS: A HOME STORY.

CHAPTER VIII.

HALLOWEEN.

BREAKFAST was late the next morning. It had been nearly two o'clock when father had come home. He told us that grandfather was better; that it was what the doctor called a premonitory attack; that he might have another and more serious one any day, or that he might live on for years without a repetition. For the present he was to be kept as easy and quiet as possible, and gradually allowed to resume his old habits as his strength permitted.

Mother came back in a few days more; Aunt Radford also was better. The family fell into the old ways again, and it was as if no change had threatened. Father told mother, however, something of importance that grandfather had said to him that afternoon, before he was taken ill. He had been on the point of showing him something which he looked for among his papers, just before the wind whirled them out of his hands. He had almost said he would complete and give it to him at once; and then, when they were interrupted, he had just put everything up again, and they had walked over home together. Then there had been the excitement of the gale, and grandfather had insisted upon going to the barns himself to see that all was made properly fast, and had

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come back all out of breath, and had been taken with that ill turn in the midst of the storm.

The paper he was going to show to father was an unwitnessed deed of gift. He had thought of securing to us this home, by giving it in trust to father for his wife and children.

"I helped John into his New York business," he said, "by investing money in it that he has had the use of, at moderate interest, ever since; and Roderick and his wife have had their home with me. None of my boys ever paid me any *board.* I sha' n't make a will; the law gives things where they belong; there 's nothing but this that wants evening; and so I 've been thinking about it. What you do with your share of my other property when you get it is no concern of mine as I know of; but I should like to give you something in such a shape that it could n't go for old debts. I never undertook to shoulder any of *them;* what little I 've done was done for you. I wrote out the paper myself; I never go to lawyers. I suppose it would stand clear enough for honest comprehension, — and Roderick and John are both honest, — if I left it as it is; but perhaps I 'd as well take it some day to Squire Hadden, and swear to it, and then hand it over to you. I 'll see about it."

That was what grandfather had said; mother told us all about it; there were no secret committees in our domestic congress; all was done in open house; we knew all the hopes and the perplexities, only they came round to us in due order of hearing. But father had not really seen the paper, after all; and after grandfather got well, he never mentioned it again all that winter. The wonder was that he had mentioned it at all.

"He forgets a good many things, since his sickness," father said, "unless something comes up to remind him. But there is the paper; he must come across that."

"He may change his mind," said mother, "even when he does recollect. We can be sure of nothing."

But we grew more fond than ever of the old, sunshiny house. In October Harry Goldthwaite went away again on a year's cruise.

Rosamond had a letter from Mrs. Van Alstyne, from New York. She folded it up after she had read it, and did not tell us anything about it. She answered it next day; and it was a month later when one night up stairs she began something she had to say about our winter shopping with, —

"If I had gone to New York — " and there she stopped, as if she had accidentally said what she did not intend.

"If you had gone to New York! Why! When?" cried Barbara. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing," Rosamond answered, in a vexed way. "Mrs. Van Alstyne asked me, that is all. Of course I could n't."

"Of course you 're just a glorious old *noblesse oblige*-d! Why did n't you say something? You might have gone perhaps. We could all have helped. I 'd have lent you — that garnet and white silk!"

Rosamond would not say anything more, and she would scarcely be kissed.

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After all, she had co-operated more than any of us. Rose was always the daughter who objected and then did. I have often thought that young man in Scripture ought to have been a woman. It is more a woman's way.

The maples were in their gold and vermilion now, and the round masses of the ash were shining brown; we filled the vases with their leaves, and pressed away more in all the big books we could confiscate, and hunted frosted ferns in the wood-edge, and had beautiful pine blazes morning and evening in the brown room, and began to think how pleasant, for many cosey things, the winter was going to be, out here at Westover.

"How nicely we could keep Halloween," said Ruth, "round this great open chimney! What a row of nuts we could burn!"

"So we will," said Rosamond. "We'll ask the girls. May n't we, mother?"

"To tea?"

"No. Only to the fun, — and some supper. We can have that all ready in the other room."

"They 'll see the cooking-stove."

"They won't know it when they do," said Barbara.

"We might have the table in the front room," suggested Ruth.

"The drawing-room!" cried Rosamond. "That *would* be a make-shift. Who ever heard of having supper there? No; we 'll have both rooms open, and a bright fire in each, and one up in mother's room for them to take off their things. And there 'll be the piano, and the stereoscope, and the games, in the parlor. We 'll begin in there, and out here we 'll have the fortune tricks and the nuts later; and then the supper, bravely and comfortably, in the dining-room, where it belongs. If they get frightened at anything, they can go home; I 'm going to new cover that screen, though, mother; and I 'll tell you what with, — that piece of goldy-brown damask up in the cedar-trunk. And I 'll put an arabesque of crimson braid around it for a border, and the room will be all goldy-brown and crimson then, and nobody will stop to think which is brocade and which is waterproof. They 'll be sitting on the waterproof, you know, and have the brocade to look at. It 's just old enough to seem as if it had always been standing round somewhere."

"It will be just the kind of party for us to have," said Barbara.

"They could n't have it up there, if they tried. It would be sure to be Marchbanksy."

Rosamond smiled contentedly. She was beginning to recognize her own special opportunities. She was quite conscious of her own tact in utilizing them.

But then came the intricate questions of who? and who not?

"Not everybody, of course," said Rose. "That would be a confusion. Just the neighbors, — right around here."

"That takes in the Hobarts, and leaves out Leslie Goldthwaite," said Ruth, quietly.

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"O, Leslie will be at the Haddens', or here," replied Rosamond. "Grace Hobart is nice," she went on; "if only she would n't be 'real' nice!"

"That is just the word for her, though," said Ruth. "The Hobarts *are* real."

Rosamond's face gathered over. It was not easy to reconcile things. She liked them all, each in their way. If they would only all come, and like each other.

"What is it, Rose?" said Barbara, teasing. "Your brows are knit, — your nose is crocheted, — and your mouth is — tatted! I shall have to come and ravel you out."

"I 'm thinking; that is all."

"How to build the fence?"

"What fence?"

"That fence round the pond, — the old puzzle. There was once a pond, and four men came and built four little houses round it, — close to the water. Then four other men came and built four big houses, exactly behind the first ones. They wanted the pond all to themselves; but the little people were nearest to it; how could they build the fence, you know? They had to squirm it awfully! You see the plain, insignificant people are so apt to be nearest the good time!"

"I like to satisfy everybody."

"You won't, — with a squirm-fence!"

If it had not been for Ruth, we should have gone on just as innocently as possible, and invited them — Marchbankses and all — to our Halloween frolic. But Ruth was such a little news-picker, with her music lessons! She had five scholars now; beside Lily and Reba, there were Elsie Hobart and little Frank Hendee, and Pen Pennington, a girl of her own age, who had come all the way from Fort Vancouver, over the Pacific Railroad, to live here with her grandmother. Between the four houses, Ruth heard everything.

All Saints' Day fell on Monday; the Sunday made double hallowing, Barbara said; and Saturday was the "E'en." We did not mean to invite until Wednesday; on Tuesday Ruth came home and told us that Olivia and Adelaide Marchbanks were getting up a Halloween themselves, and that the Haddens were asked already; and that Lily and Reba were in transports because they were to be allowed to go.

"Did you say anything?" asked Rosamond.

"Yes. I suppose I ought not; but Elinor was in the room, and I spoke before I thought."

"What did you tell her?"

"I only said it was such a pity; that you meant to ask them all. And Elinor said it would be so nice here. If it were anybody else, we might try to arrange something."

But how could we meddle with the Marchbankses? With Olivia and Adelaide, of all the Marchbankses? We could not take it for granted that they meant to ask us. There was no such thing as suggesting a

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compromise. Rosamond looked high and splendid, and said not another word.

In the afternoon of Wednesday Adelaide and Maud Marchbanks rode by, homeward, on their beautiful little brown, long-tailed Morgans.

"They don't mean to," said Barbara. "If they did, they would have stopped."

"Perhaps they will send a note to-morrow," said Ruth.

"Do you think I am waiting, in hopes?" asked Rosamond, in her clearest, quietest tones.

Pretty soon she came in with her hat on. "I am going over to invite the Hobarts," she said.

"That will settle it, whatever happens," said Barbara.

"Yes," said Rosamond; and she walked out.

The Hobarts were "ever so much obliged to us; and they would certainly come." Mrs. Hobart lent Rosamond an old English book of "Holiday Sports and Observances," with ten pages of Halloween charms in it.

From the Hobarts' house she walked on into Z——, and asked Leslie Goldthwaite and Helen Josselyn, begging Mrs. Ingleside to come too, if she would; the doctor would call for them, of course, and should have his supper; but it was to be a girl-party in the early evening.

Leslie was not at home; Rosamond gave the message to her mother. Then she met Lucilla Waters in the street.

"I was just thinking of you," she said. She did not say, "coming to you," for truly, in her mind, she had not decided it. But seeing her gentle, refined face, pale always with the life that had little frolic in it, she spoke right out to that, without deciding.

"We want you at our Halloween party on Saturday. Will you come? You will have Helen and the Inglesides to come with, and perhaps Leslie."

Rosamond, even while delivering her message to Mrs. Goldthwaite for Leslie, had seen an unopened note lying upon the table, addressed to her in the sharp, tall hand of Olivia Marchbanks.

She stopped in at the Haddens, told them how sorry she had been to find they were promised; asked if it were any use to go to the Hendees'; and when Elinor said, "But you will be sure to be asked to the Marchbankses yourselves," replied, "It is a pity they should come together, but we had quite made up our minds to have this little frolic, and we have begun, too, you see."

Then she did go to the Hendees', although it was dark; and Maria Hendee, who seldom went out to parties, promised to come. "They would divide," she said. "Fanny might go to Olivia's. Holiday-keeping was different from other invites. One might take liberties."

Now the Hendees were people who could take liberties, if anybody. Last of all, Rosamond went in and asked Pen Pennington.

It was Thursday, just at dusk, when Adelaide Marchbanks walked over, at last, and proffered her invitation.

"You had better all come to us," she said, graciously. "It is a pity to

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divide. We want the same people, of course, — the Hendees, and the Haddens, and Leslie." She hardly attempted to disguise that we ourselves were an afterthought.

Rosamond told her, very sweetly, that we were obliged, but that she was afraid it was quite too late; we had asked others; the Hobarts, and the Inglesides; one or two whom Adelaide did not know, — Helen Josselyn, and Lucilla Waters; the parties would not interfere much, after all.

Rosamond took up, as it were, a little sceptre of her own, from that moment.

Leslie Goldthwaite had been away for three days, staying with her friend, Mrs. Frank Scherman, in Boston. She had found Olivia's note, of Monday evening, when she returned; also, she heard of Rosamond's verbal invitation. Leslie was very bright about these things. She saw in a moment how it had been. Her mother told her what Rosamond had said of who were coming, — the Hobarts and Helen; the rest were not then asked.

Olivia did not like it very well, — that reply of Leslie's. She showed it to Jeannie Hadden; that was how we came to know of it.

"Please forgive me," the note ran, "if I accept Rosamond's invitation for the very reason that might seem to oblige me to decline it. I see you have two days' advantage of her, and she will no doubt lose some of the girls by that. I really *heard* hers first. I wish very much it were possible to have both pleasures."

That was being terribly true and independent with West Z——. "But Leslie Goldthwaite," Barbara said, "always was as brave as a little bumble-bee!"

How it had come over Rosamond, though, we could not quite understand. It was not pique, or rivalry; there was no excitement about it; it seemed to be a pure, spirited dignity of her own, which she all at once, quietly and of course, asserted.

Mother said something about it to her Saturday morning, when she was beating up Italian cream, and Rosamond was cutting chicken for the salad. The cakes and the jellies had been made the day before.

"You have done this, Rosamond, in a very right and neighborly way, but it is n't exactly your old way. How came you not to mind?"

Rosamond did not discuss the matter; she only smiled and said, "I think, mother, I 'm growing very proud and self-sufficient, since we 've had real, *through-and-through* ways of our own."

It was the difference between "somewhere" and "betwixt and between."

Miss Elizabeth Pennington came in while we were putting candles in the bronze branches, and Ruth was laying an artistic fire in the wide chimney. Ruth could make a picture with her crossed and balanced sticks, sloping the firm-built pile backward to the two great, solid logs behind, — a picture which it only needed the touch of flame to finish and perfect. Then the dazzling fire-wreaths curled and clasped through and about it all, filling the spaces with a rushing splendor, and reaching up their vivid spires above

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its compact body to an outline of complete live beauty. Ruth's fires satisfied you to look at; and they never tumbled down.

She rose up with a little brown, crooked stick in one hand, to speak to Miss Pennington.

"Don't mind me," said the lady. "Go on, please, 'biggin' your castle.' That will be a pretty sight to see, when it lights up."

Ruth liked crooked sticks; they held fast by each other, and they made pretty curves and openings. So she went on, laying them deftly.

"I should like to be here to-night," said Miss Elizabeth, still looking at the fire-pile. "Would you let an old maid in?"

"Miss Pennington! Would you come?"

"I took it in my head to want to. That was why I came over. Are you going to play snap-dragon? I wondered if you had thought of that."

"We don't know about it," said Ruth. "Anything, that is, except the name."

"That is just what I thought possible. Nobody knows those old games nowadays. May I come and bring a great dragon-bowl with me, and superintend that part? Mother got her fate out of a snap-dragon, and we have the identical bowl. We always used to bring it out at Christmas, when we were all at home."

"O Miss Pennington! How perfectly lovely! How good you are!"

"Well, I 'm glad you take it so. I was afraid it was terribly meddlesome. But the fancy — or the memory — seized me."

How wonderfully our Halloween party was turning out!

And the turning-out is almost the best part of anything; the time when things are getting together, in the beautiful prosperous way they will take, now and then, even in this vexed world.

There was our lovely little supper-table all ready. People who have servants enough, high-trained, to do these things while they are entertaining in the drawing-room, don't have half the pleasure, after all, that we do, in setting out hours beforehand, and putting the last touches and taking the final satisfaction before we go to dress.

The cake, with the ring in it, was in the middle; for we had put together all the fateful and pretty customs we could think of, from whatever holiday; there were mother's Italian creams, and amber and garnet wine jellies; there were sponge and lady-cake, and the little macaroons and cocoas that Barbara had the secret of; and the salad, of spring chickens and our own splendid celery, was ready in the cold room, with its bowl of delicious dressing to be poured over it at the last; and the scalloped oysters were in the pantry; Ruth was to put them into the oven again when the time came, and mother would pin the white napkins around the dishes, and set them on; and nobody was to worry or get tired with having the whole to think of; and yet the whole would be done, to the very lighting of the candles, which Stephen had spoken for, by this beautiful, organized co-operation of ours. Truly it is a charming thing, — all to itself, in a family!

To be sure, we had coffee and bread and butter and cold ham for dinner

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that day; and we took our tea "standed round," as Barbara said; and the dishes were put away in the covered sink; we knew where we could shirk righteously and in good order, when we could not accomplish everything; but there was neither huddle nor hurry; we were as quiet and comfortable as we could be. Even Rosamond was satisfied with the very manner; to be composed is always to be elegant. Anybody might have come in and lunched with us; anybody might have shared that easy, chatty cup of tea.

The front parlor did not amount to much, after all, pleasant and pretty as it was for the first receiving; we were all too eager for the real business of the evening. It was bright and warm with the wood-fire and the lights; and the white curtains, nearly filling up three of its walls, made it very festal-looking. There was the open piano, and Ruth played a little; there was the stereoscope, and some of the girls looked over the new views of Catskill and the Hudson that Dakie Thayne had given us; there was the table with cards, and we played one game of Old Maid, in which the Old Maid got lost mysteriously into the drawer, and everybody was married; and then Miss Pennington appeared at the door, with her man-servant behind her, and there was an end. She took the big bowl, pinned over with a great damask napkin, out of the man's hands, and went off privately with Barbara into the dining-room.

"This is the Snap," she said, unfastening the cover, and producing from within a paper parcel. "And that," holding up a little white bottle, "is the Dragon." And Barbara set all away in the dresser until after supper. Then we got together, without further ceremony, in the brown room.

We hung wedding-rings, — we had mother's, and Miss Elizabeth had brought over Madam Pennington's, — by hairs, and held them inside tumblers; and they vibrated with our quickening pulses, and swung and swung, until they rung out fairy chimes of destiny against the sides. We floated needles in a great basin of water, and gave them names, and watched them turn and swim and draw together, — some point to point, some heads and points, some joined cosily side to side, while some drifted to the margin and clung there all alone, and some got tears in their eyes, or an interfering jostle, and went down. We melted lead and poured it into water; and it took strange shapes; of spears and masts and stars; and some all went to money; and one was a queer little bottle and pills, and one was pencils and artists' tubes, and — really — a little palette with a hole in it.

And then came the chestnut-roasting, before the bright red coals. Each girl put down a pair; and I dare say most of them put down some little secret, girlish thought with it. The ripest nuts burned steadiest and surest, of course; but how could we tell these until we tried? Some little crack, or unseen worm-hole, would keep one still, while its companion would pop off, away from it; some would take flight together, and land in like manner, without ever parting company; these were to go some long way off; some never moved from where they began, but burned up, stupidly and peaceably, side by side. Some snapped into the fire. Some went off into corners. Some glowed beautiful, and some burned black, and some got covered up with ashes.

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Barbara's pair were ominously still for a time, when all at once the larger gave a sort of unwilling lurch, without popping, and rolled off a little way, right in toward the blaze.

"Gone to a warmer climate," whispered Leslie, like a tease. And then crack! the warmer climate, or something else, sent him back again, with a real bound, just as Barbara's gave a gentle little snap, and they both dropped quietly down against the fender together.

"What made that jump back, I wonder?" said Pen Pennington.

"O, it was n't more than half cracked when it went away," said Stephen, looking on.

Who would be bold enough to try the looking-glass? To go out alone with it into the dark field, walking backward, saying the rhyme to the stars which if there had been a moon ought by right to have been said to her: —

> "Round and round, O stars so fair!
> Ye travel, and search out everywhere.
> I pray you, sweet stars, now show to me,
> This night, who my future husband shall be!"

Somehow, we put it upon Leslie. She was the oldest; we made that the reason.

"I would n't do it for anything!" said Sarah Hobart. "I heard of a girl who tried it once, and saw a shroud!"

But Leslie was full of fun that evening, and ready to do anything. She took the little mirror that Ruth brought her from up stairs, put on a shawl, and we all went to the front door with her, to see her off.

"Round the piazza, and down the bank," said Barbara, "and backward all the way."

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So Leslie backed out at the door, and we shut it upon her. The instant after, we heard a great laugh. Off the piazza, she had stepped backward, directly against two gentlemen coming in.

Doctor Ingleside was one, coming to get his supper; the other was a friend of his, just arrived in Z——. "Doctor John Hautayne," he said, introducing him by his full name.

We knew why. He was proud of it. Doctor John Hautayne was the army surgeon who had been with him in the Wilderness, and had ridden a stray horse across a battle-field, in his shirt-sleeves, right in front of a Rebel battery, to get to some wounded on the other side. And the Rebel gunners, holding their halyards, stood still and shouted.

It put an end to the tricks, except the snap-dragon.

We had not thought how late it was; but mother and Ruth had remembered the oysters.

Doctor John Hautayne took Leslie out to supper. We saw him look at her with a funny, twinkling curiosity, as he stood there with her in the full light; and we all thought we had never seen Leslie look prettier in all her life.

After supper, Miss Pennington lighted up her Dragon, and threw in her snaps. A very little brandy, and a bowl full of blaze.

Maria Hendee "snapped" first, and got a preserved date.

"Ancient and honorable," said Miss Pennington, laughing.

Then Pen Pennington tried, and got nothing.

"You thought of your own fingers," said her aunt.

"A fig for my fortune!" cried Barbara, holding up her trophy.

"It came from the Mediterranean," said Mrs. Ingleside, over her shoulder into her ear; and the ear burned.

Ruth got a sugared almond.

"Only a *kernel*," said the merry doctor's wife, again.

The doctor himself tried, and seized a slip of candied flag.

"Warm-hearted and useful, that is all," said Mrs. Ingleside.

"And tolerably pungent," said the doctor.

Doctor Hautayne drew forth — angelica.

Most of them were too timid or irresolute to grasp anything.

"That 's the analogy," said Miss Pennington. "One must take the risk of getting scorched. It is 'the woman who dares,' after all."

It was great fun, though.

Mother cut the cake. That was the last sport of the evening.

If I should tell you who got the ring, you would think it really meant something. And the year is not out yet, you see.

But there was no doubt of one thing, — that our Halloween at Westover was a famous little party.

"How do you all feel about it?" asked Barbara, sitting down on the hearth in the brown room, before the embers, and throwing the nuts she had picked up about the carpet into the coals.

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We had carried the supper-dishes away into the out-room, and set them on a great spare table that we kept there. "The room is as good as the girl," said Barbara. It *is* a comfort to put by things, with a clear conscience, to a more rested time. We should let them be over the Sunday; Monday morning would be all china and soap-suds; then there would be a nice, freshly arrayed dresser, from top to bottom, and we should have had both a party and a piece of fall cleaning.

"How do you feel about it?"

"I feel as if we had had a real *own* party, ourselves," said Ruth; "not as if 'the girls' had come and had a party here. There was n't anybody to *show us how!*"

"Except Miss Pennington. And was n't it bewitchinating of her to come? Nobody can say now —"

"What do you say it for, then?" interrupted Rosamond. "It was very nice of Miss Pennington, and kind, considering it was a young party. Otherwise, why should n't she?"

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

MARIA DI CAMPOBELLO.

MARY mine of Campobello, —
I call her a pleasant fellow:
She in very earnest such is,
As our Admiral called the Duchess: *
Only he could rightly weigh it,
Only he with grace could say it
To her Grace, who took it rightly, —
Lightly spoke, best answered brightly.

Mary mine of Campobello!
Art thou not a right good fellow?
In all sorts of sky and weather
We go trotting round together,
O'er the meadows, lowland, highland,
Everywhere about our island,
Thorough woods and thorough bushes,
(Thoreau's woods,) through brake and rushes;

* Admiral Farragut. "The story is this. It was on the day preceding his departure from London, when her Grace the Duchess of Somerset was earnestly entreating him to dine with her, for the fourth time, on the morrow, that, gratified with her *empressement* of manner, he grasped her hand with both of his own and exclaimed, 'But, my dear fellow, it is impossible!' The Duchess was delighted with the term of endearment, claims it as a legacy from Admiral Farragut, and relates it with the liveliest pleasure." — *Our Admiral's Flag Abroad*, by J. E. MONTGOMERY.

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Scarce a house but we have called in,
All the way from here to Walden,
Wheresoever grows a Baldwin.

For we mostly live on apples
From the day when summer dapples
The ripe fruit until the cherry
Comes next year, with many a berry, —
Strawberry, raspberry, thimble-berry, —
That 's the time when we make merry.

Sometimes comes a red banana,
With great oranges from Anna,
(Having her, I 've all Havana!)
Or a cocoanut, or yellow
Pine-apple, full rough, but mellow.
All goes right to that fine fellow,
Mary mine of Campobello.

Dear my child! be thus forever;
Grow no larger, no more clever;
Be no wiser, no more witty,
Keep at distance the great city,
Rove with me the country over,
Sip with me June's honeyed clover,
Innocency keep, and truth.
Thou shalt have perpetual youth,
And my heart from thine shall borrow
Impossibility of sorrow
(Save a casual dull day's cloud
When some friend lies in the shroud);
But as long as brooklets run,
Or the glad earth feels the sun,
Through all sorts of sky and weather,
We will walk the world together.

T. W. Parsons.

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WHAT IS THE SUN?

A TALK WITH THE PROFESSOR.

"NOW, boys," said the Professor, "what have you seen to-day worth talking about?"

The Professor — as perhaps I should have said to begin with — gives two evenings a week to a class of young fellows who cannot go to school, or cannot learn at school what they can learn of him. I am one of the young fellows. After the regular recitations, if there is any time left, he talks to us on any fresh subject that comes up; and we often get more from him in that way than we do from our book-lessons.

This evening we looked at each other as usual, each waiting for some one else to speak, till Croll Wagner, who works at the Tannery, broke in with, "I ha' n't seen nothin'!"

We all laughed at his bad grammar; and the Professor said, "I think the boy who deals in the double negative, after having been laughed at a score of times for using it, and who can walk up here from the Tannery without seeing anything to speak of, does n't always have his wits about him. To speak without reflection, and to see without understanding, or wishing to understand, — to learn not to do this is the first step towards an education. Now who else has gone through the day and seen nothing?"

Then Abel Montey spoke up (he works in the factory; he is a pale, large-eyed boy, with a girlish look).

"As I came out of the house to-night," said he, "I could n't help noticing the sun. It was setting over the valley; and it looked as large as Squire Logan's barn. There were no clouds, but I could look at it without being dazzled. Then I remembered how much smaller and yet how much brighter it was at noon, and thought it strange."

"Very good!" said the Professor. "That is something worth talking about. But first we will hear what Augustus was going to say, just as you spoke."

Then all looked at me, — for I am Augustus, you know.

"I was going to tell how I came by this," said I, taking a knife from my pocket.

"That old thing?" said Croll Wagner; "with a broken handle!"

"But it was n't broken when I found it," said I; "and the way it came broken is the curious part of the story. I picked it up as I was crossing the railroad track this morning. I thought it had been dropped by some men who had just gone down on a hand-car; so I called to them, and held up the knife; then, as I could n't wait for them to come back, I laid it on a tie, in an opening between the ends of two rails, and walked on. Going home at noon, I thought I would see if the knife had been taken. It not only had n't been taken, but you could n't take it! It fell loosely enough

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into the crack when I first placed it there; but now the ends of the two rails pinched it so tightly it was n't possible to get it out. So I left it. But to-night I found the crack had opened again, and I pulled the knife out with my fingers. The handle was crushed, though, as you see it."

All looked at the knife; and Croll said he guessed it got pinched between the rails by a train passing and moving the rails a little nearer together. "Then another train passed and moved them apart again, I suppose."

Others were of the same opinion; but the Professor asked what I thought. I said, "When I crossed the track in the morning the sun was just coming up over Walden's woods; but at noon it was shining almost straight down upon the rails, and they were so hot I could hardly bear my hand on them. This evening, again, they were cold. Now —"

"I see!" cried Cale Betson, catching my idea, and fairly taking the words out of my mouth (he is a tonguey fellow, and not very polite). "Heat expands metals, and the heat of the sun had expanded the rails, and then when they cooled they contracted again."

The Professor agreed with him, and said this was a very good illustration both of the action of heat in expanding bodies, and of the power of the sunlight. "I once knew of a still more striking instance of the kind," said he. "A friend of mine wished to lay a side track from a railroad to a gravel-bank on his own land. To see that the work was well done, he directed it himself, and had the rails on each side of the new track placed carefully end to end, touching each other. He was very proud of his job, and took me out the next day to show it to me. It was cloudy weather when the iron was laid, but now a hot July sun had come out, and I think you never saw so funny a looking track, or so astonished a track-layer. He declared at first that some villains had been prying it up with handspikes to spite him. But I saw at once what the trouble was. 'The heat of the sun is the only handspike that has done the mischief,' said I. The rails were burning hot, and, to get room to expand, they had sprung up at the joints every two or three rods, sometimes tearing the spikes out of the ties, but oftener lifting the ties with them, and straining and twisting the track in every direction. He was not quite so proud of his job after that."

"But do track-layers always have to make allowance for the expansion of the iron?" asked Abel.

"Always; if they don't, they stand a chance of seeing the young colts of rails rear and pitch to get away, as my friend's did."

Then we remembered that the ends of rails were never placed touching each other, but that there was always a little space left between, though I had supposed that was because the iron was laid carelessly.

"Now consider," said the Professor, after having expatiated a little on the effect of the sun's rays falling on a piece of iron, "that the sun is shining all the while with the same intensity of light and heat, although half the time our side of the earth is turned away from it, and clouds shelter us much of the other half. What if there were no clouds, and no night, and every object absorbed the sun's rays like the black rail of iron?

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"Living a few seconds in such a world as this would be, would suffice to give you a faint idea of the power of the few beams that fall on our planet. I say few beams, for the earth is so minute an object in space, and so inconceivably distant from the sun, that the light we receive is but the merest drop in the infinite ocean of his rays. Some philosophers have estimated, by means of careful experiments, the amount of heat generated by the sun;

Comparative Dimensions of the Sun and some of the Planets.

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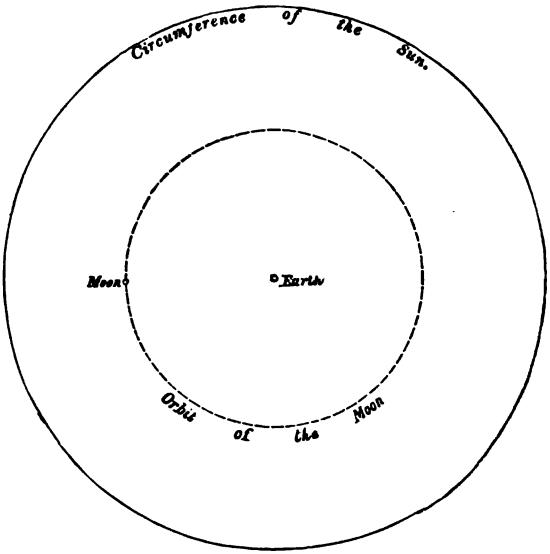
and it is shown that, to keep it up with coal, would require the combustion of a ton a minute on every square foot of his surface. Now, remember that the sun is a globe thirteen hundred thousand times larger than our planet, and you see that a lump of coal the size of the earth, dropped into his furnace, would be no more than a splinter of wood added to a burning house."

The Professor turned to take down some books and diagrams from his shelves; while Abel exclaimed, "Why, then, the earth, compared with the sun, is no bigger than a pea beside a pumpkin!"

"It will be hard," said the Professor, "to give you a perfect idea of the comparative dimensions of the sun and the planets. Jupiter alone is more than twelve hundred times larger than the earth; Saturn is nearly seven hundred times; Neptune is eighty-five, and Uranus seventy-four times larger than our little globe; yet as the French philosopher Monsieur Guillemin, says in his little book,* if all the planets known, with their satellites, were fused together, we should find the volume of the sun still six hundred times greater than this entire mass! But here is perhaps a still more striking illustration of the immense size of the great central orb of our system. The earth, you know, is about eight thousand miles in diameter; and the moon



revolves about it at a distance of two hundred and thirty-seven thousand miles. Now, imagine the sun to be a hollow sphere, with the earth at its centre. Not only would the orbit of the moon also be enclosed in that sphere, but there would still be left a space between it and the sun's circum-

* The Sun. By Amédée Guillemin. An American edition of this interesting work has been issued by Charles Scribner & Co., New York, in their illustrated Library of Wonders.

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ference two thirds as broad as that which separates us from the moon. If that sphere were our sky," added the Professor, "its concave vault would still be more extensive than that which was believed by the ancients to contain not only the sun and planets but all the fixed stars."

"It is then the immense distance the sun is from us that makes it look so small!" said Cale Betson.

"Precisely. Here is another of our Frenchman's calculations. If the earth be represented by an ordinary school globe one foot in diameter, then the sun must be represented by a globe one hundred and eight feet in diameter, and distant from it two and a quarter miles. Yet the earth is comparatively near; Jupiter, on the same scale, would be a globe eleven miles from the sun, and nearly eleven feet in diameter; while Uranus, the farthest of the known planets, would be fifty miles distant."

Croll giggled, and said he should like to make a journey to the sun, and see what it was.

"Very well," said the Professor, "we will suppose there is a railroad to the sun, and a train ready to start. You step aboard with your carpet-bag; the bell rings; you are off. You make an average speed through space of thirty miles an hour, — seven hundred and twenty miles a day. In about three hundred and thirty days you pass the orbit of the moon; and in about three hundred and thirty-eight *years* you reach the end of your journey. Suppose you start on the Fourth of July, 1870; then, if you make no stoppages and meet with no accidents, you arrive at the sun some time about the year 2207. This is according to the new calculations which make the sun but a little more than ninety-one million miles from us, instead of ninety-five millions, as we used to think. In making this journey, you will have seen the earth diminish first to the apparent size of the moon, and finally to that of a bright star. Then if, at the end of your trip, you should shout, to let your friends at home know you had arrived, and if you could make yourself heard at so great a distance, — sound travelling at the usual rate of three hundred and seventy yards a second, we will suppose, — and if you should happen to have a little brother born here on the day you shouted, that little brother would be nearly fourteen years old when the sound of your voice reached the earth."

"Then I would be almost four hundred!" said Croll.

"A ripe old age," said the Professor. "And how much do you suppose you would weigh? — provided, of course, you had lost no flesh during the journey, as there might be some danger of your doing."

"Why, just as much as I do now, of course," said Croll, — "or more."

"Let's see," said the Professor. "It is the attraction of gravitation that makes weight. The attraction of gravitation is determined by the mass of the body that attracts. Now you weigh, here on our little planet — "

"A hundred and 'leven pounds," said Croll.

"At the surface of the sun you will weigh over twenty-seven times as

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much. You will not be able to bear your enormous weight upon your feet, — scarcely to lift a hand to your head. You will weigh, in short, not less than three thousand pounds. And you would be a person of still more tremendous gravity if the sun were as dense a body as the earth. But a cubic foot of the earth's matter weighs some four times as much as a cubic foot of the sun's. Accordingly, while the sun is thirteen hundred thousand times larger than the earth, it weighs not quite three hundred and twenty-six times as much."

"You have not told us yet," said Abel, "why the sun looks so much larger and dimmer when it is setting than at noon."

"It has the same appearance when it is rising," said I; "and so has the moon."

"Next time you see the full moon coming up, so red and huge," said the Professor, "just look at it through a roll of paper; then examine it again, through the same roll, when it is a few hours high, and you will find it as large as before. The truth is, I suspect, that the sun and moon look so large on the horizon because you then have an opportunity of comparing them with well-known objects. But at noon you see the sun in the midst of the vast round of the sky. You cannot look at it at noon except through clouds or smoked glass; but often, when on the horizon, it appears dim, as Abel has described it. Who can tell the reason?"

"I think," said Cale Betson, "that it is because the atmosphere is so hazy at morning and at night."

"If that is all," said I, "why does the moon grow brighter as it rises higher? I think it is because there is more haze near the earth than in the air above it."

"That is very true," said the Professor. "But there is another thing to be considered. If we suppose the atmosphere to extend sixty miles above the earth, the light of the sun has only those sixty miles to pass through when it pours straight down upon us at noon. But in the morning it shines obliquely through nearly seven hundred miles of atmosphere; and the rays are then very faint, even in the clearest states of the weather, — their power being several hundred times less than at midday. Yet it is undoubtedly the vapor in the air that absorbs them, rather than the air itself; and the vapor is heaviest in regions near the earth. As you ascend high mountains, the air grows dry and rare, and almost perfectly transparent to the sun's rays."

"Then why are the tops of high mountains so cold?" asked Abel.

"That does seem a riddle, since we are told by scientific men that 'the intensity of solar radiation is much greater on the mountains than in the valleys.' Professor Tyndall says he never suffered so much from solar heat as he did one midsummer day on Mont Blanc. While he sank up to the waist in snow, the sun darted its rays upon him with intolerable fierceness. Yet the air itself was as cold as ice. It was so thin and so free from moisture that the sunlight passed through it without warming it. The air is warmed by coming in contact with objects which absorb and radiate the heat

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of the sun; and this is the main reason why it is so much warmer in a valley than on exposed mountain summits. Then the vapor in the air absorbs heat by day and retains it at night."

"What *is* the sun, anyhow?" said Croll Wagner. "How can it be so hot, unless it is fire; and if it is fire, why don't it burn up some time, and go out?"

"That is a problem which more than one philosopher has racked his brains in vain to solve. That the sun is a thousand times hotter than the hottest substances we can conceive of, I have not the least doubt. Yet it cannot burn, as a lamp or a coal fire burns. The flame of these requires to be fed with the oxygen of the air; and where is the oxygen to keep up the combustion of such a body as the sun? But an object may be incandescent, or dazzlingly hot, without burning, as you all know, if ever you have seen a blacksmith make a horseshoe. Flaming wood is consumed, but hot iron glows till it is cooled. If the sun were a lump of coal on fire, with a plentiful supply of oxygen, it would probably burn up in a few thousand years. But I suppose it would take some millions of years for a mass of iron as large and as hot as the sun, to cool off. There is no evidence whatever of any cooling process going on, — although, even if there were, we might not be aware of it. Some suppose the heat of the sun to be maintained by streams of meteors falling into it. But a more probable theory is, that its mass is gradually contracting, — and we know that the condensation of matter develops heat."

"In that case," said I, "may not the time come when it will cease to contract? And then will it not shut down on its flood of light, and leave us out in the cold!"

"That is not impossible," said the Professor. "It may then become a habitable world itself, long after ours has turned to a dark, icy lump."

"Don't you think the sun is inhabited now?" asked Abel. "Though of course it can't be, if it is so fearfully hot! But my Sunday-school teacher says it is the clouds about the sun that radiate heat and light, while the sun itself may be as cool as our earth."

"Philosophers amused themselves with that idea for a time; but recent discoveries have exploded it; I believe no men of science entertain it now. Clouds capable of radiating such intense heat would certainly melt the globe they enclosed. I have no doubt myself but the sun is a mass of matter, essentially the same as that of which the earth and planets are composed, but all in a state of fusion and vapor. A good telescope shows what seems to be a dark nucleus, or central body, surrounded by an atmosphere thousands of miles in depth, and in a constant state of agitation. The nucleus probably appears dark only in contrast with the intense brilliancy of the flaming vapors and gases that envelop it. There seem to be occasional breaks in this atmosphere, when the nucleus is seen through it.

"The sun is never free from these appearances, and they are what we call *sun-spots*. They are often of such magnitude that they may be seen by the unassisted eye through a darkened glass. Sometimes they appear

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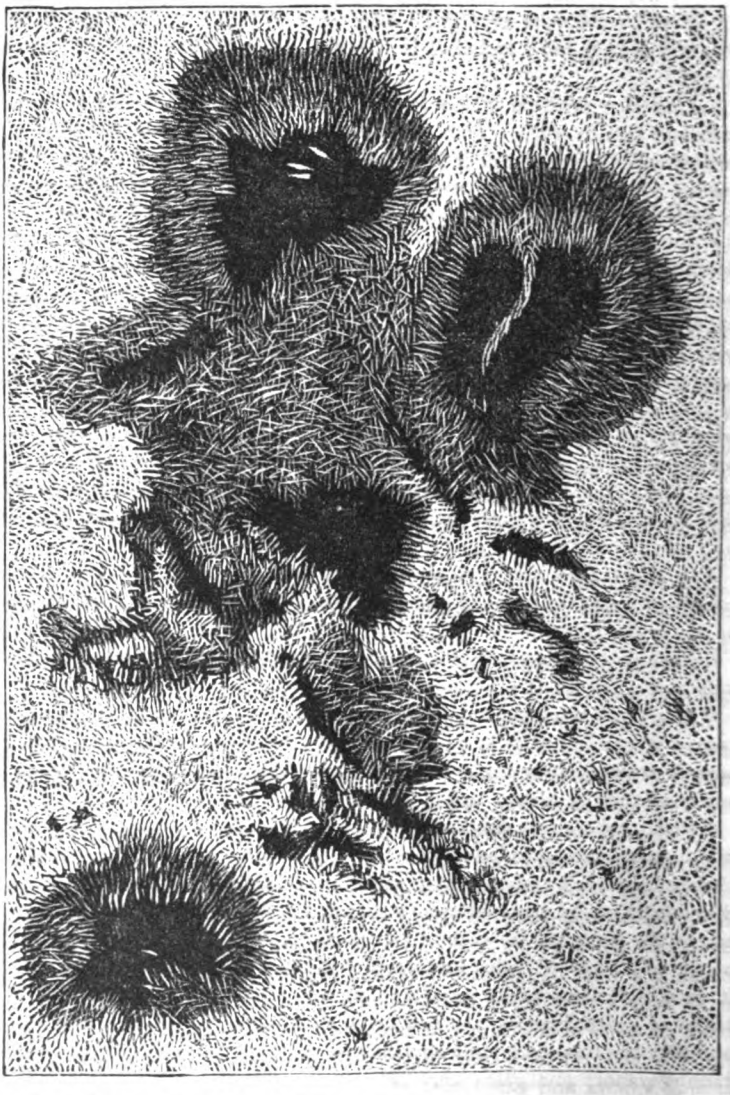
singly, and sometimes in groups. Here is a drawing of a group observed by the English astronomer, Mr. Nasmyth.



"The lighter parts of the picture represent the luminous surface of the sun as seen through a telescope. This is called the *photosphere*, which means simply the *sphere of light*. It appears to be full of minute dark spots or pores, — a wonderful phenomenon, which nobody has been able to ex-

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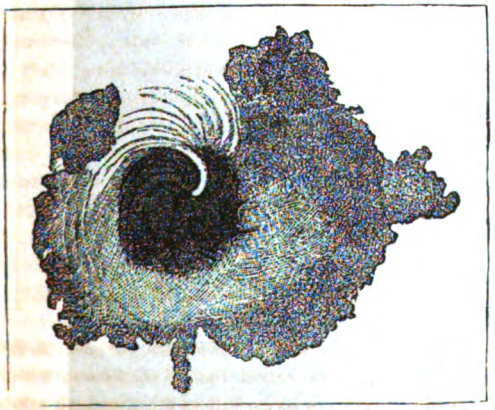
plain. It would seem as though the photosphere were full of bubbles and eddies. Then come those vast breaks, which are the true sun-spots. You notice the dark central shadow of these frightful openings, — for in dimensions they are indeed frightful: it has been truly said that a globe as large as our earth tumbled into one of the larger ones would be no more than a stone dropped into the crater of a volcano. Outside the dark shadow you see a partial shadow; this is called the *penumbra*, and it usually accompanies the spots, — although they sometimes appear without it, and sometimes it appears without them. It is full of shoots and points of light. Then, surrounding the penumbra, are commonly seen what are called *faculæ*, or spots and streaks of light brighter even than the ordinary photosphere, — as if this, torn open by storms and whirlwinds, were heaped up like foam about the edges of the dark openings."

"Do you suppose they have whirlwinds in the sun?" cried Cale Betson.

"Not whirls of *wind*, to be sure; but that there is in the sun's atmosphere something that corresponds to the tornadoes and cyclones in our own I have not the least doubt. And why not? The sun must be hottest at the centre; hence, while regions of its atmosphere on the borders of space are constantly cooling, the more intensely heated and rarefied vapors must be as constantly thrown up from below, producing agitations on a scale of grandeur of which we can form but a faint conception. Many a spot seems to have been formed by a whirlwind."



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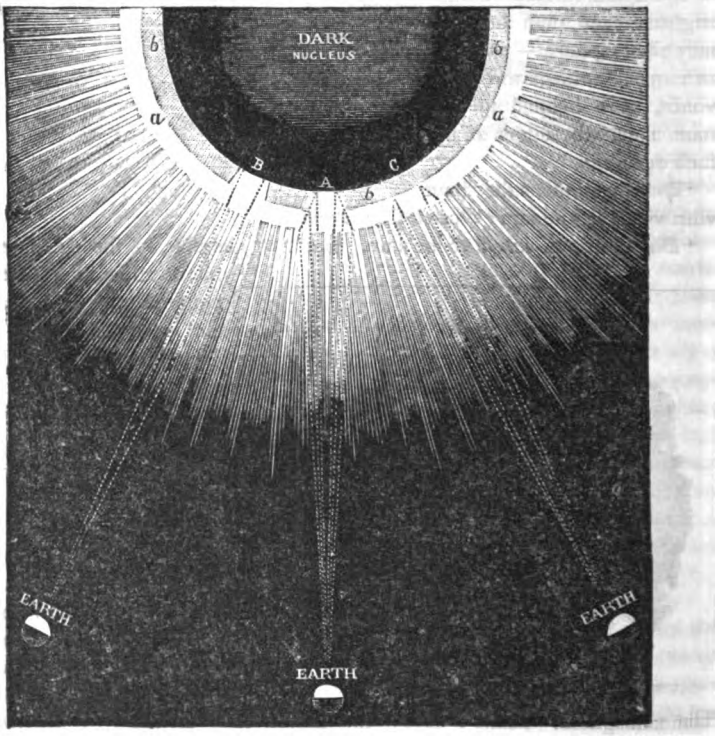
"How long do the spots last?" some one inquired.

"Sometimes only a few hours, sometimes for days and even weeks. They are continually appearing and disappearing, and changing their forms like clouds in our own sky. Indeed, they are thought by some to be, not openings, but clouds, in the sun's atmosphere. They are found in greatest numbers on each side of the sun's equator, while few are found on the equator or near the poles. As the sun revolves on its axis, all appear to have one general movement across his face; at the same time they are often seen to change their positions with regard to each other. Once in about ten years they appear in unusual numbers. Some think they have a marked effect on our terrestrial weather and crops; and one writer has endeavored to show that they are somehow connected with the price of corn."

"Do you mean to say that the sun revolves on an axis, like the earth?" asked Abel, who seemed to be filled with wonder at what he heard.

"Like the earth and all the other planets," said the Professor. "This fact was determined by the movements of the spots; and it was among the first discoveries made by that marvellous instrument, the telescope. Not only were the spots seen to move across the sun's disk, but some, after disappearing from its western edge, were observed to reappear on the eastern



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edge after about fourteen days. Then it took them nearly fourteen days to move across the disk again. This fixed the period of the sun's apparent rotation at twenty-seven days and four hours. But the actual time is nearly two days less."

"How can that be?" I asked.

"Perhaps I can explain the difference by the use of a diagram," said the Professor. "Suppose the spot is first seen at the centre of the sun's disk, at B, and that the sun rotates in the direction of A and C. But the earth is revolving about the sun in the same direction. At the end of twenty-five days and eight hours the sun will have made one complete rotation, and the spot will be actually at B again. But the earth has in the mean while moved forward in her orbit, so that, to have the spot appear to us once more in the centre of the sun's disk, it must move on to A, which will take nearly two days longer."

We all understood this perfectly; and he went on.

"I will here explain also the commonly received theory with regard to the spots. You see the dark nucleus, or central body of the orb. Surrounding this is a cloudy atmosphere, marked *b b b*. Outside of this, *a a*, is the region of greatest light, or photosphere. Such an opening as that at B will show a spot without the penumbra. At A may be seen not only the nucleus, but also portions of the dark nether atmosphere; and we have a spot surrounded by the penumbra. At C the photosphere is still open, showing the lower cloudy region, but this has closed up, hiding the sun's dark body; so we have a penumbra without a spot.

"Something like a third atmosphere, surrounding even the photosphere, is seen during total eclipses of the sun. Then, you know, the moon completely hides the sun from our sight. At the moment of total obscuration, as it is called, the moon, which then appears like a solid black wheel, is suddenly encircled by a beautiful ring of white light, which is called the *corona*. In this corona appear flame-like prominences, which often look like faintly colored snow-capped mountains jutting out from the moon. But observation proves that they belong, like the corona, to the sun, and not to the moon. And photographs of eclipses show that they are real prominences, and not mere optical illusions. They are evidently not stationary; but they appear to be billows and towering crests of flame. If the highest that have been seen were placed as mountains on the earth, they would reach to the moon. Spectral analysis shows that they are composed of incandescent hydrogen gas, — not flames, you understand, but waves and jets and upheaved volumes of gas heated hotter than any flames we know."

"What is spectral analysis?" we all asked at once.

"When we have time I will try to explain it to you," said the Professor. "But now I will only say, that it is a most curious and wonderful process by which, through the analysis of rays of light, the nature of the substance emitting them may be ascertained; and that by means of it the sun is not only found to consist of a solid or liquid nucleus surrounded by an atmos-

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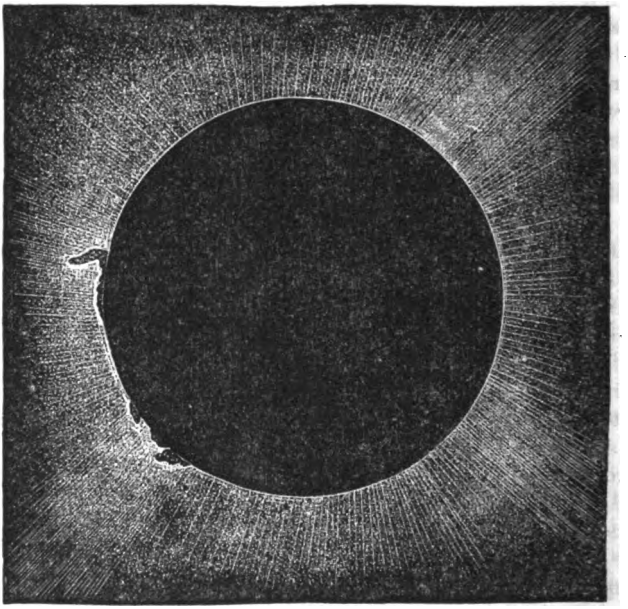
phere, but that there exist in that atmosphere vapors of iron, copper, zinc, magnesium, and various other substances with which we are familiar. These discoveries are to me among the most astonishing of modern times.



"And now, in conclusion," he added, closing his books, "I will give you something to think of as you go home. It is this: that while our earth rotates upon an axis every day, and revolves about the sun, as a central point in the planetary system, once a year, the sun itself has a motion through the heavens, which seems to indicate a grand movement about some other centre, in vast, unknown space. As you look up at the stars, remember that the sun is an orb like them, and that it is only a difference in distance which makes him appear so large and them so small. Removed as far away from us as the bright star Sirius, he would be visible to us only through a telescope."

Augustus Holmes.

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A CHILD'S SONG OF THE BROOK.

O BABBLING brook of Lappington,
How fast you run to the sea!
Sweet babbling brook of Lappington,
How fast you run from me!

Through tangled brake and marshy bend
The way is rough and wild;
I stumble down the rocky path,
For I am but a child.

Now stay awhile your silvery steps
That hasten to the sea,
For, babbling brook of Lappington,
You run too fast for me.

Neglected hangs the ferny spray,
Unplucked the orchis spire;
Wait till I gather berries from
The purple-fruited brier.

The daisy looks into my face, —
I cannot pass it by;
The bluebell shakes its head at me;
I think I hear it sigh.

I want to get the moss that hangs
Beneath the dripping ledge,
And strawberries to string upon
This many-tasselled sedge.

I hear the linnet call me back:
How clear the music rings!
I stop and listen by the hill,
And wonder how he sings.

My feet are tired; but in my heart
A soft and soundless voice
That comes to me from everywhere
Bids me rejoice, rejoice.

It floats above the swinging trees,
It fills the livelong day;
And I am happy, happy,
Too happy even to say.

And so good by, you hurrying brook,
That will not wait for me.
I have heard of brooks that lose themselves
In yonder tossing sea.

Henry Gillman.

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BOBBIT'S HOTEL.

A LITTLE fellow, not much higher than a yard-stick, stunted and stubbed like a dwarf pear-tree; as dirty as the mud under his feet; as ragged as the Coliseum after the great gale; with little restless, grimy hands; with little restless, snapping eyes; with a little restless, hungry mouth — bare feet (or nearly, — he wore some holes with a little shoe to them), bare hands, bare knees sticking through his trousers, a hat without a rim, — a boy without a bed, — that was Bobbit.

It was six o'clock of a January night, and storming too. Bobbit was standing — never mind the name of the street — but he was standing at the foot of it (it was in Boston), in a little snow-drift, up to his knees. The sleet went down his neck, and up his sleeves, and into the holes in his trousers, and into the holes with a little shoe on them; it hung in a fringe on his old hat, and swung to and fro like the fringe which ladies wear headed with guipure lace upon their cloaks. Bobbit thought of that, looking out from behind the little icicles; he had seen a great many handsome cloaks that day; it was what he called a "handsome day"; something was going on at the Music Hall, I believe, and the streets had been as full of pretty things as the sky was of sunlight, till the clouds and the sleet came up. For there is a greater difference in the streets than you would ever suspect, unless you should belong to them, and have nothing to do but watch them like Bobbit. They have their "scrub-days" and their dress-days, like you or me or anybody else but Bobbit, whose whole little life had been a "scrub-day," from beginning to end, — and neither you nor I nor anybody else but just Bobbit himself can know, I suppose, what that may mean.

"It's a brick of a night to have supper," said Bobbit, standing in the snow-drift, — "a brick."

Bobbit talked slang, to be sure, never having enjoyed the benefits of what we call a "liberal education"; yet I am not sure, after all, that a Harvard graduate would have understood Bobbit if he had stood in the snow-drift and heard what he said. In fact, you would have to know that Bobbit did not have a supper every night, to understand it altogether. And even then I do not think you would understand it, unless you were to go without your supper two or three nights — or even one — yourself.

Tuesday Bobbit had a dinner; Monday he picked up quite a breakfast; to-day he would have had a dinner and a supper too, it had been so stormy; there had been a good many gentlemen afraid to leave their horses; Bobbit had learned from long experience to tell by the color of a horse, or by his hoofs or his ears, whether he would be restless in a sleet storm. He had earned ten cents since noon holding cream-colored horses with black manes, and five for a little mouse-colored mare just shaved.

Bobbit carried half his snow-drift into a baker's shop with him. His eyes

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twinkled a little like the feathers of a shuttlecock when you play fast. Was it not enough to justify any one in feeling like a shuttlecock to have three days' living in his pocket? For you see five cents would buy you two little rolls and a doughnut; and to live for two days on ten cents' worth of baked beans, why, nothing could be easier; especially if you saved your ten cents, and took your beans hot to-morrow noon.

Now when Bobbit had got into the baker's shop and bought his doughnut, he saw two little Irish boys looking in at the baker's window.

"That 's a pity!" said Bobbit; for the two little boys stood quite still, flattening their noses on the glass; they had ragged hats and holes in their shoes, and they stood in a snow-drift as Bobbit had done. Now when two little boys will stand still in the throat of a sleet-storm to look in at a baker's window, it generally means that they do it for good reasons; and Bobbit had done it so many times himself, that he looked very wise when he said, "That 's a pity." He looked at his doughnut too, then at the window, then at the doughnut; so, back and forth, as he would if he had been dodging a Haymarket Square policeman.

"I will take three doughnuts," said he to the baker, with a little gulp, "and three cents' worth more of bread. Now I 've got three cents left. Won't you just hand over a few cold beans?"

So the baker gave him the bread and the doughnuts and the cold beans, and Bobbit came out into the drift.

"Halloo," said he.

"'Loo," said the Irish boys both together.

"Got any grub?" asked Bobbit. This was pointed, if not elegant, you see.

"Nery," said the Irish boys with equal emphasis.

"Belong to anybody?" continued Bobbit.

"Not much."

"Anywheres to put up?"

"You bet not!"

"*I* live in a hotel," said Bobbit, with an air.

"Oh!" said the boys.

"I take in folks," continued Bobbit, magnificently, "once in a while; free grettis. I 'll lodge you and board you till mornin'. You just hold your tongue and look spry. Then tag after."

There was a little smell of cold beans and hot doughnuts all about Bobbit. The Irish boys followed him like two little dogs, asking no questions; they held their heads out, and licked their lips.

Bobbit wound in and out like a crochet-needle through loops of streets. The two boys "looked spry" and "tagged after." Bobbit did not speak; he kept his eyes on stray policemen and his hat over his eyes.

"It 's better 'n the lock-up," he said once over his shoulder. "On fair nights it 's nobody's business. When it comes to drifts and sech, them chaps with brass buttons keeps their eyes peeled. Took me up once last winter fur roostin' in a barrel. I was a gone goose fur fifteen days. Take

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it in general, I 'm independent in my way of life — hold on there! That's the railroad. There 's a ditch the off side of *you!* It 's skeery travellin' fur a stranger. But we 've got about there."

"About there" was quite out of the loops of streets, out of the netted alleys, out of the knotted lanes that tied the great city in. The three children had wandered off upon the windy, oozy Charlestown flats, where there was an ugly purple mist, and much slush and lumber and old boots and ash-heaps and wrecks of things.

"There 's my hotel," said Bobbit at last.

The Irish boys looked, — north, east, south, west, — looked again and looked hard. They saw nothing but an old wall of an old burned building that hid them a little from the road, and the road from them, a pile of bare bleached timber, and an old locomotive boiler, rusty, and half buried in a heap of rubbish. But the cold beans and the doughnuts were in Bobbit's pockets, and faith in Bobbit was in their hearts.

"Now," said Bobbit, with an amazing chuckle for a boy who was going to give to-morrow's dinner to another boy, "you walk right along as ef you was going to walk a mile, and when you see I 've doven — *dive!*" The next they knew after that, Bobbit had "doven" into the old engine boiler, and they after him.

"There now!" said Bobbit, grandly, "what do you think of *this* fur a cheap hotel?"

The storm seemed all at once to have stopped; the great curve of the boiler shut it out; only a dim, dull roar, like that of distant machinery or fire or river-dams, sounded about them. Bobbit pulled up an old hogshead top against the open mouth of the boiler; this made it very dark, but almost warm, in the hotel. The little Irish boys felt around with their hands, and found that there were dry leaves, salt hay, and pieces of a worn-out something — jacket perhaps — underneath them.

"Mattrass, bedclo'es, carpet, sofy, all to order, and all to once, gentlemen," said Bobbit. "Fust-class furniture in *my* hotel! Hold on a spell till I turn on the gas." All in a minute a wonderful thing happened. A little pink candle blazed up and burned; it had an old nut-socket for a candlestick; it stood quite firm and shone distinctly on the beans and doughnuts.

"Gener'lly speaking, I can eat in the dark," said Bobbit, "but when it comes to company I can't."

The fact was that Bobbit had just six matches and this little penny pink candle put away under a corner of his hotel "sofy" on purpose for "company." Nobody knows now — I wish that somebody did — how much "company" Bobbit had entertained in his hotel.

"It does n't burn not so long as it might," said Bobbit, with a jerk at the penny candle. "Better fall to while you can see the way to your mouth."

So they "fell to"; and the Irish boys ate up the beans, to begin with; but Bobbit did not say anything about to-morrow's dinner.

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"Got any names to you?" said he, as they broke the last doughnut into three pieces, and ate it slowly, to make it last as long as the candle did.

"Not many to tell on," said the larger of the little guests with his mouth full. "The woman as we run beggin' fur till she was took up fur dhrink last summer, she called us Harum and Scarum jest. I 'm Harum. He 's Scarum."

"I 've heerd worse names 'n that, I 'm sure," said Bobbit, politely.

By and by the doughnut was all gone, and the candle too. Bobbit blew out the last pink spark, and it grew very dark in the hotel.

"Kind o' chilly too," said the little landlord. "Chillier 'n common. The storm must have riz. Sometimes it blows in. But 't ain't often I can't keep 'most cumf't'ble in my rear soot of rooms. You just crawl in fur 's you can go, and stick yer feet into them old jacket sleeves. There 'll be one apiece fur both on ye. Them 's my foot-muffs. I take a sight o' heat out on 'em. A chap as I lodged here last month, as went to the school-ship fur loafin', he left it to me 'to settle my bill,' says he. I took it very well of that chap. He was sick here a week and two days. But I did n't ax fur his jacket. I told him we 'd charge it till his ship come in. But you see it turned out as he come into the ship. You crawl over, there! them 's my fust-class apartments. Cumf't'ble?"

"*Some!*" said Harum.

"I hain't been so warrm, not since the last thaw, at all, at all," said Scarum, sleepily. Indeed, Scarum was sound asleep by the time he had said it; and Harum was asleep by the time that Scarum was. They curled up in the school-ship boy's jacket, like two little puppies, with their heads under their arms and their mouths open. In fact, they seemed a great deal more like little dogs than they did like little boys. But Bobbit did not think of this; they were very much like all his lodgers.

"Babies," he said to himself, twisting himself together to keep warm, "jest babies. Now I 'd like to know what 'ud ha' become o' them two *this* night, ef I did n't happen to keep hotel. Wh-e-ew!"

This night was growing quite cold enough to emphasize. Bobbit was a little surprised it grew so cold. You see he was used to sleeping in the "first-class rooms," over under the jacket and the hay. Right here in the lips of the boiler it was icy and wet. The wind puffed in at the cracks where the hogshead top did not fit; it seemed as if the hotel were drawing in great breaths, like an animal, into its iron lungs. The sleet, too, shot in little broadsides of it, cutting and cold; Bobbit's hands bled where it struck them; but it was so dark that he did not know it.

"The wind 's the wrong way," said Bobbit, "my front door 'll be down afore morning. Heigh — o! — Harum?"

Harum was asleep.

"Scarum?"

Scarum was asleep.

"Warm as toast," said Bobbit, feeling of them. "Wonder ef they could spare me the jacket."

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But after some thought he concluded not to take the jacket. The storm was screaming horribly, overhead, this side, that side, all about, and the wind still the wrong way. If the front door should go down the jacket would not be any too much for his little lodgers.

"I won't ask fur 't," said Bobbit, with a little grim smile. "I brung 'em in here. I won't ax fur the jacket."

So he did not ask for the jacket, and by and by the door went down.

"Seems to me I never knew sech a night; not so much like notched knives," said poor Bobbit; for the boiler gaped cruelly and drew in long breaths of the storm upon him. The snow swept in, and the wind; the sleet crusted over his bleeding fingers and in his hair. It was very dark; often, when the wind was the wrong way, and that front door went down, he could see stars through the rusty gums of the creature,—the boiler seemed more like a creature than like a hotel after all, sometimes,—but now it opened into blank blackness and noise.

It was very, very cold. Bobbit had been very cold before, but never so cold as this. He looked over at the "best soot" where his little lodgers lay, and thought how warm it must be in there. He kept the edge of the storm from the little boys, you see; it struck and broke upon his own poor little freezing flesh. If he could change places with Harum and Scarum! If he could only change places for a little while!

But Bobbit shook his head hard at himself.

"That 's one way to keep a hotel! Put folks into yer front entries and freeze 'em afore mornin'!"

But it was bitter cold! Bobbit felt bitten and gnawed all over.

"I should ha' liked the—jacket,—but I won't. No, I won't," said Bobbit. He put his head down upon his arm; the snow had drifted in high and soft; his arm and his head went down into it, like a cold cushion.

"I 'll have a white pillar-case at any rate," said Bobbit, slowly, wondering why he did n't laugh at his own joke. "And I won't—no, I won't—they was company. And sech babies. Folks as keeps hotels must put up—with—onconvenience. It 's somethin' to hev a white—pillar-case of yer own—now."

The little hotel-keeper sunk lower and lower into his white pillow-case. The hotel door gaped steadily. All the front entry filled with snow. There was so much snow, that the boiler choked and gaped no longer to the black night. Instead, it grew dully white and warm, so the little lodgers in the best rooms thought, when they waked each other up once in the night, by trying to get their four feet into one of the jacket sleeves. They called out to Bobbit, but he lay quite still in the front entry, and made no answer. So they thought how comfortable they were, and went to sleep again.

Now, in the morning, there was a great noise inside the boiler, and outside too, for that matter. For Bobbit's hotel was drifted and drowned almost out of sight and breath by the piling snow; and Bobbit's little lodgers, when they found it out, whined and whooped till a policeman and a butcher and two shovels came to dig them out.

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"Puppies," said the policeman, letting sunlight in, "froze up here over night. "A batch of pup — Hal — loo!"

For his shovel struck hard on something, and it was not a puppy. It was the little hotel-keeper on his white pillow-case, asleep and cold; so sound asleep and so cold, that neither the policeman nor the butcher nor Harum nor Scarum could wake him, though they tried their best for an hour.

"He give them other young uns the warmth of the whole freezing concern!" said the policeman, talking very fast. "That 's what I call *g-r-i-t!*"

Harum and Scarum called it a pity. They did not know what else to call it.

"A norful pity," said Harum, as they were marched off to the Little Wanderer's Home.

"Where 's he gone to?" whispered Scarum, looking frightened.

"Purrgetorry, mebbe," suggested Harum.

"Will he kape hotel in Purrgetorry?" asked Scarum, after a very little very stupid thought.

"It 's the praste as knows. I doant," said Harum.

Now Scarum was thinking a very curious thing. "If he kapes hotel in Purrgetorry," said Scarum to himself, "I hope they 'll give him tree cumf't'bles, and coald beans every day, jist." But he did not think about it long enough to say it; and he would n't have known how to say it, if he had. Besides, that is the end of the story.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

OUR MENAGERIE.

IV.—RATS.

WHAT shall we show next in our menagerie? I think we will not go a great way for the next animal. It shall be one that is very common and yet very wild; one that you can see or hear any day, and yet can hardly catch, though you should try never so hard; one that is afraid of you, and that you will be a little afraid of, if you get it into a corner when it is angry. Ladies and gentlemen, we are about to exhibit a rat.

This menagerie is chiefly devoted to very wise and intelligent animals, and certainly the rat is one of the wisest. Just think how closely he sticks to man, though man tries day and night to get rid of him. Rats always stay with us, never are starved, always look sleek and comfortable, and always seem to feel more at home in our houses than we ourselves feel. What seems more helpless than a rat on board a ship, with the ocean all about him, and not a friend to protect him, and every human being in the

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vessel ready to kill him if he shows his head? And yet rats thrive on board ship better than men do, and they increase so fast that when the vessel reaches port, it may have to be deserted for a time by all on board, in order to drive out the rats by smoke or steam. On the return of the English man-of-war Valiant from Havana, in 1766, the rats were found to have so increased that they ate a hundred pounds of biscuit in a day; so the ship was smoked out, and for days together they collected daily six baskets full of rats. In the Arctic regions, where Dr. Kane and his crew could hardly keep themselves alive, the rats constantly multiplied, and the dogs were afraid to go into the hold of the vessel. The crew stayed on deck one terribly cold night, and tried to smoke out the rats, but in vain. Then Dr. Hayes burned charcoal till he nearly set the ship on fire, but it did very little good, and at last the men got used to sleeping with rats among their blankets, and Dr. Kane made rat soup for dinner.

But on land, when rats find themselves in danger, a whole colony of them will sometimes remove from a building, of their own accord, and set up housekeeping in some safer place. Mr. Buckland tells a story of some men who had made great preparations for destroying all the rats in a certain barn in England. When the morning came the men entered the barn with dogs and ferrets and big sticks, but not a rat could they find. The ferrets ran into the holes, and the dogs got under the straw, and the men poked with their sticks, but not a rat could they find. Afterwards a laborer came and said that he had seen a whole regiment of rats, on that very morning, as they marched away from that barn to another. Do you not wish that they would march out of your house in that way?

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If you have rats in your house or barn, how many different ways of catching them will be recommended to you! First, you will be advised to try traps, and perhaps you will catch one rat; but no more will ever get into the trap, and it will seem as if a great many new rats had come from other houses to nibble at the bait or to attend the funeral. Then you will try poison, and some rat will run away and die in the wall, and you will wish you had let it live. Then somebody advises you to fill a pail with water, and cover the surface with meal, so that the rat shall take the water for dry land, and be drowned. But I have never yet seen a rat that did not know land from water better than that. Then somebody else will tell you to take away the meal, and to put a piece of cheese on the end of a shingle, and to balance the shingle like a see-saw on the side of the pail, and to rest the outer end on a shelf or something, so that the rat shall walk quietly along till he gets inside the edge of the pail, when he will go, plump, into the water. Of course his weight will bring down the balanced shingle before he reaches the bait, but the question is whether a tolerably shrewd rat will ever venture on the shingle at all. I have known people to try this, and they said, "Wait, and you will see." But they have now been waiting a good many years with never a rat. And I think they now believe what a great mathematician once said, that it is easier to learn any problem in Euclid's Geometry than to catch a rat.

The most singular adventure I ever had with rats was this: that after trying in vain to catch them in rat-traps, I got rid of them at last by means of a mouse-trap. This was the way it happened. On moving into a house which had been for some months vacant we used to hear the rats at night in the cellar, making as much noise as if a carpenter were at work there. So we tried in vain to catch them; and as there were also mice, we set a mouse-trap. One morning the cook found a mouse in the trap; but she was afraid of the little creature, and set the trap aside, for me to take out the mouse. In a few hours I went to look for it; but trap, mouse, and all were gone, nor have they since been seen. We had neither cat nor dog, nor had the doors been left open. From that day the rats all disappeared, and we ceased to hear the carpenter's work in the cellar. I have always believed that the rats dragged away the trap into some hole, and decided as they ate their poor little cousin, that it should be their last meal in so inhospitable a house.

One reason why rats are able to live and thrive in spite of everything is that they show such sagacity in obtaining food. A lady of my acquaintance found that the eggs in her kitchen disappeared very fast, and she and her husband, after patient watching, saw the rats at work upon them. She saw one rat lie upon its back, and take an egg or two between its paws, with the help of the others. Thus it became a sort of live sled, or wheelbarrow, without wheels, and another rat, taking in its mouth the tail of the first one, dragged the load of eggs to their hole. Other observers have seen parties of rats pushing eggs up or down stairs, two being busy with each egg; sometimes they have been seen formed in a line, and passing along

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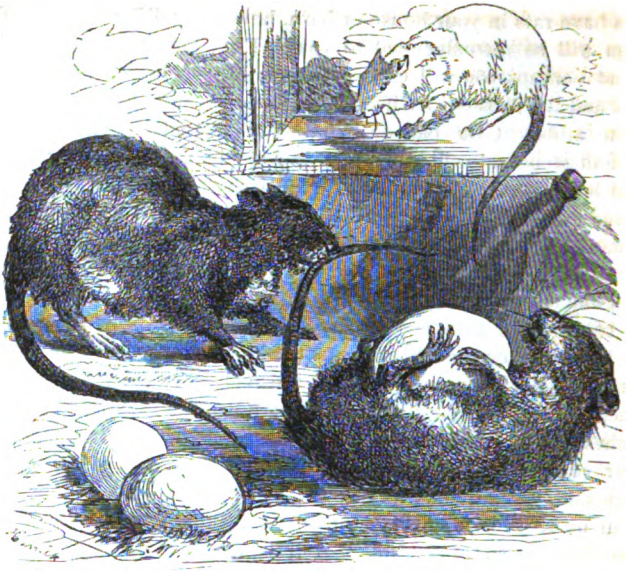

the eggs from one to another, as firemen pass buckets of water at a fire. This shows the same intelligence that beavers show, when they unite in their engineering work.

The same lady told me that she had discovered how the rats drink sweet oil. Her husband was an apothecary, and had a number of bottles of sweet oil, some of which were found nearly empty. They watched and saw two rats at work upon the bottle. They pulled out the cork, or nibbled through it, and then one of them let his tail down into the bottle, and soon drawing it out, let his comrade lick it. Then the comrade took his turn, and dipped in his tail, and the first rat licked that, and so they were as happy as you may see poor little children on wharves, around a cask of molasses. The same thing has been described in the books, but it seems very hard to believe. Naturalists say that these stories "lack confirmation"; but they would hardly be repeated so often if they were not true, and I believe my old friend's account, at any rate.

There is a story of a good woman in England who heard for two nights a terrible hubbub in her cellar, so that she collected her neighbors to defend her. On the third night, her maid found that a barrel of sweet wine had been entirely emptied by rats. They had first gnawed through the bung, to drink the wine, and then, as it sunk lower and lower, they had eaten away the whole side of the barrel. The servant-girls declared that "the ghost had taken the wine"; but if so the ghost's teeth made marks exactly like rats' teeth; and Mr. Buckland still keeps the remains of the cask to show what these little animals can do.

Rats certainly use their tails a great deal, whether they dip them into

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bottles or not. If you observe a rat climbing or springing or rising on his hind legs, you will see that his tail helps him very much. It is thick and strong, and the naturalist Cuvier says that it has as many muscles as the human hand. It seems very surprising that rats should be so clean, when they live on such dirty food and in such dirty places. Cats seem to lose some of their instinct of cleanliness when they have to live as rats live; but rats clean themselves after eating as carefully as the most domestic cats; and no fleas or other insects are ever found upon them. Our rats are commonly of the gray species (*Mus decumanus*), which has gradually driven out the black rat (*Mus rattus*). But sometimes white rats are kept as pets, and sometimes a variety of colors may be seen among wild rats. A lady of my acquaintance once lived in a house in Boston, with a stable behind it, from which a great many large rats used to come into the kitchen and coal-shed. They were so familiar that the cook once declared that she heard a knock at the kitchen door, and on opening it saw a large rat standing on his hind legs and looking at her, "so impudent," as she said. Be that as it may, this lady was once looking out into the yard and saw several rats drinking by the pump. In their midst was lying (as she thought) a beautiful piece of reddish fur. As she wondered how it came there, it suddenly took to its heels and ran away into the stable with the other rats, and she never saw it again.

Rats are not easy to tame, and yet they have sometimes made excellent pets. The driver of a London omnibus once found in his hayloft a young

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rat of a piebald cclor, which he brought home for his children to play with. The little thing soon grew tame, and was a great favorite, the children naming him "Ikey" after their eldest brother. He would lie before the fire at full length, or run round and round after his own tail like a cat. His master often carried him in his pocket, or put him in his dinner-basket to guard the dinner. Ikey was always honest except when there was plum-pudding in the basket, and then he had not moral courage enough to resist nibbling at the plums. But if others touched the basket, Ikey flew at them and drove them away. In return, his master taught him to sit on his hind legs and beg, to jump through a hoop, to drag a little cart, and to carry money in his mouth.

I once saw a series of sketches by a young lady of Boston, representing a sleigh-ride of cats drawn by rats. In the first sketch they were trotting off very finely. In the second the cats had grown hungry and were dropping whips and reins to spring upon the frightened rats. In the third picture the cats were walking sorrowfully back to the city, carrying their whips in there fore-paws and their "team" in their stomachs, and leaving the sleigh and the empty harnesses behind. If I were a rat I should not wish to be "broken to harness" in that style.

T. W. Higginson.

"DAT AR BILL."

"TEACHER, Crazy Poll say kin she an' Bill come ter school, please, ma'am?"

I was just closing the door of my little log school-house down in Virginia, and it was one of my scholars who spoke.

"Who is Crazy Poll?" I asked.

"She a crazy gal, lib ober yonder in de wild woods."

"But what good will it do a crazy girl to come to school? She can't learn anything."

"'Deed Poll kin larn; she got good, hard sense; she ain't raal crazy, on'y she jes' outlandish."

"Very well, tell her she can come."

"An' Bill too? But he *got* ter come ef Poll come, fer she don't nebber go nowhars widout him."

I did not like to refuse any child who wanted to come to school; and since Poll, it seemed, would not come without Bill, I concluded to take Bill too. I went to school the next morning with considerable curiosity to see the crazy girl, who yet was not "raal crazy," only "outlandish." I found the children gathered round a figure sitting astride the fence. As I came near they said, "Git down, Poll, dar's de teacher a comin'."

"S'pose she is, what I gwine git down fer? Spec she kin see me heah, good as ef I 'se on de groun'."

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The children, horrified at such disrespect, drew back, leaving Poll alone upon the fence, where she remained staring at me as I approached. She did *not* look "raal crazy," but certainly she was a very queer object. She wore a blue linsey dress and a blue cotton apron, both clinging tightly around her, without a gather or a fold, so that she looked like a long parcel done up in a blue wrapper. Her hair was separated into little locks, which were wound round with red worsted and stood out in knobs all over her head. A pair of shoes without strings, and vastly too large for her, completed her costume. Under her arm she carried a bundle rolled up in a piece of old blanket. I spoke to her, but she only stared, so I went into the house, the children following. Poll watched us through the window for a while, and at last came in. When she had taken a seat I said, "Is your brother coming to-day?"

She opened her eyes wider than ever. "'Ain't got no brudder."

"The children said there was a little boy named Bill coming with you, and I thought it was your brother."

She only stared at me with her great round eyes as solemnly as ever; but the children giggled, and a little voice said, "Bill done come. Poll got him in dar." And while I was looking round for some sign of a little boy, she unrolled her bundle, and there was a rush and a flapping of wings, and with a cut-cut-cut-cut-dah-cut, a great rooster stalked into the middle of the room with an air of feeling himself monarch of all he surveyed.

So this was the Bill that Poll "nebber went nowhars widout," and that I had agreed to take into school! Was there ever anything so funny since Mary's little lamb "followed her to school one day"? Mary's teacher turned the lamb out; but I did n't turn Bill out, for one very good reason, — I could n't.

He was a very handsome fellow, and he knew it too. It needed nobody to tell him that the gold and purple of his breast, the amber and jet of his neck, and the bright vermilion of his crest, were beautiful as anything could be, and dazzled the eyes of every meek-eyed hen that chanced to behold him. Hours he spent in dressing and pluming himself, bestowing particular attention upon one of his tail-feathers nearly half a yard longer than the rest, perfectly black at the tip, which waved in the air after him like a pirate's flag. Handsome though he was, he was altogether a reckless, disreputable-looking bird, and often made it painfully evident that he had not been brought up in a genteel, well-regulated barn-yard.

I went home with Poll one day to see her grandmother. They two lived alone in a little log hut set close against a fence, as if it needed to lean on it to keep from tumbling down. In front of the door was an old cherry-tree, with a few leaves scattered over it, seeming to be of no use except as a family room for the hens, who were holding a sociable in the branches. Here I saw Bill in all his glory. In school he was rather doubtful just what course to take, and circumstances were sometimes too much for his dignity; but here he was sure of himself and of everybody else. How he strutted and crowed and plumed and admired himself! And how his family admired

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him! There was n't a strong-minded hen in Bill's family. Each one walked in fear and meekness before her acknowledged lord and master. They never dreamed of asking for "rights" other than Bill chose to give them; and Bill considered that for a sober-minded, dutiful hen to bring up her chickens in the way they should go, and by way of recreation to admire him, were "rights" enough.

After the first day or two Poll settled down into regular school ways, and behaved pretty much like the other children. The only very "outlandish" thing about her was her treatment of her books, and for this she always blamed Bill. If her books were torn, "dat ar Bill done scratch 'em. Spec he t'ought he war folks, an' gwine ter larn ter read." If her pencil was broken, "dat ar Bill done chawed it." If her lesson was not learned, she "could n't study fer dat ar Bill foolin' roun'." "Dat ar Bill" was at the bottom of everything, and yet Poll loved him better than anything else in the world.

In the spring a friend in Vermont sent a box of maple-sugar for the children. They had never seen any before, and "dis yer Norf sugar," as they called it, was a great curiosity to them. It was made in little cakes with scalloped edges. Was there ever a child who did not enjoy biting round the edge of a maple-sugar cake, taking each scallop in turn? These children began to nibble the scallops as naturally as if they had been little Yankees, used to maple-sugar all their lives. Poll carried her cake home, and sat down at the foot of the bare-headed cherry-tree to inspect and enjoy it at leisure. She bit off one of the scallops very cautiously, her eyes opening wider than ever as she tasted its rich sweetness. She was raising it for another bite, when something flapped against her face, the cake was snatched from her hand, and while she stood speechless and bewildered Bill made off with the treasure, waving his black tail-feather in triumph. In a moment Poll was herself again, and she started after him, screaming, "Yer nasty, mizzable, good-fer-nothin', stealin' nigger! Yer done tuk de hull ob my Norf sugar what de teacher gub me, an' mebby I won't nebber see anoder crumb long 's I lib. I war gwine ter gib yer half, an' yer done tuk de hull. Jes' yer gib it back now, or I 'se kill yer sho 's yer bohn."

But Bill, who had flown up into a fork of the cherry-tree, and deposited the maple-sugar out of her reach, only replied by a triumphant cut-cut-cut-cut-dah-cut. All the milk of human kindness in Poll's nature turned to vinegar at this heaping up of insult upon injury.

"Don' yer nebber come near dis yer place agen," she said, while the streaming tears washed her face cleaner than it had been for a month; "ef yer does I 'se gwine bust yer head with de broomstick."

And she kept her word. When, by and by, Bill came down from his perch and walked into the house as usual, Poll seized the broom and never stopped until she had chased him from house and yard, across the road, and into the woods. He made several attempts to return, but being always charged upon with a broom-handle, he at last resigned himself to circumstances, and settled in the woods, whence his crow was frequently heard, as

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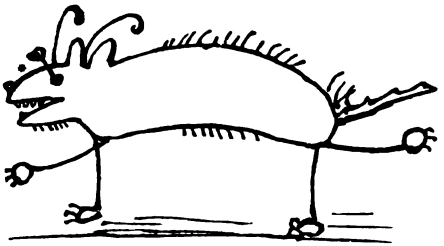
if calling for company. He was not long alone. There soon gathered round him all the disreputable and discontented fowls in the neighborhood, who formed themselves into a sort of guerilla band, and lived in true guerilla fashion, — making frequent raids upon the surrounding gardens and cornfields; always under the leadership of "dat ar Bill."

Elizabeth Kilham.

GERMS OF GENIUS.

MY son is a genius. 'T is easy to see,
By the drawings he makes on his slate
And all the fly-leaves of available books,
That his name in the land will be great.
His beasts have such horn, and his birds have such claw,



Such carnivorous jaw,
So capacious of maw,
Such archings of back, and such ponderous paw,
Such freedom from all anatomical law,
As the eye of a genius alone ever saw.
And Gustave Doré
In his night-marish way
Never pictured such terrible creatures as they;
For ichthyosauri or pliocene snakes
Would look gentle as doves by the drawings he makes.

Now some of the pictures of Rosa Bonheur
Are rather good animal drawings — for her;
But *she* copies Nature's
Mere external features,
And has no conception of these sorts of creatures;
And as for the paintings of Edwin Landseer,
With the endless and wearisome horses and deer,
His feelings I spare;
I forbear
To compare

* Particular attention is called to the masterly introduction of the other eye in the profile view.

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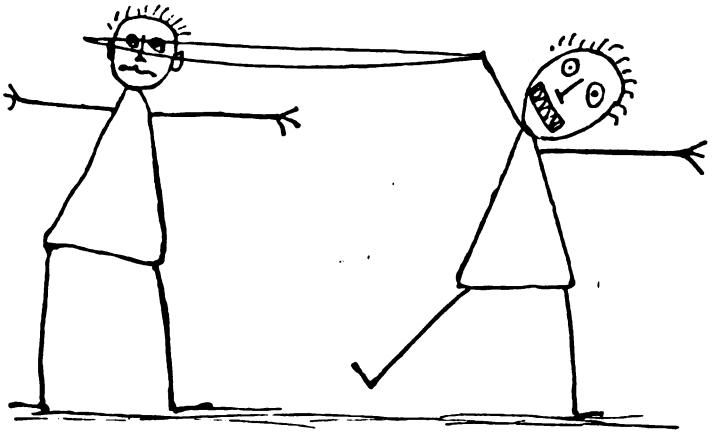
His pitiful portraits of badger and hare
With these masterly sketches, dashed off as they are, —
For no finish of antler or gloss upon hair
Can atone for the loss of their wildness of air,
From his smallest bull-pup with the impudent stare
To his biggest brass lion on Trafalgar Square.



Now here on the page of my latest review,
That I happened to leave but a moment or two,
What is it I find? A man full of dread,
With a circular head
On a triangle body, with legs at the base,
And arms with no joint in
Horizontally pointing
Trifurcated ends out in opposite ways,
Is receiving a blow
From the blade of a foe
That cuts through the skull like a keel through the water;
While a rectangle grin
Shows the grim teeth within,
And the terrible slayer's delight in the slaughter.
The grouping is natural, the drawing correct;
That foreshortened arm has a striking effect;
But the malice and wrath on the face of the victor
Are what give the wonderful charm to the picture.
I will tear out this drawing and fold it away;
He shall have it again on that glorious day
When high on the walls of the Temple of Art
The mighty cartoon is unfurled;
For if he goes on with his pencil in hand
He will make a great mark in the world.

I. R.

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HOW TO DRAW.

No. II.

MY DEAR ALLIE, —

I hope you are able, by this time, to draw a straight line in any direction, and that you are prepared to give the subject of my present letter your undivided attention.

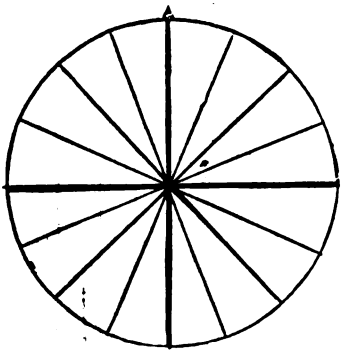
First and foremost, I want you to learn that the straight line has *three* positions only, and that *each* position has a name. Here they are: —

First, the *horizontal line;*

next, the *vertical line;*

and then the *inclined* or *oblique line.*

The *horizontal line* is *any* straight line that can be drawn upon the top of a table, or the floor of a room, and it is also a line that can be drawn anywhere, parallel to the plane of the horizon, that is, running in the same direction with the horizon line. The *vertical line* is a line that is exactly upright. A chimney upon a slanting roof is vertical. And the *inclined*, or *oblique line* is that which is neither horizontal nor vertical. A ladder leaning against an upright wall shows inclined lines. Shall I prove to you that there are only three positions for the straight line?



Look now at this circular form. Do you not see that it contains one horizontal line, one vertical line, and many inclined lines?

Now we will proceed with our work.

You may take your slate, placing it square in front of you, as you were told to do in the first letter, and draw these combinations of the straight line. You need not be particular for the present about placing points for the extremities of the lines. Draw the examples without the help of a ruler and as many more as you can invent, *using two lines only* in your work.

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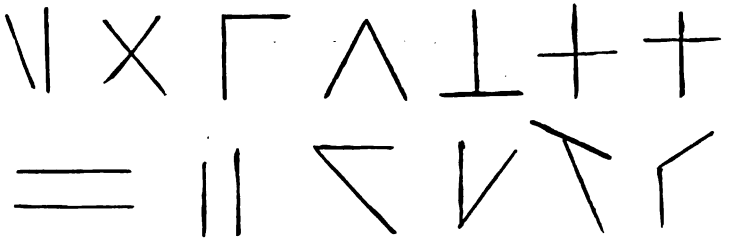
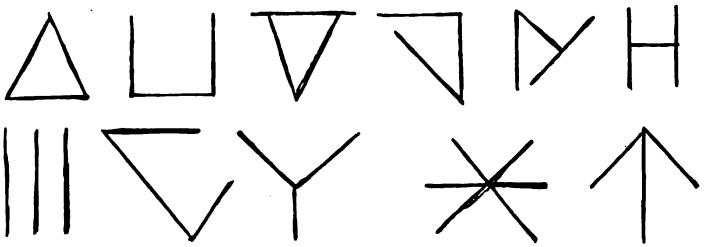
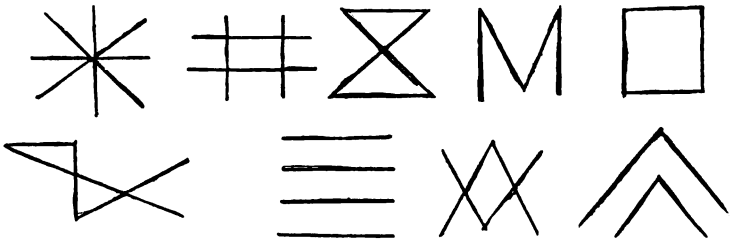


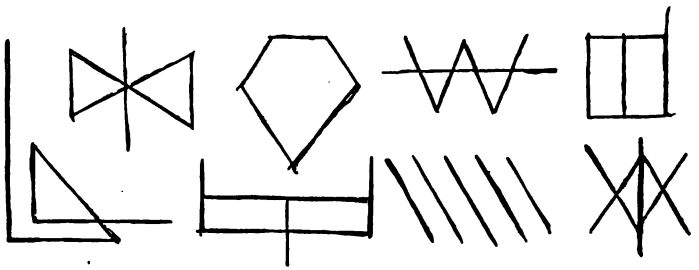
I also set before you combinations of *three* lines, and you may try to make them when you have mastered the foregoing studies.



Familiar with these last, and able to make them, you may draw the following exercises, using *four* lines ;



when you will be ready to begin this series of *five*-line figures,



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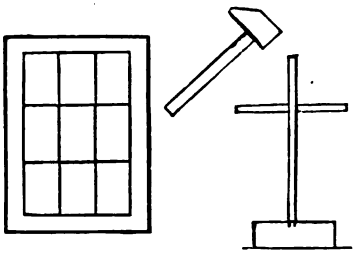
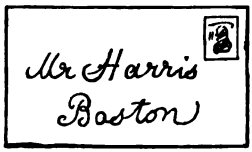
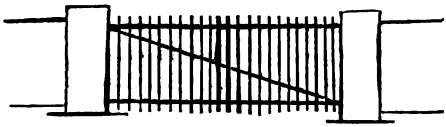
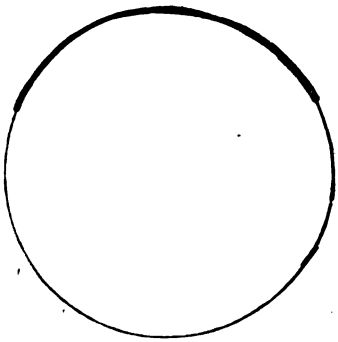
and the familiar shapes that come after them.





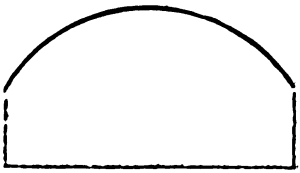


So much for *straight lines.* Now we will proceed to CURVED LINES. A *curved line* (remember the definitions!) may be a portion of a circle,

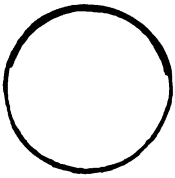


either concave in form, like this figure,

or convex, like *this* one;



full, like a part of a small circle,



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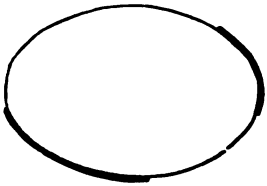
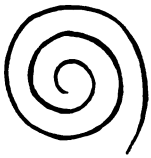
or extended, like a part of a large one.

It may also be a portion of an ellipse, which is this figure,

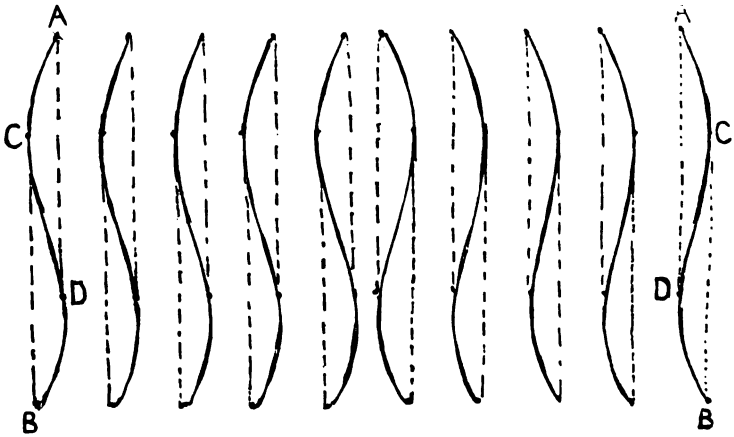


or of a volute, which is this one.



At this point you may begin to see what you can do with the curved line, taking particular care to have your slate square in front of you, and looking out for your pencil, which, by the way, should always be well pointed, as you see it here, and long enough to reach beyond the large joint of your first finger, — that one, I mean, which unites the finger to the hand. (See illustration of the hand and pencil, in Letter No. I.)

Commence now, by making the *first* line of your copy, which I fear you will find extremely difficult. Never mind, but determine the places for the points marked A B C D. D you will perceive is directly under A, and B directly under C, and when you have made the



first line, the others I think will come easier to you. I only require that you place points for each line before you attempt to draw it, and that you will exercise all a little girl's patience.

You did not expect so much hard work; did you? and you thought that

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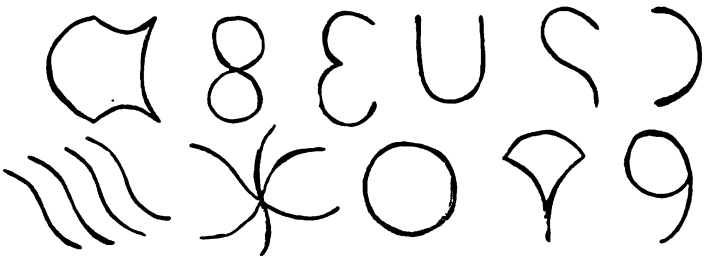
Drawing was one of the *easiest* things in all the world to do; that pretty pictures almost came of themselves, and that it did not matter much about rules and painstaking, so long as you gave folks SOME ideas of the shapes of the objects around them.

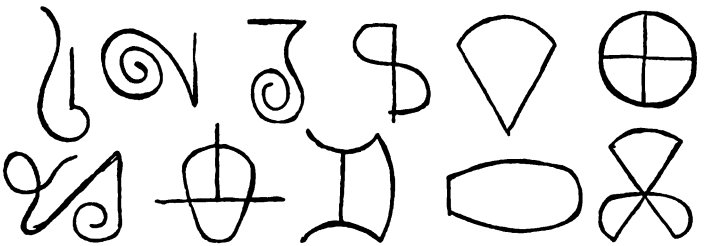
Wait, my dear child, until you are a little older, and you will certainly find that the true way to thorough knowledge of any kind is by successive steps properly taken. Easy learned, my dear, is, you may depend upon it, soon forgotten, and all grasped at once oftentimes makes total loss of all.

And so, having set you to work upon the *curved line*, I now give you some new examples to draw, but I do not want you to attempt to make them until you have drawn the five curved lines a *great many times.*

Here you have combinations of curved lines entirely;



and here, combinations of *curved* and *straight* lines.



We will close our lesson in Drawing now, though there are still many things I desire to say to you.

Ah, if I can only teach you how to use your eyes as they ought to be used to fulfil God's purpose in giving them to you, I shall not fail to fill you with a power that is a thousand times greater than moneyed wealth or worldly honor. If I can only make you thoroughly appreciate the beautiful works of your Maker (and you cannot thoroughly appreciate them unless you can *thoroughly see* them, which means vastly more than simply *using* your open eyes), I am sure you will be always good, always armed against unhappiness, always more completely under the sweet influences perpetually coming out from Heaven.

Charles A. Barry.

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A SUMMER DAY'S PASTIME.

ON our shady back porch the thermometer stood at 90°. Lill was lolling on the sofa in the library playing with the cat, a book in her hand, upside down. Harry, our "big irrepressible," wandered from room to room, fuming and fretting.

"Harry," said Lill, in her martyr voice, "do take a drink of ice-water and keep cool; you make my head swim with your gyrations."

"Let it swim! It 's too light ever to sink. That 's a joke, but don't laugh, — it 's too warm. But say now, girls, what ever 's a fellow to do?"

"Be civil, and go and — shoot."

"Got no shot, — gun ain't cleaned."

"Ride."

"Horses all ploughing."

"Fish."

"Sun 's too bright, — wind wrong way, — pike won't bite."

"Pig won't go over the bridge, and I can't get home to give my children their bonny bunch of black-b-e-r-r-i-e-s," drawled Lill.

"Children," said our Duty Sweet, looking up from her long seam, "let 's —"

But you don't know who our Duty Sweet is. It 's a pity, for you miss a great deal. Well, she is our Aunt Ruth, our mother's youngest sister. We could remember that she had left home during the war, to go somewhere, to teach somebody something. And mother cried and begged her not to go, and father said in his sternest tones it was "a most quixotic plan." We did n't know what that meant, but we thought it must be something very bad, he looked so cross. But she went; and we did n't see her again till after mother died. Then she came back to us, a quiet, pale-faced woman, so changed! but O, so good and lovely! Harry, with the contrariness natural to boys, and to our blessed boy particularly, calls her the "*Agitatress*." But we call her Love, Delight, Duty Sweet, and half a dozen other names that fit her grace and saintliness.

Well, to go on. She looked up from her sewing, and said, "Children, let 's go into photography." If she had said "Let 's jump over the moon," we could n't have been more astonished.

"We have n't got a room with yellow glass windows —"

"Nor a skylight."

"Nor a *cameron obscurum*," shouted Harry as if he had found a "clincher."

"We don't need anything you have mentioned," said Auntie. "Our apparatus is simple and inexpensive. You know any process which makes a picture through the action of the sun upon a chemically prepared surface may be called photography (drawing by light). The simple way I can teach you deserves the name as much as if you used a *camera*, and all the other appliances of the profession."

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We forgot the heat right off, and began to ask a thousand and one questions.

"First," said aunt, "we must get something to photograph. Let 's begin with leaves; they will give us more satisfaction than anything else; for you must use the simplest chemicals until you have more skill. We can go over to the grove and gather some ferns for our trial pictures. Remember June, July, and August are the best months to gather them. They are then in full beauty and vigor, untouched by autumnal decay. You can press some and use them later in the fall or winter, but it is better to photograph from the fresh green ones. But let 's start. Get a sharp knife, Harry, and an old book or portfolio to put the specimens in as soon as we gather them, that they may be pressed flat and unwilted."

We found plenty of ferns in the dark, damp wood; and to our joy discovered, near a mossy stone, almost in a swamp, a large tuft of the dainty, delicate maiden-hair. We disliked to tear it from its cool, quiet home; but Harry, flourishing his carving-knife like an old Bluebeard, shouted, "Science, Lill!" and snapped the slender stems. We laid all our ferns in the book, careful that the leaf edges did not overlap each other, and then hurried home to learn more of this "play study" that is such fun.

From the depths of one of her "treasure trunks" Aunt Ruth fished up a small package labelled "ferrocyanide of potassium" (red prussiate of potash) and a sheet of smooth paper, which she called *papier saxe*,* such as all photographers keep and will sell.

"Now," she went on, "I will read you the directions, and you can each try to photograph a fern; it only requires a little patience and practice to insure perfect success.

"'Dissolve in six tablespoonfuls of rain-water half a dozen pieces of ferrocyanide of potassium about the size of a pea, — or, to be more exact, one hundred grains of ferrocyanide in an ounce of water. Cut your paper into pieces of the required size, and brush over one side with this solution by means of a tuft of raw cotton, until the surface is thoroughly and evenly moistened. Stick a pin through one corner, and hang the paper up to dry in a dark room or closet. Lay upon a pane of glass pieces of newspaper and upon this the prepared paper (when it is entirely dry), brushed side uppermost, and upon this the leaf to be copied. Cover it with another pane of glass, and fasten the two together by means of "spring clothes-clips," one at each corner, or closer if necessary. Place in sunlight — best perpendicular to the rays — for half an hour or more, until the exposed portion of the paper has changed to a bright blue. On removing the fern there will remain a yellow picture on a blue ground. Wash the print in clear water until the yellow becomes pure white.'"

We went to work full of eagerness and curiosity, and in a few hours each of us brought to aunt a picture, and very proud we were. Lill's was the best; her blue was the brightest and her white the clearest. Aunt said she had taken hers out of the sun at just the right moment. Harry had been

* Ordinary unruled letter-paper will do as well.

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too quick, and the picture was faint and pale; and mine was exposed too long, for the forked veins of the fern were plainly printed and the blue ground had faded.

We spent all our time practising at this, with more and more success, until we had a great many beautiful prints of ferns and leaves. Our pieces of paper are all cut the same size, so we can have them bound.

One day aunt said: "I will now give you another method of leaf-printing. It is much quicker and more interesting, but it requires more care and handiness. The chemical you will now use is much more sensitive to light, and the pictures it makes are very delicate and exact. But I think if you follow my directions you will have very little trouble. But you must prepare for stains, — put on old dresses and big aprons, and don't mind black spots on your fingers."

"What Judys you will be!" said Harry.

"You need n't laugh, sir; your pants won't save you this time. You must wear the apron, or your shirt will be embroidered with black. But now listen.

"1st. Take ordinary *albumenized* photograph paper, a glass rod or strip, and two shallow china dishes. These are all the extra things you will need.

"2d. Prepare the following solution: nitrate of silver, sixty grains; rain-water, one ounce.

"3d. A fixing solution, viz. hyposulphite of soda, one ounce; rain-water, six ounces.

"Pour the first solution into a shallow china or glass dish. Cut the paper into sizes as before and float them on the solution, one at a time, from three to six minutes. After placing the paper on the solution, raise it to see that no air-bubbles adhere to it. If any are formed, remove them with the glass rod, and replace the paper, so that every portion of the surface may come in contact with the solution. After it has been on the bath a proper time, hang it up to dry in a dark room or closet. These papers will keep some time in total darkness, but it is best to prepare no more than are necessary for one day's work. They will dry more quickly if the drop at the lower corner is removed after they are hung up, by touching it with a piece of blotting. When perfectly dry place the leaf upon the paper and print as in the other process. When a sufficient degree of intensity has been reached remove the print, and wash well in water, in a dark room. Pour your fixing solution into a dish and place your prints one by one in it, taking care not to touch them, except at the corners, if the fingers have been soiled by the hyposulphite. Allow them to stay in this solution five or ten minutes, according to the number of prints that have already been fixed in it. Take them out and wash *well in half a dozen changes of water*, fifteen minutes at a time."

"O my!" said lazy Lill. "Indeed, Love, I 'm not equal to all that; besides —"

"Well, why not? It 's not much trouble. Do the long names frighten you?"

"Not that; but, besides —" and she looked a little ashamed.

"Don't you see," cried Harry, "Lill's 'exchequer' is exhausted, as usual?"

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"Yes, my allowance is all gone."

"That 's no matter," said aunt, who always mended the holes in our pockets. "These few things will cost but a trifle, and the pleasure will repay you a thousand-fold. We can go to the village to-morrow and get everything we need."

Lill was silenced, and amiably borrowed some money.

So the next morning bright and early we went to town with our list. At the druggist's we bought our chemicals, and had them measured and proportioned. The next thing was the paper with the long name, and for this we went to Mr. Jacques, the photographer. He was lovely; and when we told him of our experiments he wanted to sell us half the things in his store to work with. We were tempted to get a little printing-frame with a hinge in the back, but Lill looked resolutely out of the window, and aunt shook her head. It was just as well, for she showed us afterwards how to make one, by cutting our lower pane in halves and then pasting a strip of muslin over the division so that you could bend one half back and see when the print had been exposed long enough. We made our solutions that afternoon, and sewed a black cloth around the bottle containing the nitrate solution, as exposure to the light would discolor it, and we wanted to use it a great many times.

The next day was bright and sunny, and we began work at once. We found more difficulty than in the other method, but the greater beauty of our pictures rewarded us. The veins of the leaves came out so sharp and clear that you could count them all.

Among other things we found that the paper would curl up when we laid it on the "bath," but, breathed upon gently, it flattened out at once. Then it was puzzling to tell which side of the paper had been "sensitized," but we made a mark with a pencil on each one before using it, and that kept us straight. We discovered that it was better to put a layer of black cloth or velvet next the prepared paper, over the newspaper; that maple, oak, birch, and all other very fibrous leaves made the prettiest pictures; that thick or fresh leaves took longer to print than thin or dried ones; that we must print them much darker than we wanted them, as the fixing solution changes the color; that one great secret of success was washing thoroughly; and O, a great many things that can only be learned by practice.

But now, can any one tell why boys get so much more out of everything than girls? Harry, for instance, — he pores for hours over his chemistry and botany to find out the why and wherefore of everything. He has grown very intimate with Mr. Jacques, subscribes to a photographic journal, has all his leaves arranged in classes, always finds some new specimen, torments us with terrific chemical, botanical, and dictionary words; to crown all, he wears his old black apron as gracefully as — a boy can. To be sure, *we* had to make our ruffled dresses for Sally Jones's party, and it took nearly all our allowance to get them. I wonder if girls *have* to wear ruffled dresses!

But I have more to add. The other night Lill said, "Suppose we send an account of our experimenting to the 'Young Folks.'"

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"A good idea," auntie said; "any boy or girl can do it as well as you."

"But," Lill added, "who 'll write the letter? I can't."

"Why, Meg of course; she 's our 'champion writist'! The dreadful boy will talk slang."

So here it is, Mr. Editor; and we hope all who read this account of our Summer Day's Pastime will try to make "sun-pictures," and have as good sucsees as we have had.

M. D. R.

P. S. — Aunt Ruth says to tell you that she learned all this from a little book called "Leaf-Prints," written by Charles F. Himes, and published by Benerman and Wilson, Philadelphia. Harry has the book, and it 's mighty nice to have.

M.

OUR YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

A CROW HUNT.

We had been busy planting corn all day in the lower lot, — Father, Will, and I, and Dave Holmes, the hired man. O, how hot it was! not a breath of wind down there; we could see the hot air trembling over the ridges in the upper field, just as it does over the stove in the winter-time, — "dry rain" Dave calls it. But it was Saturday, and we *put in* to get it all planted that night, for Mr. Simmonds's folks were going to finish theirs that day; and Will and I could n't bear to have Bob and Ed bragging about getting through first.

When we went down to work in the morning there was a crow sitting in the top of a hemlock near the fence. He stayed there for as much as an hour watching us with an occasional *haw-r-r! haw-r-r!* And four or five more flew over the field with one eye turned down to see what we were doing. They are old settlers here that have had nests in the woods down by the brook these twenty years, father says. I 'll bet they saw the corn in the tin dishes, and knew just as well what was going to be done as we did. Last year they were very bold, and cared no more for the scarecrow men we made of old clothes stuffed with straw than nothing at all. They would come down into the field foggy mornings, when we could not see them, and pull up the corn within a rod of the worst looking scarecrow we had. But one day at the mill old Deacon Murray told father that if he should string twine all round the field, the crows would n't light down inside of the twine. He saw it in his paper, and had tried it.

So we put down stakes and twined the whole piece. The thing looked just like a telegraph, and Will and I used to play it was one. The stakes were put in loosely,

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and would sway back and forth, so that a pull at one end could be felt at the farther side of the field, behind the hill; and by tying a bell to the stake at each end we could send signals, which stood for despatches. The Deacon was right about the twine; the crows did n't come inside of it. I suppose they thought it was a snare.

Before we went up to dinner we had put the twine around what we had got planted. But Mr. Crow was not to be fooled that way. When we came back from dinner we found he had been dining too. A big black fellow was keeping watch in the tall hemlock, and when we came in sight he sang out lustily to his brother pilferers. There was a great flapping; a whole flock flew up and stole guiltily away among the trees. They had dug up fifty hills, some of them right under the twine. All through the afternoon, as we worked, they kept sailing over the field; and we could hear the young ones cawing from the nests, down in the woods. "The twine is n't going to stop them this year," said father; "we must try something else."

"Why don't you hang the young crows up in the field here," said Dave. "That 's the way they did at Mr. Savage's, where I worked last season. They did n't come near that field again, I tell you." I could n't help thinking that it was rather a cruel way; but the prospect of a crow hunt was so tempting that I tried to get rid of that feeling, and worked away as hard as I could when father said that if we got through in time we would go down and have a look for the nests, and try Mr. Savage's method.

We finished the field about six o'clock, and then started after the crows. I carried the gun, and Dave took an axe. A partridge was drumming on his log, and we stopped to get a shot at him. But he flew before I fairly got sight of his ruffled back. Just then we stumbled upon the nest of the female, who was setting. Will almost caught her in his hands. There were fifteen eggs in the nest, about half as large as hens' eggs and of a clouded gray color. The great trees, birches and maples, overhung the brook, and the rocks among which it ran were covered with mould and moss. The young crows were still enough now, and through the tree-tops we could see the old birds sailing in silent anxiety many hundred feet overhead. They did n't allow their fears to overcome their prudence enough to go near the nests.

After looking some time we saw a nest in the top of a high maple. It was a hard one to climb, and it was decided to cut it down. Father took the axe; the great white chips flew from the scarf, and in a few minutes the tree staggered and with a harsh roaring crack fell. But we had our labor for our pains; it was a last year's nest, dry and deserted. It really looked as if the crows would have the best of this hunt, for it was now getting dusk. But Will's keen eyes spied another nest in a huge birch. Not to be taken in again by an old nest, we fired a charge of shot at it, and had the satisfaction of seeing several black heads pop over the side, quickly drawn back. How to get to them was the next question, for the tree was as much as three feet through at the ground, altogether too big to climb "bear fashion"; and it would be a good hour's work to cut it down.

"Fall that tall hemlock which stands on the other side of the brook into the birch," said Dave. "Then we can go up the hemlock into the birch just as easy as one can go up stairs."

"Agreed"; and after a few minutes' cutting the hemlock leaned over and lodged its top across one of the great birch limbs. But after all it was a rather perilous looking "staircase." "There, John," said Dave, turning to me, "there 's a chance to distinguish yourself."

"Let me go," exclaimed Will; "I saw the nest first."

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"You may try it, John," said father. I obeyed, and began to creep up the trunk, but it was pretty hard work, and when I had got out about forty feet from the stump, where the tree hung over the brook, it looked rather "scarey." "Keep cool, boy, don't look down! Keep your eyes up!" shouted father.

After a tough scramble I got into the birch and made my way up to the nest. It was full fifty feet from the ground. As I scrambled up the black heads again peered over the edge; then a great commotion took place, and a shower of dirt came rattling down into my eyes. One by one I drew out the young birds, cawing and squalling, from their cosey cradle, — glossy black babies, with heads as big as kittens and great black beaks. How they cawed and fluttered down to the ground when I dropped them into the hands of their enemies below! I could n't help pitying the poor little fellows when I thought what a cruel death was in store for them.

I found getting down easier than getting up. We then went back to the cornfield, and, setting some long limber poles slantingly in the ground, hung the young birds by the legs with strings at the ends of the poles. Will thought it would be a mercy to kill them; but Dave said they must be left alive in order that their cries might frighten the old birds. And they did cry; we heard them pleading piteously as we went off to the house; and going out once during the evening, I could hear them still. I had a great mind to go and cut them down after the others had gone to bed, as I should have done if any one but father had hung them there. I suppose they cried all night.

The next day was Sunday; but Will and I stole out before breakfast, and ran down to the cornfield to see "how they had rested," as Will said. We crept along easily and looked over the ridge into the field. There were the four young crows, swinging from the ends of the poles; and there, too, were the two old ones digging up the corn with might and main and feeding them with it! We could see them flying first to one and then to another as busy as bees.

"I 'm glad of it," said Will. "Don't scare them. Now let 's get father and Dave out here. I wonder what Dave will say to this!"

Back we ran, and telling them something good was going on down in the cornfield, we all proceeded to the top of the ridge again. Will and I were ready to burst. They both took a good look at the field and then at each other. Dave looked queer; but father, throwing himself upon the grass, laughed as I never saw him before. "You 're a fine fellow, Holmes," he exclaimed at last, "to coax me into moving that family of crows up into my cornfield!" I shall not attempt to repeat what Dave said. Will had it to laugh over for a week afterwards. "Boys," said father, turning to us, "go and dispose of those young crows in some way; we can't have them there if it is Sunday."

We disposed of them by turning three over to the care of the old birds, and keeping one to tame into a pet, and a mischievous one he became. We had no difficulty whatever in taming him; and his tongue was *duly split*, according to Dave's directions, to make him talk. But I regret to say he never became a fluent speaker. He became a most inveterate thief, however, and a nuisance generally, to such an extent, that his neck underwent a sudden circumvolution one morning at the hands of some person or persons unknown.

The thing which finally kept the crows off the corn was newspapers, unfolded and placed flat on the ground, with a stone on each corner to prevent them from blowing away. A dozen of these laid down at intervals over the field did the business. Will thinks this is still another proof that "the pen is mightier than the sword."

C. A. Stephens.

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PRIZE ESSAYS. (SECOND CLASS.)

No. I. — CATS.

ARE you fond of cats? I hope so; for if you are not you lose a great deal of pleasure. Probably you think not. You say that cats are sly, deceitful, stealing animals, first cousins to tigers; yet you like dogs, and can see no faults in them. Now if a cat is first cousin to a tiger, is n't a dog first cousin to a wolf? And don't you think that if he had pussy's means of climbing he would take the meat off the shelves as quickly as she? We had a cat once that would not touch a thing, while the dog stole some meat from the stove while it was cooking. But poor pussy always gets the blame. Then you have your marvellous stories about dogs, — their sagacity, intelligence, etc. Well, I think that even there cats can equal them.

I know of a great many strange things cats have done. I know of one that was taken all through the war, and it came about in this wise.

One night one of our great generals was sitting in his tent, weary with the day's march, when he heard a faint "mew," and looking down saw crouched at his feet a poor half-starved kitten. Now the General was n't particularly fond of cats, but he had a noble, generous heart, that would not see any animal suffer, and the piteous "mew" went to his heart. So, calling his orderly, he told him to give the poor little thing something to eat.

Pussy's supper finished, back she went to the General's tent, and stayed with him all night. The next morning, when they were ready to march again, the General, who began to cherish an affection for the kitten, took her and put her in one of the baggage-wagons. From that day Pussy's destiny was fixed, and she became a soldier, establishing herself as one of the General's aides-de-camp. I don't know whether she had ever studied tactics or been to West Point, but she certainly knew how to take care of herself in a battle (which is more than some people do), and was a firm believer in the maxim, that "He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day," for whenever a battle occurred she would flee to the baggage-wagons. She soon became an experienced soldier, and every morning when the drums beat for reveille she would come from the General's tent, where she spent the night, and get in the wagons, and when they stopped would always find her way back to his quarters, and spend the night with him. As may be supposed, the General became very fond of the little puss who followed his fortunes so faithfully, and when the war was over took her home, where she is still living in the enjoyment of that prosperity which she so richly deserves.

A few days ago I was told by a gentleman living here that he had seen cherry-colored cats in the city. Of course I said that I did not think it could be so, but he assured me it was so gravely that I was quite mystified. And what kind of cherries do you think they were? Why, black cherries to be sure!

Sometimes cats have a religious turn of mind. I knew one once that always went to prayers in the morning, and would sit on the table, looking over the big Bible as her master read the chapter; if by any chance she was late, it disturbed her greatly, and she would try and slip in as quietly as possible, so as not to be observed.

I could tell any number of stories about my favorite animal, but perhaps you are not as fond of cats as I, and would tire of reading them.

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I hope no one will think that I am prejudiced in favor of cats to the exclusion of dogs. Not so, but I do not like to hear them unfavorably compared. Indeed, I like all animals, — cows excepted, — and often wonder what we should do if we had not the pleasure of watching their lives.

Mary Belle Simpson, age 14.

LOUISVILLE, Kentucky.

Since writing the above, death, which the brave and gallant General faced in so many battles, has taken him from us. The same kind heart which prompted him to take pity on the poor forsaken kitten was always with him, causing him to be beloved by all who knew him. For him the nation now mourns, and never will our country forget him who fought so faithfully for her, — the brave and noble Thomas.

M. B. S.

No. II. — MY HOME.

IF you would like to know how it looks, think, first, of a grove on the banks of Lake Ontario. There are tall ashes, — very tall; beautiful little clumps of hemlock; round-headed maples, spreading beeches, fragrant birches, red-fruited sumachs and wild pear-trees, besides the fruit-trees and shrubbery. There is a semicircle of hemlock and birch trees on the lawn, which forms a very pretty arbor. A few years ago we made a table in it, by twisting branches around and between a circle of birch-trees. We put some large stones in it, too, for seats; and in summer my sister Mary often goes there to study. Then there are the "Four Trees," magnificent basswoods, growing so close together that they form a nice little alcove in which two or three children can just hide.

Here we used to bury the poor little dead birds which we found on the ground, and the unfortunate squirrels which we took alive from the naughty old cat, but which generally died afterwards, in spite of our tenderest nursing.

At one corner of this grove you enter by a gate, and a winding drive leads you up to a white gothic house, — "my home." Across the east end of it is a piazza, with a climbing rose at each end of the steps. On each side of the piazza is a Norway spruce, in one of which a robin built its nest last spring.

We found some little brown speckled eggs in the nest, and soon there were three or four wide-mouthed birdlings. At the south side of the house is a smaller piazza, shaded by a large group of hemlocks, and its columns twined with purple and white clematis. In these hemlocks, which mamma calls her bird-cage, and in the orchard beyond, the birds give us the sweetest morning concerts. A little way from the piazza a wistaria climbs up the side of the house. When it is in blossom its purple clusters perfume the air for a great distance. In June the queen of the prairie at the corner of the house is covered with its pink buds. North of the house, near the windows of mamma's room, is the croquet-ground, shaded by maples and beeches; and a little farther off is the swing.

In spring we amuse ourselves with gardening, sailing little stick-boats on Babbling Brook, rambling in the woods after the liverwort, which some people call spring-beauty, and by doing so steal the name of another pretty flower that grows here; for

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the wake-robin, white and red; for the adder's tongue, with its brown mottled leaves and yellow, curly petals; for the solomon-seal, whose flowers, my French teacher said, "seemed to him like fairy-bells to welcome the spring"; and for the violets, white, blue, purple, and yellow. For these are all found here in great abundance, as papa does not let any one disturb the north part of the grove with plough or spade, but wishes nature to do all the gardening.

In summer it is croquet, swinging, sailing boats in the slippery-bottomed puddles on the rocky beach, and sometimes going bathing in "old Ontario" early in the morning.

In fall there is great fun gathering the fruit. And when some of our schoolmates come out here on Saturday, we take our dinner out in the woods somewhere, and have a little picnic. In the afternoon when the sun is pretty low, we sometimes go a wading in the cool, rippling water, some distance out from our beach; and when we are tired of this we throw sticks in for our great black Newfoundland, Prince.

I must not forget to speak of the vessels that we see on the lake. Some days, when it is so very calm that, after the tugs have left them, the vessels cannot go farther without a breeze, we have counted as many as sixty of them, and might count twice that, for every vessel, with its ropes and spars, is doubled in the water beneath. It is a very beautiful sight with the sun shining so brightly on their sails.

In winter the lake is often covered almost as far as we can see with floating ice and snow. Sometimes at night it lies closely packed by our shore, and the next morning there is a white line at the horizon, where the whole mass is floating over to visit our neighbors in Canada. Then perhaps in a day or two it will appear again; and so it drifts back and forth, till it is melted in the spring, or is scattered by the strong March winds. But when the sun rises over it there are such soft, rosy colors, and bright, flashing points, and dark, strange shadows! Then there are ice-hills — just like real mountains, with their caves and craters — along the shore; and on a very cold but sunny morning the lake steams like a great boiler, so that altogether we have very beautiful winter pictures.

We call this pleasant home of ours Shady Shore, but you see that there is a great deal of sunshine and music about it too.

Lizzie Sheldon, age 12.

Oswego, Oswego Co., N. Y.

No. III. — A YACHT VOYAGE IN SEPTEMBER.

"I 'm not a chicken; I have seen
Full many a chill September,
And though I was a youngster then,
That gale I well remember."

When I am as old as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is now, I can say the same of the *last* September gale that he says about the one that happened fifty years before it; for I came very near being drowned in that storm, and how it came to pass I am going to tell you.

Last summer several of my relations thought of taking a yacht, and coasting about in it for a few days, during which time the party were to eat and sleep on board of their vessel. They were all ready, except one, to set off in the middle of the summer; but it was autumn before this one sent word to the rest of us — for he lived at

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quite a distance — that he could come in a day or two. So we engaged a yacht and made our final preparations.

Our vessel was to come up to a pier which was situated two or three miles from the place where we lived; this pier was the nearest point from our homes at which we could conveniently embark. We wished to start from as near our houses as possible because there was a sick lady in our party.

We all drove down to the pier in carriages. Several people that were not included in the party went to see us off, and among the number was my little brother, who was about seven years old at the time. Mamma had been afraid to take him because she thought he would be running about all over the yacht and perhaps fall overboard; but when she saw how large the vessel was, she thought there would be no danger in his going too, and so we called him to us. He came running up, wondering what we wanted, and was delighted at the idea of going. We were afterwards very glad we took him.

Down through Boston's beautiful harbor we went. Everything was new to me, for I had never taken the trip before. As we sailed on that fine day, overtaking yachts which had started before us, — for the Una, although she is an old yacht, is a very fast sailer, — I enjoyed myself thoroughly.

We arrived at Gloucester, our destination, at about the hour for dinner, having come down in steamer time. After dinner some of us went on shore to see some friends, and one gentleman came back with us. We wanted him to accompany us to the Isles of Shoals, but he said he could n't, and went away, and it was fortunate for him that he did so.

At night we lay down on the cushioned seats which were on each side of the cabin, and some of us went to sleep. The next morning was so misty that the captain said we had better not start for the Isles of Shoals; so we remained in the harbor at anchor. When I got on deck I found out that the gentlemen had gone fishing in the tender, and that the captain was also fishing over the side of the yacht. I asked him to let *me* fish, but he said the hooks and lines he had were all too large for the fish that were to be caught. However, I was determined to fish, so I rummaged about until I found some hooks and lines of the proper size, and then I fished until breakfast time. In the course of that day I caught ten or twelve fish, and among them was a little mackerel.

By the time dinner was over we had got tired of staying at anchor in the inner harbor, and wished to take a sail. The captain said that it was quite rough outside, but that if we wished to go, of course we might. It looked, too, as if a long storm was brewing, and in case of one happening we wished to be as near home as possible, on account of the sick lady. So we sailed for Marblehead. The sail up was enjoyed by most of the party, but I was rather afraid.

When we reached Marblehead harbor everybody came down into the cabin. After a while some of the gentlemen proposed a game of euchre. They made a table of a small trunk placed on end and put on the top of a stool, and commenced to play. Pretty soon we heard a great noise. My father went on deck, and soon told us that they had put down *one* anchor, and it did n't hold, and that they were getting out their spare one. Having said this he went up again. Very soon down he came with more news. The spare anchor did not hold either, and we *had been* drifting towards a steep ledge of rocks. "But *now*," he added, "the revenue cutter, which is in the harbor, has sent us a boat, and we have a strong line attached to us and carried to the cutter, so we are safe." After he had said this he went up again. By

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this time all the gentlemen were on deck, and every few minutes one of them looked down from the top of the stairs which led from the cabin to the deck, and told the ladies in the cabin what was going on overhead. It had been reported that on deck it looked very wild. Now I had never been on the water in a storm, and I thought I would go up and see what the gentlemen called a wild scene. The waves were white-capped, and some little sail-boats which were moored by the pier were rocking to and fro. It was raining needles, and the cutter's boat was dancing over the waves on her way back. On one side rose a steep ledge of rocks, and on the other might be seen vessels rocking like cradles in the midst of the foam. Altogether it was a grand sight to me, and I enjoyed it as long as possible, but at last I went down to the cabin. The storm increased as the light decreased. We could not have any lamp, for we did not wish to risk being burned, and everybody was anxious, though few words were spoken.

"We were crowded in the cabin:
Not a soul who dared to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep."

We soon found that the cutter was drifting, and of course we were doing the same thing. The rocks drew nearer and nearer; at one time only fifty feet of water was between us and destruction. Then an order came: "Tell the ladies to be ready to go ashore." We put on hats and cloaks, feeling that there was small chance of our ever touching dry land again alive, for we knew that no boat could live in that sea, and that if we attempted to land we should be dashed to pieces on the rocks. We expected every minute to be called up on deck, but the order did not come. In the morning we found out why. We had drifted within a man's leap of a deserted fishing-schooner. Our cook jumped on board of her with a rope, and we were soon made fast to her in five places. This stopped our drifting. Two of the gentlemen got on board of the schooner, but the waves were so high that they could not come back for some time. And then the wind began to change. It came round and blew us away from the rocks instead of towards them, and then came another sentence from the captain's lips: "Tell the ladies we are safe." O, how welcome was that sound! In a few minutes I was asleep. In the morning we heard from the captain of the cutter that there had been several wrecks near us. We felt very grateful that God had spared *us*; for we knew that if we had once struck the rocks, very few of us would have escaped drowning.

The telegraph lines were all down, so mother, my little brother, and I went home to tell the anxious ones we were safe. When we reached the shore the men clustered around the pier told us they had not thought we should live through the night. They had twice attempted to send the life-boat to us, but their efforts had been in vain. The rest landed at one of the Boston wharves at about nine o'clock that evening, and so ended our Yacht Voyage.

Mary P. Webster, age 11.

762 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

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CHARADES.

No. 68.

"And where are you going, old man?" I said,
"And where are you bound?" said I;
The old man wagged his weary head,
And made this funny reply: —

"If you 'll guess me a riddle, young man," said he,
"I 'll answer you in a word,
For I am my *first* and *second*, you see,
And well advanced in my *third*."

"But why do you lean on your ashen staff,
And why do you walk so slow?"
The old man's smile broke into a laugh,
As he answered with chuckles low.

"A sickness, my *second*, got hold on me,
And a dreadful time I had;
Till a learnéd leech gave me my *first*,
My case was decidedly bad.

"And now I go on my *whole*, young man,
In my *third* I go on my *whole*;
I take my *first* for my body's weal,
And my *whole* for the good of my soul."

Hitty Maginn.

No. 69.

Sir Kenneth is gallant, Sir Kenneth is gay,
Sir Kenneth is good at a roundelay;
The fleetest foot and the keenest blade,
And the softest voice in Tangleglade, —
Never a maiden in all the shire
But thrills to Sir Kenneth's glance of fire;
Never a youth but will ride to the death
Where Sir Kenneth's pennon fluttereth.

Sir Kenneth has mounted his coal-black steed,
And he rides to the wizard's tower with speed, —
Gray and gloomy, mossy and dank,
With the foul weeds thick on the black moat's bank.
Why rides Sir Kenneth so fast to-day?
What words in his ear shall the wizard say?
Why is Sir Kenneth's cheek so pale,
Does he snuff my *first* in the tainted gale?

He hath checked his steed by the drawbridge old
That guards the way to the Haunted Hold.
No need of my *second's* iron power
To keep rude feet from the wizard's tower.
He hath doffed his plume to that hoary seer,
And he waits his horoscope to hear.
"Now read me my fate from thy hidden lore
Till the next full moon, — I ask no more!"

Slowly the wizard raised his head,
As he looked on the knight and sternly said:
"Hearken! thy fate comes near to thee.
Arm! arm, Beausire, thy chivalry!
And pray that, as erst on Ajalon,
Yon moon stand still till the fight be won.

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For if it fill ere the last foe flee,
It shall fill no more for thine or thee.
Now go, proud knight, for thy doom is told;
The stars lie not, and the grave is cold!"

"The moon will fill in another hour;
Nay, Clare, sweetheart, I leave thy bower,
For the gleam of the foeman's steel is near,
And none but a craven would linger here.
Farewell, *ma mie!* the tale is told,
The moon mounts high and the grave is cold!"

And steady and swift the knight doth ride
To the doom the stars have prophesied.

Pile the fagots and light the torch!
Mutter the ban of Holy Church!
Blight on the wretch whose accursed art
Hath wrought to death that gallant heart!
Scatter his ashes far and wide,
From Yarrow's holms to the banks of Clyde,
That never again while Time shall be
May my *whole* be found in the north countrie.

G. H. S.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 70.

RIDDLE.

No. 71.

Length I have, but am not tall;
Body none, and yet a head;
And although it is not small,
Through my mouth am never fed.
Arms I have, but ne'er a hand,
Feet I've none, and yet I run.
Though I've been in every land
Shone on by the circling sun,
Yet I never leave my bed.
Beast I 'm not, yet roar full oft;
Never talk, although 't is said
That I murmur low and soft.
What I *was* again I 'll be.
What I *am* you 'll tell to me.

E. S.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 72.

Willy Wisp.

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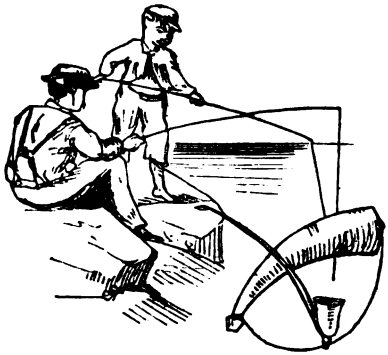
ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

No. 73. — A case for the magistrate! Why?

R A., Jr.

No. 74. — A favorite dancing tune.



No. 75. — A shrine.

ANSWERS.

53. A literary life is a hard one.
[(A litter) (re re) li (F) is a (hard 1)].

54. 1. Saratoga. 2. Berlin. 3. Edinburg. 4. Cork. 5. Nice. 6. Sparta.

55. Macon and Denver.

56. N O D
A R E
P A Y

Read each word forward and backward, the initials down and up, and the finals down.

57. Planchette.

58. David's lamentation over Saul and Jonathan.

59. Answer by J. P. B., Detroit: —

The third of a t-o-n is certainly "T,"
(May it puzzle you less than it puzzled me!)
And that "E," by the same arithmetical law,
Was an eighth of f-o-u-r f-e-e-t, in a moment I saw;
As sixteen ounces will make a p o-u-n-d,
One fifth to be "N," I quickly found;
One ninth of a T-r-o-y p-o-u-n-d is certainly "D,"
And a seventh of a f-u-r-l-o-n-g is "O," you will see;
One sixth of a d-o-l-l-a-r you 'll find to be "L,"
While my seventh is the same, pronounced e-l-l.
Of a c-o-t-t-o-n b-a-l-e, also, one tenth may be "A,"
And "R" is the eighth of a f-a-r-t-h-i-n-g, you 'll say;
While none can be found for a moment unwilling
To admit that an "S" is one eighth of a shilling.

So the "solver successful" his joy may redouble
At finding "Ten dollars" — reward — for his trouble!
And if he *should* feel that he 's not much a gainer,
Still he owns to the joke of the cute "Ent. R. Tainer.

60. "Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this, —
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation." — *Shakespeare.*

([T hare for)(ge you)(th hoe) (joust ice) (bee) (thigh) (pea lee)(k *on* cedar) (tea his) (tea hat) *in* (tea he) (core s)(aw f) (Justice) (nun) (o f)(us) (s hood)(s ea)(sel vat eye on)].

61. July.

62. Holocaust.

63. CurfeW, OrangE, MarthA, ModeL, OffseT, NvmpH. (Commonwealth.)

64. Rhodora, Orchis, Solomon's seal, Elder. (Rose.)

65. Glorious Independence Day 's at hand.
[(G *low* rye U S) (*in* deep N den ce) (days *at* hand)].

66. Four seasons. (Four c's *on* S.)

67. A cubit. (A Q *bit.*)

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WARM words of welcome for "Our Young Contributors" are coming in to us from all quarters; and essays and stories for the new department are beginning to fall upon our table like the first drops of a shower. We have already some capital things for it, — of which we give a specimen in this number, together with the three second-class prize compositions.

As we anticipate receiving a good many contributions from our young friends, a few hints on the subject of writing for the press will, we are sure, prove useful to them. In the first place, do not send us anything *in a hurry*, and do not be impatient to hear from anything you have sent. In writing, choose a subject which you feel a lively interest in, then say what you have to say about it as simply, clearly, and directly as possible. Beware of wordy introductions, but come at once to the pith of the matter; and when you have got through, stop. Your piece written, keep it a few days, or a few weeks or months, and when it has "got cold" criticise it: see where a page, a paragraph, a sentence, a part of a sentence, or a word can be spared, and strike it out; look sharp for weak or vague terms of expression, and treat them heroically; alter, compress, interline, and finally — rewrite. Make a clean copy, and then criticise and amend that. Spare yourself no trouble in this particular, for it is thus that real skill is acquired and future success insured. We know an accomplished writer, — a great favorite with "Our Young Folks," — whose sketches, although they read so easily that you think they were dashed off carelessly at a sitting, are all, even the least of them, written over three or four times before they are sent to us: — it is this judicious painstaking which makes them always so fresh and sparkling.

What if, after all your labor, your contribution is "respectfully declined"? That is an experience every young writer has to go through, — and many old writers too. But never be discouraged by it. Do you think editors smile derisively when they see another manuscript from the young contributor whose poem or story was rejected last month? Not so: "Brave girl! she is n't foolish or faint-hearted; — she tries again!" And if your labor has been thorough and conscientious, it has not been thrown away; — you have gained by it what is of more value than all the money you could have received for your contribution, had it been accepted.

Be sure and keep a copy of whatever you send us; thus a good deal of trouble may be saved, for we cannot always return rejected communications.

N. B. — What we have said here with regard to the careful preparation of manuscripts, although intended chiefly for the young, may be heeded with profit to themselves and great satisfaction to us by some of our older contributors.

THE prizes for illustrated rebuses, received on or before the first day of April, are awarded as follows: —

First (twenty-five dollars), to F. J. Dielman, Fortress Monroe, Va.

Second (twenty dollars), to Willy Wisp, Malden, Mass.

Third (fifteen dollars), to R. Arthur, Jr., Baltimore, Md.

The prizes for charades and riddles: —

First (twenty dollars), to Hitty Maginn, St. Louis.

Second (fifteen dollars), to G. Herbert Sass, Charleston, S. C.

Third (ten dollars), to E. Stanchfield, Lake Forest, Ill.

All these prize contributions appear in this month's "Evening Lamp."

NEED we say how happy we always are to receive such letters as the following from the friends of "Our Young Folks" in foreign lands? To know that our little magazine is welcomed by them each month so far away, and that it bears to them the pleasant memories and dear associations of our beloved country, is a source of sincere gratification to us.

Last month we printed a letter from Dresden. This one comes to us from Frankfort-on-the-Main.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS," — You will surely be surprised to see this epistle coming from such a long distance, and from a stranger, too; but please read me through, for I am anxious that you should know how I like your delightful magazine. I am an American and have been here three months, and, as a proof of my affection for "Our Young Folks," I have it sent to me from across the "briny deep." Imagine my pleasure, when I

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open the monthly package of papers from home, to see its dear old face (I have had it three years regularly), and the fun I have making out all Willy Wisp's curious puzzles, the enigmas, &c., &c.

I have noticed in the "Letter Box" several accounts of nice games, and I think you might like to hear of some new ones. Here in Germany the young people have a good time over a little piece of cotton which they put in the middle of a table (around which they sit in a circle), and then the fun commences; each player must blow at the cotton and try to prevent the others from blowing it into his or her lap; if this is done a forfeit must be given.

The Germans have many pretty ways of redeeming forfeits. One of the prettiest is called the "Statue." A young girl is placed on a stool in the most conspicuous part of the room, and each player can put her in a statuesque attitude, — such as one placing her right hand on her heart, another her left arm stretched forth, and another her head in a haughty position, and so on, each fixing her according to his or her fancy.

Another way of redeeming forfeits is the "Pope." Two little girls are placed opposite each other at a little distance, with lighted candles in their hands. They must then walk towards and from each other and say, "The Pope is dead; a day before he died he was still alive." If either laughs they must begin again, and so on till they have passed each other three times without laughing.

Another way is for a girl to kneel before a chair with an open back, behind which is a smaller girl; the former must try to kiss the latter through the opening, but the little one must not let her. This is very amusing, and I do not think known in America.

But now good-by, dear "Young Folks." If you have space enough, just print this, so that other readers can see how you are loved by

A Stranger.

It is no less gratifying to get such pleasant words as these from a young girl of foreign birth and education, now residing in this country. Although English is not her native tongue, Eda G—— shows that she can write it with force and fluency: —

"Your beautiful magazine is always received at home with the greatest delight, and all of us, even to my little three-year-old brother, love to look at the pretty pictures, and hear or read the delightful stories it contains.

"My brother and myself both find that, although we have had many French, English, and German books of the kind, none deserve more than yours the great popularity it has, and that all that is said of it is little."

N. J. M. writes to tell us how much he likes our monthly. He says: "I took it during the first three years of its existence, and then foolishly abandoned it for the [*we suppress the name*]. When my subscription for the latter in 1869 expired, I felt I *must* have my old favorite again, and now I wait impatiently for each number. I think it is the best juvenile publication in the Western hemisphere; don't you? [Of course we do!]

"And now," he goes on, "I should like to have a little advice about my future pursuits. I am fourteen years and eight months old; I have a great love for books, especially poetry, paintings, and pictures, music and drawing and sculpture. I have a natural taste for drawing and coloring, and, of all earthly things, should like to become either an artist or an author, perhaps both. Which would you recommend me to become? Would you like to see some of my paintings? If so, I will send you some. I also have written a little poetry and a few stories, which I would like to have you pass judgment upon; will you? What books are necessary to study to become an artist? and what book for teaching drawing is the best? Please answer these questions as soon as possible, in the 'Letter Box.' Any other information would be thankfully received. Perhaps you would like to know my full name: the N. is for Nathaniel and the J. for Job. Is n't that a horrid name? Don't put all this in the 'Letter Box.'"

— No, we will stop short here. We don't think it such a very "horrid name"; and perhaps you will some day make it illustrious. Be careful, however, and not mistake an inclination towards art for a sign of genius; and remember that hundreds fail, as artists or authors, where one succeeds. For a young person who has his living to get, it is very much better to have some good every-day trade or profession to rely upon for daily bread, than to trust either pen or pencil in a matter of such vital importance. If your living is already secured to you it is different. But, whatever your calling, you may learn both to write well and to draw well; and perhaps in time you may be assured that you have great capacities for art or authorship, or both. Then follow your strongest inclination. You will see by this month's magazine that we are publishing a series of articles on drawing; and we will ask Mr. Barry to point out such books as young students will need to go on with after he leaves them. You can send us any of your productions you please, yet we cannot promise that we shall find time to pass judgment upon them.

As this is the season when more cases of accidental drowning occur than at any other, we gladly give place to the following rules for resuscitating drowned persons, kindly furnished us by our friend F. S. C., of the New York "Insurance Monitor": —

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1. Remember that the patient must be treated instantly, and on the spot where rescued. He must be freely exposed to the open air; loosen the clothing so as to expose the neck and chest. All persons not needed for saving him should avoid crowding about.

2. Let the throat and mouth be cleansed by placing the patient gently face downward, with one of his wrists under his forehead. Quickly wipe and cleanse the mouth, and if he does not breathe immediately begin the following movements:—

3. *Posture.* — Place the patient on his back, with shoulders raised, and supported easily on a folded coat or some kind of pillow.

4. *To keep up a free entrance of air into the windpipe.* — Let one person, at the patient's head, grasp the tongue gently and firmly with his fingers, covered with a bit of handkerchief, drawing it but beyond the lips; then either hold it, or press the under jaw up so as to retain the tongue protruding from the mouth; but it is better to hold it in that position with the hand.

The following figures illustrate how breathing is restored;—we should premise, however, that the movements here shown for one side of the patient should be made on *both sides* by two persons working together.

Figure 1 shows the long and strong pull for opening the chest to let fresh air in.

Figure 2 shows how to make the strong side and front pressure to drive the air out of the lungs.

Four years ago (see "Lawrence's Lesson," "Our Young Folks," Vol. II. p. 752) we published rules for resuscitating the drowned a little different from these; but the result aimed at by both methods is the same, and that is simply to open the lungs for the admission of air, and again to close them for its expulsion. The movements, in either case, should be made slowly, and without violence. How often a little self-possession, and a knowledge of these rules, on the part of bystanders, might be the means of saving lives which are sacrificed through utter ignorance of so simple and useful a matter!

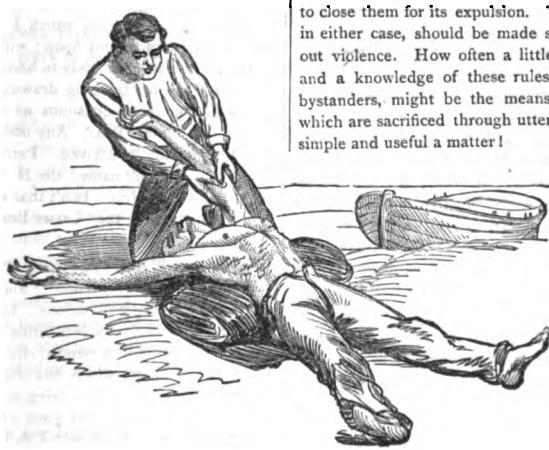

FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

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We are constantly receiving letters from correspondents who speak in enthusiastic terms of "We Girls." We trust that none of our readers neglect this well-written story. It is seldom that any magazine prints a serial characterized throughout by such fine touches, and such delicate, pleasant home pictures. We are glad that so many of our young readers can thoroughly appreciate a story that is not "exciting."

Miss Phelps's sketches are favorites with every one. By the way, how many of you have *not* made acquaintance with this admirable writer's last book, "Hedged In"? In some respects it is even superior to her deservedly popular "Gates Ajar," and we would recommend it to all who want a healthful, pure, beautifully told, interesting story. (Published by Fields, Osgood, & Co.)

Our "Mathematical Enigma" of last month (No. 59) appears to have created a lively sensation. Some of our correspondents seem to have taken it seriously, even after they had solved it! Others, however, are in doubt, — witness the following letter from Clarence S., written from Washington: —

"Dear Sir, — As I was looking over the 'Evening Lamp' in your last number, I discovered your enigma, the solver of which will get ten dollars for his or her trouble. I solved it, and got ten dollars — for the answer. I suppose it was a joke, and if so, the author was not smart enough to take me in; but if you are going to give $ 10 to the person who solves it, why, I 'm your man."

Certainly, Clarence; when we send to anybody currency to the amount above named you shall be remembered; but we advise you not to look very confidently for it until after the sun has been eclipsed at the time of a full moon; then you shall have the money.

Among the many answers sent in the best is by J. P. B., which appears in its proper place in this month's 'Evening Lamp.' We thank him for the additional fun he has made for us out of Ent. R. Tainer's joke.

C. T. H. writes (from East St. Johnsbury, Vt.), "that the enigma would have been a little more timely if it had been printed in the April number, and dated *April 1st!* I worked on it what spare time I could get for two days, and then guessed the answer. Ent. R. Tainer need not trouble himself to send me ten dollars, as I have 'ten dollars' already."

Lizzie B. S., Lebanon, O., says, pleasantly: "I had the satisfaction of solving it correctly, and of receiving the reward at the same time. Credit is due to Ent. R. Tainer for the *very prompt* manner in which he 'settles his dues.'"

One *not* successful solver of the enigma sends in "Tea-Parties" as the answer.

No doubt Ent. R. Tainer believed, with us, that the wit which could solve his riddle could not fail also to see his catch. That so many who got their "ten dollars" in the answer should still have expected a *prize* of ten dollars when no prize had been offered, is a curious fact, somewhat difficult of explanation. We suppose the publishers may be in part to blame for it. If they had not, unfortunately, gained a wide reputation for liberality, surely nobody would have expected them to pay, without winking, such extensive damages for an innocent little joke.

"A Summer Day's Pastime" in the present number of our magazine is not a mere fancy sketch. We have received some beautiful prints of leaves actually made by one of the children in the manner described; and they show what a really practical and elegant amusement is here brought within the reach of every intelligent boy and girl.

"Uncle Dick" sends from his scrap-book the following riddle, which he and "the children" have "puzzled over" in vain. Can any of our readers help them to a solution?

I 'm the stoutest of voices in orchestra heard,
And yet in an orchestra never have been;
I 'm a bird of gay plumage, yet less like a bird
Nothing in nature ever was seen.
Touching earth, I expire; in water I die;
In air I lose breath; yet can swim and can fly.
Darkness destroys me, and light is my death;
You can't keep me alive without stopping my breath.

Will Ritchie. — Pestalozzi was a distinguished educator and philanthropist; born in Zurich, Switzerland, in 1745; died in 1827. The best modern systems of teaching are based upon the methods he introduced. — Candlemas is a church festival, celebrated on the second day of February, — so called from the great number of candles lighted for it. — Martinmas is the feast of St. Martin, on the 11th of November. — Yes, it is a good plan to ask questions, but a better is to answer them, when you can, for yourself. — By the way, your answer to the "traveller problem" in last month's "Letter Box" does not touch the main question at all.

The earliest answers to puzzles in the July number were sent in by Walter Geer, and by Etta H——, from whom, by the way, we shall be glad to hear again.

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LULU'S PUPIL.

DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE, JR.] [See the Story.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. VI. SEPTEMBER, 1870. No. IX.

WE GIRLS: A HOME STORY.

CHAPTER IX.

WINTER NIGHTS AND WINTER DAYS.

"THAT was a nice party," said Miss Pennington, walking home with Leslie and Doctor John Hautayne, behind the Inglesides. "What made it so nice?"

"You, very much," said Leslie, straightforwardly.

"I didn't begin it," said Miss Elizabeth. "No; that wasn't it. It was a step out, somehow. Out of the treadmill. I got tired of parties long ago, before I was old. They were all alike. The only difference was that in one house the staircase went up on the right side of the hall, and in another on the left, — now and then, perhaps, at the back; and when you came down again, the lady near the drawing-room door might be Mrs. Hendee one night and Mrs. Marchbanks another; but after that it was all the same. And O, how I did get to hate ice-cream!"

"This was a party of 'nexts,'" said Leslie, "instead of a selfsame."

"What a good time Miss Waters had — quietly! You could see it in her face. A pretty face!" Miss Elizabeth spoke in a lower tone, for Lucilla was just before the Inglesides, with Helen and Pen Pennington. "She works too hard, though. I wish she came out more."

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"The 'nexts' have to get tired of books and mending-baskets, while the firsts are getting tired of ice-creams," replied Leslie. "Dear Miss Pennington, there are ever so many nexts, and people don't think anything about it!"

"So there are," said Miss Elizabeth, quietly. "People are very stupid. They don't know what will freshen themselves up. They think the trouble is with the confectionery, and so they try macaroon and pistachio instead of lemon and vanilla. Fresh people are better than fresh flavors. But I think we had everything fresh to-night. What a beautiful old home-y house it is!"

"And what a home-y family!" said Doctor John Hautayne.

"*We* have an old home-y house," said Miss Pennington, suddenly, "with landscape-papered walls and cosey, deep windows and big chimneys. And we don't half use it. Doctor Hautayne, I mean to have a party! Will you stay and come to it?"

"Any time within my two months' leave," replied Doctor Hautayne, "and with very great pleasure."

"So she will have it before very long," said Leslie, telling us about the talk the next day.

It! Well, when Miss Pennington took up a thing she *did* take it up! That does not come in here, though, — any more of it.

The Penningtons are very proud people. They have not a very great deal of money, like the Haddens, and they are not foremost in everything like the Marchbankses; somehow they do not seem to care to take the trouble for that; but they are so *established;* it is a family like an old tree, that is past its green branching time, and makes little spread or summer show, but whose roots reach out away underneath, and grasp more ground than all the rest put together.

They live in an old house that is just like them. It has not a new-fashioned thing about it. The walls are square, plain brick painted gray; and there is a low, broad porch in front, and then terraces, flagged with gray stone and bordered with flower-beds at each side and below. They have peacocks and guinea-hens, and more roses and lilies and larkspurs and foxgloves and narcissus than flowers of any newer sort; and there are great bushes of box and southernwood, that smell sweet as you go by.

Old General Pennington had been in the army all his life. He was a captain at Lundy's Lane, and got a wound there which gave him a stiff elbow ever after; and his oldest son was killed in Mexico, just after he had been brevetted Major. There is a Major Pennington now, — the younger brother, — out at Fort Vancouver; and he is Pen's father. When her mother died, away out there, he had to send her home. The Penningtons are just as proud as the stars and stripes themselves; and their glory is off the selfsame piece.

They made very much of Dakie Thayne when he was here, in their quiet, retired way; and they had always been polite and cordial to the Inglesides.

One morning, a little while after our party, mother was making an apple-pudding for dinner, when Madam Pennington and Miss Elizabeth drove round to the door.

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Ruth was out at her lessons; Barbara was busy helping Mrs. Holabird. Rosamond went to the door, and let them into the brown room.

"Mother will be sorry to keep you waiting, but she will come directly. She is just in the middle of an apple-pudding."

Rosamond said it with as much simple grace of pride as if she had had to say, "Mother is busy at her modelling, and cannot leave her clay till she has damped and covered it." Her nice perception went to the very farthermost; it discerned the real best to be made of things, the best that was *ready* made, and put that forth.

"And I know," said Madam Pennington, "that an apple-pudding must not be left in the middle. I wonder if she would let an old woman who has lived in barracks come to her where she is?"

Rosamond's tact was superlative. She did not say, "I will go and see"; she got right up and said, "I am sure she will; please come this way," and opened the door, with a sublime confidence, full and without warning, upon the scene of operations.

"O, how nice!" said Miss Elizabeth; and Madam Pennington walked forward into the sunshine, holding her hand out to Mrs. Holabird, and smiling all the way from her smooth old forehead down to the "seventh beauty" of her dimple-cleft and placid chin.

"Why, this is really coming to see people!" she said.

Mrs. Holabird's white hand did not even want dusting; she just laid down the bright little chopper with which she was reducing her flour and butter to a golden powder, and took Madam Pennington's nicely gloved fingers into her own, without a breath of apology. Apology! It was very meek of her not to look at all set up.

Barbara rose from her chair with a red ringlet of apple-paring hanging down against her white apron, and seated herself again at her work when the visitors had taken the two opposite corners of the deep, cushioned sofa.

The red cloth was folded back across the end of the dining-table, and at the other end were mother's white board and rolling-pin, the pudding-cloth wrung into a twist out of the scald, and waiting upon a plate, and a pitcher of cold water with ice tinkling against its sides. Mother sat with the deal bowl in her lap, turning and mincing with the few last strokes the light, delicate dust of the pastry. The sunshine — work and sunshine always go so blessedly together — poured in, and filled the room up with life and glory.

"Why, this is the pleasantest room in all your house!" said Miss Elizabeth.

"That is just what Ruth said it would be when we turned it into a kitchen," said Barbara.

"You don't mean that this is really your kitchen!"

"I don't think we are quite sure what it is," replied Barbara, laughing. "We either dine in our kitchen or kitch in our dining-room; and I don't believe we have found out yet which it is!"

"You are wonderful people!"

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"You ought to have belonged to the army, and lived in quarters," said Mrs. Pennington. "Only you would have made your rooms so bewitching you would have been always getting turned out."

"Turned out?"

"Yes; by the ranking family. That is the way they do. The major turns out the captain, and the colonel the major. There 's no rest for the sole of your foot till you 're a general."

Mrs. Holabird set her bowl on the table, and poured in the ice-water. Then the golden dust, turned and cut lightly by the chopper, gathered into a tender, mellow mass, and she lifted it out upon the board. She shook out the scalded cloth, spread it upon the emptied bowl, sprinkled it snowy-thick with flour, rolled out the crust with a free, quick movement, and laid it on, into the curve of the basin. Barbara brought the apples, cut up in white fresh slices, and slid them into the round. Mrs. Holabird folded over the edges, gathered up the linen cloth in her hands, tied it tightly with a string, and Barbara disappeared with it behind the damask screen, where a puff of steam went up in a minute that told the pudding was in. Then Mrs. Holabird went into the pantry-closet and washed her hands, that never really came to need more than a finger-bowl could do for them, and Barbara carried after her the board and its etceteras, and the red cloth was drawn on again, and there was nothing but a low, comfortable bubble in the chimney-corner to tell of housewifery or dinner.

"I wish it had lasted longer," said Miss Elizabeth. "I am afraid I shall feel like company again now."

"I am ashamed to tell you what I came for," said Madam Pennington. "It was to ask about a girl. Can I do anything with Winny Lafferty?"

"I wish you could," said Mrs. Holabird, benevolently.

"She needs doing with," said Barbara.

"Your having her would be different from our doing so," said Mrs. Holabird. "I often think that one of the tangles in the girl-question is the mistake of taking the rawest specimens into families that keep but one. With your Lucy, it might be the very making of Winny to go to you."

"The 'next' for her, as Ruth would say," said Barbara.

"Yes. The least little thing that comes next is better than a world full of wisdom away off beyond. There is too much in 'general housework' for one ignorant, inexperienced brain to take in. What should we think of a government that gave out its 'general field-work' so?"

"There won't be any Lucys long," said Madam Pennington, with a sigh. "What are homes coming to?"

"Back to *homes*, I hope, from *houses* divided against themselves into parlors and kitchens," said mother, earnestly. "If I should tell you all I think about it, you would say it was visionary, I am afraid. But I believe we have got to go back to first principles; and then the Lucys will grow again."

"Modern establishments are not homes truly," said Madam Pennington.

"We shall call them by their names, as the French do if we go on," said mother, — "hotels."

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"And how are we to stop, or help it? The enemy has got possession. Irishocracy is a despotism in the land."

"Only," said mother, in her sweetest, most heartfelt way, "by learning how true it is that one must be chief to really serve; that it takes the highest to do perfect ministering; that the brightest grace and the most beautiful culture must come to bear upon this little, every-day living, which is all that the world works for after all. The whole heaven is made that just the daily bread for human souls may come down out of it. Only the Lord God can pour this room full of little waves of sunshine, and make a still, sweet morning in the earth."

Mother and Madam Pennington looked at each other with soulful eyes.

"'We girls,'" began mother again, smiling, — "for that is the way the children count me in, — said to each other, when we first tried this new plan, that we would make an art-kitchen. We meant we would have things nice and pretty for our common work; but there is something behind that, — the something that 'makes the meanest task divine,' — the spiritual correspondence of it. When we are educated up to that I think life and society will be somewhat different. I think we shall not always stop short at the drawing-room, and pretend at each other on the surface of things. I think the time may come when young girls and single women will be as willing, and think it as honorable, to go into homes which they need, and which need them, and give the best that they have grown to into the commonwealth of them, as they are willing now to educate and try for public places. And it will seem to them as great and beautiful a thing to do. They won't be buried, either. When they take the work up, and glorify it, it will glorify them. We don't know yet what households might be, if now we have got the wheels so perfected, we would put the living spirit into the wheels. *They* are the motive power; homes are the primary meetings. They would be little kingdoms, of great might! I *wish* women would be content with their mainspring work, and not want to go out and point the time upon the dial!"

Mother never would have made so long a speech, but that beautiful old Mrs. Pennington was answering her back all the time out of her eyes. There was such a magnetism between them for the moment, that she scarcely knew she was saying it all. The color came up in their cheeks, and they were young and splendid, both of them. We thought it was as good a Woman's Convention as if there had been two thousand of them instead of two. And when some of the things out of the closets get up on the house-tops, maybe it will prove so.

Madam Pennington leaned over and kissed mother when she took her hand at going away. And then Miss Elizabeth spoke out suddenly, —

"I have not done my errand yet, Mrs. Holabird. Mother has taken up all the time. I want to have some *nexts*. Your girls know what I mean; and I want them to take hold and help. They are going to be 'next Thursdays,' and to begin this very coming Thursday of all. I shall give primary invitations only, — and my primaries are to find secondaries. No house-

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hold is to represent merely itself; one or two, or more, from one family are to bring always one or two, or more, from somewhere else. I am going to try if one little bit of social life cannot be exogenous; and if it can, what the branching-out will come to. I think we want sapwood as well as heart-wood to keep us green. If anybody does n't quite understand, refer to 'How Plants Grow — Gray.'"

She went off, leaving us that to think of.

Two days after she looked in again, and said more.

"Besides that, every primary or season invitation imposes a condition. Each member is to provide one practical answer to 'What next?' 'Next Thursday' is always to be in charge of somebody. You may do what you like, or can, with it. I 'll manage the first myself. After that I wash my hands."

Out of it grew fourteen incomparable Thursday evenings. Pretty much all we can do about them is to tell that they were; we should want fourteen new numbers to write their full history. It was like Mr. Hale's lovely "Ten Times One is Ten." They all came from that one blessed little Halloween party of ours. It means something that there *is* such a thing as the multiplication-table; does n't it? You can't help yourself if you start a unit, good or bad. The Garden of Eden, and the Ark, and the Loaves and Fishes, and the Hundred and Forty-four Thousand sealed in their foreheads, tell of it, all through the Bible, from first to last. "Multiply!" was the very next, inevitable commandment, after the "Let there be!"

It was such a thing as had never rolled up, or branched out, though, in Westover before. The Marchbankses did not know what to make of it. People got in who had never belonged. There they were, though, in the stately old Pennington house, that was never thrown open for nothing; and when they were once there you really could not tell the difference; unless, indeed, it were that the old, middle wood was the deadest, just as it is in the trees; and that the life was in the new sap and the green rind.

Lucilla Waters invented charades; and Helen Josselyn acted them, as charades had never been acted on West Hill until now. When it came to the Hobarts' "Next Thursday" they gave us "Dissolving Views," — every successive queer fashion that had come up resplendent and gone down grotesque in these last thirty years. Mrs. Hobart had no end of old relics, — bandbaskets packed full of venerable bonnets, that in their close gradation of change seemed like one individual Indur passing through a metempsychosis of millinery; nests of old hats that were odder than the bonnets; swallow-tailed coats; broad-skirted blue ones with brass buttons; baby waists and basquines; leg-of-mutton sleeves, balloons, and military; collars inch-wide and collars ell-wide with ruffles *rayonnantes;* gathers and gores, tunnel-skirts and barrel-skirts and paniers. She made monstrous paper dickeys, and high black stocks, and great bundling neckcloths; the very pocket-handkerchiefs were as ridiculous as anything, from the waiter-napkin size of good stout cambric to a quarter-dollar bit of a middle with a cataract of "chandelier" lace about it. She could tell everybody how to

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do their hair, from "flat curls" and "scallops" down or up to frizzes and chignons; and after we had all filed in slowly, one by one, and filled up the room, I don't think there ever could have been a funnier evening!

We had musical nights, and readings. We had a "Mutual Friend" Thursday; that was Mrs. Ingleside's. Rosamond was the Boofer Lady; Barbara was Lavvy the Irrepressible; and Miss Pennington herself was Mrs. Wilfer; Mr. and Mrs. Hobart were the Boffins; and Doctor Ingleside, with a wooden leg strapped on, dropped into poetry in the light of a friend; Maria Hendee came in twisting up her back hair, as Pleasant Riderhood, — Maria Hendee's back hair was splendid; Leslie looked very sweet and quiet as Lizzie Hexam, and she brought with her for her secondary that night the very, real little doll's dressmaker herself, — Maddy Freeman, who has carved brackets, and painted lovely book-racks and easels and vases and portfolios for almost everybody's parlors, and yet never gets into them herself.

Leslie would not have asked her to be Jenny Wren, because she really has a lame foot; but when they told her about it, she said right off, "O, how I wish I could be that!" She has not only the lame foot, but the wonderful "golden bower" of sunshiny hair too; and she knows the doll's dressmaker by heart; she says she expects to find her some time, if ever she goes to England — or to heaven. Truly she was up to the "tricks and the manners" of the occasion; nobody entered into it with more self-abandonment than she; she was so completely Jenny Wren that no one — at the moment — thought of her in any other character, or remembered their

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rules of behaving according to the square of the distance. She "took patterns" of Mrs. Lewis Marchbanks's trimmings to her very face; she reached up behind Mrs. Linceford, and measured the festoon of her panier. There was no reason why she should be afraid or abashed; Maddy Freeman is a little lady, only she is poor, and a genius. She stepped right *out* of Dickens's story, not *into* it, as the rest of us did; neither did she even seem to step consciously into the grand Pennington house; all she did as to that was to go "up here," or "over there," and "be dead," as fresh, new-world delights attracted her. Lizzie Hexam went too; they belonged together; and T'other Governor would insist on following after them, and being comfortably dead also, though Society was behind him, and the Veneerings and the Podsnaps looking on. Mrs. Ingleside did not provide any Podsnaps or Veneerings; she said they would be there.

Now Eugene Wrayburn was Doctor John Hautayne; for this was only our fourth evening. Nobody had anything to say about parts, except the person whose "next" it was; people had simply to take what they were helped to.

We began to be a little suspicious of Doctor Hautayne; to wonder about his "what next." Leslie behaved as if she had always known him; I believe it seemed to her as if she always had; some lives meet in a way like that.

It did not end with parties, Miss Pennington's exogenous experiment. She did not mean it should. A great deal that was glad and comfortable came of it to many persons. Miss Elizabeth asked Maddy Freeman to "come up and be dead" whenever she felt like it; she goes there every week now, to copy pictures, and get rare little bits for her designs out of the Penningtons' great portfolios of engravings and drawings of ancient ornamentations; and half the time they keep her to luncheon or to tea. Lucilla Waters knows them now as well as we do; and she is taking German lessons with Pen Pennington.

It really seems as if the "nexts" would grow on so that at last it would only be our old "set" that would be in any danger of getting left out. "Society is like a coral island after all," says Leslie Goldthwaite. "It is n't a rock of the Old Silurian."

It was a memorable winter to us in many ways, — that last winter of the nineteenth century's seventh decade.

One day — everything has to be one day, and all in a minute, when it does come, however many days lead up to it — Doctor Ingleside came in and told us the news. He had been up to see Grandfather Holabird; grandfather was not quite well.

They told him at home, the doctor said, not to stop anywhere; he knew what they meant by that, but he did n't care; it was as much his news as anybody's, and why should he be kept down to pills and plasters?

Leslie was going to marry Doctor John Hautayne.

Well! It was splendid news, and we had somehow expected it. And yet — "only think!" That was all we could say; that is a true thing people do say to each other, in the face of a great, beautiful fact. Take it in; shut

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your door upon it; and — think! It is something that belongs to heart and soul.

We counted up; it was only seven weeks.

"As if that were the whole of it!" said Doctor Ingleside. "As if the Lord did n't know! As if they had n't been living on, to just this meeting-place! She knows his life, and the sort of it, though she has never been in it with him before; that is, we 'll concede that, for the sake of argument, though I 'm not so sure about it; and he has come right here into hers. They are fair, open, pleasant ways, both of them; and here, from the joining, they can both look back and take in, each the other's; and beyond they just run into one, you see, as foreordained, and there 's no other way for them to go."

Nobody knew it but ourselves that next night, — Thursday. Doctor Hautayne read beautiful things from the Brownings at Miss Pennington's that evening; it was his turn to provide; but for us, — we looked into new depths in Leslie's serene, clear, woman eyes, and we felt the intenser something in his face and voice, and the wonder was that everybody could not see how quite another thing than any merely written poetry was really "next" that night for Leslie and for John Hautayne.

That was in December; it was the first of March when Grandfather Holabird died.

At about Christmas-time mother had taken a bad cold. We could not let her get up in the mornings to help before breakfast; the winter work was growing hard; there were two or three fires to manage besides the furnace, which father attended to; and although our "chore-man" came and split up kindlings and filled the wood-boxes, yet we were all pretty well tired out, sometimes, just with keeping warm. We began to begin to say things to each other which nobody actually finished. "If mother does n't get better," and "If this cold weather keeps on," and "*Are* we going to co-operate ourselves to death, do you think?" from Barbara, at last.

Nobody said, "We shall have to get a girl again." Nobody wanted to do that; and everybody had a secret feeling of Aunt Roderick, and her prophecy that we "should n't hold out long." But we were crippled and reduced; Ruth had as much as ever she could do, with the short days and her music.

"I begin to believe it was easy enough for Grant to say 'all *summer*,'" said Barbara; "but *this* is Valley Forge." The kitchen fire would n't burn, and the thermometer was down to 3° above. Mother was worrying up stairs, we knew, because we would not let her come down until it was warm and her coffee was ready.

That very afternoon Stephen came in from school with a word for the hour.

"The Stilkings are going to move right off to New Jersey," said he. "Jim Stilking told me so. The doctor says his father can't stay here."

"Arctura Fish won't go," said Rosamond, instantly.

"Arctura Fish is as neat as a pin, and as smart as a steel trap," said

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Barbara, regardless of elegance; "and — since nobody else will ever dare to give in — I believe Arctura Fish is the very next thing, now, for us!"

"It is n't giving in; it is going on," said Mrs. Holabird.

It certainly was not going back.

"We have got through ploughing-time, and now comes seed-time, and then harvest," said Barbara. "We shall raise, upon a bit of renovated earth, the first millennial specimen, — see if we don't! — of what was supposed to be an extinct flora, — the *Domestica antediluviana.*"

Arctura Fish came to us.

If you once get a new dress, or a new dictionary, or a new convenience of any kind, did you never notice that you immediately have occasions which prove that you could n't have lived another minute without it? We could not have spared Arctura a single day, after that, all winter. Mother gave up, and was ill for a fortnight. Stephen twisted his foot skating, and was laid up with a sprained ankle.

And then, in February, grandfather was taken with that last fatal attack, and some of us had to be with Aunt Roderick nearly all the time during the three weeks that he lived.

When they came to look through the papers there was no will found, of any kind; neither was that deed of gift.

Aunt Trixie was the only one out of the family who knew anything about it. She had been the "family bosom," Barbara said, ever since she cuddled us up in our baby blankets, and told us "this little pig, and that little pig," while she warmed our toes.

"Don't tell me!" said Aunt Trixie. Aunt Trixie never liked the Roderick Holabirds.

We tried not to think about it, but it was not comfortable. It was, indeed, a very serious anxiety and trouble that began, in consequence, to force itself upon us.

After the bright, gay nights had come weary, vexing days. And the worst was a vague shadow of family distrust and annoyance. Nobody thought any real harm, nobody disbelieved or suspected; but there it was. We could not think how such a declared determination and act of Grandfather Holabird should have come to nothing. Uncle and Aunt Roderick "could not see what we could expect about it; there was nothing to show; and there were John and John's children; it was not for any one or two to settle."

Only Ruth said "we were all good people, and meant right; it must all come right, somehow."

But father made up his mind that we could not afford to keep the place. He should pay his debts, now, the first thing. What was left must do for us; the house must go into the estate.

It was fixed, though, that we should stay there for the summer, — until affairs were settled.

"It 's a dumb shame!" said Aunt Trixie.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

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LULU'S PUPIL.

LITTLE Miss Lulu was tired of all her dolls, — and she had a good many dolls to be tired of. There was the big china doll with blue eyes and light flaxen hair, and there was the pink wax doll with a curly golden wig; and there was the little china doll dressed like a boy, and the black china doll with a red petticoat that waited on the white lady dolls; and there was the doll that could open and shut its eyes, and the doll that could say "mamma"; in fact, there were about a dozen more that I cannot now enumerate, but Lulu had become tired of them all. "I want a real *live* doll," she said.

So one day her mamma brought her home the pet that you see here represented in the picture. It was a little Spitz puppy named Muff. His hair was long and silvery white, he had bright black eyes, and the prettiest pink tongue in the world, and was about the jolliest little dog that could be bought for any money. He was called Muff because he looked, when set down upon the carpet, very much like a little white muff running about on four little white stumpy legs; and the moment he was put down in the parlor he trotted about smelling at everything he could find. He smelt of the curtains, of the chairs, of the ottomans, and ran his nose all along the side of the room, which is a dog's way of taking an observation.

Lulu was delighted. This was a pet worth having. Her dolls, she thought, were stupid. They never did anything; they never moved except she moved them. The doll that could open and shut its eyes never did open or shut them except just while Lulu pulled the wire, and Lulu got tired of pulling the wire; but no sooner was Mr. Muff set down on his four paws in the corner than he began such a whisk and scamper that it made lively times for Lulu. Round and round he ran snuffing at this thing and at that, and barking with a short, quick snap, like the letting off of a pistol.

"Mercy on us!" said Lulu's mamma, "what shall we do if that dog is going to bark so? It goes through my head like a knife. Lulu, if you are going to have Muff for your dog, you must teach him not to bark."

"O yes indeed, mamma," said Lulu, "I 'll teach him"; and so, as you see, she sat down on the ottoman and took Muff in her lap to instruct him how to behave.

Muff had been racing, so that his little pink tongue hung like a ribbon out of his mouth, and Miss Lulu proceeded to fan him in order to cool him, as she said: "Now, Muffie dear, you must remember you are *my* dog now, and I must teach you exactly how to behave. You must n't bark out loud in the parlors, Muffie; do you hear?"

Just then the door-bell rang, and down jumped Muffie, and "whack, whack, whack" went his sharp little bark.

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It was Miss Marabout and Miss Tulleport come in all their best flowers and feathers and silk dresses to call on mamma.

In vain did Lulu try to stop Muff; she could not catch him. He ran "whack, whack, whacking," now here and now there, under Miss Marabout's silk trail and over Miss Tulleport's new satin, and made such a din and confusion that nobody could hear anybody else speak.

"Jennie, you must take that dog and shut him up in the nursery," said mamma; and away Muff was carried in deep disgrace, barking like a pocket-pistol all the way.

"O dear me, Muffie, what a bad dog you are!" said little Miss Lulu, who came trailing up stairs after him, "to bark so just after I talked to you so nicely and told you just how to behave."

Well, that was not the worst scrape that Muff got his young mistress into. He was, to tell the truth, the most mischievous little wretch that ever wore dog-skin. What do you think of this? One day it was decided that Lulu was to go with a whole party of children to a picnic in the country. Her mamma had just finished for her a smart little cambric dress to wear on the occasion, and when Lulu went to bed it was laid out on a chair that she might put it on in the morning.

But, alas! in the morning there was no dress to be seen, and after great searching and wondering it was found under the bed in Mr. Muff's possession. Muff was shaking it about in his mouth, and had torn and mangled it so that it was not fit to be seen. In fact, he had chewed up and swallowed half of the front breadth, so there was no possibility of mending it.

Lulu wept bitterly over her spoiled dress, and all the more that it was spoiled by her new favorite. It was agreed that Muff should be put into solitary confinement while she went to the picnic. So Muff was locked into a closet, and Lulu went off with her tears dried, and an old dress in place of the new one she had expected to wear.

Arrived on the picnic ground, who should appear, fresh and noisy, but Master Muff? He had jumped out of the closet window and followed his mistress, determined to see some of the fun!

This is only one specimen of the mischief that Muff was always doing. He used to run away with her shoes and stockings, and chew them to a paste; he used to tear her ribbons to shreds, and, when nothing else came to hand, would attack the books and newspapers, shaking and worrying them till they were all in tatters.

Every day Maggie or Susan came down to mamma with some new story of Muff's naughty doings. He had torn the window-curtains, he had chewed off a corner of a sheet, he had scratched and pawed off the fringe from the ottoman. "What *shall* we do with the creature?" said mamma. "I 'm sure I never would have bought him had I known what a trouble he would be."

"He will have to be sent away if he don't mind," said papa.

But the moment papa spoke of sending Muff away Lulu's great blue eyes

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filled with tears, and her lips trembled, and she seemed so broken-hearted that papa said, "Well, well, we 'll try him a little longer."

Then how hard Lulu tried to make Muffie comprehend the situation! She would take him into her lap and preach to him gravely: "Now you see, Muffie, I love you, and I don't want you sent off; but if you go on so they will send you 'way 'way off, where you 'll never, *never* see me any more. Would n't that make you feel bad, Muffie?"

Muffie would sit with his head very much on one side, and his tongue like a pink streamer hanging out of his mouth, and listen with a waggish air to all his mistress's instructions, showing just about as much feeling as some little boys and girls do when their mammas tell them of what may happen to them when they grow up if they do not heed their counsel.

"The fact is," Muff seemed to say, "I have always been a pretty lucky dog, and I don't believe anything very bad will happen to me."

Muff liked very much to trot about with his little mistress when she went out for a walk. Then he would cock his ears and tail, and pad along as important as possible. He would run and bark at every cat and dog or hen and chicken in his way, and seemed delighted to keep everything about him in a flutter.

People scolded a great deal, and some even threatened to shoot him; but when little Lulu came in sight with her blue eyes and golden hair they concluded to let him go for her sake.

Muff wanted very much to go to church Sundays. He went everywhere else with Lulu, and why he was shut up to private meditation on Sundays was a thing he could not understand. So he would watch his opportunity and slip out of a door or window, and trot off to church, and to Lulu's astonishment appear suddenly in the broad aisle. Once he even went up and sat in the chancel as grave and innocent as possible. Lulu's heart was in her mouth when the sexton put him out, and she had to leave church to go home with him.

"How often must I tell you, Muffie, church is n't for dogs?" she said, when she got him safe home. "You may go everywhere else with me, but you must n't go to church!"

Muffie could not speak, but his eyes said, "Why must n't I?" as plainly as the thing could be spoken.

However, on reflection, Muff thought he had found out a way to manage the matter. He waited till everybody was in church one Sunday, and then jumped out of the pantry window and trotted off to meeting. He took possession of a deserted slip near the door, and mounting the seat sat up as grave as a judge, and seemed resolved to show that a dog could act like a good Christian.

For a while all went on very well, and nobody noticed that he was there; but at last a great bluebottle fly whizzed down into his face, when "whack" came out Muff's short bark. Everybody looked round, and Muff barked again; then Lulu got up and ran down the aisle just as the sexton seized him.

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"O, please don't do anything to him!" said Lulu. "You know he's only a dog; I try to teach him so hard, but he won't learn."

The sexton smiled on the little maiden, and she took her pet home.

"O Muffie, Muffie, what trouble you do make me!" she said; "but yet I love you, and I would n't have you sent off for the world."

Since then little Lulu has grown a bigger girl, and Muff has grown an older and a soberer dog. He no longer chews up her shoes and stockings, and he has learned to spend Sundays in private reflection, but he never will learn not to bark. Little by little, however, people have become used to his noise, and like him in spite of it.

One of these days, perhaps, I will tell you more of Lulu's Pupil.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

IDLE NAN.

HEIGH-HO! Summer days are so pleasant and long!
But no one is idle like me;
Where I lie in the grass I can see a whole throng
Of ants toiling under the tree,
And swift through the sky the fleet birds hurry by,
And the clouds sail out over the sea.

With wings all awhirr, at the tall hollyhocks
Bright humming-birds dart to and fro;
In her plain suit of black, over trim garden-walks,
The cricket makes off down below;
For little she heeds that in full mourning weeds
She should never a-visiting go.

The butterfly shows me her gay satin cloak
Every day, when the weather is fair,
With spots and deep bordering trimmed to the yoke,
As fine as a princess could wear;
But for all she is dressed in her holiday best,
She finds not a minute to spare.

She may lift her light wings for a second or more,
When a thistle is spread in her way,
To daintily step o'er its wide, purple floor,—
But, whisk! she is up from her play,
As if she well knew that the faster she flew
The more she could do in a day.

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Over there by the wall goes a big, burly bee,
  Into trumpets of bloom treading down,
Till his black velvet breeches are dust to the knee,
  And he reels like a tipsy young clown;
While the whole blossom shakes with the pother he makes,
  As though he were storming a town.

I wish, when all other small folks are abed,
  And he lingers so late in the bowers,
Some gay morning-glory would twist o'er his head,
  Where he drains the last cup of the flowers,
And hold him all night, just to give him a fright,
  And teach him to keep early hours.

Heigh-ho! Summer days are so terribly long!
  I wonder when this will be through.
The bobolinks long ago finished their song,
  And the four-o'-clocks open anew.
If life be like this I shall weary of bliss,
  And wish I had something to do.

Abba Goold Woolson.

BURNING-GLASSES AND BURNING-MIRRORS.

THE next time we met at the Professor's we all seemed to have enough to say, — for the talk about the sun had set us thinking.

"Augustus has the floor!" said the Professor; but just as I was going to tell of some experiments I had been making with a prism, Croll Wagner struck in, "I 've got the funniest thing here, ever you see!"

"Bad grammar again!" said Cale Betson.

"Saw, then," said Croll, — "if that suits you any better. I was telling the fellers at the Tannery about the heat of the sun; and the next day Lyman Torrey, — he 's always in for playing some kind of trick on us, — he asked me if I would let him hold a piece of glass over my hand for a minute. 'Yes, ten minutes,' says I. 'And not flinch?' says he. 'If you won't touch my hand, of course not,' says I. 'What 'll ye bet?' says he. 'My dinner,' says I, — for we carry our dinners, and we was jest goin' to eat 'em."

"Was jest goin'!" said Cale.

"We — were — just — going," Croll corrected himself, laboriously. "So I jest hild out my hand in the sun —"

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"Jest hild?"

"*Just held!*" emphatically, — "and he took this round piece of glass with a rim around it, and hild — *held* it over the back of my hand, and — linkum vitey! did n't I hop? 'Lost yer dinner! lost yer dinner!' they all sung out, and such a haw-haw-ing you never heard! 'Lemmy look a' that!' says I."

"Lemmy look a' that?" repeated Cale.

"Let — me — look — at — that," said Croll; "you see I know better, if I do sometimes make mistakes talking. 'Hold a newspaper,' says Lyman; and I — held — a piece that was wrapped around my dinner. Then he — held — the glass just high enough so that the sun shining through it made a little dazzling bright spot on the paper no bigger than a pea, and you could n't have counted twenty before there was a blaze!"

"Paper afire?" cried Abel Montey.

"Paper afire! just from this little glass held over it and the sun shining through."

"That 's nothing new or wonderful," said Cale Betson. "It 's a common burning-glass. I can remember when my grandfather used to have one and light his pipe with it, — for he never would use matches when the sun shone. He had some tinder, and he would just place a bit of it on the tobacco in his pipe-bowl, hold it under the glass in the sun for a few seconds, then puff away, and his pipe was lit. I once set the barn-yard afire playing with that glass, and I never saw it afterwards. I suppose my father was afraid I should set the barn afire next."

Croll looked quite crestfallen on finding that his glass was no novelty, after all; and Cale looked correspondingly proud and important. "But can ye explain it? Come!" said Croll, defiantly.

"Why, the glass — why, of course," said Cale, — "the glass — you know — why, it increases the heat of the sun's rays."

"How does it increase the heat of the rays?" demanded Croll, determined to corner him; while the Professor sat back in his chair and laughed.

"I mean, it concentrates them," said Cale, his wits beginning to rally for the contest.

"How concentrates?"

"It brings 'em to a focus; don't you know what a focus is? I thought everybody knew what a focus was!"

"How does it bring 'em to a focus?" said Croll, pressing him hard.

"It refracts them; and as I don't suppose you know what refraction is either, I 'll tell you. A ray of sunlight passing from the air through any denser substance, like water or glass, is turned out of a straight course."

"Is that so?" Croll, incredulous, turned to the Professor.

"Yes, Caleb is right. Let a ray of light from an opening in a shutter fall upon a vessel of water in a room, and you will see that it is bent where it strikes the surface. Or — here is a very common and easy experiment." The Professor placed a teacup on the table and dropped in a cent. Then he made us sit around it in such a way that the cent was just hidden

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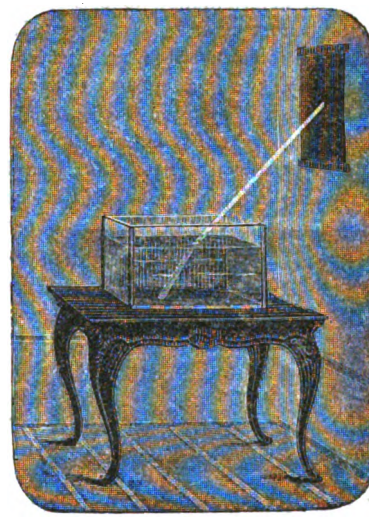

from our view by the rim of the cup. "Now do not move," said he; "neither will we move the cup or the coin; but presently you shall all see the coin."

Then he took a pitcher of water and began — very carefully at first — to fill the cup; and what was our astonishment to see the coin come right up in sight! "I see it! I see it!" we all cried at once.

"Why do you see it?" asked the Professor.

"I suppose the ray of light from the eye to the coin, or from the coin to the eye, is bent," said Cale.

"Yes, precisely as the ray is bent that falls through an aperture in the shutter into the vessel of water. A straight ray from the coin to the eye would be intercepted by the rim of the cup, but the bent ray passes over the rim. You have all noticed how a straight stick set slantingly in transparent water appears bent at the surface. That is because the rays of vision which traverse the water are bent, or refracted, as we say, making all the submerged part appear higher than it really is. Light passing obliquely out of one medium into another of different density is always refracted in this way. A ray passing from the ether of space into our atmosphere is bent, so that" — here the Professor threw open the window — "you see those stars just rising yonder while they are really below the horizon. But for the refracting power of our atmosphere you could not see them yet any more than you could see the coin in the cup before I poured in the water. For example," turning to the table and taking a pencil, "suppose a star is at A. The ray from it strikes our atmosphere at B, and being refracted meets the eye at C. Now the eye takes no note of the refraction; but the star appears to it as if situated at D. Astronomers have to make due allowance for this effect in determining the true altitude of the stars. Yet rays are not refracted at a single sharp angle by our atmosphere, — which, as it grows denser the nearer it is to the earth, must bend them at an infinite number of small angles, so that they are actually curved. Only the light which comes to us from a star directly over our heads is not refracted, for it does not pass *obliquely* from the ether into the atmosphere. The more obliquely a ray falls the more it is refracted."

"There!" cried Cale Betson, who all this time had not forgotten Croll's

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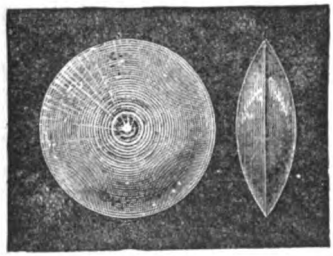
dogged determination to corner him, "now I can tell you how the rays are brought to a focus by the glass. In the first place, the glass is a lens. I 'll let the Professor tell just what a lens is."

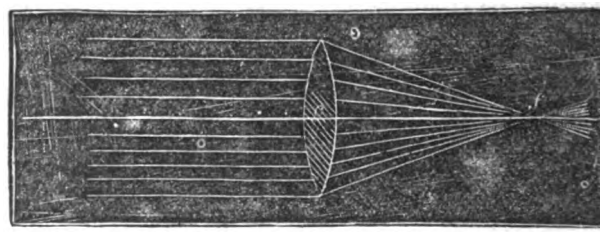
"I guess so!" laughed Croll.

"A lens," said the Professor, "is any transparent substance used for refracting light. It is of various forms, and it refracts light according to its shape and density. *Lens* is a Latin word, signifying a *lentil*, our ordinary lens being shaped like the seed of that plant. This is what is called the double convex lens, having both sides convex, or rounded. *Focus* is a Latin word, signifying a hearth or fireplace; and it means the point where converging rays meet. Now I 'll step aside and let Caleb explain how it is that the *lens* brings light to a *focus*."



"Well, you see — I — I think I shall have to get you to explain that too!" said Cale; "I know that the rays are refracted by passing through the lens, but how they are all bent so as to meet at one point I don't think I quite understand."

"Well, here, we will suppose, is our convex lens," said the Professor,



"with parallel rays passing through it, — thus. The central ray, *c*, alone does not fall obliquely, and consequently is not refracted. Those on each side of it fall more and more obliquely upon the curving side of the glass, and are consequently more and more refracted; and thus they all meet the central ray at the point *f*, on the other side. That is the point of greatest light and heat. Beyond that the rays diverge again, as you see. So if you wish to ignite anything with a burning-glass, you must place it at or near the focus. Hold the lens too near or too far off," — the Professor experimented with the glass and a piece of paper in the lamp-light, — "and you see the small bright spot grows large and dim.

"Burning-glasses," he continued, "are no novelty, as Caleb says. They were very well known to the ancients, and some large and powerful ones have been constructed in modern times. Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, made a very large one by uniting at their edges two broad plates of glass shaped like watch-crystals, and filling them with liquid. This plan was improved upon by others, until finally an immense one was constructed, four

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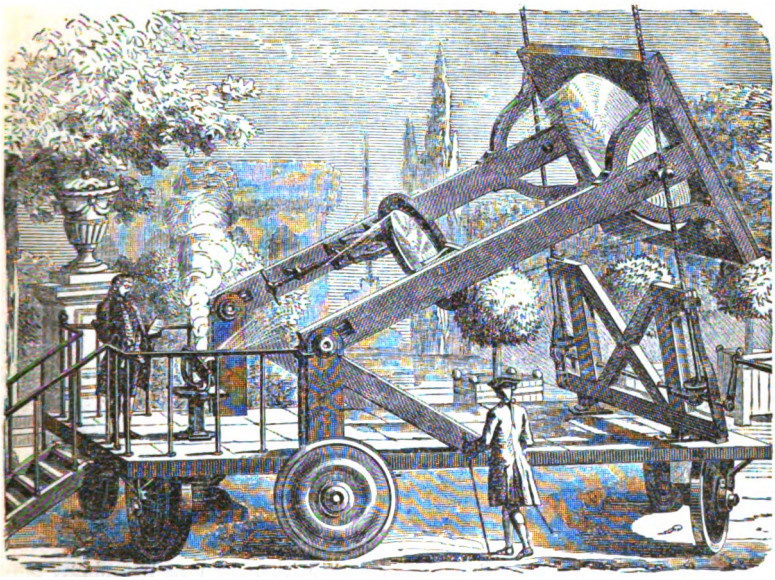
feet in diameter, and capable of melting iron. It was placed upon a frame in such a way that it could be easily turned towards the sun; and a second,



smaller lens helped to concentrate the rays to a still smaller focus. The glass cases of this great lens were filled with alcohol."

"Is n't it wonderful," said Abel Montey, "that sunlight passing through glass or a liquid — without warming it much, I suppose — should make such a heat on the other side!"

"It is very wonderful," said the Professor. "In England, something more than a hundred years ago, a large lens was made of ice which would ignite gunpowder."

The idea of rays of sunlight touching off powder after passing through a cake of ice astonished us all very much. But the Professor said, "It is n't the substance which sunbeams pass through that is warmed by them, but that which absorbs them, — as I explained to you in our talk about the comparative warmth of mountain heights and valleys."

Here he took down a book and read: "Among other applications of this property of lenses may be mentioned that of causing guns to fire at a certain time by arranging a small burning-glass above the touch-hole. In the Gardens of the Palais Royal, at Paris, there is such a gun, so arranged that on sunny days it fires exactly at noon, or, in other words, at the moment the sun comes to the meridian. Every fine day towards twelve o'clock crowds of Parisians who have nothing to do may be seen bending their steps towards the Palais Royal, to set their watches by the gun, which they believe to be superior as a timekeeper to the finest chronometers in the world.

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There they stand, most of them old fellows with a scar or two about their faces, watch in hand, leaning against the railings, and awaiting with impatience the moment when true solar time is indicated by the sharp report of the little piece. If a bystander were to insinuate, no matter how delicately, that solar time varied slightly every now and then, he would either receive a smile of pitying contempt, or else he would be called out upon the spot." *

"Was n't it with a burning-glass," said I, "that Archimedes set on fire the Roman fleet?"

"I 've heard of him!" cried Cale Betson. "He was a native of Syracuse."

"State of New York?" said Croll.

"No! Sicily, in Europe! He was one of the greatest of ancient philosophers. In defending his city against the Romans, he set their fleet on fire with glasses, — almost three hundred years before Christ. State of New York indeed!"

"The glasses he is said to have used were not lenses, however," said the Professor, "but mirrors. A concave mirror will bring light to a focus much like a convex lens, — except that it is by reflecting instead of refracting it. You know how, if you fling a ball obliquely to the floor, it rebounds from it in a correspondingly oblique line in the opposite direction. A ray of light falling upon a reflecting surface *rebounds*, so to speak, in the same

* The Wonders of Optics. Translated from the French. A very interesting little work published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York, in their illustrated Library of Wonders.

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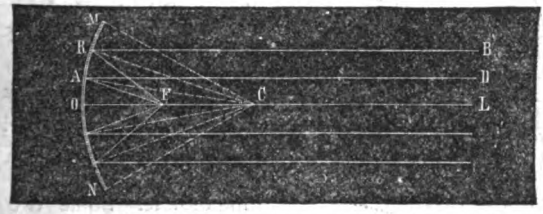
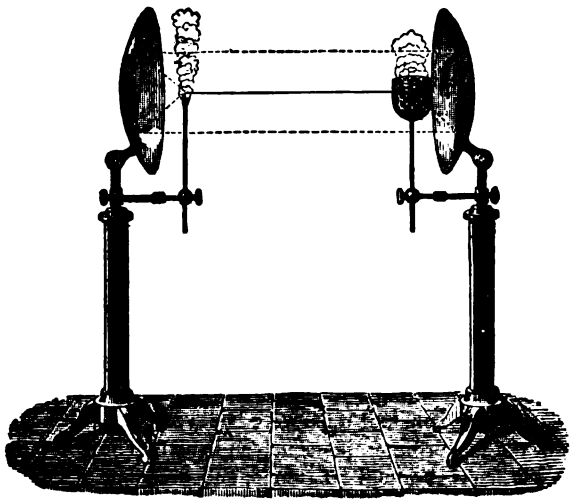
way, — except that it is not, like the ball, influenced by the power of gravitation. The angle at which it strikes the surface, called the *angle of incidence*, is always equal to the opposite angle, at which it leaves the surface, called the *angle of reflection*. The more obliquely it falls the more obliquely it is reflected. Now suppose parallel rays fall on a concave mirror, say



M N, which we will suppose a portion of a hollow sphere whose centre is at C. The central ray L O falls perpendicularly on the mirror, and is reflected back perpendicularly. But the rays D A, B R, and so forth, fall more and more obliquely, and are reflected more and more obliquely, the farther they are from the central ray. Thus the rays all meet at the focus, F. Now you will understand how such a mirror turned to the sun may be made to produce quite as surprising effects as your burning-glass.

"Some very curious experiments," he went on, "have been tried with mirrors of this kind. Here is one. Place two such mirrors exactly face to face, at a short distance from each other. Fix before one of them, in the



proper position, a little grate of burning charcoal. The light and heat of the fire will be reflected from this mirror to the second, and from that to its focus, which may be found in a darkened room by moving forward a piece of paper until the bright point of light is formed upon it. Gunpowder

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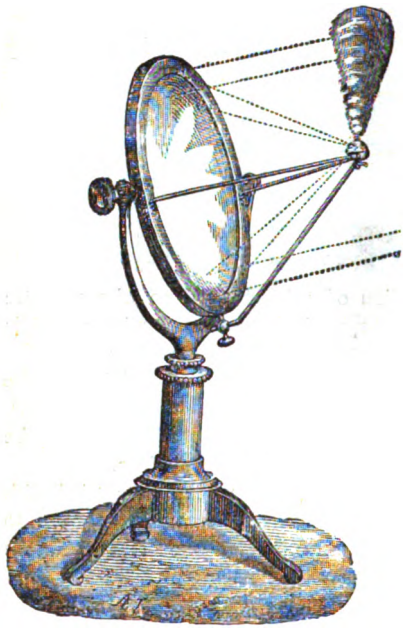
dropped at that point is ignited instantly. Take away the charcoal and put a watch in its place, and the ticking of the watch will be distinctly heard at the focus of the other mirror, showing that light and heat and sound are all reflected in the same way.*



"The destruction of the Roman fleet by Archimedes has been thought by many to be a fabulous story; but modern experiments with burning-mirrors have shown that such a feat was, at least, not impossible. Some two hundred years ago a Frenchman named Villette made several of these instruments, the largest of which burned green wood to ashes almost instantly, and melted the hardest steel. It was said of this mirror that" — the Professor read from one of his books — "'it had the power of sending the images of objects to a distance of fifteen feet or more, so that a man looking at himself in it, with a stick or sword in his hand, saw the image of them suspended in the air, apparently ready to strike him. On seeing such an effect for the first time, the observer could hardly fail to experience the greatest surprise and even fear; and it is stated that King Louis XIV., having placed himself, sword in hand, before this mirror was astonished to find himself threatened by an armed hand. When he advanced the hand seemed to spring forward to meet him. He could not conceal his surprise and fright, and afterwards felt so ashamed at having been terrified by a mere phantom that he ordered the mirror to be removed, and could never be induced to look into it again.'

"Villette's burning-mirrors," continued the Professor, "seem to have made a very curious impression upon the lower orders of the French people. While he was experimenting with one at Liege, the season proved to be unusually wet, and the constant rains were believed to be caused by the powerful action of the mirror upon the clouds and sun! The ignorant populace, fearing that the harvest would be ruined, and dreading a famine, attacked Villette's house with great fury, and would have killed him and destroyed his invention, if they had not been driven away by an armed force.

"The largest and most powerful burning-mirrors have been constructed,

* See "The Wonders of Heat," another of Scribner & Co's. valuable and delightful "Wonder" books.

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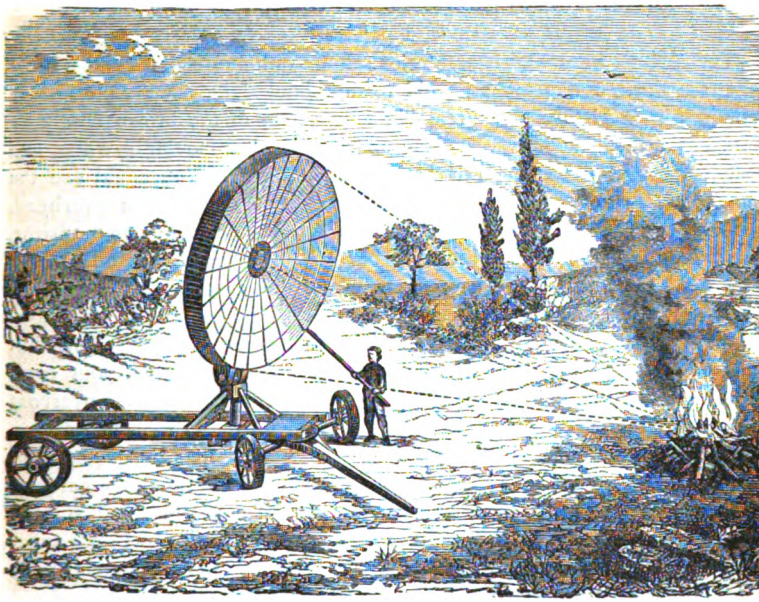
not of a single glass, but of many glasses so placed as to reflect to a single focus the light falling upon them. The mirrors of Archimedes must have



been arranged in this way. In Paris, in 1747, Buffon performed some curious experiments with a burner made of a great number of glasses, and succeeded in melting metals at a distance of forty or fifty feet, and in firing piles of wood at a distance of even two hundred feet. All this simply by concentrating upon a few square inches the sunbeams spread over a few square feet or yards! For remember, boys," said the Professor, in conclusion, "that neither the lens nor the burning-mirror can add anything to the power of a single sunbeam; and that it is only by huddling many beams together that these surprising results are produced."

So saying, he put away his books and bade us good night.

Augustus Holmes.

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HOW THE BEAR HUNTED ME.

I THINK all boys like bear stories; I am quite sure that I did when I was a boy. I remember an old reading-book, long since gone out of fashion, with a picture of a great big fellow, one of the brown family of bears, sitting with fat legs very wide apart on a slow-moving saw-log, and busily engaged in devouring a frightened man's dinner. You could see the man (which made it more interesting) perched upon a beam overhead, whither he had scrambled in his hurry to escape the unwelcome visitor, and whence he now looked down with big eyes and rueful face on hungry Bruin hard at work upon the contents of his dinner-pail. Ah, Mr. Bear, you little think as you cram the poor sawyer's lunch into that capacious mouth of yours that your comfortable log seat is on the move, and that those sharp saw-teeth, even keener and more relentless than your own, are every moment creeping closer to the thick, hairy, home-made overcoat which covers your fat, round-shouldered back! I used to wish as I sat on the hard wooden bench at school and read the story, that the picture had been a panorama, for then I should have seen the fight between the enraged creature and the jagged, swift-running saw, which could bite and scratch so much faster than the brute, and was quite as ready to saw bear's meat nicely greased as the tough dry fibres of a hemlock log. How the poor scared fellow on the beam must have laughed and hugged himself as old Bruin, feeling a sharp scratch down his back, turned crossly round with a snap and a growl to hug the unfeeling saw, which only went *gru-up*, *shish*, *gru-down*, *shish*, with maybe a little less of *shish-ing*, on account of the fresh grease, until there were two half-bears in place of the whole one!

I remember I wished mightily for that saw-mill when my bear hunted me; that is to say, I wanted the nice high beam to sit on and the sharp-cutting saw — which was n't a bit affectionate, and did n't mind hugging — to tickle my old Grizzly's back! but then you always want things so badly just when you can't have them; which reminds me that perhaps you may want me to tell my story, so I 'll begin.

"Once on a time," which, as this is n't a fairy tale, means some twenty odd years ago, in the days when golden California was only poor, far-off Mexican California and nothing more, I, then a very young officer in Uncle Sam's little army, found myself stationed at a certain inland town (if a collection of adobe or mud huts deserved the name) situated some sixty miles distant from the then scarcely larger village of Yerba Buena, but now mighty city of San Francisco. We were doing garrison duty, — a single company, under old Captain Jack B——, an easy-going commander, who gave us little to do and plenty of time to do it in. So, as the hours hung somewhat heavily upon our hands, Captain Jack and myself (the only

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officers at the post) took to hunting and shooting, with now and then a little fishing by way of change, to vary the monotony of our soldier life, till the Mexicans might be pleased to retake the country, or the fortunes of war should send us to serve elsewhere. Among other amusements we delighted greatly in the slaughter of the almost countless flocks of wild geese, brant, and lesser waterfowl that came by thousands, in those days at least, to banquet upon the wild-oat fields and make their reedy homes amongst the wide marshes which separate the firmer land about Sonoma from the spreading bays that terminate in the Golden Gate. I do not like to tell large stories, but can say, without fear of contradiction, that I have seen the ground fairly whitened by the geese, while the air was darkened and the day made discordant by the screaming and quacking birds, from the great sand-hill crane, with his long legs and far-reaching bill, down to the little bright-eyed, green-headed duck that seemed really too pretty to kill. It was no great exploit to bring them down; you had only to creep up to the rush-fringed edge of some broad, quiet pool, point your gun at a venture, bang away with your right barrel as they huddled together for a start, and follow it up with your left as the fluttering throng arose, and your game-bag was already full. We had goose for dinner, brant for breakfast, and cold duck for supper and lunch, till old Jack vowed he should quack if we ate any more.

Our favorite method of following up this sport was to make a very early start, so as to compass by sunrise the three or four miles which separated us from our shooting-ground. Here we would take a stand, getting the cover of some solitary tree midway between the night-camp and feeding-place by day of our feathered prey. As the V-shaped flock appeared, led by some veteran gander or yet more discreet old brant, bang would go a gun, striking down the leader, for they generally flew low; and then before the confused party could rearrange itself the well-aimed shot would make up a list of killed and wounded which must have given the survivors a lasting respect for fire-arms.

It was at the close of a morning's work like this, that, finding my right shoulder aching from the oft-repeated discharge of a somewhat heavily loaded ducking-gun, I bade an early farewell to Captain Jack, who was not yet ready to return, and proceeded to shoulder my piece and secure my game for the homeward tramp. As I lost sight of the shooting-ground and began to enter the live-oak groves scattered here and there along the higher ridges bordering the marshy edges of the bay, I found myself suddenly enveloped in one of those dense mists which sweep up at certain seasons from the sea, like the ocean vapors of a Newport summer afternoon. As I had no special path, and was travelling only by familiar landmarks, now rendered vague and indistinct by the hoary haze, I was obliged to move more slowly, and soon felt satisfied I must have missed my way. Reaching at length an open space, — open at least upon three sides, the fourth being thinly wooded, but without a particle of undergrowth, — I paused for a moment to survey, so far as my fog-shrouded and rather lim-

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ited horizon would permit, a locality which was evidently new to me; moreover, I hoped to hear the sound of running water, which, as I knew the general direction of the streams, would serve to guide me in taking what sailors call a fresh departure.

While listening intently I heard from the wooded side of my narrow visible world a sort of pounding, as if some gentleman with large boots and no corns had found his feet unpleasantly cold and was endeavoring to warm them by stamping in a manner which betokened an utter disregard of shoe-leather. Then came a wheeze like that of a gruff giant with the asthma, and finally a mixed compound of crunching and mumbling as if a huge hog were eating hard corn for a wager. My attention being now thoroughly aroused I peered into the gloom until I fancied I could perceive the vague, misty form of some creature stirring up the fog within twenty feet of the spot on which I had halted.

"Christopher Columbus!" (That's what I always say when surprised.) "It is — no, it can't be — yes, but it is a grizzly! Don't I wish I was at home?" That's what I thought. You see I hadn't come bear-hunting; I was duck-shooting, and had no conveniences for carrying home a bear, even if I should kill one; and the more I looked at Mr. Grizzly, the better satisfied I was that he had every convenience for killing and carrying me!

All I had ever heard or read of his ugly, hateful ways seemed to rush into my mind at once. If I had been examined on this subject in natural history just then I should have gone "up head" immediately. I could have shown how this brute was a grabber, a patter, a biter, and a most unlovable hugger; how as a grabber he put out his great fore-paws and hauled you in; while as a patter, he simply knocked you down, took off your hat, and then helped himself to all your hair and as much of the scalp as might suit his convenience; that in his biting capacity he took great mouthfuls anywhere, but, on the whole, rather excelled as a hugger, his excessive amiability prompting him to rise upon his hind legs, embrace you with his huge, sinewy forearms, putting them fairly round your neck with his delicate claws hooked into your coat behind for a holdfast, while his little pig eyes, and teeth rattling like castanets, completed a tableau in which one would rather be a spectator than an actor.

I thought of all this and more in my excitement; what the bear thought I could only guess. Meanwhile we stood looking at each other. It was evidently a surprise on both sides. I stared very hard at the bear with wide-open eyes, while the bear stared very hard at me with wide-open mouth. I began to understand the crunching and mumbling noises which had so puzzled me as I stood listening in the fog. The large sweet Californian acorn was now fully ripe, and old Ursa Major, with Mrs. Bear and the little ones, had left their mountain homes to grow fat upon the luxurious diet of the oak-studded plains below, after which they would regain the hills, and go into winter quarters, sucking their paws, as lady and gentlemen bears will till the snow melts and the bright spring days come round again. I think the bear — *my* bear, for I began to feel as if I had a personal interest

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in him by this time — got over his astonishment first, and, what is worse, I don't think he was at all alarmed; he stopped eating, gave a sniff and a sort of interrogatory "Who are you?" grunt, and then took a step towards me. Being of a naturally retiring disposition, and unwilling to intrude, I felt some delicacy in remaining, and was accordingly withdrawing in as unostentatious a way as good manners would permit, when it seemed to occur to him that he would do well to cultivate my acquaintance. Declining that honor, I dropped into a backward walk, keeping my face, after the manner of royal presentations, toward this monarch of the Western wilds, when to my horror his bearship favored me with a grin, — such a grin! — followed by a snap and a growl. As he quickened his steps towards me, I was speedily induced to hasten my own; when, taking a long stride backwards, I found myself suddenly deposited in a sort of dry ditch or "slue," where I lay for a moment half stunned, in company with my dead birds and duck-gun.

As I recovered myself I could hear my grunting and grumbling friend, doubtless not a little astonished at this sudden disappearance, go tramping up and down in the vain attempt to nose me out in the fog. I had now time to think, and, as a merchant might say, "take stock" of my position and prospects. On the one side I was chased by a bear, a hungry bear, a cross bear, a bear disturbed at his breakfast; I was lost; I had only a ducking-gun, which, however formidable to wild geese, was a mere plaything when brought to bear upon the thick, tough hide of an acorn-fatted grizzly, whose gross weight might be somewhere in the neighborhood of nine hundred pounds. As for my hunting-knife, I had left it at home (what wonder if, as an Irishman might say, I wished that I had left myself there before I started?). Against all this I had the consolatory assurance that the grizzly bear never climbs, which, as the trees were all on the side of the bear, did not add much to my sense of security. But my principal hope lay in the fact that I was just then hidden by the gully, whose depth varied from eight to a dozen feet, with precipitous sides and a dry bed, which probably led down to some neighboring stream of water.

"Now," thought I, "I have only to crawl along this ditch, reach the stream, cross it, and bid good by to Grizzly." I had just picked myself up from my recumbent position in the sand, and was proceeding to carry out my plan of escape, when I heard a crackling and breaking of the underbrush which fringed the ditch, and by which I was partly screened from view; this was speedily followed by an angry growl, as the treacherous earth gave way, letting Mr. Bear with no gentle tumble directly down into the very gully into which I had in like manner been precipitated. Fortunately for me Bruin had not only a greater fall, but tumbled into the ditch at a point somewhat removed from my hiding-place, and the little ferret eyes did not at once perceive me. An unlucky stumble, however, which I owed to a twisted root, betrayed me, and he turned and gave chase.

They have a very expressive phrase in California when a person is desired to leave suddenly; it consists of but two words, "You git." My dear little reader, when that bear tumbled into my gully "I got," and when he took

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up the chase I continued "to git" in a style which astonished even myself. When I first saw him fall I had some faint hopes that he might have broken his nose, put out a paw joint, or even dislocated his great ugly neck; but that delusion lasted only for a moment. He was evidently not a whit the worse for his somerset. It was no longer a matter of ceremony. I sped over the ground like a hunted deer, while my stout friend came lumbering and puffing on behind, like a portly old gentleman who fears he may be too late for the evening train. I was expecting every moment to feel the blow of his heavy paw, or possibly a scratch down my back, and could almost fancy his hot breath and gleaming teeth close to my cheek, when, turning an angle of the gully, I perceived, with no little dismay, that the ditch in front of me was blocked by an immense fallen tree. The smaller end of the broken trunk being towards me showed an opening wide enough to admit my then somewhat more than usually slender form. There was little time for hesitation. I could hear the bear's heavy tramp in my rear. A moment more and I had plunged into the opening, drawing my gun after me just as my fat friend rounded the turn of the "slue" in hot pursuit. Running blindly on, he endeavored to force himself after me, giving the log a shock which made me tremble for the security of my new tenement. One or two furious plunges tended to convince him that I could enter where his huge frame could not, for he seemed to reflect, and finally introduced a paw, from

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whose far-reaching grab I retired into the inner recesses of my chamber. Finding that his attempts in this way were equally futile, I began to feel a little more at ease, and when Bruin again poked in his great paw, in an inquiring sort of way, as if my tree had been a "grab-bag" and I the possible prize therein contained, I managed to push the dead ducks out to him with the butt of my gun, by way of a peace-offering. I was willing just then to have peace at any price short of surrender, but Sir Bear had no thought of such a compromise; he tore away, and made the feathers fly with his cruel teeth and claws in a style which gave me a pretty lively notion of what I might expect were I to trust myself within their grasp.

I had begun to think seriously of giving my pursuer the benefit of a charge of duck-shot, in the hope of putting out one or both of his ugly little eyes when next they should peer into my doorway, when I discovered a faint indication of light behind me. On working myself round I saw that the hollow into which I had entered was divided by a narrow rot-eaten wall from a still larger opening in the body of the trunk beyond, the portion of the great tree in which I had ensconced myself being in reality only one of the main branches, and lying almost at right angles to the parent stem. A little lusty kicking, with some help from my pocket-knife, soon enabled me to worm my way with difficulty through the opening. Into this I immediately stuffed my light outer jacket, in order to conceal my departure from the furious beast, who was just then too busily engaged in tunnelling an entrance into my hiding-place to take notice of my exit.

I had gotten half-way down the hollow, which widened as I advanced, and was already felicitating myself upon my escape, when in this dim, half-lighted chamber of the tree I espied an object which, frightened as I was, gave me a new and yet more decided palpitation of the heart. It was at first glance nothing more than a spotted handkerchief of rather dingy silk folded carelessly up on one side of the rotten opening; but who could have left a handkerchief there? Another look, and my spotted silk resolved itself into a recumbent and motionless snake, a rattler of huge dimensions snugly stowed away and apparently sleeping. Now I have had from a child a mortal dread of snakes, and for a moment I entertained serious thoughts of creeping back and capitulating to the bear. But a series of growls convinced me that Bruin was getting along nicely with his tunnelling, and beginning to discover that my abandoned jacket was but a poor substitute for the game he was seeking. There was nothing for it but to pass the snake. The great beads of cold sweat stood out on my forehead, and I could fancy the very hair rose on my head as I reflected that in so doing I must almost brush his mottled skin. What if he were only lying in wait to strike me in the face as I advanced? I would fain have closed my eyes, but this was no time for winking; so setting my teeth and holding my breath I drew myself in to the uttermost, and, taking a lesson from the reptile, fairly squirmed my way past his resting-place without disturbing him. It may be that he was gorged and torpid from recent food; certain it is that he showed no sign of life. But who can measure the feeling of

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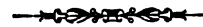
relief with which I reached the opening and found myself once more in the blessed sunlight, amid a mass of timber, roots, and heaped-up driftwood upon the border, and indeed somewhat overhanging the deeper water, of the very stream I had been seeking? To slip silently out of the trunk and drop gently into the creek was the work of a moment; to paddle unheard to the opposite bank and secrete myself while his excited bearship, yet wildly engaged in his man-hunting, thundered at what may be termed the back door of my recent domicile (how I hoped he might wake up the snake!) was the labor of some five minutes more. I was now comparatively safe, and felt strongly disposed to give the angry brute a more accurate notion of my whereabouts by lodging a charge of duck-shot in his shaggy hide; but prudence, coupled with some doubts as to the possibility of discharging a wet gun, even with the aid of waterproof caps and patent cartridges, induced me to leave Ursa Major to his log-boring while I made the best of my way back to camp.

I talked the matter over that evening with Captain Jack (a veteran bear-hunter, by the way,) who listened to my "tale of woe" with more of interest than sympathy, his only comment being that he wished "he had been there," to which I very promptly and politely replied that I wished he had. As for me, when I go hunting or am hunted again, I wish it to be distinctly understood that no bears need apply.

George D. Brewerton.



THE WILLIAM HENRY LETTERS.

ANOTHER NEW PACKET.

A Note from Uncle Jacob.

HOW are you, Young Man? I am very glad you go to dancing-school. Boys, as a general thing, are too fond of study, and 't is a good plan to have some contrivance to take their minds off their books. I suppose you 'd like to know what is going on here at home. Your grandmother sits by the fire, knitting some mittens for you to lose, so be sure you do it. [She says tell him to be sure when he goes to dancing-school to wear his overcoat.] Your Aunt Phebe is making jelly tarts. Says I can't have any till meal-time. [Tell him to be sure and get cooled off some before he comes away.] Your grandmother can't help worrying about that dancing-school. Matilda is picking over raisins for the pies. She won't sit very close to me. Now Tommy has come in crying with cold hands. Lucy Maria is soaking them in cold water. I don't doubt he 'll get a tart. Yes, he has. First he cries, and then he takes a bite. [Tell him not to go and come in his slippers.] Aunt Phebe says, "Now there 's William Henry growing up, you ought to give him some advice." But I tell her that a boy almost in his teens knows himself what 's right and what 's wrong. Now Georgiana has come in crying.

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Says she stepped her foot through a puddle of ice. Grandmother has set her up to dry her foot. Now she 'll get a tart, I suppose! Yes, she has. [Tell him to look right at the teacher's feet.] That 's good advice, if you expect to learn how. Now your aunt says I 'm such a good boy to write letters, she 's going to give me this one that 's burnt on the edge. [Tell him to brush his clothes and not go linty.] More good advice. I guess now I 've got the tart I won't write any more. Of course we expect you to do just about right. If you neglect your studies, and so waste your father's money, you 'll be an ungrateful scamp. If you get into any contemptible, mean ways we shall be ashamed to own you. Do you mean to do anything, or be anything, now or ever? If you do, 't is time you were thinking about it.

UNCLE JACOB.

All between the brackets are messages from your grandmother.

A Note from Aunt Phebe.

DEAR BILLY, —

When you get as far as choosing partners, there 's a word I want to say to you, though as you 're a pretty good dispositioned boy, maybe there 's no need, still, you may not always think, so 't will do no harm to say it. There are always some girls that don't dance quite so well, or don't look quite so well, or don't dress quite so well, or are not liked quite so well, or are not quite so much acquainted. Now I don't want you to all the time, but sometimes, say once in an evening, I want you to pick out one of these for your partner. I know 't is n't the way boys do. But you can. Suppose you don't have a good time that one dance. You were n't sent into the world to have a good time every minute of your life! How would you like to sit still all the evening? I 've been spectator at such times, and I 've seen how things go on! Why, if boys would be more thoughtful, every girl might have a good time, say nothing of it, doing the boys good to think of something besides their own comfort. If I were you, I would n't try to make fun, but try to learn, for though your father was willing you should go, and wants to do everything he can for you, he has to work hard for his money. Lucy Maria is waiting to hear how you get on.

Your affectionate

AUNT PHEBE.

William Henry to Lucy Maria.

DEAR COUSIN, —

I was going to write to you before how I was getting along, but have had to study very hard. We 've been five times. The girls wear slippers and brown boots and other colors, and white dresses and blue and all kinds, and long ribbons, and a good many pretty girls go. If girls did n't go, I should like to go better. I mean till we know how, for I 'd rather make mistakes when only boys were looking. And I make a good many, because he says I don't have time and tune. He says my feet come down sometimes right square athwart the time. So I watched the rest, and when they put

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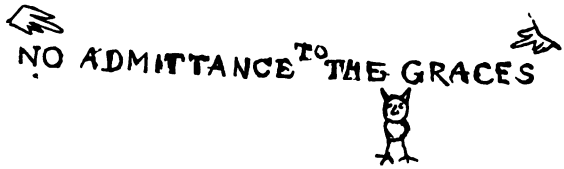
their feet down, I did mine. But that was a stroke too late, he said. Said "time and tune wait for no man." I like to promenade, because a feller can go it some then. We learn all kinds of waltzes and redowas and polkas. I can polk with one that knows how. Whirling round makes me light-headed, just as grandmother said. But I 've got over it some. We are going to do the German at the last of it. The worst of it is cutting across the room to get your partners. He calls out when we 're all standing up in two rows, "First gentleman take the first lady!" Now supposing I 'm first gentleman, I have to go 'way across to first lady with all of 'em looking, and fix my feet the right way, one heel in the other hollow, and then make my bow, and then she has to make that kind of kneeling-down bow that girls do, and then we wait till all of 'em get across one by one. Then we take the step a little while, and then launch off round the hall polking, or else get into quadrilles. And if we do, we make graces to the partners and the corners. I like quadrilles best, because you can hop round some and have a good time, if you have a good partner. You can dance a good deal better with a good partner. Last time I had that one the fellers call "real estate," because you can't move her, she don't ever get ready to start, and when 't is time to turn, stands still as a post.

Dorry and I practise going across after partners up in our room. You ought to 've seen us yesterday! Dorry was the lady. If he did n't look funny! He fixed the table-cloth, off the entry table, to make it look like his mother's opera-cape, and fastened a great sponge on for a waterfall, and frizzled out his hair, and had a little tidy on top his head, and that red bow you sent me right in front of it. Then he stood out by the window, and kept looking at his opera-cape, and smoothing it down, and poking his hair, and holding his handkerchief the way girls do, and kept whispering or making believe to Bubby Short the way girls do. Then I went across and made my bow, and he made that kneeling-down bow, and then we tried to polka redowa, but our boots tripped us up, and we could n't stand, and laughed so we tumbled down, and did n't hear anybody coming, till he knocked, and 't was the teacher, come to see what the matter was. Not Wedding Cake but old Brown Bread, and he said dancing must n't be brought into our studies, and scolded more, but I saw his eyes laughing, looking at Dorry. One of the boys tumbled down stairs doing the graces in the entry too near the edge, and it 's forbidden now. Some of the first-class fellers put up a notice one night in the entry, great printed letters



That owl stands for Minerva. I could n't make a very good one because I 'm in such a hurry to do my examples. The goddess of wisdom used to

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be named Minerva. She was painted with an owl. I 've been reading it in the Classical Dictionary. Dorry and Bubby Short and I have just been to the Two Betseys to get our gloves sewed up, and The Other Betsey said she used to dance like a top. Then she held her dress up with her thumbs and fingers, and took four different kinds of balances, made us die a laughing, she hopped up and down so.

Your affectionate cousin,

WM. HENRY.

P. S. That TO is n't left out in the notice, it 's my own mistake.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

A PRESIDENT AT HOME.*

I PASSED a President's House to-day —
"A President, mamma, and what is *that?*"
O, it is a man who has to stay
Where bowing beggars hold out the hat
For something, — a man who has to be
The Captain of every ship that we
Send with our darling flag to the sea, —
The Colonel at home who has to command
Each marching regiment in the land.

This President now has a single room,
That is low and not much lighted, I fear;
Yet the butterflies play in the sun and gloom
Of his evergreen avenue, year by year;
And the childlike violets up the hill
Climb, sweetly wayward, about him still;
And the bees blow by at the winds' wide will;
And the cruel river, that drowns men so,
Looks pretty enough in the shadows below.

Just one little fellow (named Robin) was there,
In a red spring vest, and he let me pass
With that charming, careless, high-bred air
Which comes of serving the great! In the grass
He sat half-singing, with nothing to do —
No, I did not see the President too:
His door was locked (what I say is true),
And he was asleep, and has been, it appears,
Like Rip Van Winkle, asleep for years!

S. M. B. Piatt.

* At North Bend, Ohio River, — the tomb of General Harrison.

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WITHOUT HANDS OR FEET.

"WHAT are you going to tell me about to-night, Auntie?" said merciless little Walter, who thought, because I had taken a short trip abroad, that I must have a never-failing fund of stories in reserve, from which he could draw at his pleasure.

Having become somewhat weary of describing the Zoölogical Gardens and such "lions," I proposed to tell him of a wonderful man of whom I heard much while in England, though I never saw him myself, — a man without hands or feet.

"O, is there such a man? and where does he live, and how came he so?" said Walter, in a breath.

"Yes, there is such a man," I replied. "His name is Arthur Kavanagh, and he has no arms below the elbow-joint, and only short stumps for legs. He is now about fifty-five years old. He was born in Ireland of a high family, his mother being connected with the nobility. The story is sometimes told, which many ignorant, superstitious people believe, that before his birth his mother, having a picture of the Virgin Mary, and wishing to show that she did not consider *that* more holy than anything else made by hands, tore it carelessly in pieces. It so happened that both arms and legs were torn off; and her child being born like this mutilated picture, it was regarded as a punishment for her irreverence. But others, not trying to explain or understand *why* God so created a human being, are astonished at the rare compensating gifts which he possesses, that make him less an object of pity than of genuine admiration. Indeed, when we come to know more about him, we cannot call him altogether unfortunate."

"Why not?" asked Walter.

"Because, though he has a dwarfed body, God has given him a noble mind and a warm heart. When very young he resolutely determined to make the most of himself, that is, to improve and cultivate to the utmost all the faculties he *did* possess. One way by which he accomplished his purpose was *never, under any circumstances, to allow others to do anything for him which it was possible for him to do himself.* This seems the more remarkable, when we consider that his parents were very wealthy, and that there were always plenty of servants to wait upon him; but he disdained all help or appearance of help, except in cases where it was absolutely necessary."

Here I was led to stop and inquire if a certain lad of my acquaintance was equally anxious to be self-reliant and independent. But though I noticed that Walter's eyes had a bright twinkle in them, and the corners of his mouth were puckered somewhat comically, yet as he gave no other signs that the "coat fitted," I forbore pressing the subject, and proceeded to tell how Arthur Kavanagh's great energy and perseverance brought

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him almost incredible skill, — for everything which he saw his brothers and sisters do he attempted, and often accomplished with equal if not greater dexterity.

"But do tell me, what *did* he do, what *could* any one do, without hands?" asked Walter.

"It would be easier to tell what he could *not* do," I replied; "but I will mention some of his accomplishments. He writes very plainly and rapidly. I have seen his autograph, which would be creditable to any one. He excels in drawing and painting in water-colors. To do this, he has his pencil or brush strapped to his little stump of an arm. He is fond of driving a span of spirited horses, which he does by having the reins and whip fastened to his body, — and it is said that he is apt to make frequent use of his whip! He rides horseback by being strapped to his saddle. Formerly he spent much time in hunting, and it is said that he is a capital shot; but his favorite amusement is yachting, and he is a skilful and scientific navigator. He has written a very interesting book called 'The Cruise of the Eva,' which gives an account of his adventures in a yacht in which he has taken several long voyages. He has written other books, and some short poems of more than ordinary merit."

"If he is so smart I guess he is rather proud of it, is n't he?" said Walter.

"He does take a good deal of pleasure, perhaps you may call it pride, in showing what he can do. He once made a bet that he could fell a tree quicker than a friend. A saw was strapped to his little arm, and though his friend, a strong, able-bodied man, did his best, yet the dwarf won the wager. He is very fond of making such trials, and usually comes off the winner. And I must not forget to tell you that he shaves himself every morning."

"Well, well," said Walter, "I am prepared to believe anything now! But you have not told me how he walks."

"He cannot walk, of course; but he has several kinds of carriages in which he is wheeled about, and he is so small and so light that he can be moved very easily. A friend told me that he once saw him sitting under an oak-tree on his estate giving orders to his steward; wishing to leave, he jumped upon the back of his servant, when instantly a monkey (a favorite pet) jumped upon *his* back, which amused him as much as it did all present. But I think you could never guess how he goes about the house, or rather the room in which he may be sitting. As he does not wish to trouble others unnecessarily, he propels himself about without help, — lying down on the floor and rolling over and over till he reaches whatever in the room he desires. This he does with perfect dignity and self-possession, even when his drawing-room is filled with distinguished visitors."

"Why!" said Walter, "does he have visitors? I should not think he would want any one to see him."

"So one might think, for we have all seen persons who were so silly as

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to make themselves unhappy over nothing worse than a crooked nose, or because their hair was not just the color they fancied. You know Mr. Morton, the gentleman who is called "Little Ned," never goes into society just because he is a little under size, and is afraid that some one will call him a dwarf. But Arthur Kavanagh is happily free from all morbid sensitiveness. He never appears to think that any one is looking at him, or noticing the sad peculiarity of his form, but is always cheerful and trying to make others happy. Instead of being a blight he is a blessing to his family, and is so interesting and sprightly in conversation that he is popular and pleasing in general society. He was married many years since to a very beautiful and accomplished lady. They have three sons and four daughters, all of pleasing form and feature, and of marked promise and intelligence.

"As a business man he is successful and respected, superintending his large estate without an agent; he is considered a very charitable, good landlord, and is loved and honored by all his tenants, who are never weary of praising him.

"He also takes much interest in the affairs of his country; he has held many positions of trust and honor, and has recently been re-elected a member of Parliament. In this high office he has shown eminent ability, and is the worthy peer of many an Honorable M. P.

"I have now told you all I know about this singular and gifted man, whose character and attainments are so worthy of imitation; and I hope you will often think of the brave, beautiful, resolute life of Arthur Kavanagh."

Adelaide Wetmore.

DECORATION-DAY SHOES.

"FIFTY and twenty-five and twenty-five are a hundred, — that makes me one dollar; fifty and ten and fifteen and twenty-five, — that makes me two dollars. I shall get 'em, sure."

Jack never had a pair of shoes of his own in his life. He had kept his feet covered in winter with his grandfather's boots, or his mother's shoes, or old rubbers that he picked up in the street; but he had never had a pair of shoes bought expressly for him, and that fitted him, and were owned by him. He had been saving for half a year all the money he could to buy a pair for Decoration Day. Last year, when he came home from the procession, he told his mother that he would never go barefoot again to strow his father's grave with flowers.

"There 's chaps enough without any shoes," he said, "but they ain't

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them chaps what's got fathers who were soldiers, and them what's got the shoes laughs at me."

"You must earn your shoes, Jack, if you have them: I have n't any money to spare. Your father never thought to lay up a penny before he died. He was n't never good for much, Jacky, but to go soldierin' and get kilt."

Jack, to tell the truth, had not much of what grown people call "affection" for his father; his mother never spoke of him except in this way; but one thing he had, and that was a good memory. All through the summer and the winter he had never forgotten how he felt when the Lawrence band played sad dirges and the little boys with laced boots threw flowers on their fathers' graves, and jeered at his bare feet.

Jack began in the middle of the winter to lay up what money he could spare from his rolls and his milk and his mother. But he found laying up money very slow work for a little boy eight years old. No one seemed to think him large enough to hold horses, or shovel paths, or clear up back yards when the snow was gone; and the Saturday before Decoration Day he could count up only two dollars.

He went down on Essex Street and looked at the shoes, and was astonished at the prices asked. The shoes that he had admired through the window every day for a month, and secretly longed to possess, would cost five dollars!

"O my!" exclaimed Jack.

"What kind of a shoe do you want, now?" asked the store-keeper.

"Two dollars, sir." Jack hung his head over the five-dollar shoes as if he had insulted their beauty by naming anything lower.

"Here is a pair for just two dollars. These are what you want, my boy."

The store-keeper handed over a pair of coarse shoes with leather strings. He was a wily man, and he whisked the five-dollar pair out of sight in a jiffy.

Jack concluded to take the thick shoes; for what else could he do, poor little fellow? But he would have liked very much to shed a tear or two, if he had not thought it beneath the dignity of a boy who had earned two dollars all himself.

The next day was Sunday. Jack did not go to meeting; and if you had passed through the outskirts of Lawrence that day, you would have thought that very few people did go. Jack and everybody else went out into the fields and the woods by the railroad track; but whatever others may have done, Jack only sought out bunches of wild-flowers, and jotted down in his memory certain landmarks to find them by in the morning. I doubt if any of the people did a worse thing, for every one who came back had a bunch of flowers in his hand. Even uncouth, hard-handed, hard-hearted, hard-eyed, swearing, drinking men carried flowers that day without looking a bit ashamed, as they would have done if it had not been the day before Decoration Day.

Jack went home Sunday night as tired as a little boy can be, gave his

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new shoes a loving look and a caressing pat, and went to bed and to sleep. To-morrow, Decoration Day, was to be Jack's own, and he was to wear his new shoes!

This year the decoration services in Lawrence were in the afternoon, which was the reason why Jack marked the flowers instead of picking them Sunday. He got up later than usual, because the day was his own, and ate his breakfast very leisurely, which he had had no chance to do since Christmas morning. But he found it rather hard work to lengthen his meal much, for he had only one roll and a half-pint dipper of milk. He was sitting in the corner, putting on his shoes, when his mother came in.

"Where are you going with those shoes, I should like to know?" Her voice was apt to be sharper than usual (which was quite unnecessary) on Decoration Day.

"Going after flowers," said Jack.

"If I catch you coming home with those shoes muddy or rubbed, or any way injured, I 'll take them away from you, you see if I don't!"

"They 're mine," said Jack. "I earned 'em fast enough."

"We 'll see whose they are if you don't look out for 'em!"

Jack ran away as fast as he could go, but he took good care not to run through many mud-puddles. He found three or four other boys, and together they started for the woods. When they got to the edge of them Jack sat down on a log, took off his shoes and a pair of little red stockings that his aunt gave him at Christmas, and tucked the stockings half out of sight into the shoes, and the shoes altogether out of sight into the hollow of the old log on which he was sitting. The other boys had only their bare feet, and so did not laugh at him. Then they all went deep into the woods to pick flowers by a little brook; when they wanted to build a dam across it they put the flowers down on the moss, and ran on and forgot them. Then they picked other flowers; when they wanted to stone birds, — which was the first time they saw any, — they put the flowers down on a rock, and ran on and forgot them. Then they picked more flowers, and grew tired, and concluded that it must be nearly time to go home. So they turned and ran back again, and this time they did not forget their flowers.

When they came to the log by the road where he had hid his shoes and stockings Jack spied a buggy coming down the hill towards them.

"Come on!" shouted Jack to the other boys. There was no need of his shouting, for the other boys stood close beside him and would have "come on" any way. "Only two women-folks! Hoorah! We 'll have a bustin' ride behind!"

He snatched his shoes and stockings from the log, and all the boys ran on together. "Good for me! It 's got a flat behind. Here goes!" And he put his new shoes, with the little red stockings half falling out, on the "flat behind," and swung on. Two of the other boys swung on beside him, but there was no room for more. They rode up the hill and over the railroad bridge, and, sure enough, the "women-folks" only turned round and said, "Well, little boys, are you having a nice ride?"

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"A bustin' ride!" said Jack.

The other boys did n't say anything. They felt that Jack was chief man, by right of his new shoes.

"That 's right," said one of the ladies.

Just before they got to the long new bridge two of the boys dropped off, and sat down in the dust by the side of the road very tired. Jack alone hung on. He reasoned in this way. "They are only women-folks, and women-folks don't trot much over long bridges. Afraid o' fines or somethin'. I 'll get a rest while they 're walkin' that bridge, and then I can ride all through Lawrence."

As they entered the bridge the horse began to walk, and Jack let himself down to walk too. But you can't always reckon on "women-folks"; and Jack was no sooner off than the lady driving started the horse into a brisk trot. Jack was left behind in a minute. He began to run faster than he had ever run before. But he could n't catch up. Then he began to cry harder than he had ever cried before, and harder than those ladies had ever heard a boy cry.

"Do stop for the poor little fellow! He does n't get a ride very often." The good lady who was not driving said this.

"Nonsense! He gets a ride on every buggy he sees. He need n't make such a noise." And the lady who was *not* so good and *was* driving started the horse faster yet.

There stood Jack at the other end of the bridge, lifting up his voice in that fearful wail, looking after the buggy with a "flat behind," on which stood the new shoes with the little red stockings hanging half out. Poor little Jack! He has eaten half a roll instead of a whole one, gone without his milk, kept money back from his mother, held horses, shovelled paths, and cleaned yards all in vain, unless that buggy with the flat behind and the little shoes with the red stockings shall turn about and come to meet him!

The ladies rode on through the city, and over the other bridge, and knew nothing of the shoes and stockings. They had no occasion to look out of the back window, and all the laughing of people who saw the odd ornaments was done behind them, of course, and they did n't see that. As they were going over the upper bridge the good lady said, "Hark, dear! seems to me I hear that poor little boy crying now."

"Nonsense!" repeated the one who was not so good; and she started up the horse, without hearkening at all.

But if poor little Jacky's heart could have wailed out all that was in it, he might have been heard above the roar of the dam and the scream of the locomotives and all the noises of Lawrence.

The buggy went on through the woods, and into Andover, and up to the chapel (for the decoration services in Andover were in the morning), and found that the band and the procession and the flowers were gone. Some one said that they went to the West Parish. So the buggy went there, in a great hurry and by the short cut, and found that the band and the procession and the flowers were gone again. Some one said that they went

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to the Old South and the Catholic burying-grounds. So the buggy went down the hill, and over the railroad track, just escaping a train that was whizzing along, and found that the band and the procession and the flowers, what few were left, had gone, and no one knew where.

All the while the little new shoes and the little red stockings were on the buggy's "flat behind." On any other day they would have been taken off long before by some little Irish boy; but Decoration Day all the little Irish boys and all other little boys, and everybody else, were off in the procession, except the few old people of whom the ladies inquired, and they were so blind that they could n't see them.

The buggy went home very slowly and sadly, for to miss Decoration Day altogether was more than the good lady who was not driving could bear gayly, and the lady who was not so good and was driving did n't say "Nonsense!" when she was asked to go more slowly; for she knew that it was a very solemn thing to miss decorating the soldiers' graves. So the buggy went slowly up the hill and slowly into the home yard, and the ladies slowly and solemnly got out of the buggy, and fastened the horse, and the good lady put her useless lilies-of-the-valley behind the horse's ears, — for he was an army horse, and deserved to have had them before.

Meanwhile the other lady went round the buggy to go into the house. As she passed the "flat behind," of course she saw the shoes and stockings. There she stood, pointing at them and laughing, as if she thought it a good joke that some poor little fellow should lose his shoes.

"What *is* the matter, dear?" asked the good lady. But, like most other people, she came to see before she got an answer. "Why, some poor little boy has lost his new shoes! It must have been the one who cried so hard. Dear me! How shall we ever find him? I 'll ask papa."

So she went into the house and found papa, and told him all that she knew about the shoes, which was a good deal by this time, and all that she knew about the boy, which was nothing at all, except that he had a "bustin' ride," and "bustin'" cry after it. "What shall I do with the shoes, papa?"

Papa ran his hand through his hair and wrinkled his forehead and rolled up his eyes. He had a good deal of sympathy for little boys. He was once known to lay down a sermon that he was writing, and go out to help an Irish lad fix a lot of cans on a little cart so that they could n't roll off; and he was just twenty minutes about it. So on this occasion the good lady felt sure that he would help her if he could.

"I think that I should advertise the shoes and stockings in The Lawrence American, and also in the Lawrence post-office."

"I 'd a great deal rather go and carry them to the boy, if I could only find him."

"Very well, my dear. You can ride to Lawrence to advertise, and you

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can take the shoes in the buggy with you, and if you see the boy, which is not probable, you can give them to him."

"So I will," said the good lady.

She came out to the carriage, and papa, feeling sorry for the boy, came with her to turn the horse. She took the shoes and stockings in her hand and got into the carriage.

"May I ask what you are going to do with those shoes?" inquired the other lady.

"Going to Lawrence to advertise them, and take them with me to give to the boy if I see him."

"Shall you know him when you see him?"

"It seems to me I shall."

"May I tell you what seems to me?"

"O, certainly," said the good lady; and the papa stopped turning the horse to listen.

"I should put them on the flat behind, where I found them. Then I should drive to Lawrence the same way I went before. You may depend upon it that that boy will be on the road, looking at the backs of all buggies for a week to come. He 'll know them a deal quicker than you 'll know him."

"It really might be worth trying," said the papa, but he looked as if he had n't much faith in the plan. Nevertheless he put the little shoes with the little red stockings on the "flat behind," just as they were found, and the buggy started again for Lawrence.

When it came to the new bridge there were some boys playing, and one little boy who was not playing.

"Do you suppose he can be here?" asked the good lady. "Do stop, and we 'll ask them."

"No need of that," said the other lady, driving past.

"Whoa! my shoes!" screamed a little boy behind. In a moment he had swung on and grabbed them.

Then the buggy stopped.

"Little boy, I did n't know that I had your shoes when I heard you crying. If I had known it, I should have stopped," said the good lady.

The little boy glared at her.

"Did you feel very bad?" asked the good lady.

"You bet!" said the boy. "Marm, she beat me."

"You poor little fellow!" said the good lady. "Can you go home now without being beaten?"

"Don't bother the boy any more. Let him go home," said the lady who was n't so good, yet who, as we see, was quite as wise as the other; and she turned the buggy about.

"Good for me!" cried Jack; and he turned too and went home.

"What made you think the boy would find his shoes if they were there?"

"My father always told me that if I found anything I must leave it where

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I found it; if the person who lost the thing wanted it, he would hunt where he had been with it; but he would n't know anything about me; — that if every one would do so most lost things would be found again. I never had the pleasure of finding anything in my life before, but I think the plan works well."

Jacky went home happy, and the ladies went home happy, and that is all that is known about the affair.

This story has but one merit; that is, it is *mostly* true.

Mary B. Harris.

PHILIP ELDEN.

IN a pleasant New England village stood a house so thoroughly home-like in all its belongings, that one instinctively loitered in passing it, hoping to catch a glimpse of the happy family life within.

The house stood back from the roadside upon a smoothly shaven lawn, shaded by noble elms. Behind it lay the garden and orchard, and beyond stretched a grove of pine-trees, through which a little brook murmured and gurgled all the drowsy summer, while in winter its fairy fretwork, moulded by the "elfin builders of the frost," was the never-ending delight of the children.

In this grove rustic seats and tables had been placed for the accommodation of picnic parties, and adjoining it was a thicket of beech and hickory, from which a bountiful harvest of nuts was merrily gathered every autumn by both the squirrels and the children, who amicably disputed their prize with each other; the children willingly yielding the larger half to the squirrels for the sake of their pleasant companionship.

All this fair domain was the property of Robert Elden, who had reached middle age with an unbroken home circle, and, with his happy family about him, cared little for what went on in the busy world without.

Philip, a boy of seventeen, was the eldest of his six children; but Gabrielle, two years old, was the pet and plaything of the household, — a child who "looked such kinship to the flowers" that she seemed one rather than a mortal baby.

"Mamma, please lend us Gabrielle!" "We want to borrow Gabrielle!" entreated the children one summer morning.

"But will you take good care of her?" answered the watchful mother. "There are so many of you I am afraid you will forget all about her, and she will come to some harm."

"Let *me* have her, mamma," said Phil, with all the importance of the eldest. "You know you can trust her with *me*." So the mother yielded her treasure, and the jubilant children trooped away with Gabrielle seated

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like a little queen upon her brother's shoulder, her rosy cheeks kissed into flames, and her golden hair, tossed into a thousand rings, shining like an aureole about her head.

After a merry frolic in the grove with the little one, it occurred to the children that it would be charming to surprise their mother with some fresh strawberries for dinner; so with a careless "Take care of Gabrielle, will you, Phil?" to which he responded with a nod and an assuring "Of course I will," the children darted out into the sunshine, equipped with baskets and pails in which to gather the berries.

But Phil's book was entertaining, and the bench upon which he had stretched himself was very comfortable, and after a while, becoming absorbed in his reading, he quite forgot his charge. Baby, left to herself, crept off among the trees, and was soon out of his sight.

At the end of an hour Phil started up. "Gabrielle!" he called. "Baby dear, where are you?" But no Gabrielle answered, nor was any baby to be seen. Back to the house rushed Phil, rousing father, mother, and servants to aid in his hurried search. Nowhere was there any trace of the little one, no answer to all their anxious calling.

At length the father, who was in advance of the party, caught the gleam of something white by the brook-side, and flew towards it. It was Gabrielle's white frock, and there, with her face pressed down into the running water, her head half veiled with the maiden-hair that overhung the brink, lay the little one, with her blue eyes closed and her baby lips mute forever.

Silently the father raised her in his arms, the beautiful head drooping heavily upon his shoulder, and with sobs and tears the children, who had been alarmed by the outcry of the search, followed him back to the house and into the quiet room where stood the little empty crib in which no little Gabrielle would ever nestle more.

Reverently the father laid his precious burden down, the awe-stricken children looking on in silence, — all save Phil, poor Phil! who flung himself upon his knees beside the still form in an agony of remorse, for which even his mother could find no word of comfort.

There motionless he knelt through all that dreadful day, taking no notice of any who came or went, until as night drew on his father went to him, and with gentlest persuasion and low words of love led him to his own room.

Two days afterward, in the still twilight of the summer evening, a hushed group gathered around little Gabrielle as she lay at rest. Lilies placed there by tender hands shone upon her bosom, delicate ferns floated in long sprays about her, but more pure than the lilies, fairer than leaf or flower, was the baby form in its tranquil and solemn beauty.

They bore her to the sweet hillside, and left her in her dreamless sleep, lulled by the sighing grasses and the whisper of the swaying pines.

Years rolled away. Philip Elden grew into a grave and thoughtful man. Everywhere he was respected, by every one honored and beloved. But a

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smile seldom came to his lips, and there quivered in his speech pathetic minor tones that brought tears to many eyes. A man of rare judgment and spotless integrity, he became the chosen counsellor and confidant of all who stood in need of such a friend. Men said of him, "He could never betray a trust."

But deep in his own heart was a lifelong agony, the gnawing remembrance of that youthful trust betrayed, and his peculiarly tender and reverent manner towards children served perpetually to remind his early friends of what they might otherwise have forgotten, — the death of Gabrielle. And when, at fourscore years, the welcome summons came, and Philip lay down to die, the last words that those who loved him caught from his faltering lips were, "O Father in heaven, in thine infinite mercy give me back Gabrielle!"

Beside the baby's grave there is another now, and amid the ivy that clusters about them a white cross gleams. On it are these words: —

"PHILIP ELDEN.

A BROKEN AND A CONTRITE HEART, O GOD,
THOU WILT NOT DESPISE."

HOW TO DRAW.

No. III.

MY last letter, dear Allie, gave you considerable work to do; and I shall not be surprised to learn that you met with many difficulties. Drawing, you have found out by this time, is not altogether a pastime, — that is, good and useful drawing is not; but I am sure that its value as a part of your education is beginning to be acknowledged.

Now let us see what can be done in this letter to improve your eyesight. I dare say you think you see everything *now* quite correctly, having two open eyes, — strong and intelligent eyes. Well! so think thousands of grown-up men and women, who are as blind as daytime bats to all that is graceful, harmonious, and symmetrical in the natural world, — so it is not to be wondered at that a little ten-year-old girl should fancy that *she* is seeing correctly. When you came into this beautiful world of ours your Maker gave you five marvellous senses, — TOUCH, TASTE, SMELL, HEARING, SIGHT. He did this to bring you, an immortal being, housed for a little time in a tenement of flesh, into relation with the things of the natural world.

Let us consider now the sense of *sight* only as one of the great gateways of human knowledge; and in order that you may begin your understanding of the matter at the proper place, I show you an illustration of the Human Eye.

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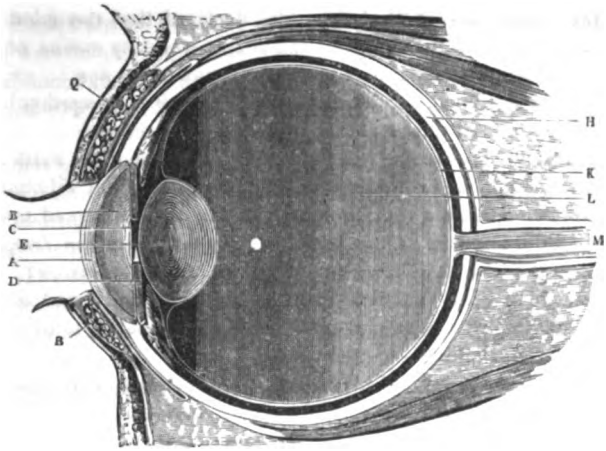

L represents the vitreous body, which is a body of complete transparency, occupying the cavity of the globe of the eye; E, the crystalline lens (a lens, you know, is any transparent substance that will change the direction of rays of light passing through it); and B, the anterior chamber of the eye, which is filled with a fluid called the *aqueous humor*, transparent like the vitreous, but not so dense. A is the cornea, which is a transparent membrane of a horny texture in the front of the eye. C is the pupil, sometimes called the apple of the eye; it is the aperture of the iris, through which the rays of light pass. D is the iris, a muscular membrane that, by expanding and contracting, causes the pupil to grow large in the dark and small in the light. H is the sclerotic; you know it as the *white* of the eye, an opaque membrane, covering a great portion of the globe of the eye; and Q and R show the tear glands and canal.

Now for the optic nerve, M, and the retina, K. By means of the optic nerve, which — as you can see by looking at the picture — spreads out into a circular membrane, visual impressions — that is, *images* of the objects around you — are transmitted to the brain. And how do you imagine it is all done, my dear child, — such a great wonder, and the machinery for the exercise of the sense of sight so complex withal?

Great men, philosophers of olden time, asked themselves often this question: Does the stone I am looking at come to me, or do I go to the stone? Some believed the one thing, some held to the other. Democritus and his followers fancied that a light dust separated itself from objects, and, making its way into the eyes, caused the sensation of sight.

After a while a most profound thinker, Aristotle by name, by force of certain reasonings overturned the established theories of all the philosophers, and prepared the way for those of Kepler, the great naturalist, who made known his views in about 1604.

But the most reasonable explanation of sight was arrived at in 1709,

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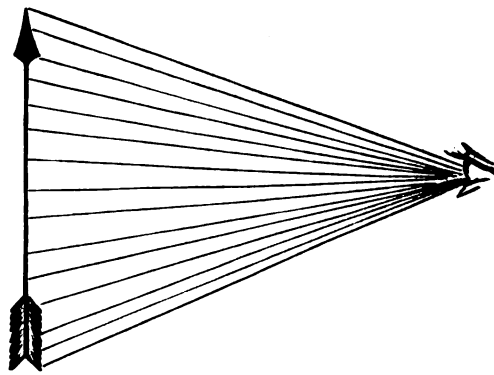
through the researches of Berkeley, who declared that the mind of man became acquainted with the things of the visible world by means of impressions of the *images* of those things upon the retina of the eye.

Now for a few words concerning *rays of light*, for it is altogether by means of them that pictures of things are stamped upon the retina.

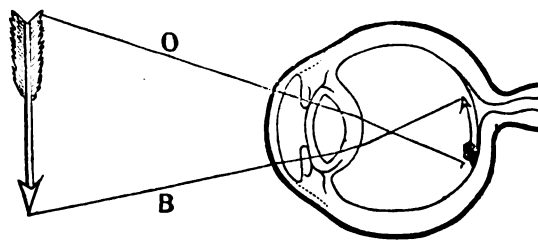
Innumerable rays proceeding from the sun pass through the earth's atmosphere, and fall upon, we will say, the side of a house, and rebound, like a boy's ball thrown against a wall, to the open eye that is turned toward the house, and so the house is seen. But how, you ask, does the *image of the house* get *into* the eye, and how is it STAMPED upon the retina? Well, in this way, my child. But first, I want you to take a pencil and a piece of paper and copy this rule over and over again, if necessary, until it is thoroughly fixed in your mind: —

Objects are seen by means of rays of light that proceed in straight lines, in every direction, FROM *every point of the visible surfaces.*

Look at the following illustration, remembering that all the rays of light, represented by the straight lines, started from the sun, and that they have rebounded from the arrow to the eye.



Now to find the way in which the image of the arrow takes its place upon the retina of the eye. To do this, it is only necessary that *two* rays of light shall be used by us, — those that proceed from the *extremities* of the arrow.



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Why, how funny! you say; the arrow is turned *upside down.*

Yes, dear Allie, even so, and so will it be to the human eye always. Notice now the illustration; it represents a vertical section of an eye, and the inverted (*upside down* you call it) image of the arrow upon the retina. Rays proceed from all parts of the arrow, remember, but we only want *two* for explanation. First, we will take the upper ray, marked O.

It came from the sun, and its work is to convey to the retina a picture of the *feathered* part of the arrow. Starting, in its rebound, from the top of the feathered part, it proceeds to what is termed the optic centre; you will see where that is by looking at the white spot in the first illustration.

So, too, goes the *other* ray, marked B, on *its* course to the optic centre.

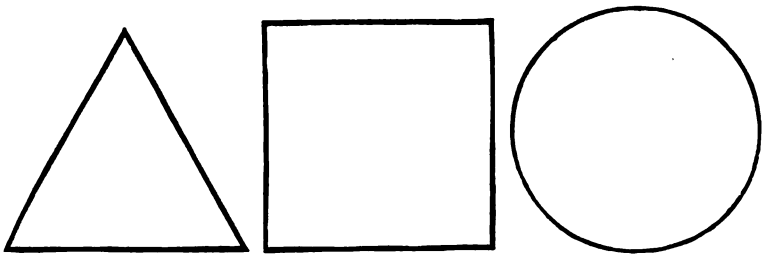
There the rays, crossing, diverge, carrying the *image of the arrow* with them, and printing it upon the retina.

Beyond this point, the picturing of the inverted image upon the retina, human knowledge fails to carry us; so you will have to be content, my dear pupil, as all mankind must be, to leave the rest to that Supreme Being who, by even this one organ of sight alone, gives us such powerful proof of his existence and goodness.

You may begin now to draw the following geometrical forms, by which I mean *regular* forms, or forms made according to a definite rule. A piece of stone, broken off a larger mass, would not be termed geometrical, because it would not be regular. Try this shape first, which is called a *Triangle.* It is a figure with three equal sides.

The *Square* next, a figure with four equal sides, and four right angles.

And then the *Circle,* every part of which is equally distant from its centre.



TRIANGLE. SQUARE. CIRCLE.

These are only three of the almost endless number of geometrical figures; but the strength and beauty of these have caused their introduction into works of art and manufacture, from the earliest time. Almost all design is based upon a knowledge of them. The three feet of a stand, a stool, a globe, form a triangle; the shape of a door, window, book, picture, may be square; and innumerable objects are circular.

Now you may copy the lesson that is below. It is a part of the *Alphabet of Form,* and when you have learned it, so as to draw it without a copy,

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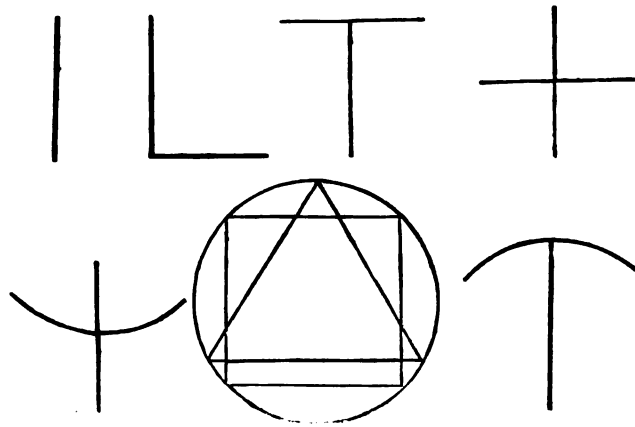
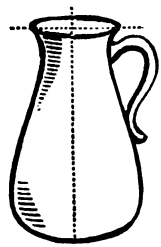
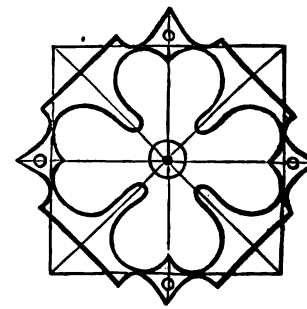
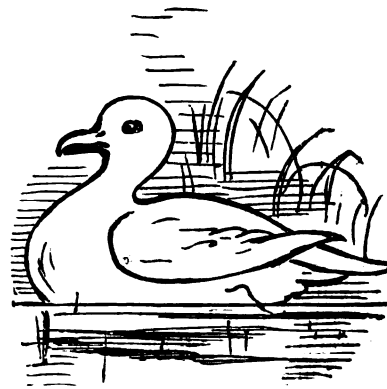


you may go on and draw each one of the following studies.







Enough for the little pupil this time; I think she is getting along very bravely.

Charles A. Barry.

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OUR YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

THE OLD JUG'S STORY.

'T WAS the old stone jug,
The hay-field jug,
Three times as old as I;
And I used to fill it
With the iron skillet,
To carry when the men were dry.

'T was a pretty good lug,
That old stone jug,
When the weather was dry and hot, —
Getting meadow hay,
On a July day,
'Way down in the Gordon lot.

And the voice of the jug,
Going "glug, glug, glug,"
With such a frisky *yank*,
Was a habit, I thought,
The jug had caught
Of laughing when they drank.

But one queer day,
When the smoke-haze lay
On the hills, and the sun looked red,
There came a groan
From the hollow stone,
Like a voice from the wretched dead.

Then with every glug
That came from the jug
A solemn story poured;
I listened well,
And gladly tell
What the jug said, word for word.

"Your grandsire, Dan,
Was a fine *young* man
As ever you 'd wish to see,
And he might have gone
To Washington
If it had n't been for me.

"But I used to take,
For my stomach's sake,
A great deal in those days;
And as years went by,
Being always nigh,
He *drank* into my bad ways.

"I remember the night;
'T was a winter night;
We had started home together,
And I urged him sore
To drink once more,
'To keep out,' said I, '*the weather*.'

"So we drank again,
And again, and again,
Helping each other along.
We were merry enough,
Though the road *seemed* rough,
And we hiccoughed a tipsy song.

"Ah well! at dawn,
On the drifted lawn,
They found us fast together:
I had stuck by him,
Lying cold and grim,
But I had n't kept out the weather.

"But from that day
I 've changed my way,
And never taken *a glug*;
And I charge you, Dan,
As an honest man,
Heed the words of an aged jug."

And the voice of the jug,
Going "glug, glug, glug,"
Seems always saying to me,
"Your grandsire, Dan,
Was a fine *young* man
As ever you 'd wish to see."

C. A. Stephens.

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PRIZE ESSAYS.

ON THE RIVER.

I LIVE in one of the most beautiful places in Massachusetts. We — father and the rest of us — have named it "Riverside." It is by the Connecticut River. Twenty miles to the northward are the blue mountains, Tom and Holyoke. And on the opposite side of the river, a little to the southeast of Riverside, is the city of Springfield, and beyond that are the purple "Wilbram" hills. One of the pleasantest diversions I know of is to row out on the river on still days, and measure the different depths with a bit of lead and a line. In one place a little south of Riverside there is a great clay ledge that goes along the shore for about half a mile. The average depth along this ledge is from fifty to fifty-five feet. In other places a man could wade across the river.

Father taught me to row when I was eleven or twelve, and now I can row almost as well as he can. So in the summer mornings he lets me take the boat as early as I want to, provided I come back when the six-o'clock whistle is blown in Springfield. One morning last July, as soon as I had dressed, I went down stairs, put on my hat, took the boat-key from its nail, and then, as it was rather early (quarter of four), I put a slice of bread and butter in my pocket and went out for the oars. I ran down to the water and put them into the boat, unfastened the chain, jumped in, and pushed out. (It took me a long time to learn to push the boat out and jump in just at the right time, — not jump in and push out. I would either push out and take a *very* long step right out into the water, and then have to wade after the boat, or would step in before the boat was off the sand. When at last I could step in without getting my feet wet, I very often fell flat in the bottom of the boat, and it would run aground on the opposite side of the little harbor where we kept it.) Then I put the oars on the row-locks and started for the other side of the river. There it is very shallow. Little fresh-water clam-shells were scattered about on the hard, shining sand bottom. I rowed slowly along, keeping a sharp lookout for sand-banks and snags.

At last I reached "The Point." The shore there is a strip of fine sand and a bank of the same, the top of it being about twenty feet above the water. This bank is full of sand-swallows' holes. I pulled Cruiser (the boat) ashore, and bailed out the water and went up to some of the lowest holes. The young swallows were twittering 'way back in their holes, I supposed for their breakfasts. So I broke off a piece of my bread, and took in exchange a beautiful little gray feather. Then I went back to the boat, and had stepped in, when I heard a rushing sound, and for about two minutes the air seemed full of swallows. They flew round and round, some dashed toward me and then back to the holes again, and some dipped into the water. And they kept it up till I was out of sight.

I looked over the edge of the boat to see the bottom. Great black trunks of trees with long, crooked roots that seemed like arms trying to catch at the boat, branches, sticks, and pieces of plank and bark, — these had been brought down by the freshets, and had become embedded in the sand.

As it was about sunrise I rowed out to the middle of the river to see it. The sky was lovely. In the east were fleecy pink and golden clouds with the beautiful blue beyond. The sun was just peeping above the horizon, and touched with gold the

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tops of the trees that grew on the west side. In the west the sky was a darker blue with long white waves of clouds. On the water here and there were little blue ripples. The mountains were covered with a soft hazy purple, flecked with dashes of golden light, and at the foot of Mount Tom there was a feathery white fog gently rising.

As I slowly crossed to the west side of the river, I could hear the shouts of the farm-boys as they drove the lowing cattle to their pastures, and now and then a breakfast-horn would sound, sometimes loud and shrill, as if near the river, and sometimes with a dreamy, far-away sound. Through an opening in the trees, about half a mile northwest, there was a high hill. It sloped gently to the east, and on it were a great many cattle. On the east side of the river there were other hills, and cattle were beginning to scatter over the shady western slopes, and on the lowland that borders the river there were great fields of corn. King David must have been looking at a scene like this when he wrote, "The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered with corn. They shout for joy, they also sing."

I sat in the boat till the sun rose higher and higher and a whistle reminded me it was nearly six o'clock. So I rowed down stream past snags and beds of pickerel-grass and over the "Sunken Rock," that has settled four feet in thirty years, till I reached our little harbor. And as I was fastening the boat the six-o'clock whistle sounded, so I caught up the oars and ran up to the house.

Harriet E. Bagg, age 15.

West Springfield, Mass.

HENS.

I HAVE kept hens for several years, and have made money by them. But had I known at the beginning as much as I now do about the care of them, I might, I think, have made five or six times as much. So I will write you how I take care of them now, hoping that some other boy may profit by my experience.

Finding that I had kept too many hens for the size of my hen-house, I have just enlarged it, so that it is now a good-sized, light, and well-ventilated room, fourteen feet by ten feet.

I have twenty-two hens and eight chickens of different breeds. I try to give them a variety of food. I buy cracked corn, Indian meal, oats, and wheat screenings. Barley is good for them, but where I live it is so expensive that it hardly pays to use it. In the morning as soon as I get up, I give them two quarts of cracked corn and one quart of meat (lights which I buy of the butcher, or beef scraps which are sold in cakes) mixed with warm water, or, better still, water in which meat has been boiled. Occasionally in winter I mix a little red pepper with it. In summer they do not need meat unless they are shut up. Worms and insects supply the place of it. At noon they have the odds and ends from the table, and at night some dry grain. They have constantly standing by them a box of old plaster, and also some pounded oyster shells, of which they eat a large quantity. Bone flour is also good for them, but like barley it is too expensive. They need water twice a day, and three times when the weather is cold enough to freeze it. (I put rusty iron into it when they are shedding their feathers.) I fear they often suffer for the want of it. A few days ago a man who has kept hens for many years told me that he had not given them a drop of water this winter; and at the same time complained that they did not lay,

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and were not profitable at any time. I said, "Why do you keep them then?" He answered, "O, I have to; wife thinks she could n't do without them."

I begin to set hens as early as the first of April, putting thirteen eggs under a common-sized hen, and fifteen under a very large one, and continue to set them until June. Then again, so as to have the chickens come out any time during the month of October. I usually set Bramapootras, but sometimes find that other hens make good mothers. I feed the young chickens with Indian dough or oatmeal, and they do very well. I believe I never lost but one chicken, and that one committed suicide by hanging itself between the bars of its coop. I seldom keep hens after they are two years old, though I have one Bramapootra five years of age, that raised two broods of chickens last summer and has laid well all winter.

Abbot E. Smith, age 14.

ARLINGTON, Mass.

FISHING.

THERE are many different ways of fishing; indeed, I might say, in school phraseology, "they are too numerous to mention."

Fishing for real fish is the most common kind. Men, boys, and sometimes girls participate in this, either for pleasure or profit. Of this kind of fishing I cannot say much, as the greatest experience I ever had in this line was to take a long wand of locust-wood, a piece of string, and either a toy fish-hook or a crooked pin and a tin pail and then go down to the brook, which is about two feet wide, to try to catch minnows. I never had much success. I remember I did not dare to put the bait on the hook, and if I did catch a fish I generally threw it back into the water because my sympathies were so much excited for the poor thing. Once I did bring home a few, and left them in the wood-house while I went to get mother to look at them; when I returned they were gone. Mrs. Puss had disposed of them.

Another kind of fishing is very much in vogue now, and we see a great deal about it in the newspapers. I believe the furor for this is greatest when we have a new President. President Grant and his Cabinet are very much troubled with this kind of fishing. This, instead of being done by boys and girls, is done by grown men, who I should think would be ashamed of themselves. They go to Washington and stay there for months at a time, hanging around and waylaying the principal officers of Government until they become almost desperate, and sometimes yield to them, like the unjust judge, merely to get rid of them. This is called fishing for office, and the fishers are called office-seekers.

There is another kind of fishing which is quite universal. I will give a few examples. A young girl with a beautiful, clear complexion says she is so dark and tanned; she does wish that her complexion was as clear and pretty as Mary C.'s. Again, a young gentleman, with the faintest possible shadow of a mustache, saunters up to a young lady and observes, "I say, Amy, how do you like my mustache?" As this is a very forcible illustration of my subject, the young lady may with propriety answer, as I presume you have heard of another doing, "I think it is giving to h-airy nothings a local habitation and a name."

Another example; a young lady, in a crowded dressing-room at school, accidentally treads upon the foot of her neighbor, when she exclaims, "O, do excuse me! I am

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so sorry; but you know my feet are *so* large, and I must step somewhere." As said young lady wears No. 1 boots, we may safely call this a good example of the subject, which is, as I presume you have guessed long ago, — fishing for a compliment.

As the clergymen say, "a word more, and I will conclude." When a young lady stands at the front window with her handkerchief, prepared to have a handkerchief flirtation with any young gentleman who may chance to pass, or goes to church alone in the evening, and says in the vestibule, in the hearing of several young gentlemen, "Are n't you afraid in the dark, Bell? I am dreadfully. Mamma says she never saw anything like it. I don't dare stir outside of the door alone after dark:" Or, if one persists in asking a young gentleman to help her about her lessons, and says, "You know you are so much smarter than I am, and of course you can help me nicely," you can safely call it — fishing for a beau.

I could easily say a great deal more on this subject, but as my space is limited, and I fear I have overrun it already, I shall be obliged to close.

Alice T. Bradish, age 16.

FREDONIA, Chautauqua County, N. Y.

POPCORN.

I HAVE a liking for all pets, kittens most especially, and when Popcorn came to us, a wee bit of a black and white one, with soft, downy fur and sharp, bright eyes, I took her to my heart at once. Just at the time she was first brought into the house, the young lady who plays the piano was singing a song called "Kitty Popcorn," and from that we took her name. At first she was very much frightened and hid away under the stove, but as she got better acquainted she grew more playful, and many a nice romp have I had with her since. She soon learned to know her name, and when we called her would follow us like a dog.

We had one cow, a pretty, soft-eyed creature, and I was the milkmaid. Every morning and evening when I came in from milking I would find Kitty Pop waiting on the doorstep for the dish of new milk which I never failed to give her. One morning, however, I determined to teach her to follow me, and, taking her in my arms, I started out to milk. She did very well until the cow came up and began to smell of her, and then she turned around and scampered off with her back up and her tail as big as two, never stopping until she reached the door, where I found her waiting for me as if nothing had happened. But I persevered and carried her with me every time, until she learned to expect her milk there, when she followed of herself. All through the summer she scarcely ever missed going with me in rain or sunshine, and if I did not give her her milk immediately she would rub around the cow's legs, purr and jump into my lap, until I was *obliged* to feed her to get rid of her. But just as soon as she had eaten her milk, she would go away and play on the fence or in the trees around until I was ready to go to the house, when she would go too. Many a time have I been afraid she would be killed by the cow, she was so constantly under her feet. But she always escaped in some manner, and grew prettier and more playful every day, although she never learned the trick of standing up on her hind legs while I milked into her open mouth, like some cats I know of.

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Our house fronts north, and back of it are some doors leading into the cellar. These doors, when thrown open, are supported by short stakes driven in the ground, which leave them level on top with a small space underneath. To these doors some pretty pet pigeons of mine loved to come when the sun shone and strut around, cooing to each other and showing all their fine feathers in the sunlight. Now Kitty liked to have a share in everything that was going on, especially if there was fun to be got out of it, and she would creep slyly under the door and lie there quietly until the doves came near the side of the door, and then suddenly put out her paw over the edge, as if to catch them, and as quickly withdraw it. The scolding of the doves, and their looks of angry astonishment as they flew away, were enough to make any one laugh, but Kitty would lie there silently unconscious, until the doves, concluding it was nothing after all, came back, when she would repeat the trick.

Besides the doves we had a number of chickens, which Kitty delighted to tease also, jumping out at them from dark corners and unseen hiding-places, making even the dignified old rooster himself start and flap his wings in dismay. I have often stood in the kitchen doorway and watched her until I grew tired, and then calling her I would take her down to the swing for a good romp.

The swing was on the side of a hill below the house, and was formed by Nature herself out of a grape-vine which looped over from the branches of one tree to another. This was a favorite place with all the children, and with Kitty too, for although she did n't like to swing in the swing, she did like to climb the trees, and play with the leaves, and swing in the branches, while the children played below.

When blackberries came Kitty was as busy as any of us. She always followed us to the field, and I suppose thought she did as much work as any of us. There was a creek to cross on the way, and it was quite funny, when we were all over, to see how pitifully Kitty would hold up her paw and look first at us and then at the water, afraid to cross on the stones, for fear she would fall in and be drowned, or wet her dainty feet, we could not tell which. We always had a good laugh at her, and it usually ended by my going back and carrying her over in my arms. Once over, however, she did not need help, for she could climb the hill and go through the bushes much quicker and easier than we could. Once she came very near being lost, having strayed away a little too far. She always came back to the house as tired and hot as ourselves, and, lying down under the table, she would stretch herself out and close her eyes in the full enjoyment of rest, although I don't suppose she had picked a single berry in the whole time she had been out.

But one morning Kitty did not come with me to milk as usual. I did not notice it much, as I was in a hurry to get ready to visit a friend some miles away, and I supposed she was out taking a walk or something. I was gone two days, and when I came back the first news I heard was that Kitty Pop had not been seen since I left. We hunted for her, but could not find her, and great was the children's grief in consequence. Whether she had wandered away and died, or whether she had been stolen, — for Kitty Pop was well known in the neighborhood, — we never knew, for we never saw our pet again.

Mary Williams, age 14.

West Va. College, Taylor Co., West Va.

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CINDERELLA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING.
PRINCE RUPERT.
CINDERELLA.
PEACOCINA, } *Sisters.*
STUCUPETTA, }
MOTHER OF THE SISTERS.
GRANDMOTHER.
Courtiers, Servants, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A handsome room.* PEACOCINA *and* STUCUPETTA *before mirrors. Their* MOTHER *busied about them.* CINDERELLA *among the ashes by the fire.*

Peacoc. I do declare, how badly this is made!
Cinderella! Cinder! where 's that lazy jade?
Stucup. Cinderella! come here first, and bring a pin;
And mind you stick it very gently in.

(CINDERELLA *comes to them.*)

Mother. My darlings, not so loud, — you 'll spoil your voices, —
A sweet, low tone your mother's heart rejoices.

(*Very sharply to* CIN.)

Be quick, you minx! — I 'll leave you till you 're dressed:
Think of the Prince, and try to look your best.
[*Exit* MOTHER.
Peacoc. Think of the Prince! I guess I shall, forsooth!
O don't I long to see that stunning youth!
He surely will admire my silky curls;
I know he 'll pick *me* out from all the girls.
Stucup. How very big you feel! well, we shall see;
I 'm pretty sure he can't but look at *me*.
Don't you wish, Cinderella, *you* could go
And see the palace and the glittering show?
Cin. (*timidly*). O yes, I never wished for pleasure more;
Could n't I go and stand behind the door?
Stucup. Silence, you creature! Go to your cinders, do, —
For that 's the only place that 's fit for you. —
Sister, I 'm ready, put your cloak right on.
Bring us the lantern, jade, and call for John.

SCENE II. — CINDERELLA *alone in the kitchen crying by the fire.*

Cin. What *shall* I do? O cruel, cruel fate!
How shall I bear my life amid such hate?
I 've tried to kill myself, — but then it hurts,
And so I live and serve these heartless flirts.

(*Cries. Enter* GRANDMOTHER.)

Gr. Cinderella, why these tears, and why alone?
Cin. O grandma dear, my sisters are both gone
To the grand ball! But do sit down awhile,
I am so lonely, — 't will the time beguile.
Gr. And do you cry because you can't go too?
Cin. Yes, grandma, I 'm ashamed to say I do, —
I know my thoughts are cast on things above me,
But I 'm forlorn: there 's no one here to love me.
Gr. Cheer up, my child! I love you, *that* I do,
(*Aside.*) And I 'll be even with those other two.
Cin. O, thank you, grandma! but you 're only one;
And what becomes of me when you are gone?
Gr. Why, then, my dear, your husband, — he will take you,
And prize you well, and never more forsake you.
Cin. Ah, grandma, that 's an idle jest, you know!
Gr. An idle jest, my Cinder? nay, not so!
Now, would you like to see the ball to-night?
Cin. O gracious! is it true I hear aright?
Go to a ball in these old sooty clo'es,
Covered with ashes?
Gr. O no, not in those!

(*She claps her hands.* CINDERELLA'S *rags drop off, and she is in a beautiful dress.*)

Cin. What *is* this! *I* all dressed in purest white!
Pearls in my hair, — O mercy! what a sight!
Such lovely rustling to my silken skirt! —
Why, where 's my cinders, grandma, and the dirt!

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Gr. Gone, with your care and trouble for to-night.
Go, — dance, and let your lovely face be bright.
Cin. But how shall I the muddy crossings pass?
For, only look, my slippers are of glass!
Gr. Fetch me a pumpkin, Cinder, and some rats.
(CINDERELLA *brings a pumpkin and some rats.* GRANDMOTHER *claps her hands, and they are changed to a carriage and footmen.*)
Here is your carriage; and these powdered brats
Will safe conduct you to the palace gate,
And wait to bring you home in queenly state.
But, grandchild, this remember, — mid your fun,
When midnight strikes, you must be sure to run, —
Run for your life! Now, bear this well in mind,
Or else yourself in rags again you 'll find.

SCENE III. *The ball-room. Dancing and music. The* PRINCE *stands apart.*

King. Why don't you dance, my boy? you look quite bored.
Prince. And so I am, dear dad, upon my word.
Parties are very slow, I really think; —
I guess I 'll go down stairs, and take a drink.

(*Enter* CINDERELLA.)

Good heavens! there 's a girl I have n't seen;
Venus herself! why, she 's a very queen!
What graceful manners, and what eyes of fire!
What is her name? I really must inquire!

(*Bowing to* CIN.)

Madam, your most obedient, — I can't wait
To ask your leave, and be led up in state, —
I am Prince Rupert. Won't you take a turn?

(*They dance.*)

Are you fatigued? (*Aside.*) Her cheeks begin to burn!
(*Aloud.*) Shall I get you some oysters, or an ice?
Cin. O no, I thank you, sir. (*Gazes about.*) O, ain't it nice!
Prince. What is it, madam, you are pleased to praise?
My palace-walls are honored by your gaze.
Cin. O, sir, it 's all enchanting, every way!
I never dreamed of anything so gay.
Prince (*aside*). Sweet verdancy! (*Aloud.*) Perhaps you 've just come out.
I think I have n't seen you much about.
Cin. Yes, sir, I 'm almost always *in*, — you 're right;
Indeed, I little thought to come to-night.
Prince. Sweet princess, surely you came not alone!
Which of these ladies is your chaperon?
Cin. If you please, sir, I don't know what you said.
I am no princess, but a poor young maid.
Prince (*aside*). Poor, with that dress, when gold 's so very high?
I guess her poverty 's all in my eye.
Madam, I see you choose to act a part,
And even know the art of *hiding* art.
I won't intrude upon you. Let us walk.

(*They promenade.*)

Do you like dancing or prefer to talk?
Cin. Whichever suits you best; I feel so gay,
Nothing can take my happiness away.
I always heard *the world* was very vile,
But, sir, I think it 's charming! How you smile!
Prince. O, pray go on! I love to hear you speak!
Peacoc. Who is that creature? Ha'n't she got the cheek!
Stucup. She looks like — But of course it cannot be!
O, if Prince Rupert would but look at me!
Peacoc. At you, indeed! I hate these stupid balls!
Cin. Do you live always in these lovely halls?
Prince (*shrugs his shoulders*). Why, yes, this palace *is* where I hang out;
But half the time I like to roam about.
But does this tinsel and this glittering show
Really, my princess, please your fancy so?
Cin. O Prince, how can you doubt of my delight?
I never saw so beautiful a sight!

(12 *o'clock strikes.*)

Mercy! the clock!

(*She appears suddenly in rags, and runs out.*)

Prince. Where is she? Robert! John!
Servant. What would your Highness?
Prince. Where 's that fairy gone?
Servant. I saw no fairy; — tripping through the hall,
A ragged beggar-girl just ran, — that 's all.
Prince. A beggar-girl? you stupid! Watch the gate!
Let no one pass!
Servant. I reckon you 're too late.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The kitchen.* CINDERELLA, *waiting upon the sisters and their mother at breakfast.*

Peacoc. (*sharply*). Some buckwheats! hot ones!
Stucup. Don't be in a huff!
I think the ball has made you cross enough.
Mother. Peace, peace! dear daughters! tell me, once for all — .
Some coffee, jade! — how did you like the ball?
Peacoc. A slim affair, though very well attended!
Mother. How did you find the Prince?
Stucup. The Prince is splendid!
What eyes! he looks as haughty as a king,
And dances so, — in fact, he 's quite the thing!
Cin. Did you dance with him?
Stucup. Not exactly, — no, —
But then I think he was just going to —
Peacoc. O, what a girl! you know that 's all a lie.

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But now he really once did catch *my* eye.
And who knows what *may* happen, after all,
If ever there should be another ball?

Mother. Who knows, indeed, my wise and thoughtful daughter,
If you conduct yourself just as you oughter?
But, children, who was that, — that young upstart
With whom the Prince conversed so much apart?

Peacoc. That 's just the question I can't answer, mother,
But I declare she was an awful bother!
It 's true, she had a very handsome face,
And then she moved and danced with so much grace!

Stucup. The hussy! how I hate her! a spoil-sport!
What business had she coming so to court?

Cin. O, how *I* 'd like to see her if I could!

Mother. *You* 'd like to see her! yes, I guess you would!
Cheer up, my children, Rupert 's very young,
And charmed by every silly siren's tongue. —
Why, here comes John, and brings a note. (*Enter servant with a note*) The dickens!
It 's from the Prince; my children, the plot thickens!
We're all invited to another ball.

Peacoc. O, ain't it jolly! — well, I see it all,
The thought of *me* —

Stucup. I never, I declare!
Sister, you 're really more than I can bear;
I know he thought of *me!*

Mother. Well, 't is no matter;
No doubt he thought of both; but cease this clatter.
You 'd better go up stairs and clean your gloves: —
And don't spoil your complexions; — go, my loves.
And, Cinderella, clear these things away,
And sweep the room, and don't you stop to play.

SCENE II. — CINDERELLA *alone in the kitchen as before.*

Cin. Well, so they 're gone! My last hope dies out quite,
For I can't hope to go another night.
O, well! perhaps it 's just as well I should n't,
For I could not forget that prince, — I could n't!
O silly goose! O foolish Cinderella!
Think of your cinders and your dusty cellar!

(*Enter* GRANDMOTHER.)

Gr. Well, grandchild, what 's all this?

Cin. I 'm such a goose!

Gr. Get ready, Cinder! you 've no time to lose!

Cin. O gracious! what! and can I really go
And dance again! and is it truly so?

Gr. Of course you can, you silly, foolish child!
Why, I declare, your eyes they look quite wild!
You are no kindred to this cross old mother.
Yours was a countess, — yes, my dear, no other.
She died; your father sought a wife again,
And got inveigled in this woman's train,
And now *you* serve, and *they* command. Look out!
Some day the tables yet may turn about.

Cin. Why, I 'm delighted, grandma! Anyhow,
I need n't be afraid of princes now.

Gr. Princes, indeed! but look out, Cinderella!
Don't let your mind dwell too much on that fellow.
He 's well enough; but *princes* grow on trees,
While princely *hearts* one very seldom sees.
But where 's a pumpkin? and the rats, my dear!
We must n't stop to chatter longer here.

(CINDERELLA *brings pumpkin, rats, &c. They change as before, and Cinderella's dress also.*)

Farewell, my dear! go, have a jolly time,
But don't forget the fatal midnight chime.

SCENE III. — *Ball-room.*

Prince (*lounging about*). This longed-for time has really come at last,
And where 's my vision? Can she yet have passed?

(*Enter* CINDERELLA.)

Ah, there she is! (*hastens to her*). My princess, you are here,
And for this evening I have naught to fear.

Cin. (*casts her eyes at him*). I don't exactly, sir, know what you mean.

Prince. Then listen, princess, I 'm not what I seem, —
No haughty creature, proud of princely fame, —
You 're more to me than crown and royal name.

Cin. Come, now, my lord, I do not want to preach,
But, if you please, I do not like that speech.

Prince. Well, I 'll improve it; — here on bended knee,
I offer you my realm and sovereignty.

Cin. Can this be true? What, *I* a prince's wife?
Sir, if you only knew about my life —

Prince. Your life! you carry it upon your face, —
A life of loveliness, of ease and grace.

Cin. O no! no! no! it 's nothing of the kind,
It 's very far from that, indeed, you 'll find.

Prince. Perhaps your father 's failed, — but that 's soon told:
I 'll pay up all the bills, — I roll in gold.

Cin. It 's worse than that —

Prince. Perhaps you teach a school;
I 'm proud of that; it shows you are n't a fool.

Cin. Worse still —

Prince. Whatever can be worse, I pray?
O well, you keep a shop now, I dare say. —

(*12 o'clock strikes, and* CINDERELLA *runs.*)

Good gracious! why, she 's gone! she 's run away!
But here 's her slipper (*gazes at it*) Now just look at that!
It makes my royal heart go pit-a-pat!
O woman, lovely woman! why so fair,
To dazzle me, and then to melt in air?

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But it 's no vision ! it 's reality !
And now I swear to find her out — or die !

(*Sinks into a chair, overcome with his emotions.*)
[*Curtain falls.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Street. Enter Town-Crier, ringing his bell.*

Crier. Listen, my countrymen and lovers, friends !
Prince Rupert far and wide his greeting sends.
Assemble, maidens ! he will ride this day,
And stop at every house along the way.
That you should know his purpose is but meet.
Tremble, ye maids forlorn who have large feet !
Prince Rupert has a shoe ; his purpose bold
To find the maid whose foot it fits. Behold !
That one he 'll choose to be his royal bride,
Though, save her beauty, she have naught beside.
(*Goes on, ringing his bell.*)

SCENE II. — CINDERELLA'S *home.*

Stucup. Well, to be sure ! I never heard such news ! —
O mother, what 's the number of my shoes ?
Peacoc. There 's very little chance for you, I fear,
For mine 's the smallest foot you know, my dear.
Mother. I 'm very anxious, children, I must own.
Here, let me see : why, how your feet have grown !
Go get a vice directly, — *now*, this minute !
And never mind the pain, but press them in it.
My mind with hopes and fears is crowded sore !
Cinderella, wash your face and tend the door.

(*Enter* PRINCE *and Courtiers.*)

Prince. Ladies, your pardon, do not think me rude.
With thoughts of a fair vision I 'm pursued.
Here is the slipper ; may I try it on (*to* MOTHER),
And see if your fair daughter proves the one !
Mother. Certainly, sir ; you do me very proud.
Cinderella, jade, your thick shoes clump too loud ;
Go to the kitchen ; — why do you stay here ?

(*Exit* CINDERELLA.)

Approach, my daughter, there is naught to fear.

(PEACOCINA *sits in the chair and the courtier tries on the slipper.*)

Mother. Why, yes, I think it fits ; is it not so ?
Courtier. Quite well, ma'am, I believe, all but the toe.
Mother. O yes, I think it does fit very well ;
You know at times the feet are apt to swell.
Prince. Pardon me, madam, *almost* will not do,
The slipper must go on all trim and true.
Mother. Well, here 's my other daughter, Stucupetta ; —
I should n't wonder if 't would fit her better.

(STUCUPETTA *sits down, and the courtier tries it on.*)

Why, that goes on ! my dear, how does it feel ?
Courtier. It 's all right, madam, just except the heel.
Prince. *Exactness*, madam, must be my excuse,
If *both* your charming daughters I refuse.
I bid you all a very fair good-day,
With many thanks to you (*bows*) ; but O ! ah ! stay !
I saw with you just now a little maid —
Mother. O, sir, you mean my servant, — idle jade ! —
She is without ; — she is n't fit to see !
Prince. No matter ! call her in, — leave that to me.

(CINDERELLA *enters and courtesies ; the* PRINCE *looks at her.*)

(*Aside.*) Why, I believe I recognize those features.
But can she be a servant to these creatures ?

(*Hands her a chair and proceeds to try on the slipper himself.*)

Allow me, madam —
Mother. Sir, *your royal hands !*
Prince. Henceforth they are but slaves to her commands.
(*Rising.*) For, look ! how perfectly the shoe slips on !
You 're found at last, my own, my fairest one !
Mother. Really, sir !
Stucup. She 's a wicked, false deceiver !
It cannot fit her ! no, don't you believe her !
Peacoc. I've squeezed my foot until the blood runs out,
And is it all for nothing ? (*To* CIN.) Minx, get out !
Prince (*sternly*). Bow to your princess royal ! Henceforth this
Will be the name your lips will call her, miss !
No further insults, jeers, or rude commands,
For she is now transferred to other hands.

(*Enter* GRANDMOTHER.)

Gr. Hurrah ! all 's right at last ! well, I declare,
I 'm glad for one ! Long live the royal pair !

(*Courtiers cry*, "Long live," *&c.*)

Mother. Well, did you ever, girls !
Stucup. It makes me wince,
To see her going with a real live prince.
Prince (*angrily*). Hard-hearted sisters ! —
Cin. O, forgive them, do !
Surely, if I can pardon, you can too !
Gr. She 's right ; let scorn and anger have no part
In any corner of your royal heart :
Crown all your kindnesses with fitting ends.
And say with me (*to audience*), Heaven bless you all, my friends !

G. H.

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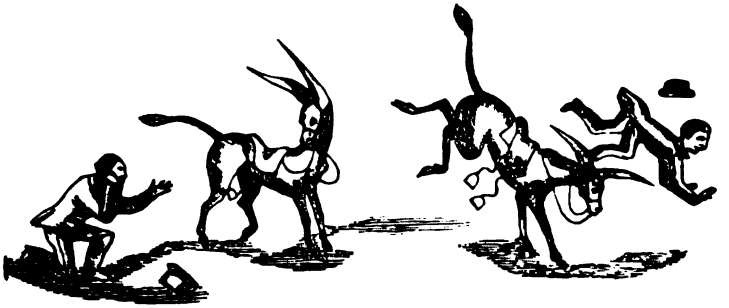
CHARADE.

No. 76.

THE hoary father stood within the shade
By swaying curtains made,
And watched, beside the sparkling fountain's flow,
In sunset's rosy glow,
The lovely Zelica bend low her head
When my *first* hotly plead
To win the shy one to his manly side,
To be his dark-eyed bride.
He joyed to see the slender maiden yield,
And still (by folds concealed)
He saw the graceful head droop lower down
Till, like a queenly crown,
Her golden locks burst from my *second's* thrall
In gleaming, rippling fall.
By floating tresses charmed, he does desire
His old poetic fire,
That in my *whole* — the bard's best offering —
He may their praises sing.

E. Stanchfield.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 77.



R. A., Jr.

BURIED CITIES.

No. 78.

1. On the little island Atmos, cowards are scarcely to be found.

2. Those apes there have not yet been fed to-day

3. This coachman will drive nicely, I think.

4. "Mad" is only another word for "crazy."

ENIGMA.

No 79.

I am composed of 5 letters.

My 4, 1, 2, 3, 5 is found adjacent to oceans, rivers, and lakes.
My 4, 1, 5 is a personal pronoun.
My 4, 1, 2, 5 is an article worn by many persons.
My 1, 2, 5 is an implement used by the farmer.
My whole is the name of a useful animal.

L. K.

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ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 80.

Hitty Maginn.

PUZZLE.

No. 81.

My *first* is in song, but not in hymn.
My *second* is in stitch, but not in seam.
My *third* is in mound, but not in cave.
My *fourth* is in prince, but not in knave.
My *fifth* is in steal, but not in rob.
My *sixth* is in weep, but not in sob.
My *seventh* is in stone, but not in rock.
My *eighth* is in pier, but not in dock.
My *ninth* is in almond, but not in nut.
My *tenth* is in house, but not in hut.
My *eleventh* is in cent, but not in dime.
My *whole* is the name of a nursery rhyme.

N S E

A. F. D.

No. 82.

WORD SQUARE.

(These words read *the same*, either across or from the top to the bottom.)

1. A collection of maps.
2. An impression.
3. A language.
4. Sour substances.
5. Understanding.

L. B. H.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 83.

F. C. O.

ANSWERS.

68. Pilgrimage.
69. Warlock.
70. "A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats of arms."

[(Ace imp ell) (maiden *in* HER) (flower) (is) (W earth) (a hundred) (coats of arms).]

71. River.
72. Answer by W. H. C., Langdon, N. H.:—

First he drew *five Times*, you see,
And then he made *a bar for T*;
Now who would think he meant to say
That *five times eight are forty*, eh?

73. Because it is a *Salt* with intent to kill.
74. Fisher's Hornpipe.
75. Altar.

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TEN PRIZE QUESTIONS.

1. What makes the draft of air in a chimney?
2. Why do we never see but one side of the moon?
3. What causes an iron basin to float?
4. How many complete revolutions on its axis does the earth make in one year?
5. Why will a common pump raise water (by suction) only thirty-two feet?
6. What causes dew?
7. What is the Gulf Stream?
8. What makes the rainbow?
9. If you were to descend perpendicularly into the earth, say from Chicago, and pass through its entire diameter, in what region of the globe would you find yourself on coming out upon the other side?
10. Why does the sun in summer, when it is in reality south of us, as seen at noon, appear to rise in the northeast and to set in the northwest?

For answers to the above questions the following prizes are offered to subscribers under seventeen years of age: —

For the clearest, most concise, and in all respects most satisfactory set of answers, . $25.00
For the next best set, ... 20.00
For the third in rank, ... 15.00

Answers to be sent in on or before the 15th day of October next. Each competitor should be careful to give his or her full name, age, and address.

Members of families in which our magazine is taken, and also persons who receive it regularly from the news-dealers, come under the head of subscribers.

It will be allowable for competitors to obtain information on the subjects proposed, wherever it is to be found. But the answers must be given in their own language, and not in borrowed terms. Let this be distinctly understood.

Some of the questions may be easily answered; others will require a good deal of thought; and one that seems very simple will really, we suspect, occasion more blundering than all the rest. Look out for it!

The third prize for compositions of the first class was wrongly awarded to William C. White, of Racine, whose essay on "Oxygen" was sent in for competition without a full understanding, on his part, of the terms of our offer. This prize is now re-awarded to Harriet E. Bagg, of West Springfield, Mass., for the essay entitled "On the River," which appears this month in "Our Young Contributors."

C. W. Haskins offers a solution of the "Traveller" problem in our July Letter Box. He says, the traveller "cannot see Tuesday until the earth has made one complete revolution, and he again arrives at his starting-point; then it will be Tuesday noon, and he will find the first person who can tell him, 'Sir, 't is Tuesday.'" He hopes we will publish this "solution," and at his request we do so, — although a little more attention to the subject would have shown him that the problem was not solved at all. In the first place, it is still Monday noon to the traveller. The people of Chicago, his supposed starting-point, would certainly tell him it was Tuesday noon, but would they be the first to tell him so? What would the people of Detroit say? Would it not be Tuesday noon to the people of Albany and Buffalo, when he passed those places? It is not Tuesday at Chicago, and Monday a few miles or a few hundred miles east of it, at the same time, you know, friend Haskins.

We would here add that this problem is well worth all the attention any of our readers may be able to give it; and we wait for him or her who shall be able to say proudly, "I have solved it!"

Mrs. C. Bennett writes from Williamsburg, L. I.: —

"Thinking it may interest some of the readers of 'Our Young Folks' to hear how children who occupy apartments in a large city contrive to amuse themselves, I give a brief account of what ours do about every Saturday.

"Last Saturday as I was giving our rooms a thorough cleansing to be in Sunday trim, in rushed my second daughter (there are five of them in all beside a son) with, 'O ma! won't you lend me an old skirt or something? I want to play circus!' Then, seeing me *look No.* — for they spoil every article that is used for this purpose, — she went on, 'O do; we are going to have a splendid time, and Johnny Brown is going to let me ride his wooden horse; the legs are off, and we set it on

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the fence that runs round the grass, and I can ride him nicely; and Johnny has given me a ticket for nothing, 'cause I 'm going to act!' whereupon the ticket was brought forth, and this was the style of it: —

J. BROWN,
CIRCUS.
Tickets 3 pins.
You 'd better come, it 's Bully.

"Of course I laughed heartily at the get-up of the ticket; so my lady walked off with the skirt quite satisfied. By the way, pins are their currency, and if I expect to find enough to dress myself I must hide them; for where there are six little ones who want to go to the circus, a paper dou't last long.

"Well, I had hardly cleared the room when the actress returned with a very sober face. 'What is the trouble now?' I asked 'O, Johnny wanted us to play in his entry, and Jeannie leaned too hard against the door, and it flew open, and Mr. Brown's work-beuch was thrown down and all the tools scattered, and he won't let us play there any more.' I felt sorry for the little ones, but in less than five minutes they were off pounding white marble to make icing for their mud cakes, as contented as if they never had been snubbed.

"Beside the above, they hold anniversary meetings as often as once a week through the summer; they also keep a candy-store, make pin-wheels and paper wreaths for sale, — all which I will describe if it is agreeable."

How many nice, interesting letters (would we could print one half of them even!) are constantly coming to us from our very large family of readers! They are generally addressed to *the editors;* but how is it, dear friends, — are you not often aware of something closer and more kindly than the mere impersonal relation which is supposed to exist between the conductors of a magazine and their unknown correspondents? We frankly confess that it is hard for us to keep within the editorial shell, even in dealing with that nameless individual, "A constant Reader" or "An old Subscriber." A thrill of sympathy is sure to surprise us at the first word of honest hope or confidence or gay good nature that comes to us in anybody's letter. A fresh picture of our correspondent immediately rises before us; and "James" or "Jane" is no longer a shadowy abstraction, but a brave, earnest boy or a loving, light-hearted girl, whose eyes seem almost to be looking into ours as we read their simple questions or confessions. Often we get charming glimpses of the lives and characters of the writers through these little loop-holes of letters. From that time we rejoice in the good that happens to them, and if calamity befalls them we feel that we have met with a personal bereavement.

Somehow it has been our fortune lately to hear oftener sad than happy news of our letter-writing young friends. Last month we gave in these columns an extract from a pleasant note written by *C. T. H.* of East St. Johnsbury, Vt. The magazine had scarcely reached its subscribers when there came a letter from his family apprising us of his sudden death. "*One of the last things he did was to write you the lines you have inserted in the August number.*" He was a truthful, earnest, cheerful, and hopeful boy, — rich, therefore, in those things which death cannot take away.

It was only the month before that a very similar circumstance occurred in our editorial experience, as the following extract shows, which we trust the writer will pardon us for printing here. The letter is from Haverhill, Mass.: —

"I have been looking over the magazine for July with tear-dimmed eyes for one who always watched and counted the days for its coming, and read it with ever new delight. I see an answer to 'Herbert's' question about the couplet, 'Old roads,' &c. I thank you for his sake. . . . . Our precious Herbert has gone. . . . . He was drowned while bathing in the Merrimack river in company with some of his classmates of the senior class in our High School. The class and school are in deep affliction; for they leaned on him a great deal for the coming exhibition, and delighted to award to him the leading place. . . . . I have written to acknowledge your kindness, and to gratify my own feelings, and have felt I must be brief, though my heart is full."

We are not ashamed to confess that such things as these awaken in us some very sensitive chords which vibrate strongly in sympathy with the friends of our young friends. Life is not all unmixed delight, and why should not its darker shadows now and then fall amid the bright gleams which chase each other through our Letter Box?

Carrie B. H. thinks our magazine delightful, and her governess quite the reverse. "The last time I got it I ran to the study, and hopped up and down, and told Rob (my dear crippled brother) *it had come!* 'What?' said he. 'O,' said I, 'the *jolliest* magazine in —' but before I could say any more a hand was laid on my shoulder, and a stern voice said, 'Miss H——, I am astounded! where is your sense of propriety? I never heard of anything so awful! You cannot see your book for a month.' I told her I was sorry, and would try to do better. I don't think I shall, though." And Carrie confesses she was "mad." Dear Carrie, *we* are sorry for that; and we are very sorry that our magazine should cause a misunderstanding between you and your governess. Since she *is* your governess you should respect and obey her; and if it shocks her sense of propriety to have you hop up and down and call

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ours the "jolliest" magazine, we beg of you not to do it.

Yes, you may write again. Are you quite serious in what you say about your little brother?

Charles S. Cummings, of Shelburne, N. H., thinks the answer to Uncle Dick's riddle in our last Letter Box is "Steam." A pretty good guess, Charles, yet we wait for a better one.

H. B. Cuyler, of Savannah, *William Hunt, Jr.*, of Philadelphia, and "*many others.*" — Your petition shall be heeded. We are already making arrangements for a serial which we are confident will please all our next year's readers.

Etta H. — Your little poems are good, but not *quite* good enough. Only practice can give the necessary freshness and fluency to your style.

A. E. B. Will the author of "The Wonderful Party" give us her age and address?

Wm. T. G., of Chelsea, Mass., writes: "I noticed a curious error in Lizzie Sheldon's composition. In it she speaks of certain 'Little brown, speckled' robin's eggs. A speckled robin's egg! Either Lizzie or the 'robin' made a singular mistake. If Miss Sheldon ever saw a robin's egg of any other color than greenish blue, she witnessed a sight which was never vouchsafed any of our naturalists. To quote Dennis O'Mailly, 'That robin must have been a sparrow.'"

And he adds, by way of postscript: "Permit me to say that 'Dat ar Bill' is the most *natural* story of 'contraband' life which I ever read."

For the entertainment of those who are interested in ingenious transpositions we here give place to

THE PUZZLE BOUQUET.

Miranda the wondrous does wonderful things
Without wand of magician or elfin wings:
She brought me to-day the rarest bouquet,
Though she plucked it, she said, of flowers by the way.
I caught the sprite's look when the nosegay I took,
As 't would say, "You like study, — here 's Nature's own book."
"Like study? O yes!" and I turned it about:
Sphinx and Œdipus! who could its meaning make out?
For there a *vile sot* sat, all purple and yellow;
Then *Webster* with *ire* pricked me, mischievous fellow!
A *bull* and a *bee* both nodded at me,
And *fifty* more with them, right pleasant to see;
An *ape* reached over and tickled an *ear*
That joined a *Greek consonant* standing quite near.
A *sky*, *shoe*, and *uncle* came full into view
Near a bright *new style beaver* all glistening with dew.
And, peeping through them, gleamed a *note* and *tin gem*;
While some *mice* mixed with *loam* rested all on one stem.
One sprig bore up *pearls*, a *road*, and a *die*;
A *sharp reef* and an *insect* bobbed gayly near by;
In the midst, sweet and modest (some others were brighter),
A *poet* looked forth with a *priest* and a *smiter*;
And a *boat* and an *angel*, with *harm* in the way,
Completed the group of this funny bouquet.
And still I turned it, — examined it well;
It was queer to the sight, but 't was pleasant to smell.
I wondered what 't was, — whence its sweet exhalation;
And, turning to Mira, I asked explanation.
"O," said she, "when I gathered the posies, I tripped,
And their names, by the jostle, were shaken, and slipped
Into these transpositions. Then the Genius of Letters,
In a humorous mood, bound your vision in fetters,
To see only that which the words would express.
— There, so much I 've told you; now can you not guess
All the rest?"
I felt blank, was about to say "No,"
When I saw the *vile sot* into *violets* grow;
And *Webster* with *ire* was a bit of *sweetbrier*;
The *bull*, *bee* and *l*, a fairy *bluebell*;
And the *ape* was a *pea*, one might know.
From Greek *psi* and an *ear* shot the pointed *spirea*;
While sweet *honeysuckles* their blossoms upreared
On the spray where the *sky*, *shoe*, and *uncle* appeared.
From the *beaver*, *N. S.*, gay *verbenas* were seen;
From the *note* and *tin gem*, *mignonette* fresh and green;
From the *mice* and the *loam*, *camomile* soft as foam;
And from *pearls*, *road*, and *die*, in unison stooping,
A fair *ladies' ear-drop* was gracefully drooping.
Where the *sharp reef* and *insect* were bobbing together
There gayly hung over a fine *princess' feather*.
Poe, *Eli*, and *Thor* — the bard, priest, and smiter —
Changed to *heliotrope* fragrant, though others were brighter.
Where the *boat* was and *angel*, with *harm* always by,
A pretty *globe-amaranth* gladdened the eye.

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Then I blest the good Mira, and wished all girls and boys
Bouquets that would bring them such puzzles and joys.

Jay Zell.

HERE comes another welcome letter from over the sea. This, too, is from Frankfort-on-the-Main: "I have just received the July number of dear old 'Young Folks' (which I always read after my little sister has finished with it), and I cannot tell you how glad I am to see the new department entitled 'Our Young Contributors,' for I think it is a good plan to publish the prize essays of those dear boys and girls who took such pains to compose something good enough for 'Our Young Folks.' I should like to be a contributor, but, as the French say, 'l'esprit me manque'; so I content myself with reading the articles of my more clever little compatriots, — for I am proud to say that I was born under the star-spangled banner, and am a thorough American from 'top to toe.'

"Do enlarge the magazine, and publish more of those nice little letters from your young correspondents, for they make the Letter Box so welcome! I think your magazine is as near perfect as it can be. A friend of mine, a Russian, is going to subscribe for it when he goes back to Moscow, and give it to his boys as a present. Please drop me a line in the Letter Box, and thereby delight an unknown

"*Friend.*"

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS," — those of you who enjoy playing poet, according to the game called "Oracles," described in a recent number of your magazine, will, I am sure, find sport in a similar one, played as follows: —

Let each player be provided with paper, on which he or she must write a line of original verse. This done, let each one pass his to the next in the circle, who reads it (not aloud), and writes a second, giving what turn he chooses to the idea conveyed to him by the first. Pass on the papers and let each write a third line, rhyming to the first. Pass again, and let a fourth be written, rhyming to the second, and so on until each paper has made the entire circuit, when all are to be read aloud.

In the specimens given below, the circle consisting of four only; the papers were folded down between the fourth and fifth lines, so that the writer of the first could not see what had come of it until all was complete.

Here are the results of a first experiment: —

No. 1.

Hear the loud clangor of the booming bells,
The brass-lipped cannon's tongue;
Now see that each dearly his own life sells,
Wide be our banners flung!

How terribly they shake the listening night,
And rend the affrighted ear!
They must have somehow now got up a fight.
I 'll hurry to the rear.

No. 2.

A knight stood by his true love's side, —
A lady fair was she.
"Alas!" he cried, "my shoe 's untied:
Wilt tie it, love, for me?"

Then cried she to her lover,
"O, go not till the morn!
Thy shoes tie over, thou faithless rover,
And darn thy stockings torn."

No. 3.

A blue-eyed maid is Mary Jane,
And she tosses her head as she trips along;
Just as our filly does with her mane, —
She tosses her hair, and its golden rain
Comes into my present song.

O, Mary Jane is blithe and bonny,
And gayly she strikes up a song;
A lucky lad is her jocund Johnny,
But when he owns her and her hair so bonny,
He 'll find it a brown *chignon.*

No. 4.

O, where is my Bobby, so bold and so true?
Alack-a-day, my heart is weary!
His air was so nobby, his eyes were so blue!
Come back, come back, my own true deary!

O, thy Bobby so true has gone off with a Jew,
Alack-a-day, all hope is over!
He 's a regular "do," and a gambolier, too,
Alack, alack! my faithless lover!

A. R.

THE earliest answers to puzzles in the August number are credited to Fritz Hazel, of Cleveland, O.; Price Collier, of Chicago; Etta Hardy, of "Stony Lonesome"; Hattie A. McLean, of East Boston; "Delta Upsilon," of New Milford, Pa.; and Clarence O. Arey, of Whitewater, Wis.

W. H C, of Langdon, N. H., is the only person who has given the right answer to No. 73, and he has improved upon it, — thus: "Because it is a Salt with intent to kill (with a hint of *tar* and *feathers*)." The answer has in every other case been "A Fowl Murder," which, however, is good enough to be right.

E. E., of Milwaukie, Wis., wishes to know how he can learn to make and stock an *aquarium.* "The Family Aquarium," published by Dick and Fitzgerald, N. Y., gives all necessary information on the subject. Shirley Hibberd's "Book of the Aquarium" (published in London) is a more thorough treatise, but it is more expensive and not so easily obtained.

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THE LITTLE BIRD HUNTER.

DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE, JR.] [See the Sketch.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. VI. OCTOBER, 1870. No. X.

WE GIRLS: A HOME STORY.

CHAPTER X.

RUTH'S RESPONSIBILITY.

THE June days did not make it any better. And the June nights, — well we had to sit in the "front box at the sunset," and think how there would be June after June here for somebody, and we should only have had just two of them out of our whole lives.

Why did not grandfather give us that paper, when he began to? And what could have become of it since? And what if it were found some time, after the dear old place was sold and gone? For it was the "dear old place" already to us, though we had only lived there a year, and though Aunt Roderick did say, in her cold fashion, just as if we could choose about it, that "it was not as if it were really an old homestead; it would n't be so much of a change for us if we made up our minds not to take it in, as if we had always lived there."

Why, we *had* always lived there! That was just the way we had always been trying to spell "home," though we had never got the right letters to do it with before. When exactly the right thing comes to you, it is a thing that has always been. You don't get the very sticks and stones to begin with, maybe; but what they stand for grows up in you, and when you come to it you know it is yours.

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The best things, — the most glorious and wonderful of all, — will be what we shall see to have been "laid up for us from the foundation." Aunt Roderick did not see one bit of how that was with us.

"There is n't a word in the tenth commandment about not coveting your *own* house," Barbara would say, boldly. And we did covet, and we did grieve. And although we did not mean to have "hard thoughts," we felt that Aunt Roderick was hard; and that Uncle Roderick and Uncle John were hatefully matter-of-fact and of-course about the "business." And that paper might be somewhere, yet. We did not believe that Grandfather Holabird had "changed his mind and burned it up." He had not had much mind to change, within those last six months. When he *was* well, and had a mind, we knew what he had meant to do.

If Uncle Roderick and Uncle John had not believed a word of what father told them, they could not have behaved very differently. We half thought, sometimes, that they did not believe it. And very likely they half thought that we were making it appear that they had done something that was not right. And it is the half thoughts that are the hard thoughts. "It is very disagreeable," Aunt Roderick used to say.

Miss Trixie Spring came over and spent days with us, as of old; and when the house looked sweet and pleasant with the shaded summer light, and was full of the gracious summer freshness, she would look round and shake her head, and say, "It 's just as beautiful as it can be. And it 's a dumb shame. Don't tell *me!*"

Uncle Roderick was going to "take in" the old homestead with his share, and that was as much as he cared about; Uncle John was used to nothing but stocks and railway shares, and did not want "encumbrances"; and as to keeping it as estate property and paying rent to the heirs, ourselves included, — nobody wanted that; they would rather have things settled up. There would always be questions of estimates and repairs; it was not best to have things so in a family. Separate accounts as well as short ones, made best friends. We knew they all thought father was unlucky to have to do with in such matters. He would still be the "limited" man of the family. It would take two thirds of his inheritance to pay off those old '57 debts.

So we took our lovely Westover summer days as things we could not have any more of. And when you begin to feel that about anything, it would be a relief to have had the last of it. Nothing lasts always; but we like to have the forever-and-ever feeling, however delusive. A child hates his Sunday clothes, because he knows he cannot put them on again on Monday.

With all our troubles, there was one pleasure in the house, — Arctura. We had made an art-kitchen; now we were making a little poem of a serving-maiden. We did not turn things over to her, and so leave chaos to come again; we only let her help; we let her come in and learn with us the nice and pleasant ways that we had learned. We did not move the kitchen down stairs again; we were determined not to have a kitchen any more.

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Arctura was strong and blithe; she could fetch and carry, make fires, wash dishes, clean knives and brasses, do all that came hardest to us; and could do, in other things, with and for us, what she saw us do. We all worked together till the work was done; then Arctura sat down in the afternoons, just as we did, and read books, or made her clothes. She always looked nice and pretty. She had large dark calico aprons for her work; and little white bib-aprons for table-tending and dress-up; and mother made for her, on the machine, little linen collars and cuffs.

We had a pride in her looks; and she knew it; she learned to work as delicately as we did. When breakfast or dinner was ready, she was as fit to turn round and serve as we were to sit down; she was astonished herself, at ways and results that she fell in with and attained.

"Why, where does the dirt go to?" she would exclaim. "It never gethers anywheres."

"GATHERS, — *anywhere*," Rosamond corrected.

Arctura learned little grammar lessons, and other such things, by the way. She was only "next" below us in our family life; there was no great gulf fixed. We felt that we had at least got hold of the right end of one thread in the social tangle. This, at any rate, had come out of our year at Westover.

"Things seem so easy," the girl would say. "It is just like two times one."

So it was; because we did not jumble in all the Analysis and Compound Proportion of housekeeping right on top of the multiplication table. She would get on by degrees; by and by she would be in evolution and geometrical progression without knowing how she got there. If you want a house, you must build it up, stone by stone, and stroke by stroke; if you want a servant, you, or somebody for you, must *build* one, just the same; they do not spring up and grow, neither can be "knocked together." And I tell you, busy, eager women of this day, wanting great work out of doors, this is just what "we girls," some of us, — and some of the best of us, perhaps, — have got to stay at home awhile and do.

"It is one of the little jobs that has been waiting for a good while to be done," says Barbara; "and Miss Pennington has found out another. 'There may be,' she says, 'need of women for reorganizing town-meetings; I won't undertake to say there is n't; but I 'm *sure* there 's need of them for reorganizing *parlor* meetings. They are getting to be left altogether to the little school-girl "sets." Women who have grown older, and can see through all that nonsense, and have the position and power to break it up, ought to take hold. Don't you think so? Don't you think it is the duty of women of my age and class to see to this thing before it grows any worse?' And I told her, — right up, respectful, — Yes 'm; it wum! Think of her asking me, though!"

Just as things were getting to be so different and so nice on West Hill, it seemed so hard to leave it! Everything reminded us of that.

A beautiful plan came up for Ruth, though, at this time. What with the

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family worries, — which Ruth always had a way of gathering to herself, and hugging up, prickers in, as if so she could keep the nettles from other people's fingers, — and her hard work at her music, she was getting thin. We were all insisting that she must take a vacation this summer, both from teaching and learning; when, all at once, Miss Pennington made up her mind to go to West Point and Lake George, and to take Penelope with her; and she came over and asked Ruth to go too.

"If you don't mind a room alone, dear; I 'm an awful coward to have come of a martial family, and I must have Pen with me nights. I 'm nervous about cars, too; I want two of you to keep up a chatter; I should be miserable company for one, always distracted after the whistles."

Ruth's eyes shone; but she colored up, and her thanks had half a doubt in them. She would tell Auntie; and they would think how it could be.

"What a nice way for you to go!" said Barbara, after Miss Pennington left. "And how nice it will be for you to see Dakie!" At which Ruth colored up again, and only said that "it would certainly be the nicest possible way to go, if she were to go at all."

Barbara meant — or meant to be understood that she meant — that Miss Pennington knew everybody, and belonged among the general officers; Ruth had an instinct that it would only be possible for her to go by an invitation like this from people out of her own family.

"But does n't it seem queer she should choose me, out of us all?" she asked. "Does n't it seem selfish for me to be the one to go?"

"Seem selfish? Who to?" said Barbara, bluntly. "We were n't asked."

"I wish — everybody — knew that," said Ruth.

Making this little transparent speech, Ruth blushed once more. But she went, after all. She said we pushed her out of the nest. She went out into the wide, wonderful world, for the very first time in her life.

This is one of her letters: —

Dear Mother and Girls: — It is perfectly lovely here. I wish you could sit where I do this morning, looking up the still river in the bright light, with the tender purple haze on the far-off hills, and long, low, shady Constitution Island lying so beautiful upon the water on one side, and dark shaggy Cro' Nest looming up on the other. The Parrott guns at the foundry, over on the headland opposite, are trying, — as they are trying almost all the time, — against the face of the high, old, desolate cliff; and the hurtling buzz of the shells keeps a sort of slow, tremendous time-beat on the air.

I think I am almost more interested in Constitution Island than in any other part of the place. I never knew until I came here that it was the home of the Misses Warner; the place where Queechy came from, and Dollars and Cents, and the Wide, Wide World. It seems so strange to think that they sit there and write still, lovely stories, while all this parade and bustle and learning how to fight are going on close beside and about them.

The Cadets are very funny. They will do almost anything for mischief, —

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the frolic of it, I mean. Dakie Thayne tells us very amusing stories. They are just going into camp now; and they have parades and battery-practice every day. They have target-firing at old Cro' Nest, — which has to stand all the firing from the north battery, just around here from the hotel. One day the cadet in charge made a very careful sighting of his piece; made the men train the gun up and down, this way and that, a hair more or a hair less, till they were nearly out of patience; when, lo! just as he had got "a beautiful bead," round came a superintending officer, and took a look too. The bad boy had drawn it full on a poor old black cow! I do not believe he would have really let her be blown up; but Dakie says, — "Well, he rather thinks, — if she would have stood still long enough, — he would have let her be — astonished!"

The walk through the woods, around the cliff, over the river, is beautiful. If only they would n't call it by such a silly name!

We went out to Old Fort Putnam yesterday. I did not know how afraid Miss Pennington could be of a little thing before. I don't know, now, how much of it was fun; for, as Dakie Thayne said, it was agonizingly funny. What must have happened to him after we got back and he left us I cannot imagine; he did n't laugh much there, and it must have been a misery of politeness.

We had been down into the old, ruinous enclosure; had peeped in at the dark, choked-up casemates; and had gone round and come up on the edge of the broken embankment, which we were following along to where it sloped down safely again, — when, just at the very middle and highest and most impossible point, down sat Miss Elizabeth among the stones, and declared she could neither go back nor forward. She had been frightened to death all the way, and now her head was quite gone. "No; nothing should persuade her; she never could get up on her feet again in that dreadful place." She laughed in the midst of it; but she was really frightened, and there she sat; Dakie went to her, and tried to help her up, and lead her on; but she would not be helped. "What would come of it?" "She did n't know; she supposed that was the end of her; *she* could n't do anything." "But, dear Miss Pennington," says Dakie, "are you going to break short off with life, right here, and make a Lady Simon Stylites of yourself?" "For all she knew; she never could get down." I think we must have been there, waiting and coaxing, nearly half an hour, before she began to *hitch* along; for walk she would n't, and she did n't. She had on a black Ernani dress, and a nice silk underskirt; and as she lifted herself along with her hands, hoist after hoist sidewise, of course the thin stuff dragged on the rocks and began to go to pieces. By the time she came to where she could stand, she was a rebus of the Coliseum, — "a noble wreck in ruinous perfection." She just had to tear off the long tatters, and roll them up in a bunch, and fling them over into a hollow, and throw the two or three breadths that were left over her arm, and walk home in her silk petticoat, itself much the sufferer from dust and fray, though we did all we could for her with pocket-handkerchiefs.

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"What *has* happened to Miss Pennington?" said Mrs. General M——, as we came up on the piazza.

"Nothing," said Dakie, quite composed and proper, "only she got tired and sat down; and it was dusty, — that was all." He bowed and went off, without so much as a glance of secret understanding.

"A joke has as many lives as a cat, here," he told Pen and me, afterwards, "and that was *too* good not to keep to ourselves."

Dear little mother and girls, — I have told stories and described describes, and all to crowd out and leave to the last corner *such* a thing that Dakie Thayne wants to do! We got to talking about Westover and last summer, and the pleasant old place, and all; and I could n't help telling him something about the worry. I know I had no business to; and I am afraid I have made a snarl. He says he would like to buy the place! And he wanted to know if Uncle Stephen would n't rent it of him if he did! Just think of it, — that boy! I believe he really means to write to Chicago, to his guardian. Of course it never came into my head when I told him; it would n't at any rate, and I never think of *his* having such a quantity of money. He seems just like — as far as that goes — any other boy. What shall I do? Do you believe he will?

P. S. Saturday morning. I feel better about that Poll Parroting of mine, to-day. I have had another talk with Dakie. I don't believe he will write; now, at any rate. O, girls! this is just the most perfect morning!

Tell Stephen I 've got a *splendid* little idea, on purpose for him and me. Something I can hardly keep to myself till I get home. Dakie Thayne put it into my head. He is just the brightest boy, about everything! I begin to feel in a hurry almost, to come back. I don't think Miss Pennington will go to Lake George, after all. She says she hates to leave the Point, so many of her old friends are here. But Pen and I think she is afraid of the steamers.

Ruth got home a week after this; a little fatter, a little browner, and a little merrier and more talkative than she had ever been before.

Stephen was in a great hurry about the splendid little mysterious idea, of course. Boys never can wait, half so well as girls, for anything.

We were all out on the balcony that night before dusk, as usual. Ruth got up suddenly, and went into the house for something. Stephen went straight in after her. What happened upon that, the rest of us did not know till afterward. But it is a nice little part of the story, — just because there is so precious little of it.

Ruth went round, through the brown room and the hall, to the front door. Stephen found her stooping down, with her face close to the piazza cracks.

"Hollo! what 's the matter? Lost something?"

Ruth lifted up her head. "Hush!"

"Why, how your face shines! What *is* up?"

"It 's the sunset. I mean — that shines. Don't say anything. Our splendid — little — idea, you know. It 's under here."

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"Be dar — never-minded, if mine is!"

"You don't know. Columbus did n't know where his idea was — exactly. Do you remember when Sphinx hid her kittens under here last summer? Brought 'em round, over the wood-pile in the shed, and they never knew their way out till she showed 'em?"

"It *is n't* about kittens!"

"Has n't Old Ma'amselle got some now?"

"Yes; four."

"Could n't you bring up one — or two — to-morrow morning *early*, and make a place and tuck 'em in here, under the step, and put back the sod, and fasten 'em up?"

"What — *for?*" With wild amazement.

"I can't do what I want to, just for an idea. It will make a noise, and I don't feel sure enough. There had better be a kitten. I 'll tell you the rest to-morrow morning." And Ruth was up on her two little feet, and had given Stephen a kiss, and was back into the house, and round again to the balcony, before he could say another word.

Boys like a plan, though; especially a mysterious getting-up-early plan; and if it has cats in it, it is always funny. He made up his mind to be on hand.

Ruth was first, though. She kept her little bolt drawn all night, between her room and that of Barbara and Rose. At five o'clock, she went softly across the passage to Stephen's room, in her little wrapper and knit slippers. "I shall be ready in ten minutes," she whispered, right into his ear, and into his dream.

"Scat!" cried Stephen, starting up bewildered.

And Ruth "scatted."

Down on the front piazza, twenty minutes after, she superintended the tucking in of the kittens, and then told him to bring a mallet and wedge. She had been very particular to have the kittens put under at a precise place, though there was a ready-made hole farther on. The cat babies mewed and sprawled and dragged themselves at feeble length on their miserable little legs, as small blind kittiewinks are given to doing.

"They won't go far," said Ruth. "Now, let 's take this board up."

"What — *for?*" cried Stephen, again.

"To get them out, of course," says Ruth.

"Well, if girls ain't queer! Queerer than cats!"

"Hush!" said Ruth, softly. "I *believe*, — but I don't dare say a word yet, — there 's something there!"

"Of course there is. Two little yowling —"

"Something we all want found, Steve," Ruth whispered, earnestly. "But I don't know. Do hush! Make haste!"

Stephen put down his face to the crack, and took a peep. Rather a long serious peep. When he took his face back again, "I *see* something," he said. "It 's white paper. Kind of white, that is. Do you suppose, Ruth —? My cracky! if you do!"

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"We won't suppose," said Ruth. "We 'll hammer."

Stephen knocked up the end of the board with the mallet, and then he got the wedge under and pried. Ruth pulled. Stephen kept hammering and prying, and Ruth held on to all he gained, until they slipped the wedge along gradually, to where the board was nailed again, to the middle joist or stringer. Then a few more vigorous strokes, and a little smart levering, and the nails loosened, and one good wrench lifted it from the inside timber and they slid it out from under the house-boarding.

Underneath lay a long, folded paper, much covered with drifts of dust, and speckled somewhat with damp. But it was a dry, sandy place, and weather had not badly injured it.

"Stephen, I am sure!" said Ruth, holding Stephen back by the arm. "Don't touch it, though! Let it be, right there. Look at that corner, that lies opened up a little. Is n't that grandfather's writing?"

It lay deep down, and not directly under. They could scarcely have reached it with their hands. Stephen ran into the parlor, and brought out an opera-glass that was upon the table there.

"That 's bright of you, Steve!" cried Ruth.

Through the glass they discerned clearly the handwriting. They read the words, at the upturned corner, — "heirs after him."

"Lay the board back in its place," said Ruth. "It is n't for us to meddle with any more. Take the kittens away." Ruth had turned quite pale.

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Going down to the barn with Stephen, presently, carrying the two kittens in her arms, while he had the mallet and wedge, —

"Stephen," said she, "I 'm going to do something on my own responsibility."

"I should think you had."

"O, that was nothing. I had to do that. I had to make sure before I said anything. But now, — I 'm going to ask Uncle and Aunt Roderick to come over. They ought to be here, you know."

"Why! don't you suppose they will believe, *now?*"

"Stephen Holabird! you 're a bad boy! No; of course it is n't *that.*" Ruth kept right on from the barn, across the field, into the "old place."

Mrs. Roderick Holabird was out in the east piazza, watering her house plants, that stood in a row against the wall. Her cats always had their milk, and her plants their water, before she had her own breakfast. It was a good thing about Mrs. Roderick Holabird, and it was a good time to take her.

"Aunt Roderick," said Ruth, coming up, "I want you and Uncle to come over right after breakfast; or before, if you like; if you please."

It was rather sudden, but for the repeated "ifs."

"*You* want!" said Mrs. Roderick in surprise. "Who sent you?"

"Nobody. Nobody knows but Stephen and me. Something is going to happen." Ruth smiled, as one who has a pleasant astonishment in store. She smiled right up out of her heart-faith in Aunt Roderick and everybody.

"On the whole, I guess you 'd better come right off, — *to* breakfast!" How boldly little Ruth took the responsibility! Mr. and Mrs. Roderick had not been over to our house for at least two months. It had seemed to happen so. Father always went there to attend to the "business." The "papers" were all at grandfather's. All but this one, that the "gale" had taken care of.

Uncle Roderick, hearing the voices, came out into the piazza.

"We want you over at our house," repeated Ruth. "Right off, now; there 's something you ought to see about."

"I don't like mysteries," said Mrs. Roderick, severely covering her curiosity; "especially when children get them up. And it 's no matter about the breakfast, either way. We can walk across, I suppose, Mr. Holabird, and see what it is all about. Kittens, I dare say."

"Yes," said Ruth, laughing out; "it *is* kittens, partly. Or was."

So we saw them, from mother's room window, all coming along down the side-hill path together.

We always went out at the front door to look at the morning. Arctura had set the table, and baked the biscuits; we could breathe a little first breath of life, nowadays, that did not come out of the oven.

Father was in the door-way. Stephen stood, as if he had been put there, over the loose board, that we did not know was loose.

Ruth brought Uncle and Aunt Roderick up the long steps, and so around.

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"Good morning," said father, surprised. "Why, Ruth, what is it?" And he met them right on that very loose board; and Stephen stood stock still, pertinaciously in the way, so that they dodged and blundered about him.

"Yes, Ruth; what is it?" said Mrs. Roderick Holabird.

Then Ruth, after she had got the family solemnly together, began to be struck with the solemnity. Her voice trembled.

"I did n't mean to make a fuss about it; only I knew you would all care, and I wanted, — Stephen and I have found something, mother!" She turned to Mrs. Stephen Holabird, and took her hand, and held it hard.

Stephen stooped down, and drew out the loose board. "Under there," said he; and pointed in.

They could all see the folded paper, with the drifts of dust upon it, just as it had lain for almost a year.

"It has been there ever since the day of the September Gale, father," he said. "The day, you know, that grandfather was here."

"Don't you remember the wind and the papers?" said Ruth. "It was remembering that, that put it into our heads. I never thought of the cracks, and, —" with a little, low, excited laugh, — "the 'total depravity of inanimate things,' till — just a little while ago."

She did not say a word about that bright boy at West Point, now, before them all.

Uncle Roderick reached in with the crook of his cane, and drew forward the packet, and stooped down and lifted it up. He shook off the dust and opened it. He glanced along the lines, and at the signature. Not a single witnessing name. No matter. Uncle Roderick is an honest man. He turned round and held it out to father.

"It is your deed of gift," said he; and then they two shook hands.

"There!" said Ruth, tremulous with gladness. "I knew they would. That was it. That was why. I told you, Stephen!"

"No you did n't," said Stephen. "You never told me anything — but cats."

"Well! I 'm sure I am glad it is all settled," said Mrs. Roderick Holabird, after a pause; "and nobody has any hard thoughts to lay up."

They would not stop to breakfast; they said they would come another time.

But Aunt Roderick, just before she went away, turned round and kissed Ruth. She is a supervising, regulating kind of a woman, and very strict about, — well, other people's — expenditures; but she was glad that the "hard thoughts" were lifted off from her.

"I knew," said Ruth, again, "that we were all good people, and that it must come right."

"Don't tell *me!*" says Miss Trixie, intolerantly. "She could n't help herself."

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

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THE LITTLE BIRD-HUNTER.

"NOW, mother," said Theodore, "I am ready for a big hunt! Just look at my gun, will you!"

It was a "cross-gun," — which in boy language signifies a cross-bow, — with a stock whittled out of pine wood, a bow of hickory, a notch for holding the cord when it was drawn down for a shot, and a wooden button for a trigger to pull it off. The arrow — also of pine — fitted in a groove cut in the upper side of the stock.

"This is what you have been at work at these three days past, is it?" said Mrs. Coburn. "Now what do you expect to shoot?"

"A bear!" said Theodore, stoutly.

"A bear?" laughed his mother.

"Well, a mouse, then. Or a squirrel. But if I see one, I shall *play* it 's a bear. And I shall creep along, creep along, just like an old hunter"; Theodore adjusted his arrow, and drew down the string, and called his dog, and went on tiptoe about the little old kitchen, as if expecting to come suddenly upon a huge shaggy monster behind the rocking-chair, which he imagined to be a mountain ledge or thicket; "then, the minute I see his head, — take aim, — bang!"

"There! you 've done it now!" cried his mother; for the arrow, instead of piercing the bear's head, glanced from an arm of the rocking-chair and hit the face of the clock, — or rather, the glass over the face.

"Never mind; I did n't break it," said Theodore.

"Well, I guess the bears are safe from *your* shots!" laughed his mother, seeing the glass was n't even cracked. "But go out of the house, if you can't shoot straighter than that; I 'm afraid you 'll kill a fly!"

"Come, Hunter!" said Theodore; "we 'll go down to the water, and may be get a crack at a wild goose."

Hunter was a little, short, fat puppy, of no particular breed, although Theodore called him — by a great stretch of the imagination — a setter, when he talked of shooting birds, and a greyhound, when wild beasts were in question. His body was n't much bigger than Mrs. Coburn's round black earthen teapot; and if you could fancy his head and ears the handle, why, then, his queer little stump of a tail bore a comical resemblance to the spout. The "water" was a marshy piece of ground behind the house; and the "wild goose" was — well, a robin or a sparrow.

In straw hat and shirt sleeves, with his trousers rolled up to his knees, and Hunter at his heels looking as if he wondered what his young master was going to do, Theodore went stepping cautiously through the coarse wet grass of the marsh-side, and across the meadow, fancying himself a practised sportsman ready for any game that might appear. Once he shot at a grass-finch that flew up; and again at a swallow that went skimming

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by, so graceful and so swift; then he lost his arrow firing at a blackbird, and was obliged to make another of a splinter from the nearest rail-fence.

At last he approached a sparrow fluttering in great distress of mind about a bush in which she had a nest full of young ones. To divert the hunter's attention from them, she flew away, and hopped along on the ground before him, and finally allowed him to come within a very few feet of her as she sat on a fallen bough.

"Now is my chance!" thought Theodore, as she chirped and fluttered, as if about to fly again. Away went the arrow; but instead of hitting the mother bird, it sailed harmlessly over her head and alighted in the bush where her young ones were hidden. Theodore ran to find it; and there he saw it lying across a twig a few inches above the precious nest.

"Ah! this is what she is making such a fuss about!" said he, as the poor little things, hearing the bush rustle, stretched up their necks and opened their mouths for the expected worm or insect, which the mother was to bring them. "I would n't hurt you for the world, pretty birds! I won't tell Bob Wainwright where this nest is, for he would rob it; and if I see the cat creeping this way, I 'll shoot her! Come away, Hunter! let the mother go back to her nest. She 'll find *I* have n't done it any harm!"

Theodore had another good chance to shoot the old bird, as he went from the spot. He drew his bow, and took aim, and thought, "Now I *could!*" But he did n't. "For *their* sakes, I would n't hurt a feather of you!" said he, watching her as she returned to find her little family all safe in the bush.

That night, when Theodore lay awake in his bed, thinking how he had spared the young birds, and how the mother was at that moment brooding them fondly under her wings, he felt a sweeter thrill of happiness than if he had shot a dozen sparrows.

This was but the beginning of his hunting. In after years he will hunt for other things, — for advantages in life, for fortune and friends and honors; and he will find, perhaps, that the pleasant *hope of finding* is more, after all, than the *possession* of what he seeks. It will be well for him then, if he is always as ready as he is now to desist from sport when he finds that it cannot be pursued without injury to others.

J. T. T.

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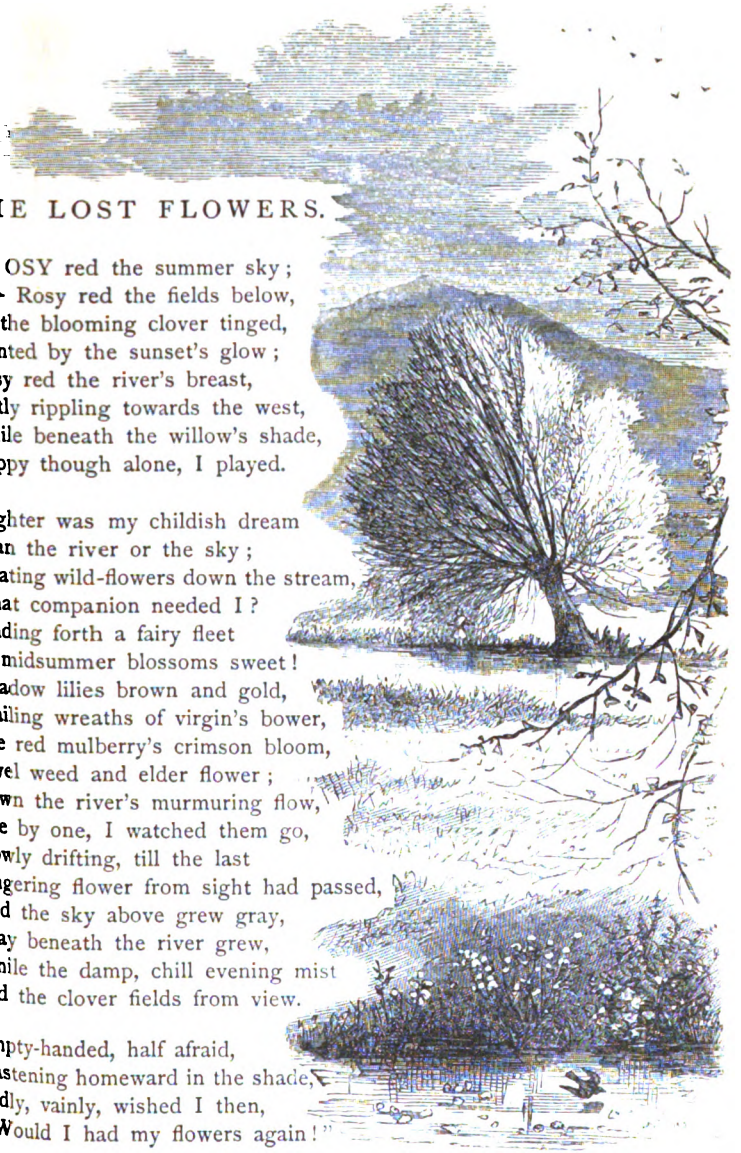

THE LOST FLOWERS.

ROSY red the summer sky;
Rosy red the fields below,
By the blooming clover tinged,
Painted by the sunset's glow;
Rosy red the river's breast,
Softly rippling towards the west,
While beneath the willow's shade,
Happy though alone, I played.

Brighter was my childish dream
Than the river or the sky;
Floating wild-flowers down the stream,
What companion needed I?
Sending forth a fairy fleet
Of midsummer blossoms sweet!
Meadow lilies brown and gold,
Trailing wreaths of virgin's bower,
The red mulberry's crimson bloom,
Jewel weed and elder flower;
Down the river's murmuring flow,
One by one, I watched them go,
Slowly drifting, till the last
Lingering flower from sight had passed,
And the sky above grew gray,
Gray beneath the river grew,
While the damp, chill evening mist
Hid the clover fields from view.

Empty-handed, half afraid,
Hastening homeward in the shade,
Sadly, vainly, wished I then,
"Would I had my flowers again!"

Marian Douglas.

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GOOD GIRLS.

IT is not in battle alone that boys have proved their courage, as I have told you. I now will show you that it is not boys only who can be brave. Some of the boldest acts on record have been performed by women, and not a few of them by very young girls. As these have been commonly deeds of self-sacrifice, those who performed them are oftener spoken of as "good" than as "brave" girls. Yet brave boys and good girls possess the same qualities of gentleness, truthfulness, and unselfishness. Indeed, it is only the good who can be brave; without being true-hearted no one can ever be brave-hearted.

Most readers of the Young Folks probably know the story of Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, who led an army to battle, and gained victories which gave her the control of the kingdom of France, when she was only eighteen years of age. Another warlike woman is well known in history as the Maid of Saragossa. In the year 1808 she lived in the Spanish town of Saragossa when it was besieged by Napoleon's troops. Her lover was a soldier and belonged to the artillerists. One day in a charge of the enemy he was killed, and his gun would have been taken but for her; she rushed forward, followed by a few citizens, and fired the piece in time to drive back the besiegers. There she continued fighting over his dead body during the whole day. In one of the battles of the Revolutionary War Moll Pitcher fought in the same way the gun at which her husband had been killed. The Maid of Saragossa did not end her warlike career with one battle as Moll Pitcher did, but continued to serve as a soldier during the whole siege, which lasted a month and a half. When the war was over she was declared entitled to the pay of an artillery-man for life, and she was given a gold shield of honor, which she long wore on her breast.

You have heard the story of Grace Darling, the lighthouse-keeper's daughter, who in an open boat, in a terrible storm, rescued nine shipwrecked passengers who had been thrown on the dangerous rocks which the lighthouse had warned them of in vain. This daring adventure took place on the 6th of September, 1838. Not very long ago another brave girl, Ida Lewis by name, without aid from any one, rowed from her father's lighthouse in Newport harbor, and rescued two drowning soldiers whose boat had been capsized. The story of this courageous act was told and repeated all over the country, and thousands of persons visited her in her lonely home in the ocean; when one day it was discovered that this modest girl had before saved several other lives, but had never spoken of her brave deeds.

Grace Darling and Ida Lewis are not the only women who have made themselves famous as "life salvors," as those persons who save the lives of shipwrecked persons are called. The first person who ever kept a life-

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boat for the purpose of rescuing people from the sea was a lady. Her name was Anna Gurney, and she lived on the coast of England, — a very dangerous coast, on which hundreds of vessels are wrecked every year. She was instrumental in saving, if I remember rightly, about thirty lives. And yet she was born a cripple, and could not even stand upon her feet. She was, however, very wealthy, owning large tracts of land, on one of which was a whole village of fishermen's cottages. She was very fond of reading and of relating what she read. This taste led her, when very young, to establish in her house a school for the poor children of the village. But Miss Gurney, or the "good Anna" as she was called, was not content to do good only by teaching the young and helping the needy. As she was helpless herself, she thought of a means by which to make others useful in aiding her to do good. She had a life-boat built, strong and buoyant; then she called the fishermen about her and said to them that it was their duty to aid persons in distress, — that when storms arose they must ever be on the watch. To each who went in the life-boat to the rescue of any person she gave a golden guinea; and if any were lost she provided for their families. There were, of course, always plenty of volunteers among the fishermen, not for the sake of the guinea, but because they shared her wish to save life, and they would have been ashamed to refuse after the "good Anna" had called upon them to go. Whenever a storm arose, whether by night or day, Miss Gurney would order her servants to wheel her in her chair, through rain, sleet, or snow, to the boat-house, where she could see and direct the efforts of the fishermen. Her quick eyes were often the first to discover through the darkness the signals of distress sent up by the men at sea. She would order the boat to be launched, and select the crew to go in it. She had fires built on the shore, and beds prepared in her cottage for those whom she hoped to rescue. Whole days and nights would be spent by her in this work, without food or sleep, and her faithful neighbors aided her without a murmur. When rescued sailors or passengers were brought on shore they became her special care, and her house was their home until they were restored to health. This good lady lived to be sixty-three years of age, and though an invalid all the days of her life she was never heard to complain. When she died the whole village where she lived was draped in mourning. One who was at the funeral wrote about it afterwards, that he "never saw so many strong men weeping so bitterly as at Anna Gurney's death."

You would hardly think a poor crippled lady could accomplish so much good; perhaps you will think it not less strange that a child of only nine years of age could display such bravery as I shall tell you of in the following true story of

The Little Old Woman of Nine Years.

George Green, a small farmer, lived in a narrow gorge of the mountains near the little town of Grasmere, England. His family consisted of his wife Sarah and six children, the eldest of whom was little Agnes, aged

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nine, — a quiet, steady, busy little body, whom her mother and the neighbors in the town where she went to school used to call the "little old woman." They had no servants, for they were poor; and no near neighbors, for the mountains were not thickly settled. One day, in the winter of 1807, George and his wife were compelled to go to Langdale Head, a village six miles distant, leaving the five younger children (two of whom were twin babies only a few months old) in the care of Agnes. They had often done this before, knowing how kind and motherly Agnes was; besides, they expected to return before nightfall.

They had set out on their way home, when a heavy, blinding snow began to fall. Little Agnes, watching it, trembled as she thought of her parents. She waited supper for them, but they did not come. She gave the babies their milk and the others their oatmeal porridge, put all but the two eldest boys to bed, and then sat down by the window with them to watch. Midnight came. The white snow heaped itself higher and higher against the cottage door until it could not be opened. At length the two boys became weary; she undressed them and made them kneel down beside her with their heads on her lap and say their prayers aloud. She then put them to bed, carefully covering them up to keep them warm. She was about to return to her lonely seat, when the thought occurred to her that she could do no good by watching, and that if she was to remain long in the cottage she would need all her little strength. So she said her prayers and lay down to rest with the others.

Morning came at last; but the storm still continued, and no father or mother appeared. The wind blew more terribly than before, and the snow almost covered one side of the cottage. The prospect was very dismal for the little ones, but Agnes cheered them as best she could, dressed them, and gave them their breakfast. Her store of food was small, and she began to fear that it would not last through the storm. Fuel, too, was scarce. So she wisely determined to be careful not only of her strength, but also of other things. Like a little old woman as she was, she began by winding up the clock, whose ticking seemed to cheer her. Then she took what milk there was in the house and boiled it to keep it from souring. The porridge was nearly all gone; so she told her brothers they must not eat of it, but save it for the babies. She made cakes of what little flour remained. The stack of peat (which the poor people burn instead of wood) was at the rear of the cottage, against which the snow had not drifted, and with the help of the boys she carried enough into the house to last a week. Then she examined the potato-heap, and dug out enough to last several days. The only cow was under a shed near the cottage, and to milk her the little woman had to climb over snow-drifts deep enough to bury her. The cow had also to be fed. This was a hard task, for the fodder had to be carried through the snow in small bundles, little by little, and it was dark before the work was done.

The second lonely night of the imprisonment was more terrible than the first. Only the babies slept. The wind howled so fiercely, and the snow

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beat against the windows so rudely, that the children thought the demons were trying to enter. The cracks about the door and windows admitted the snow in huge piles, and the children had to sit before the fire to keep it from being blown out. They watched in this way all night and all the next day. They had no heart to talk about their lost parents, and the brave girl cheered the spirits of the younger ones during the whole of the terrible third day by making them repeat their prayers.

During the third night the storm abated, and on the fourth morning the tempest was over. Then the little woman resolved to go to town in search of help. But she knew there was a swollen brook over which there was no bridge, across the only well-beaten path; so she determined to go by a longer route which she knew, but which was obstructed by drifts of snow and high stone walls. Taking the two boys with her, she started by this road. But she soon saw that they were not strong enough for the task; so she sent them back and went on her dangerous way alone. It was almost a miracle that the frail little thing succeeded: guided and sustained, however, by the thought of the little ones she had left behind, she finally reached the town.

Her first question to the people was about her father and mother; next she asked for help for her brothers and sisters. In half an hour sixty strong men were searching the mountains; others hastened to the cottage. The little ones were found huddled together by the fire, waiting patiently for their sister's return. As for the poor father and mother they had hastened homeward through the storm, knowing how lonely their children would be; and the snows had beaten them down and buried them.

Would you care to know what became of the children? Agnes was taken to Miss Wordsworth and her brother, the poet, and to them she told her story. It was published in the papers of the day, and the great, good heart of the public was touched. Money and gifts of all kinds were sent to the children, — Queen Charlotte of England and her daughters sent them costly presents, — and their future was provided for.

The Little Girl and the Wolves.

The incident I am now going to relate occurred over a hundred and fifty years ago, in a mountain district of France much infested with wolves and other wild animals. The little heroine was named Françoise Marie. She was left an orphan at the age of eleven years, with a little brother four years old to care for, and only a small cottage and a little farm to keep them. The cottage she could tend, but the neighbors used to work the fields for her. For three years she "kept house" with her little brother, knitting, sewing, spinning, and cooking for them both, and helping as much as she could towards tilling her little farm.

One cold winter's day, when Françoise was fourteen and her brother was seven years of age, a great hungry wolf with five whelps approached the cottage. They were probably attracted by the smell of some loaves of bread which Françoise was baking. She was bending over the oven with

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her little brother standing by her when they entered the house. She turned and at once attacked them with a heavy stick. She had nearly driven the old wolf off, when she saw one of the young wolves attack her little brother. Françoise turned and struck it a severe blow, and, seizing the child, shut him in a closet. But while she was thus saving him from harm she exposed her own life; the old wolf returned, and seizing her by the throat pushed her to the floor. The other wolves also attacked her, and in a few moments they had torn her to pieces. She had died, but her brother was saved. He remained locked in the closet for some days. There he found plenty to eat, and there he remained until released by some neighbors. He lived to be a very old man, and never failed, when occasion offered, to tell, with many tears, of the good sister who had died in saving him.

The Babes in the Bush.

"Bush" is a name given in Australia to thickly wooded lands. They are composed largely of underbrush, clusters of vines clinging from tree to tree, and not only hiding the pathway, but almost shutting out the light of heaven. In 1864 an English carpenter named Duff lived at a small station near Melbourne, one of the principal cities of Australia. He had three children, a delicate boy named James, aged nine, a stout little daughter named Jane, aged seven, and Frank, only five years old. One Friday morning the three little ones went to the bush to gather broom-brush with which to amuse themselves, but at night they did not return. Their parents were alarmed.

There were no wild beasts to fear in the bush, but to be lost there without food or water was almost as terrible as to be attacked by wolves. A search was at once begun by the father and all his neighbors, but for a whole week they sought in vain. At last some one thought to send for the native blacks, — who are as famous for following a trail as the Indians of this country are, — and one of the best black guides was shown the faint footsteps of the children. He followed this trail, at times halting and going back to reassure himself, at others stopping to tell from the tracks what the children had done. At one place he showed that little Frank had become tired and had fallen down; at another, how the eldest had fallen flat on his face, and how the sister had picked him up and held his head in her lap while little Frank knelt beside him. He even told by the print of James's face left in the earth that he was very thirsty, — that his lips had been dried and shrivelled up with thirst. He at last showed where the children had stopped on their weary walk and knelt down to pray. At last, after a few hours' search in this way, he called the father and neighbors to a clump of broom-brushes, and when all had sadly and noiselessly approached, he pulled the bushes aside and showed the three little figures lying there.

Little Frank was in the middle, as if to be kept warm by the bodies of the others. Jane was nearly naked, and the clothes which she had taken from her own body were carefully spread over the bodies of her two brothers. James, as the guide said, had suffered from thirst; his lips were shriv-

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elled as if they had been burned. The father looked through his tears at them a moment, and then thinking them dead burst into loud lamentations.

Little Frank at once awoke, and springing up ran to his father's arms.

"O papa, why did n't you come before?" he said. "We have been calling for you so long!"

James, too, was aroused, but he was too weak to say anything. Jane was picked up by one of the neighbors. She opened her eyes and said "Cold, cold," and did not speak again for many days. Before she and James had recovered little Frank had told their story. He had not suffered much because he had been given all the food, and had drank the only water which they had found in a "pitcher plant," — a flower which holds rain for days at a time. His little sister's self-denial had saved him, and she became the heroine of the bush. Her story was told in the city; the people were proud of her, and gifts were sent to her from distant England and France.

Prascovia Lopouloff.

When you are some years older you will, without doubt, read a beautiful story written by Sir Walter Scott, called the "Heart of Mid Lothian," and it will interest you now to know that it is founded on the adventures of a young Scotch girl named Helen Walker. She is called in the story Jeanie Deans. Her sister committed crime, and Helen swore to the truth, although she knew her evidence would condemn her sister to death. But after the trial the devoted girl walked from Edinburgh to London on foot to see the Queen and obtain her sister's pardon. You will also possibly read Madame Cottin's story of the "Exiles of Siberia," a tale very like Sir Walter Scott's, and founded on the history of Prascovia Lopouloff. It is an instance of filial devotion rather than sisterly affection, and runs after this fashion. Prascovia was the very delicate child of a captain in the Russian army, who, being under the displeasure of his Emperor, was exiled to Siberia. He lived for twelve years in great poverty in the town of Ischun, endeavoring to obtain his pardon, but all in vain. One night when Prascovia was just fifteen years old, while saying her prayers the thought entered her mind that she would go to the Emperor at St. Petersburg, throw herself at his feet, and ask her father's pardon. She told her parents of her wish, but they laughed at her; every day for three years she asked their leave to go, and finally, when she was eighteen, obtained their reluctant consent. It was a journey of a thousand miles, through a country where snow always covers the ground, and of the severity of whose winters we in this pleasant climate can have but a faint idea. She began her lonely wanderings in September, 1803; they ended in March, 1805, just eighteen months afterwards. She had when she started one silver rouble, worth about seventy-five cents. Think of undertaking a journey on foot of a thousand miles, through the snows of two winters, with only seventy-five cents in money! Yet this brave girl on leaving home refused the gift of fifty kopecks (about eleven cents), offered by two other poor exiles. She did not take their money, but thanked them, and said she would ask the Emperor to pardon them for their kindness.

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On her long journey she often lost her way and had to retrace her steps for many weary miles. She did not know the names of the towns she was to pass through, and could ask only for the road to St. Petersburg, at which people laughed. Once she was caught in a storm which blew down great trees about her, and she was forced to seek shelter in the woods, where she remained all night. On entering a village next day in her wet and muddy clothing she was driven from every door, and had to take refuge in the church. Here one kind-hearted lady found her, ill from exposure, and removed her to her house, where she nursed her for several days. In another place she was refused admission at nearly every door in the village, until an old man carried her to his house. But it was for the purpose of robbing her: he and his wife found only eighty kopecks, or sixteen cents, on her person. The man accused her of secreting the rest of the money he supposed she had, and would have killed her but for his wife. They finally allowed her to go to bed, and she slept until morning. They then dismissed her, blessing her in Russian fashion and wishing her a safe journey. When she was well away from the house she looked for her money, and found that, instead of robbing her of her purse, the woman had in pity put into it forty kopecks more. At another place the village dogs attacked

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her. She ran, expecting to be torn to pieces, but the dogs fell to fighting among themselves and did her no harm. At one time a snow-storm lasted eight days, and she was compelled to wait until it was over. Then the good people with whom she lodged would not let her proceed because travelling was still dangerous. At last a train of sledges going to St. Petersburg passed through the town, and the drivers gave her a ride. But her clothes were not fitted for such travelling, and as she had no money to buy more, the drivers had to lend her portions of their clothing. In Russia men wear what is called a pelisse, though it is not at all like the pelisse American ladies wear. It is a great robe of fur. It was arranged by the good drivers that Prascovia should wear the pelisse of one of them, and that the others should exchange at every mile-post. There was always one, of course, who was without a pelisse, and as he had to run and jump to keep warm, great amusement was created, and thus all were in good humor.

At the town of Ekatarinburg, which you would call "Katherine's town," Prascovia was again detained for weeks by the severe snows, and finally sent forward in a barge up the river Khama. While landing at her destination she was accidentally pushed into the river, full of floating ice, and nearly drowned. She went to a convent near by, and was admitted. There she was taken ill with fever and lay in bed for several months, her life being despaired of. It was winter again before she could set out for St. Petersburg. The abbess of the convent had become interested in her, and sent her on her journey in a covered sleigh, with money and letters to charitable and noble persons. She finally, in February, reached the city which is opposite to St. Petersburg, and was taken to the house of Princess de T——, to whom she had a letter from the abbess. But the river was impassable, and it was many weeks before she could cross to the capital. At length the bridge of boats which had been broken by the ice was repaired, and she crossed with the Princess to the house of Madame de L——, whom the Princess hoped would help Prascovia. But the lady said she feared she could not; she had a relative who was in favor at court, but, unfortunately, they were not friendly, and had not spoken to each other for many years.

It was on Easter Day when this meeting took place. You must know that in Russia Easter is looked on as the great day of peace and love; people meeting salute each other by saying "Christ is risen," and replying "He is risen indeed." Then each kisses the other, gentlemen kissing gentlemen, and strangers kissing strangers as if they were old friends. On this very day, while Prascovia was regretting the enmity between Madame de L—— and her relative, the latter came into the room, saying "Christ is risen," and kissed his relative and the Princess and Prascovia, and became reconciled to Madame de L——. Prascovia's story was told him at once, and the very next day he took her to see the Empress Mary, mother of the Emperor, who gave her three hundred roubles and promised that she should see the Emperor. Two days after she was taken before the Emperor, who listened to her story. Afterwards he examined the decree

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which banished her father, and wrote out his pardon at once. Then he gave Prascovia five thousand roubles, and asked her to name any other favor she desired, promising that it should be granted to so good a daughter. With happy tears in her eyes Prascovia told the Emperor of the two poor exiles who had offered her their fifty kopecs, and begged him to pardon them also. He did so on the spot, and offered to grant still any other favor she might ask. She begged that he would inquire into the hard condition of the exiles in Siberia and make life a little more pleasant to them. This the kind Emperor Alexander promised to do, and many of the miseries of the exiles were abated during his reign.

Thus ended Prascovia's journey. But her life, too, ended nearly with it. She lived long enough to see her parents once more, but the exposure of her journey brought on consumption, and on the 9th of December, 1809, she quietly expired, after having closed her own eyes and arranged her arms on her breast in the form of a cross.

I could tell you numberless other stories of the devotion of young girls to the parents and friends they loved. The world abounds in such instances; and I hope that none who read this will fail to look about them and find out and respect and love the thousands of little heroes and heroines who go through life almost unobserved, yet making it full of beauty and goodness. The world is not all selfishness: there are brave boys and good girls without number to be met every day.

Major Traverse.

HOW TO DO IT.

VI. HOW TO TRAVEL.

FIRST, as to manner. You may travel on foot, on horseback, in a carriage with horses, in a carriage with steam, or in a steamboat or ship; and also in many other ways.

Of these, so far as mere outside circumstance goes, it is probable that the travelling with horses in a canal-boat is the pleasantest of all, granting that there is no crowd of passengers, and that the weather is agreeable. But there are so few parts of the world where this is now practicable, that we need not say much of it. The school-girls of this generation may well long for those old halcyon days of Miss Portia Lesley's School. In that ideal establishment the girls went to Washington to study political economy in the winter. They went to Saratoga in July and August to study the analytical processes of chemistry. There was also a course there on the history of the Revolution. They went to Newport alternate years in the same months, to study the Norse literature and swimming. They went to the White Sulphur Springs and to Bath, to study the history of chivalry as illustrated in the annual tournaments. They went to Paris

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to study French, to Rome to study Latin, to Athens to study Greek. In all parts of the world where they could travel by canals they did so. While on the journeys they studied their arithmetic and other useful matters, which had been passed by at the capitals. And while they were on the canals they washed and ironed their clothes, so as to be ready for the next stopping-place. You can do anything you choose on a canal.

Next to canal travelling, a journey on horseback is the pleasantest. It is feasible for girls as well as boys, if they have proper escort and superintendence. You see the country; you know every leaf and twig; you are tired enough, and not too tired, when the day is done. When you are at the end of each day's journey you find you have, all the way along, been laying up a store of pleasant memories. You have a good appetite for supper, and you sleep in one nap for the nine hours between nine at night and six in the morning.

You might try this, Phillis, — you and Robert. I do not think your little pony would do, but your uncle will lend you Throg for a fortnight. There is nothing your uncle will not do for you, if you ask him the right way. When Robert's next vacation comes, after he has been at home a week, he will be glad enough to start. You had better go now and see your Aunt Fanny about it. She is always up to anything. She and your Uncle John will be only too glad of the excuse to do this thing again. They have not done it since they and I and P. came down through the Dixville Notch all four on a hand gallop, with the rain running in sheets off our waterproofs. Get them to say they will go, and then hold them up to it.

For dress you, Phillis, will want a regular bloomer to use when you are scrambling over the mountains on foot. Indeed, on the White Mountains now the ladies best equipped ride up those steep pulls on men's saddles. For that work this is much the safest. Have a simple skirt to button round your waist while you are riding. It should be of waterproof, — the English is the best. Besides this, have a short waterproof sack with a hood, which you can put on easily if a shower comes. Be careful that it has a hood. Any crevice between the head cover and the back cover which admits air or wet to the neck is misery, if not fatal, in such showers as you are going to ride through.

You want another skirt for the evening, and this and your tooth-brush and linen must be put up tight and snug in two little bags. The old-fashioned saddle-bags will do nicely, if you can find a pair in the garret. The waterproof sack must be in another roll outside.

As for Robert, I shall tell him nothing about his dress. "A true gentleman is always so dressed that he can mount and ride for his life." That was the rule two hundred years ago, and I think it holds true now.

Do not try to ride too much in one day. At the start, in particular, take care that you do not tire your horses or yourselves. For yourselves, very likely ten miles will be enough for the first day. It is not distance you are after, it is the enjoyment of every blade of grass, of every flying bird, of every whiff of air, of every cloud that hangs upon the blue.

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Walking is next best. The difficulty is about baggage and sleeping-places; and then there has been this absurd theory, that girls cannot walk. But they can. School-boys — trying to make immense distances — blister their feet, strain their muscles, get disgusted, borrow money and ride home in the stage. But this is all nonsense. Distance is not the object. Five miles is as good as fifty. On the other hand, while the riding party cannot well be larger than four, the more the merrier on the walking party. It is true, that the fare is sometimes better where there are but few. Any number of boys and girls, if they can coax some older persons to go with them, who can supply sense and direction to the high spirits of the juniors, may undertake such a journey. There are but few rules; beyond them, each party may make its own.

First, never walk before breakfast. If you like, you may make two breakfasts and take a mile or two between. But be sure to eat something before you are on the road.

Second, do not walk much in the middle of the day. It is dusty and hot then; and the landscape has lost its special glory. By ten o'clock you ought to have found some camping-ground for the day; a nice brook running through a grove, — a place to draw or paint or tell stories or read them or write them; a place to make waterfalls and dams, — to sail chips or build boats, — a place to make a fire and a cup of tea for the oldsters. Stay here till four in the afternoon, and then push on in the two or three hours which are left to the sleeping-place agreed upon. Four or five hours on the road is all you want in each day. Even resolute idlers, as it is to be hoped you all are on such occasions, can get eight miles a day out of that, — and that is enough for a true walking party. Remember all along, that you are not running a race with the railway train. If you were you would be beaten certainly; and the less you think you are the better. You are travelling in a method of which the merit is that it is not fast, and that you see every separate detail of the glory of the world. What a fool you are, then, if you tire yourself to death, merely that you may say that you did in ten hours what the locomotive would gladly have finished in one, if by that effort you have lost exactly the enjoyment of nature and society that you started for.

The perfection of undertakings in this line was Mrs. Emerson's famous walking party in the Green Mountains, with the Wadsworth girls. Wadsworth was not their name, — it was the name of her school. She chose eight of the girls when vacation came, and told them they might get leave, if they could, to join her in Brattleborough for this tramp. And she sent her own invitation to the mothers and to as many brothers. Six of the girls came. Clara Ingham was one of them, and she told me all about it. There were six brothers also, and Archie Muldair and his wife, Fanny Muldair's mother. They two "tended out" in a buggy, but did not do much walking. Mr. Emerson was with them, and, quite as a surprise, they had Thurlessen, a nice old Swede, who had served in the army, and had ever since been attached to that school as chore-man. He blacked the girls' shoes, waited

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for them at concert, and sometimes, for a slight bribe, bought almond candy for them in school hours, when they could not possibly live till afternoon without a supply. The girls said that the reason the war lasted so long was that Old Thurlessen was in the army, and that nothing ever went quick when he was in it. I believe there was something in this. Well, Old Thurlessen had a canvas-top wagon, in which he carried five tents, five or six trunks, one or two pieces of kitchen gear, his own self and Will Cucuan.

The girls and boys did not so much as know that Thurlessen was in the party. That had all been kept a solemn secret. They did not know how their trunks were going on, but started on foot in the morning from the hotel, passed up that beautiful village street in Brattleborough, came out through West Dummerston, and so along that lovely West River. It was very easy to find a camp there, and when the sun came to be a little hot, and they had all blown off a little of the steam of the morning, I think they were all glad to come upon Mr. Muldair, sitting in the wagon waiting for them. He explained to them that, if they would cross the fence and go down to the river, they would find his wife had planted herself; and there, sure enough, in a lovely little nook, round which the river swept, with rocks and trees for shade, with shawls to lounge upon, and the water to play with, they spent the day. Of course they made long excursions into the woods and up and down the stream, but here was head-quarters. Hard-boiled eggs from the haversacks, with bread and butter, furnished forth the meal, and Mr. Muldair insisted on toasting some salt-pork over the fire, and teaching the girls to like it sandwiched between crackers. Well, at four o'clock everybody was ready to start again, and was willing to walk briskly. And at six, what should they see but the American flag flying, and Thurlessen's pretty little encampment of his five tents, pitched in a horseshoe form, with his wagon, as a sort of commissary's tent, just outside. Two tents were for the girls, two tents for the boys, and the head-quarters tent for Mr. and Mrs. Emerson. And that night they all learned the luxury and sweetness of sleeping upon beds of hemlock branches. Thurlessen had supper all ready as soon as they were washed and ready for it. And after supper they sat round the fire a little while singing. But before nine o'clock every one of them was asleep.

So they fared up and down through those lovely valleys of the Green Mountains, sending Thurlessen on about ten miles every day, to be ready for them when night came. If it rained, of course they could put in to some of those hospitable Vermont farmers' homes, or one of the inns in the villages. But, on the whole, they had good weather, and boys and girls always hoped that they might sleep out-doors.

These are, however, but the variations and amusements of travel. You and I would find it hard to walk to Liverpool, if that happened to be the expedition in hand or on foot. And in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred you and I will have to adapt ourselves to the methods of travel which the majority have agreed upon.

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But for pleasure travel, in whatever form, much of what has been said already applies. The best party is two, the next best four, the next best one, and the worst three. Beyond four, except in walking parties, all are impossible, unless they be members of one family under the command of a father or mother. Command is essential when you pass four. All the members of the party should have or should make a community of interests. If one draws, all had best draw. If one likes to climb mountains, all had best climb mountains. If one rises early, all had best rise early; and so on. Do not tell me you cannot draw. It is quite time you did. You are your own best teacher. And there is no time or place so fit for learning as when you are sitting under the shade of a high rock on the side of White Face, or looking off into the village street from the piazza of a hotel.

The party once determined on and the route, remember that the old conditions of travel and the new conditions of most travel of to-day are precisely opposite. For in old travel, as on horseback or on foot now, you saw the country while you travelled. Many of your stopping-places were for rest, or because night had fallen, and you could see nothing at night. Under the old system, therefore, an intelligent traveller might keep in motion from day to day, slowly, indeed, but seeing something all the time, and learning what the country was through which he passed by talk with the people. But in the new system, popularly called the improved system, he is shut up with his party and a good many other parties in a tight box with glass windows, and whirled on through dust if it be dusty, or rain if it be rainy, under arrangements which make it impossible to converse with the people of the country, and almost impossible to see what that country is. There is a little conversation with the natives. But it relates mostly to the price of pond-lilies or of crullers or of native diamonds. I once put my head out of a window in Ashland, and, addressing a crowd of boys promiscuously, called "John, John." John stepped forward, as I had felt sure he would, though I had not before had the pleasure of his acquaintance. I asked how his mother was, and how the other children were, and he said they were very well. But he did not say anything else, and as the train started at that moment I was not able to continue the conversation, which was at the best, you see, conducted under difficulties. All this makes it necessary that, in our modern travelling, you select with particular care your places to rest, and, when you have selected them, that you stay in them, at the least one day, that you may rest, and that you may know something of the country you are passing. A man or a strong woman may go from Boston to Chicago in a little more than twenty-five hours. If he be going because he has to, it is best for him to go in that way, because he is out of his misery the sooner. Just so it is better to be beheaded than to be starved to death. But a party going from Boston to Chicago purely on an expedition of pleasure, ought not to advance more than a hundred miles a day, and might well spend twenty hours out of every twenty-four at well-chosen stopping-places on the way. They would avoid all large

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cities, which are for a short stay exactly alike and equally uncomfortable; they would choose pleasant places for rest, and thus when they arrived at Chicago they would have a real fund of happy, pleasant memories.

Applying the same principle to travel in Europe, I am eager to correct a mistake which many of you will be apt to make at the beginning, — hot-blooded young Americans as you are, eager to "put through" what you are at, even though it be the most exquisite of enjoyments, and ignorant as you all are, till you are taught, of the possibilities of happy life before you, if you will only let the luscious pulp of your various bananas lie on your tongue and take all the good of it, instead of bolting it as if it were nauseous medicine. Because you have but little time in Europe, you will be anxious to see all you can. That is quite right. Remember, then, that true wisdom is to stay three days in one place, rather than to spend but one day in each of three. If you insist on one day in Oxford, one in Birmingham, one in Bristol, why then there are three inns or hotels to be hunted up, three packings and unpackings, three sets of letters to be presented, three sets of streets to learn, and, after it is all over, your memories of those three places will be merely of the outside misery of travel. Give up two of them altogether, then. Make yourself at home for the three days in whichever place of the three best pleases you. Sleep till your nine hours are up every night. Breakfast all together. Avail yourselves of your letters of introduction. See things which are to be seen, or persons who are to be known, at the right times. Above all, see twice whatever is worth seeing. Do not forget this rule; — we remember what we see twice. It is that stereoscopic memory of which I told you, or should have told you, once before. We do not remember with anything like the same reality or precision what we have only seen once. It is in some slight appreciation of this great fundamental rule, that you stay three days in any place which you really mean to be acquainted with, that Miss Ferrier lays down her bright rule for a visit, that a visit ought "to consist of three days, — the rest day, the drest day, and the pressed day."

And, lastly, dear friends, — for the most entertaining of discourses on the most fascinating of themes must have a "lastly," — lastly, be sure that you know what you travel for. "Why, we travel to have a good time," says that incorrigible Pauline Ingham, who will talk none but the Yankee language. Dear Pauline, if you go about the world expecting to find that same "good time" of yours ready-made, inspected, branded, stamped, jobbed by the jobbers, retailed by the retailers, and ready for you to buy with your spending-money, you will be sadly mistaken, though you have for spending-money all that united health, high spirits, good nature, and kind heart of yours, and all papa's lessons of forgetting yesterday, leaving to-morrow alone, and living with all your might to-day. It will never do, Pauline, to have to walk up to the innkeeper and say, "Please, we have come for a good time, and where shall we find it?" Take care that you have in reserve one object, I do not care much what it is. Be ready to press plants, or be

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ready to collect minerals. Or be ready to wash in water-colors, I do not care how poor they are. Or, in Europe, be ready to inquire about the libraries, or the baby-nurseries, or the art-collections, or the botanical gardens. Understand in your own mind that there is something you can inquire for and be interested in, though you be dumped out of a car at New Smithville. It may, perhaps, happen that you do not for weeks or months revert to this reserved object of yours. Then happiness may come; for, as you have found out already, I think, *happiness* is something which *happens*, and is not contrived. On this theme you will find an excellent discourse in the beginning of Mr. Freeman Clarke's "Eleven Weeks in Europe."

For directions for the detail of travel, there are none better than those in the beginning of "Rollo in Europe." There is much wisdom in the general directions to travellers in the prefaces to the old editions of Murray. A young American will of course eliminate the purely English necessities from both sides of those equations. There is a good article by Dr. Bellows on the matter in the North American Review. And you yourself, after you have been forty-eight hours in Europe, will feel certain that you can write better directions than all the rest of us can, put together.

And so, my dear young friends, these hints as to "How to Do It" come to an end. The programme of the beginning is finished, and I am to say "Good by." If I have not answered all the nice, intelligent letters which one and another of you have sent me since we began together, it has only been because I thought I could better answer the multitude of such unknown friends in print, than a few in shorter notes of reply. It has been to me a charming thing that so many of you have been tempted to break through the magic circle of the printed pages, and come to closer terms with one who has certainly tried to speak as a friend to all of you. Do we all understand that in talking, in reading, in writing, in going into society, in choosing our books, or in travelling, there is no arbitrary set of rules? The commandments are not carved in stone. We shall do these things rightly if we do them simply and unconsciously, if we are not selfish, if we are willing to profit by other people's experience, and if, as we do them, we can manage to remember that right and wrong depend much more on the spirit than on the manner in which the thing is done. We shall not make many blunders if we live by the four rules they painted on the four walls of the Detroit Club-house.

Do not you know what those were?

1. Look up, and not down.
2. Look forward, and not backward.
3. Look out, and not in.
4. Lend a hand.

Edward E. Hale.

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AUNT NUTTY'S STORY

OF THE SNAIL THAT SET THE WORLD ON FIRE.

IT was a raw, blustering evening in March, when two children approached a small but snug log-cabin, situated in the midst of a little clearing in the pine forest, and under the shelter of a high hill. One was a boy of about ten years of age, the other a girl of about eight; and they had just descended the hill, on the top of which stood the handsome residence of their father, who was a Southern gentleman of fortune. Their path lay partly through the woods, and they had each collected an armful of brush, with which, as they neared the door of the cabin, they rushed forward, both exclaiming: "Come out, Aunt Nutty, and see our brush! Now you will tell us all the stories we like to hear. And give us," added the boy, "the corn you promised us, to parch while you sit by and card your cotton."

"Yes, I will. Come in out de cold," replied Aunt Nutty, a neat old colored woman with a red turban on her head, a white handkerchief pinned round her neck, and a large blue checked apron tied round her waist and covering the skirt of a green linsey dress.

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"Look!" said the girl; "we have brought you dead oak boughs, and sassafras limbs too; the wind blew them down to-day from the old sassafras that the lightning killed last summer."

"Lord, child! de oak will do mighty well, but you know 't is bad luck to bu'n sasfras any way; and den sasfras de lightnin' strike, — high! de lightnin' would be sure to strike you or your house, one. No, put it down, honey; 't will do to hang de clothes on to dry. Bring de oak in, Alice, you and Hubbert, and I will tell you some stories."

"I never saw such a person for signs in my life," said Herbert. "I don't believe *everything* is a sign, Aunt Nutty. Now you won't even let us burn sassafras brush!"

"Never mind, Hubbert, you will b'lieve some of dese times, if you go on talkin' dat way. I done hear people 'fore now say dey don't b'lieve in signs, but I can jus' tell you one thing: I was so too, once, and one day, soon arter I had my fust child, de rooster come in de house and turn he back to me, and crow three times. 'Lord, Nutty!' my old mammy say, 'don't you hear dat? Sure as you born somebody gwine die.' I was jus' like you dem times, and I laugh and say, 'Well, mammy! I dun know who 't will be.' Well, I went to de press to git a mug to drink some coffee in, and I hear a death-watch tick. 'High! what dat?' I say, 'death-watch tickin' in de mug!' and in de time I look round, and see mammy lookin' like she was gwine cry. 'What 's de matter, mammy?' I say. 'I tell you 'bout laughin' when de rooster crow,' she say, 'and now you see what done happen, — de death-watch tick in sompin b'longs to you, and somebody gwine die whar near to you.' 'Dat 's wuss yit,' I say; but I did n't b'lieve nothin', and went on 'dout thinkin' any more about it.

"Well, dat evenin' mammy had gone to de gret house to car' de clean clothes, and I thought de baby was 'sleep, and I 'd run to de spring and fetch some water. I took de pail and went on down, and as I come 'long back I hear de child cryin' mighty loud. 'Lord!' I say, 'dat child done wake: le'm me make haste and git to it 'fore it fall out de cradle.' I run up de hill, and when I git to de door de smoke was so thick I hardly could go in. De cradle was all on fire whar de spark had fly out on de counterpane and de child had nearly stifle. I run in, I did, and throw de water on de child to put de fire out, but when I take it up 't was so bu'nt it did n't live not two hours. 'What I tell you?' mammy say, when she come back and see me wid de child in my lap, and hear what had happen. 'I lay you never will laugh 'gin when you see sign.' 'But O mammy!' I say, 'do sompin for my child!' She take de child and put flour and sweet-oil on it; but did n't do no good, and 'bout sundown it die. I *never* laugh at no sign sence, I set so much store by dat baby."

"How dreadful!" said Alice.

"Ah! dat it was dreadful, miss."

"But now, Aunt Nutty," said Herbert, "please tell us a story, and make it long."

"Git de cricket den, and set here whar de fire won't bu'n you so, and I 'll

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tell you 'bout de snail dat set de world on fire. One cold mornin' in de winter-time de snail say he b'lieve he take a walk through de broom-sage. Well, he start out, and he could n't travel fast noway, and dat de reason, you see, he choose to walk in de broom-sage to keep hisself warm. Jus' 'fore he start he light he pipe, and '*way* he went. So 'bout de time he got little way de wind rise and like to blow de pipe out he mouf. 'Never mind,' he say, 'I 'll jus' knock de ashes out and put de pipe 'way till de wind lay.' So he knock de ashes out in de broom-straw and went on 'gin. Well, he had n't got fur when such a smoke rise he think 't would choke him anyhow, and he could n't see which way it come from. All o' sudden he think to hisself, 'Good gracious! I reckon now dat fire I knock out my pipe done catch in de broom-straw: what I gwine do?—'t will bu'n de whole world up to-day, 't is so dry and windy!' and he trimble like leaf. Well, de smoke rise wuss and wuss, and he hear de fire crackle, and feel de ground 'gin to git hot under him. 'O me!' he say, 'I sertny will be bu'nt up now, 'cause I never will be able to git out de way in de world.' He look round and round, and could n't see no way to git out, till at last, jus' as de fire was gittin' so hot he could n't bar it no longer, he come to a great big rock lyin' in de straw, and he crawl under it in such a hurry dat he hu't he back; but he did n't mind dat, he was so glad to git out de fire; and dar he set waitin' for de fire to go out. But de fire spread and spread till it bu'n up all de world and everybody's house dat dey live in. So all de beasts git together and had meetin' to see what dey could do, and try and find out who set de world on fire. De lion he was king, and had to hear what dey all had to say. Fust, here come de old har', hollerin' and cryin' to tell de lion dat de broom-sage had bu'nt up, and he wife and all he fam'ly in he house; den de bar and de wolf and de squirrel, and all t' other wild varmints, come and tell how all de woods had bu'n up too, and all dey fam'lies in 'em, and how 't want nowhar for none on 'em to live, and dat dey was all turned out in de cold. 'Well, who can it be dat 's done all dis?' de lion say. 'Whar can he done hide? for he sertny must be found and kilt *directly*.' Den de raccoon speak (he mighty cunnin', you know, anyhow!). ''T is but one place I see dat he could be, and dat 's under de big rock in de broom-straw whar de fire fust ketch, 'cause de wind was so high and make de fire bu'n so fast dat he could n't git fur; and if he ain't dar, he must done bu'n up.' Well, de lion say, 'Bull, you is de biggest; you go and see whether he under de rock fust, and come here and let me know.'

"So de bull start out, and he was oneasy anyhow, 'cause he did n't know what 't was dat could set all de world on fire; but he went on, and when he git dar to de rock he knock *bim, bim, bim*. 'O me!' de snail think, 'now dey gwine car' me to de lion and kill me for settin' de world on fire!' and he like to had fit he so skeered; but he reckon he only chance was to put on much showrance as he could, so he draw hisself up in a knot and holler loud as he could, '*Komee de quai!*' to try to make 'em think he was some great big thing dey would be feared on. And sure 'nuf when de bull hear it he raise he tail and run like de old debil was arter him tell he got

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to de lion, and den he tell him soon as he could git breath how some turrible monster was under de rock, and speak wid such awful voice as he never hear in all he life. 'What can it be?' dey all say; 'if it skeer de bull, it must be oncommon bad.' Well, de lion say, 'Send de bar next time, 'cause I s'pose he 'll be strong 'nuf for him anyhow.' (De bar was mighty gumshus.) 'O yes!' he say, 'I 'll go, and I lay *I 'll* see what it is.'

"So 'way he went to de rock, and when he git dar he knock like de bull, *bim, bim, bim.* And de snail holler 'gin, '*Komee de quai!*' When de bar hear him he was right skeered, it sound so onnatral; but he think he 'd try him once more anyway. So he knock 'gin, *bim, bim, bim.* Den de snail think, 'Dis time somebody else done come, and maybe he won't git skeered; and den what *will* I do? But howsomever I 'll try him once more'; so dis time he holler, '*Sydney sum codusay!*' and when de bar hear it he turn round and run back hard as he could go, and tell de lion.

"Den de old har' speak (he was so feared dey 'd send him), 'S'pose we all go together, and den we can all help kill it.' 'No,' de lion say, 'we done try *strength*, now let 's try *cunnin'*; de fox better go and see if he can't fool it to come out.' So de fox start off, and when he git to de rock he never knock, but jus' 'gin to scratch like he was gwine dig up de rock. Den de snail think, 'Well, now I sertny am gone; but I 'll try one more time anyhow'; so he holler out, '*Hollow, mellow, wollow, trombay.*' But de fox ain't run nowhar; he say, 'De king lion send me to ask you please to come dar to see him,' and den he scratch sum more to make b'lieve he 'd turn de rock over anyhow, if he did n't come out. So de snail think if he did n't make he bargain now, dey would find out who he was, and den 't would be too late; so he ask, 'What does king want? My back is hu't, and I can't travel.' 'How big is you?' de fox say. 'Maybe I can tote you.' Den de snail was fooled and think de fox know more 'bout him den he make b'lieve, and he better jus' come out to once; so he say, 'I ain't so big; how big is you?' 'Come out and see,' de fox say. So de snail crawl out, and when he see 't was jus' de fox, and dat he never could have git him out if he had n't come hisself, he was so mad he like to cry, 'cause he 'd thought 't was some great big beast dat could turn de rock over if he did n't come out. And when de fox see him he laugh tell he nearly bust. 'All dis fuss 'bout one little snail! Why, how could you set de world on fire?' 'Take me to de lion den, and I 'll tell you,' de snail say. So de fox pick him up in he paw and hop 'long wid him to de lion, and when he git dar de snail tell him how he had gone to smoke dat mornin', and had dropped de fire out he pipe; and how he never went to do it, and was so sorry and wa'n't never gwine do so no more; and he look so pitiful dat de lion say he would let him off dis time, and all t' others was willin' 'cept de bull and de bar, and dey say he ought to be mashed up for his showrance ('cause dey was mad 'cause he fool 'em). But de lion make de snail promise dat he never would try to smoke tell he got big 'nuf to manage a pipe, and he ain't never done dat yit."

P. C. Hunter.

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AN AMATEUR CONCERT.

'T WAS the first of September, — too early by far
For people who flourish in musical war
Fresh laurels of fame to be winning;
But in Cricket-country, as all the world knows,
Where the gossiping zephyrs each secret disclose,
The season was just now beginning.

And, whether you wandered in daylight or dark,
Across the broad meadow, and through the dim park
Your footsteps at fancy reversing,
By the musical tumult that struck on your ear
You 'd have known that some grand exhibition was near,
And the players their parts were rehearsing.

Perhaps 't were a breach of good faith should I tell
How it happened that, when the occasion befell,
My name was among the invited, —
Yet this I will say, at the court I 've a friend,
A cricket of rank, who, from year's end to end,
Will sing on my hearth unaffrighted.

The *salon* was a maple, wide-spreading and old,
Whose colors of crimson and scarlet and gold
Befitted a king's presentation;
Jack Frost, who, whatever the gossips may say,
Is a kind-hearted fellow, though queer in his way,
Had helped in the stage decoration.

The evening was cloudless, the winds were at rest,
And the moon, in her garments of radiance drest,
Walked royally on through the ether;
No gas-jets were needed to lighten the place,
One glance of her eye and one smile of her face
Illumined the whole earth beneath her.

The Owls in the thicket were shouting the hour,
While the audience poured through the doors of the bower,
Athrill with profound expectation;
The Capricorn-Beetles, as ushers enrolled,
Bowed to left and to right, in their velvet and gold,
At peril of neck dislocation.

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The Grasshopper family came in a crowd,
The Locusts, too, saying, though not very loud,
That they wished the night had been warmer.
Mrs. Katydid laughed as she thought how her son,
Who that morning his sixth and last skin had put on,
Would outshine every other performer.

Mrs. Mole-cricket shaded her face from the light,
And whispered her neighbor to see what a fright
Was that fur-enwrapped Miss Caterpillar!
Such fruitless attempts to look courtly and wise,
Such turning and twisting a dozen small eyes,
Did always with weariness fill her!

The helmeted Beetles in armor sat down,
And one old Scarabæan, wearing the crown
Of triumphs and dignities many,
Having slept with a leaf for his hammock all day,
Now rapped on a twig in an arrogant way,
With the knobs of his sturdy antennæ.

But suddenly rises a tempest of cheers!
Mr. Tree-Frog, the music-director, appears,
Followed close by his train of musicians;
One moment they pause at the welcome, and now,
In the arching recess of a clustering bough,
Low-bending assume their positions.

Ah! what shall I say of the overture grand,
Whose sound, like the touch of a conjurer's wand,
Held its hearers all breathless with wonder?
Piped Locusts and Crickets and Grasshoppers all,
While the deep monotone of the near waterfall
Pealed out like an organ's low thunder!

A magical solo next ravished all ears, —
By Cicada, who now, after seventeen years,
Had returned to her own native dingle.
A House-cricket followed, of talent and worth, —
The same, it was whispered, who sang on the hearth
Of Carrier John Peerybingle.

His notes had scarce died on the rapturous air,
When the manager-cricket arose to declare
That a famous artiste, Senor Grillo,*

Grillo: Spanish name of a species of locust which people of fashion sometimes confine in cages for the sake of their music.

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An exile but lately escaped out of Spain,
Who had pined for long months under servitude's chain,
    Would play on the violoncello.

Senor Grillo arose, and at sight of his face
A tremor of sympathy ran through the place, —
    So distinguished and so melancholy!
But the burning emotion no words can disclose,
Which warmed the chill blood at the tale of his woes, —
    To attempt a description were folly.

"Ah! golden the bars of my prison!" he sung,
"But the bands of a slave o'er my spirit were flung!
    Sweet, sweet were the viands they brought me,
But I longed for a leaf of my dear native tree,
The dewdrop I quaffed in my wanderings free,
    Ere the hand of my conqueror sought me!"

Young Katydid, called for, replied with a will,
And his castanets plied with such marvellous skill,
    He had near set his listeners all dancing,
For thus, in the hearts both of crickets and men,
Is sorrow supplanted by gladness again,
    At bidding of music entrancing.

Strain vying with strain, thus the hours fled away,
Till the grand, final chorus at dawn of the day
    With the bugle of chanticleer blended;
The clamor and tumult subsided in rest,
I sought my late pillow, each insect its nest,
    And the concert of crickets was ended.

Mary A. P. Humphrey.

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WIDE AWAKE.

DA, da, da! Don't sing "Bylo" any more. Nor rock harder. Nor tuck in the blankets. Nor cover my eyes up. Nor pat. Nor sh— me. It really makes me laugh. For I 'm awake! Wide awake! Shut up peepers? Put my little headdy down? Not a bit. Go to s'eepy? No, I 'm going to waky. I am awaky. I see you. I see red curtains, see pictures, see great doggy.

Have n't had my nap out? When would it be out? I should like to know that. Yes, I should like to know when a baby's nap would be out! Have n't you swept, and watered your plants, and made the bed, and seen to dinner, and taken out your crimps, and more? Pudding? Yes, now you want to make the pudding, and then the salad, and then the Washington pie, and then run out a minute. I know. Don't tell me. A baby's nap is never out, never, never, so long as anything is to be done.

But I am awake, and I 'm coming out of this right off. Drink not ready? Why not? I ask why not, when you knew 't would be called for? But, no, that must be left. And when you see my eyes wide open, and me pulling myself up with my two hands, you not offering to help, then you call out "Get baby's drink ready!" Who knows but the fire is out! Or the bottle stopper lost!

But 't is plain enough. You thought I 'd sleep all day. Yes, you 'd like that! You would n't? O, I know, I know! Don't you always say, "Too bad baby 's waked up?" Why don't you get some other kind? Get a rag baby, or gutta percha, or a wooden one, with its eyes screwed down, or that don't have any! Swap me off. I 'm willing. I 'd rather, than to be in the way. Or else I 'll lay my little headdy down and go to seepy and never, never, open eyes again. You 'd be sorry? Then why don't you take me?

There. That 's it. Da, da, da! Now laugh! Look glad! I like that. Kiss me. Hug hard. Call me lovey dovey. Call me precious. Call me honey sweet. Trot me. Cuddle me. Tell "Little Boy Blue!" Sing a pretty song!

Will I walk a little? O yes, and glad to. I 've crept long enough. Stand me up against the wall. Now smooth down the carpet. Now take things out of the way. Now hold up something pretty, and I 'll walk to it. Your thimble? No, you 'll cheat. You won't let me have it. Not the rattle. I 'm too big for that, I hope! String of spools? No, I 've done with those. Fruit knife? Well, yes, I 'll come for the fruit knife. Now, one, two, three, four steps up to mother. Da, da! Kiss, kiss, kiss! Sweet as sugary candy!

Now will I sit on the floor and have all the pretty things? Yes, but bring them all. Blocks, soldiers, ninepins, Noah's ark, Dinah, and jumping-jack, and hammer, and clothes-brush, and pans, and porringers, — everything, I want everything.

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O, I 'm left alone! Why did n't she shake a dey dey, so I could cry? I don't want these any more. I 'd rather get up. I 'll creep to something and get up. Creep, creep, creep. I 'll get up by this. What is this funny thing, so soft and so warm? Now I 'll pull up. Now I 'm almost up. O, it moves! It growls! 'T is slipping out! 'T is going off! Down I come again! O, wo, wo, wa, wa, wo, wa! Why don't somebody hear me cry?

Away I go, creep, creep, creep, to the rocking-chair. Now pull up by this. Up, up, up. Most up. Way up. Da, da, da! But it shakes! Oh! Oh! Down I come again! O, wo, wa, wo, wa, wo, wa! Why don't somebody come?

Creep, creep, creep. What is this so tall, and so black, and so shining? O, this will do. Let me catch hold. Now pull. But it bends. It won't hold up. O, 't is nothing but a rubber boot. Away I roll over! O, wa, wa, wa, wo, wa! Why don't somebody come? O, where have I rolled? Where is this? How dark it is! I 've rolled under the table. Let me get out. Creep, creep, creep. Ha! There 's something! The table-cloth! I 'll pull up by this.

But I don't go up. It 's coming down. O my head! What 's dropping down? Work-basket, dominos, glass tumbler, scissors, pincushion, knitting-work, hooks and eyes, buttons. O, here 's the fun! Now I 'll get pins! Now I 'll pull the needles out! Now I 'll put things in my mouth! Da, da, da!

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

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CURIOUS CLOCKS.

THE first instrument used for noting the hours was probably the sun-dial, which,

> "Mute with his pencil of iron,
> Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the time and its changes."

But some means of reckoning time was needed when the sky was overcast. To meet this want the clepsydra was invented. It consisted of a vessel containing water, which dripped slowly through a small orifice, while a float in the vessel receiving it indicated by its height the lapse of time. The sand-glass, still used for many purposes, was also an ancient invention. The word *horologium* was in use among the ancients, and it would naturally be supposed that they possessed instruments similar to our timepieces; but the exact date of the invention of clocks is unknown. By some they are supposed to have originated with the monks; but as the Saracens are known to have had them in the eleventh century, it is much more probable that they were introduced into European monasteries by the Crusaders.

Alfred the Great contrived a candle-clock, which was formed of six candles, each divided by pins into twelve inches; these being lighted successively, burned four hours each at the rate of an inch for every twenty minutes. Thus the six candles lasted twenty-four hours. To prevent unequal combustion, caused by currents of air, the ingenious king surrounded his candle-clock with lanterns of thinly shaved horn, by which means the lights were made to burn steadily and regularly. Readers of romance will recall the scene in "The Betrothed," in which as the candles were consumed the brass pins fell one by one into the basin beneath.

But all these contrivances fell far short of the desired object, and the utmost skill of man was for ages directed toward obtaining a more satisfactory clock.

The regular motions observed in Nature became so associated with Time, that when the first machines were made for measuring and recording it, it was natural to indicate by them the changes of the moon, the ebb and flow of tides, and various astronomical revolutions. Thus some curiously complicated clocks were produced. Among the inventions of the eighteenth century was the astronomical clock of Hahn of Wurtemberg, which is described as "measuring time in its whole extent. The principal hand indicates the most important incidents in history, and the leading events of future ages, according to the Apocalypse; its revolution embracing a period of nearly eight thousand years. Another hand marks the century, completing its circuit in a hundred years. The motions of the planets known at the time of the inventor are represented; they and their satellites perform their revolutions in exactly the same time as they do in the heavens. They have not only a central motion, but their course is also eccentric and elliptical, like that of the celestial bodies, their motion being sometimes slower, sometimes accelerated, and even retrograde."

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We know not at what period bells were added to clocks, and man displayed his wisdom in giving them a tongue. A gourmand mentioned by Petronius placed a trumpeter in his dining-room near the clepsydra to announce the hours. And in an account of the customs of the Cistercian monks in 1120 the striking of a clock is referred to.

As the result of much skill and ingenuity automata were attached to clocks at quite an early period, and they were frequently ornamented with rich jewels and set with costly gems. In 809 Haroun al Raschid presented a clock to Charlemagne, in which were twelve doors that opened successively at each hour, and continued open until noon, when twelve knights on horseback issued forth, paraded around the dial, and disappeared within the doors, which closed after them. The Emperor Saladin gave Frederick the Second a clock which marked not only the hours, but also the course of the sun, moon, and planets. Some years ago the Emperor of China received from the East India Company a clock in the form of a chariot, in which was seated a lady; upon her finger was a bird set with diamonds and rubies with its wings expanded, as if about to take flight, and which fluttered for some time when a certain diamond button was touched. The body of the bird, which contained the machinery by which it was moved, measured about the sixteenth part of an inch. Over the lady's head were two umbrellas, under the larger of which a bell was placed at some distance from the clock, and apparently having no connection with it, but from which communication was secretly conveyed to a hammer that regularly struck the hour. At her feet was a gold dog, before which were two birds on spiral springs, having their wings and feathers set with stones of various colors. They appeared to be flying with the chariot, which by a hidden motion was made to run in any direction, — a boy stationed at the back seeming to push it forward. Above the umbrellas were flowers and ornaments of precious stones terminating in a flying dragon set in the same manner; the whole was of gold curiously wrought and embellished with rubies and pearls.

In the Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg there is a watch about the size of an egg. Within is represented the Redeemer's tomb, with a stone at the entrance and the sentinels on duty. While a spectator is admiring this curious piece of mechanism, the stone is suddenly removed, the sentinels drop, the angels appear, the women enter the sepulchre, and the same chant is heard which is performed in the Greek church on Easter eve.

In some timepieces the hour is announced by a bird in sweet musical tones; in others dogs bark and cocks crow; in fact, almost every sound is imitated by these wonderful automata.

Droz, a mechanic of Geneva, produced an instrument which excelled all others in ingenuity. On it were seated a negro, a shepherd, and a dog. When the clock struck the shepherd played six tunes on his flute, and the dog approached and fawned upon him. This wonderful machine was exhibited to the king of Spain, who was greatly delighted with it.

"The gentleness of my dog," said Droz, "is his least merit. If your

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Majesty touch one of the apples which you see in the shepherd's basket, you will admire the animal's fidelity." The king took an apple, and the dog flew at his hand, barking so loud that the king's dog, which was in the same room, began to bark also. At this the courtiers, not doubting that it was an affair of witchcraft, hastily left the room, crossing themselves as they departed. Having desired the minister of marine (the only one who ventured to remain) to ask the negro what o'clock it was, the minister did so, but obtained no reply. Droz then observed that the negro had not yet learned Spanish, upon which the question was repeated in French, when the black immediately answered him. At this new prodigy the firmness of the minister also forsook him, and he retreated precipitately, declaring that it must be the work of a supernatural being. It is probable that in the performance of these tricks Droz touched certain springs in the mechanism, although this is not mentioned in any of the accounts of his clock.

The largest clock in the world is that of the cathedral in Strasbourg. It is a hundred feet high, thirty wide, and fifteen deep. It has also wonderful automata connected with it, and has performed its allotted duties for nearly three hundred years.

We have mentioned but a few of the many remarkable timekeepers which man's skill and ingenuity have manufactured. Many private individuals are clock-fanciers and have interesting collections for their own enjoyment and amusement. As a clock is an almost indispensable article in a house, a great variety are to be met with in our own homes, and some of these are very curious, from the quaint old heirloom and "the varnished clock that clicked behind the door," to the jewelled timepiece that ornaments a lady's boudoir.

How intimately the old family clock is associated with our lives, and how it appears to understand our very thoughts and feelings! It sympathizes with our sorrows by ticking solemnly and slow, and in seasons of festivity and joy how cheerfully and happily its voice falls upon our ear!

"Through days of sorrow and of mirth
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe, —
'Forever — never!
Never — forever!'"

A. R. S.

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READING.

ERE sit you then, Jessie!
And what is your book?
And what the gay picture
That fastens your look?
I cannot guess, Jessie;
Still seems it to me
A lovelier picture
Your raised eyes would see.

The late birds are flying
Through sunshine's soft floods;
Cool shadows are lying
Beside the warm woods;
There are gentians and frost-flowers
In dim dingles hid;
Sleeps beauty the bowers
Of autumn amid.

To sit here and read
On the pleasant old stile
Is a fine thing indeed;
Yet those pages may wile
Your thoughts from a story
More wonderful still,
That hangs a wild glory
Round meadow and hill.

For Nature, dear Jessie,
Has something to say
She will not say over
Again, any day.
And if I were Jessie
My book I would close,
And read the fresh marvels
Her latest page shows.

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Soon angry November
  Will tear the bright leaves, —
The pictures September
  Of fair colors weaves.
Go, con the blue river,
  The torrent, the brook,
Ere winter forever
  Seal up this year's book!

Lucy Larcom.

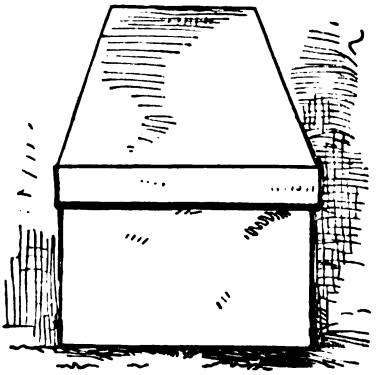
HOW TO DRAW.

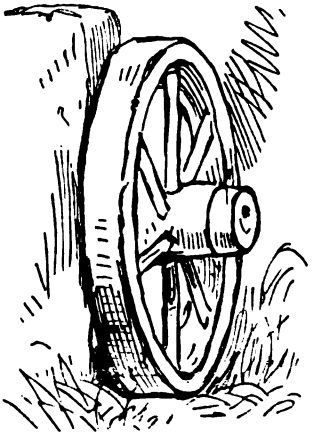
No. IV.

DEAR ALLIE, —

The time has come for you to receive instruction in simple perspective.

First, you are to understand that all objects except spheres alter their appearance if their positions be changed. If we look at a perfectly round ball, it does n't matter whether we hold it above or below the eye, to the right or to the left of it; we shall see that its circular outline is not in any way changed by its change of position. But if we take other objects, tables, chairs, sofas, boxes, books, barrels, wheels, we see at once that their apparent shapes vary from their geometrical shapes (that is, the shapes they have, when they are *square* in front of the eye) when their positions are changed. Thus, the end of a box farthest from the eye seems narrower than the end nearest to the eye, and a wheel going obliquely from us seems to be shaped like an ellipse.





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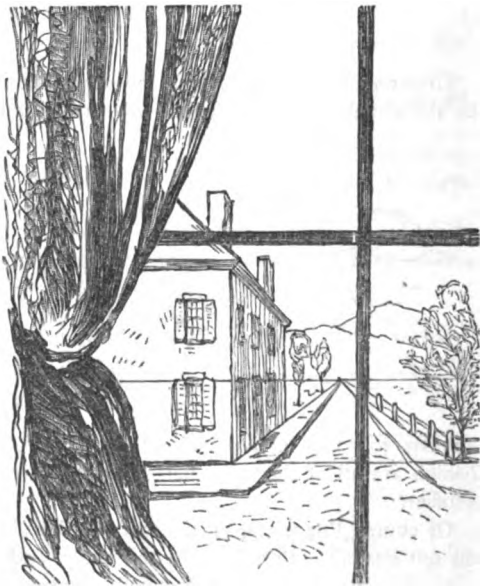
Now, if you move some of the objects around you at home you will see that change of position makes change of appearance.

I will now try to make you acquainted with some of the simple laws of

PERSPECTIVE,

which may be regarded either as a science or as an art. As a science, it investigates the appearances of objects, and the manner in which they affect the eye of the observer, under varying conditions. As an art, it enables us to make representations of visible objects that shall affect the eye in the same manner as the objects themselves would, if viewed from a certain fixed point. I know well, my dear pupil, that many people will tell you that a knowledge of perspective is not necessary to beginners in drawing, but they are wrong. The copying of pictures is the only kind of drawing that can dispense with it. If you wish to learn the art, so that you can draw anything you see, — horse, house, ship, landscape, water view, — *study perspective you must*, carefully and thoroughly.

You have always been in the habit of recognizing only the *actual forms* of the objects around you, and have never paid any attention to the different *appearances* of each object. You see this illustration of a window. Well, it will help you very much to understand perspective; and let me tell you here, that the word is derived from the Latin *per*, through, and *specio*, I see, — I see through. You must always suppose, in perspective drawing, that an upright pane of glass is between you and the object you wish to represent, though your drawing be actually made on paper or some material more suitable than glass.



Now, in looking at an object — a house, for example — through a pane of glass, we do not see its actual form. If we could trace upon the glass what *is* seen, we should only obtain the shape it *seems* to have, that is, we should get a perspective view of the house. The theory of perspective, then, understand, is based upon the well-known fact that objects seldom appear of their real forms and proportions, but change their appearance with every variation of position.

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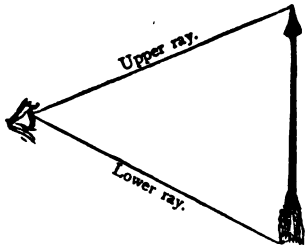
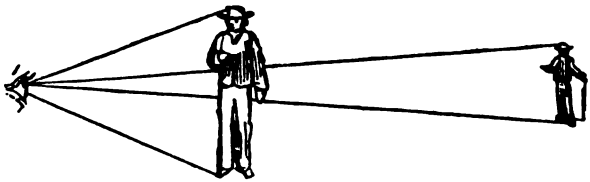
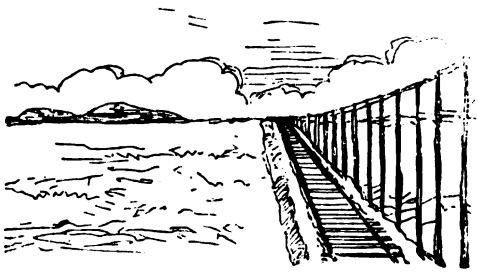


It was shown to you, in my last letter, that objects are rendered visible by means of *rays of light* proceeding in straight lines, in all directions, from every point of visible surfaces. The rays which enter the eye are called visual rays, and the upper and the lower rays, meeting at a point in the eye, form what is called the *visual angle.*

The apparent magnitude (size) of an object is indicated by the visual angle, as you will see by the following illustration.



Here one figure is taller than the other because it is nearer the eye, that is, the visual angle it makes is wider than that made by the distant figure.



So please remember that objects appear to decrease in size as their distance from the eye increases, because their visual angles diminish in that proportion. If we look down a railroad track, we find that (although we know it is the same width throughout its entire length) it appears to come to a point in the distance, and that the telegraph poles (which are all of the same height) seem in like manner to grow shorter and shorter.

Of course this whole matter will be difficult for you to understand. But do not despair. Persevere in the study, and it will soon become clear to you. I here give you a few facts which you should know: —

1. In perspective drawing *one eye* only is supposed to be used.

2. If from every point on an object placed before you RAYS proceeded to the eye, and if a vertical (upright) section of these rays were taken and copied on paper, the result would be a DRAWING *in perspective.*

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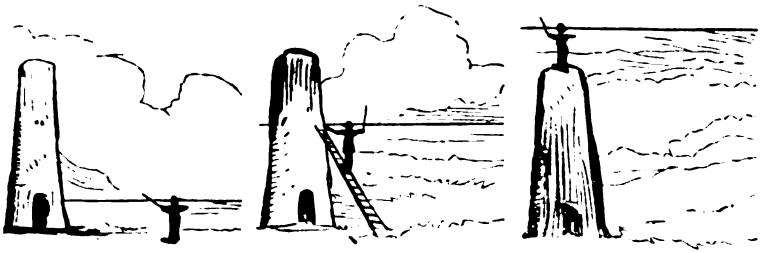
3. When you stand on level ground the sky and the land seem to come together; the line which divides the two is called the "horizontal line," and it is ALWAYS exactly opposite your eye. If you rise up, no matter how high you go, the line will go up also, as you may see by the following illustrations.



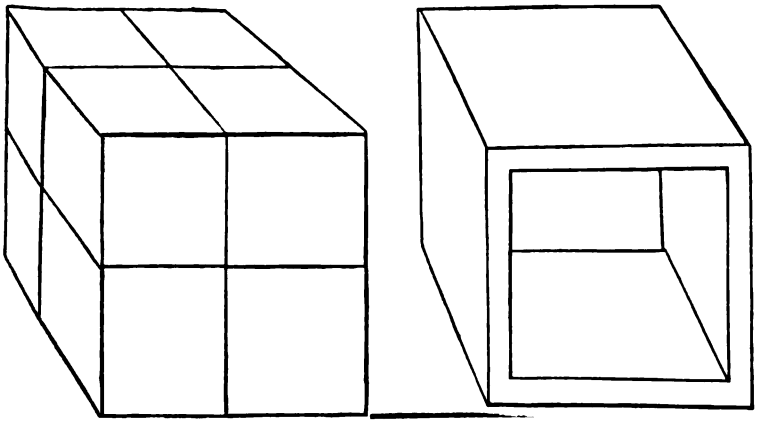
4. All objects seem to diminish in proportion as their distance from the front of the picture, or from the eye, increases.

5. Lines which are *parallel*, that is, equally distant from each other, and level, appear to come to a point on the horizon, when they enter into the picture at even the slightest angle.

6. Lines which are vertical (upright) must *remain so*, no matter how far they go into the picture; they only vary in height.

There, I have said quite enough on this subject, I think, for the present. By and by I will send you a printed book, for beginners in perspective, which you will find very interesting and useful.

And now you may see what you can do with the following studies in outline; the first two are in perspective.



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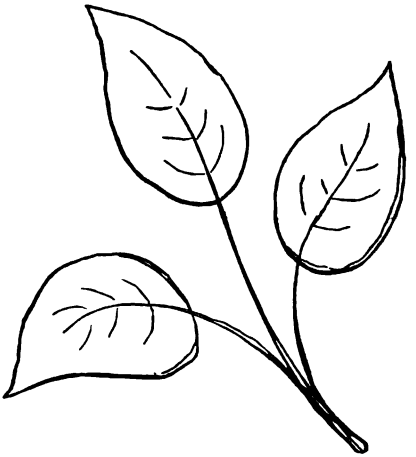

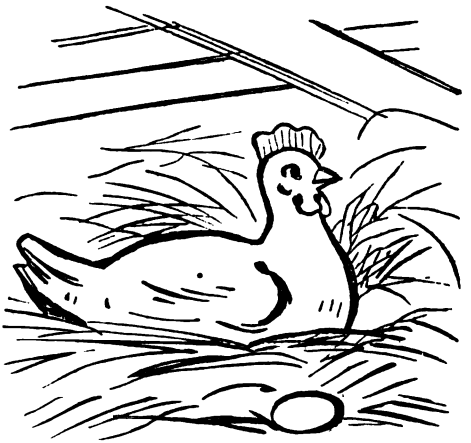

My next letter will show you how to put your objects in complete relief.

Charles A. Barry.

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GUINEA CHILDREN.

ONCE upon a time, when I knew more about Guinea-pigs than I did about Guinea people, I supposed that *Guinea* was the Christian name of those dear little pets. The word was much less attractive when it occurred in my Arithmetic lesson, where it was applied to an English coin which — though it does not say so in the Arithmetic — was so called because it was first made of gold brought from that country. Besides all this, I was forced to know that such a *place* existed somewhere in the world by being repeatedly advised to go there, when I did anything disagreeable or got in the way of older folks. I did go there many years afterward, but not exactly on account of that advice. Do people ever tell *you* to "go to Guinea"? Then, dear reader, come with me, and on the point of this pen we will sail away to the land of the gold, the pigs, and, best of all, the Guinea children.

Imagine me taking my first walk on the shore of Africa. For three months I had seen nothing but sea and sky and a dirty old ship. Now my eyes rested on objects new and strange. I saw palm-trees that looked like great feather-dusters with long handles stuck in the ground. I saw houses huddled together beneath them that were more like enormous pine-apple cheeses, scooped out to the rind, than anything else I can think of. Presently a woman came along the road. You have seen many black people since the war closed, so I need not tell you how she looked, except that she had only two yards of calico wrapped about her, and the rest of her dress was composed of paint and beads. She nodded to me and laughed aloud, for of course my white face and odd hat and dress were novelties in Guinea. I nodded too, and was about to pass on when I saw two little black feet sticking out under her arms, wriggling and jerking like those of a great spider. She saw me gaze at the feet with surprise, and at once turned round that I might see the baby who owned them, sitting very comfortably in a little chair strapped to her back. Fancy a live rubber ball, not the whitish-gray stuff balls are made of nowadays, but the genuine old-fashioned black rubber, with the addition of a little wool and a pair of very active arms and legs, and you behold with me that Guinea baby. But, in truth, you could see very little of either legs or arms except the movement, for they were simply four pegs to hang bracelets and brass rings on. We have all heard of the old woman who had

> Rings on her fingers
> And bells on her toes."

I doubt if she had as many as this baby. I must not forget to say that the rest of its dress was stripes of white paint, which, with the beads and brass rings, so covered its little person that there was not, after all, much black to be seen.

Hardly had I passed this new acquaintance when I found myself in the midst of a crowd of children all scampering in one direction, shouting, hurl-

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ing stones, and pushing one another at a terrible rate, while their fathers and mothers stood at the doors of the houses urging them on. Surely, I thought, a snake or some dangerous beast has frightened the poor children; but looking beyond, to where the stones and shouts and kicks were directed, what do you think I saw? A white chicken! A stranger had come to the village, and, according to custom, all the children in the place had been set to chase that one chicken, which was to serve for the visitor's dinner.

As soon as that excitement was over, the whole crowd rushed after me. A white woman dressed in foreign clothes was more of a curiosity in that Guinea village than was the Chinese mandarins in the streets of Boston. They wondered at my shoes, and would have me take off my glove to see whether it was a part of my skin. The men and women came, too, to look at me, and each one must shake hands or stroke my hair, which they thought very beautiful, — "good to the eyes," as they expressed it. In fact, I never received so much genuine admiration in my life. When the crowd grew tired of looking at me, they began begging me for pins. What, you will ask, did they want of pins? I wondered too, till I saw at every little muddy stream groups of children with strings and bent pins, fishing. You can win a Guinea heart with a pin.

Long after this I learned the history of a Christian native woman teacher, in a school established by missionaries from the United States, who had gained a good education and a knowledge of the true God by means of *a pin*. When a little girl, Kainde was one day playing in the sand with the other children, when a white lady passed. They left their play and ran after her, begging for pins. The good lady gave them each one, and patted Kainde's head. The next day she came again, gave Kainde another pin and a friendly smile. After this the child used to sit at her mother's door and watch for her new friend, at first for the sake of the pins, but after a while for love of the lady. At last she followed this good missionary home and listened while she told her about God; and finally the heathen child was taken into school and grew up a Christian woman. While speaking of pins I wish to tell you about blind Kra and his gift. Kra went to the same school where Kainde had been taught. He could not see, poor fellow! and so he had to make good use of his ears, and learn his lessons by hearing the other children recite. It was the custom on a certain day of each month to bring in gifts for the poor. Each child gave something, — a bundle of fire-wood, a few cassadas, a cocoanut, — indeed, whatever could be obtained. On one of these occasions the teacher walked around the school-room, taking the offerings. When she came to blind Kra, he placed in her hand, with a self-satisfied air, *one pin*. He thought it was a good deal to give, and so it was. To the Guinea boy that pin was as great a treasure as a sled or a jackknife to his American brother; and what boy, however kind-hearted, but would think twice before giving either of these to help the poor?

But to return to the babies. You would laugh, I am sure, if when visiting the sea-shore you should suddenly come upon a baby planted in the sand! One often sees such a sight in Guinea. Mamma must go out to work in

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the morning, and so she digs a hole in the sand near her, stands baby in, then packs down the sand about her much in the way you would set out a rose-bush, baby's legs being the roots. There it amuses itself making sand-pies, and watching its mother till her work is done. At other times you might stumble over the same child lying on the ground in front of the house, round and shining as a piece of well-polished stove-pipe. You can tell from appearances that it has just been stuffed with as much rice and palm-butter as it could hold, and laid out in the sun to take a nap. How would you like, little friend, to be a Guinea baby?

In spite of such hard usage the human stove-pipe grows fat and strong, and before a white baby would think of standing alone will be tumbling head over heels on the beach or swimming like a duck in the water.

Perhaps you will ask, "Do not those poor children have any games or playthings?" No indeed. If you showed them a handsome doll, they would suppose it was a greegree to be worshipped, and would no doubt be much perplexed to find a use for such handsome toys as good Santa Claus puts in the stockings of Yankee boys and girls on Christmas eve. Yet, after all, they enjoy life very much with swimming and fishing and climbing trees. Ah! I have not told you about that. Don't say it is nothing to climb a tree, and that you can beat them there. Would you venture to run up a straight shaft fifty feet high, as Guinea boys do, even to get a fine bunch of cocoa-nuts at the top? They are nimble as monkeys, and on very good terms with those animals, which are found in great numbers in the woods and jungles of Guinea. I should like to tell you about them in their wild state, for they are very different from those trained to perform in scarlet coats to the music of a hand-organ. But it would hardly do, after announcing my theme to be Guinea children, to introduce monkeys. Yet these strange people have more than one tradition to prove that there is a relationship between themselves and the monkey tribe, and the old women who called to see me would often turn away with disgust at sight of my wrinkled-faced pet, exclaiming, "O mammy, me no like him; he look too much like we."

Now I must take leave of you, dear fellow-traveller, for you must be tired with taking so long a voyage, seeing new scenes and faces and customs; but when next somebody bids you "Go to Guinea!" you can tell them you have been there.

B. Hartley.

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OUR YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

HOW BOYS LEARN A THING OR TWO.

DID you ever see a group of little boys playing in the school-room, or perhaps in a drawing-room temporarily vacated by the older folks, all in full romp, — when all at once some unlucky little foot trips up the table, or a mirror is smashed, or down comes the school thermometer, and forthwith every little fellow has taken to his heels, making himself scarce, and in a twinkling the whole group has vanished like a witch party? All quiet enough when the teacher comes in, a moment after, and wonders who could have done the mischief. Not a boy is to be seen; and when called up, they all seem so innocent that it would appear almost an outrage to accuse them. And did you ever wonder how or where the little scamps had learned such duplicity? Rest assured they have picked it up somewhere. Never set it down to natural depravity. Very likely they got it at school. It was one of my first lessons there, and was beaten into me by a process I shall never forget.

Almost everybody remembers the "first day at school"; but I had better reason to remember my *third* day; for, as far as my present recollection goes, I then took my first lesson. The long forenoon had passed, and "intermission" had come, with unknown games and antics by the large boys: large they seemed, though none were over ten. I was still very green, and had retired into a corner of the school-room to look on. Presently a long row of boys began to play "Snap the Whip." The largest stood at the head and did the snapping. By and by the "snapper" flew off right against the teacher's table. Over it went, its load of books and ink-bottles sliding down in a heap; and a long black stream crawled out from under the ruins. Silence fell upon the noisy group. The boys gazed affrightedly at it, and distrustfully at each other. Then came a rush, a sudden stampede, and in a moment I found myself alone, and all was so still I could hear the flies buzzing up under the ceiling. I did n't understand it at all; but seeing the coast clear, I came out of my corner and stood curiously gazing at the disaster. Just then the teacher came in. She was a tall, heavy-handed young woman, selected, I fancy, more for her ability to govern than for her capacity to instruct. She was famous for keeping a sort of "pin-drop" order, very popular in those days with all save the boys. Being the only one on the ground, appearances were certainly against me, and I was immediately seized and arraigned.

"You little rogue!" she cried, with a peremptory shake, "did you do that?"

"O no, no, marm!"

"Well, you do look innocent enough! But who did do it? Tell me, quick!"

"Please, marm, I don't wanter tell."

"You don't? Where 's my ruler?"

"O, don't — don't — don't!"

"Tell me, then."

"O, don't! please don't do it!"

"Tell me, then."

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Many an early Christian is said to have recanted at the stake. I recanted at the ruler, and gave all of the "whip-snappers'" names I knew.

"Now take your seat," said she, ringing the bell at the conclusion of my confession. The school assembled. "Boys, who upset my table?" demanded the mistress. No one answered. She then put the question to them individually. They all denied it. Whereupon, without further ceremony, she called up the boys whose names I had given, and gave them all a thorough "ferruling," — so much for table-tipping and so much for lying, all in one batch. One boy persisted in his denial, and got a double dose for his pertinacity. Before "recess" the crying and aching had died away, and I hoped the worst had passed. Grievous mistake!

"I guess you had better stay in," said the mistress, laying her hand on my head, as I followed the other boys out, past the table.

"O please let me go," I whimpered, "I 'm so tired sitting."

"Well, go if you want to," said she, laughing.

On getting out I found the boys holding an excited inquiry as to how they had been found out. Some thought the mistress really "had eyes in the back of her head," as she had often told them. Others were still incredulous.

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed one; "eyes in the back of her head! That 's all bosh! Somebody 's told"; and looking around and pointing to me, "that 's the feller, — that little white monkey! little sneak! I saw him standing there when we run."

"Sneak!" "Telltale!" echoed on all sides. "Let 's give it to him!" "Let 's go for him!" I was immediately mobbed. In every one of the "ferruled" boys I at once found a kicker and a reviler. Each one paid me out to the amount of his own sufferings. Resistance or prayers were alike in vain. As soon as one had squared his account with me, another took me in hand. Cuffs and kicks fell without mercy.

"O, don't! she made me tell!" I sobbed.

"That 's no excuse!" Whack! whack!

"But she *made* me tell."

"You little fool! That 's no excuse, I tell ye! Why did n't you run when the rest did? Next time you RUN!"

And next time I did run. I never needed to review that lesson. I 've seen boys at college run in the same way, when mischief had been done. I suspect it 's a trick they bring up from the Primary School. And generally what a boy gets from his Primer is the smallest and most insignificant part of what he learns during his first term at school.

C. A. Stephens.

PRIZE ESSAYS.

PURR AND HER KITTENS.

I HAVE been fond of cats as long as I can remember, and they very soon find out that I am their friend.

One day my aunt came to see us with a large basket in her hand, the cover of which was carefully tied down. It was easy to know what was inside, for the angry mews and vain scratches at the sides and cover told me at once — a cat! The basket was opened, after doors and windows were shut, and out sprang a half-grown kitten, which, before I could get a good look at her, dashed under the bookcase and disap-

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peared. She would not come out for any amount of coaxing, and only spit viciously at the broom-handle as it was pushed against her. At last mother proposed that a saucer of milk should be set on the floor to tempt her out, while we kept very quiet in a distant corner. We did so and remained watching. Presently a head was put out, and the body followed little by little, until at last the kitten reached the saucer, and began lapping as if half starved. When her hunger was satisfied she seemed a little less wild, and lay down on the carpet, still, however, keeping a watchful eye toward our corner.

We succeeded in taming her, and she became very fond of me. I thought, and think still, that she was one of the most beautiful cats in the world. Her head and back were striped with black and dark gray, while her breast and feet were pure white. She was so cheerful when she became accustomed to us, and expressed her satisfaction so loudly, that I named her Purr. She came to get into bed with me every morning, and when the doors were shut climbed the horsechestnut-tree before my open window, sprang through it from a bough, and woke me by rubbing herself against my cheek and purring softly in my ear.

But one morning she did not appear until breakfast-time, and as soon as she had finished her milk scampered away toward the barn. I followed to the unused manger, where I found her looking very proud and happy, with three tiny furry balls beside her. I was wild with delight, for they were the first kittens I had ever owned, and I took nearly as much pride in them as their mother did; I visited them at all hours of the day, and dreamed of them all night. Two were black all over, one black with white feet, and a small spot of the same color on its breast.

What was my dismay when I peeped into the manger one morning to find it empty! As I ran toward the house to tell mother, my eyes suddenly fell upon the kittens, crawling around Purr in a corner of the flower-bed. The cat had thought they were old enough to run about, which they had for some time been trying to do in the manger, and had brought them out that they might have room. This was very well while the weather continued fair, but one day it began to rain, and I rushed out to see what my precious kittens would do. Purr was mewing and trying to cover them with her own body, but she could not keep off the rain, and they cried piteously. I took them to their old nest in the barn, but Purr brought them right back to the flower-bed, so at last I put them in my apron, and carried them into the house. When the rain stopped I arranged a large wooden stool in such a way that it would protect them in the next storm. I think the kittens remembered how I had taken them out of the wet, for the next day, and a good many other days, whenever I passed by the flower-bed out they ran and followed me about like three little dogs. I called one "Enterprise," because it was always the foremost; another "Stay-at-Home," because it was the most backward; the one with white feet was "Florence," for my cousin.

One day Purr moved her family again, and took up her abode under the kitchen door-step. When I wanted them I sat down by the hole, calling, "Little pussies!" and out they ran. I loved them very much, with all their cunning tricks; but we were going to the seaside for the summer, and I was obliged to intrust them to a friend, who promised to find homes for them. When we came back in the autumn Purr ran to meet us full of joy at our return, but all the kittens had been disposed of.

I cannot tell you what became of Purr, as she is still alive, a plump and venerable cat.

Alice Stone Blackwell, age 12.

ROSEVILLE, New Jersey.

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HALLY'S FLOWER.

I AM the white violet that grew in Hally's garden; but I am faded now, and so is little Hally. I am pressed in the little Bible, and I tell this to the blue ribbon — it was Hally's ribbon — that is there to mark the place. Here is my story.

One bright day, the day I first opened my eyes, I saw a baby boy, all in his white morning dress, toddling along down the walk by his mamma. (Have you seen Hally's mamma? She is the tall, pale lady that has great brown eyes and wears a black dress.) The baby passed the moss-rose, and the pinks, and the pansies, and the great scarlet dahlia, and came straight to me, then he put down his sweet baby lips and kissed me, and I opened my leaves wider then, I was so glad to be kissed. Then Hally went into the house. After that for three mornings my baby came down the walk and kissed me, but one morning I waited for him in vain. I was getting a little faded then, and I longed to see my baby; but he did not come. That afternoon one of the servants came and plucked me very tenderly and carried me into the house, and into a large, splendid room. On the bed lay my baby, but O how changed! his little face was whiter than the tube-roses that grew at the end of the garden; and his eyes looked so large and so very dark, — what a change a few short hours had wrought! But he smiled when he saw me and put out two tiny hands to grasp me; then he kissed me with his little pale lips, and said lispingly, "My fower, my pitty fower." He held me all that day; but I was fading, and my baby was fading too, fading quickly; for that night two little pale, faded flowers lay on the bed together, but my baby had gone: he was not the faded flower, 't was only the little pale form. The tender white camelia said my baby was singing then, but I could n't hear him, and I wanted him to kiss me, but he could not. The baby's mamma came and took me very gently, and pressed me in her little Bible, and wrote "Hally's Flower" over me. But I am faded now. I wonder if I shall see my baby soon; I wonder if he will kiss me.

The blue ribbon told this to the little girl, and the little girl wrote it down and told it to you.

Annie G. Sheldon, age 12.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

VICTOR.

MY aunt, who keeps a large hotel, has a great black Newfoundland dog named Victor. He will be two years old next month, and is a wise, cunning, darling dog. I thought when he was very little that he was a fright, but he soon looked better. When he could run about, aunt took him into the house, and he was the most ridiculous thing I ever saw. He had a fat, puffy body, a great stumpy head, and unruly clubs of legs, that half the time went different ways. He went racing about in the most headlong way, butting his head against all sorts of things, tripping over his own nose, and slipping flat on the floor. If he was troublesome aunt just set a kitchen chair over him and he did not know enough to crawl out.

But Victor was not without his youthful follies. One day when he was a few months old he ran away, and worse still, when he came home he brought a large bag of clothespins he had stolen from somebody's yard. He was in great glee, and showed them to everybody in the kitchen, but was sorely disappointed when nobody praised him.

Not quite convinced in his dog's mind that he had done wrong, he went away

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again soon after, and stole a carriage-cushion; but when he carried it into the stable, the hostler boxed his ears and took it away; Vic looked foolish, and after due reflection decided that stealing was not his forte.

One day the butcher gave Vic a big bone. He did n't want it a bit, but as it would be impolite to refuse it, he began to hunt a place to hide it. After looking a long time with a very anxious face, he carried it into the parlor and hid it behind the standard of the card-table. Then he could find nothing to cover it, so he went to the wood-box and brought a pine stick, and gnawed it up into fine chips, and spit them out over the bone till he had it covered.

Last summer a poor girl came to the house to work, but was too far gone in consumption to work long, and auntie kept her till she died. Vic knew she was poor and sick, and we all pitied her, and when she was too sick to go about he went to see her every day.

At the funeral he lay by the parlor door while service was read, and when we went to the cemetery he walked solemnly by the bearers, and when we came to the lot he went forward and lay down by the grave.

I got out of the carriage to put some flowers on the coffin, and Victor came to meet me wagging his tail, and watched me with great satisfaction. Every one present noticed his behavior.

Lilian M. Hull, age 14.

BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

SARATOGA.

IN describing Saratoga I will begin with the Springs, for which this place is noted. First, there is the old and far-famed Congress Spring. There every morning during the "season" a crowd of fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen assemble to derive health from the glasses of bubbling, sparkling water, which the "dipping boy" hands them. This spring was the greatest favorite, and had more visitors than any other, until last summer, when the new spring "Hathorn" proved a successful rival. This was the way it was discovered; there had been for years a building on the spot; in the fall of 1868 it was burned, and Mr. Hathorn, proprietor of Congress Hall, bought the land. In clearing away the rubbish after the fire some signs of mineral-water were seen. Mr. Hathorn had the spring tubed, and it now has a large bottling-house, and is very popular. The Columbian is a tonic spring, and is in the same park with the Congress. This park is a large and beautiful one, with numerous shaded avenues, and comfortable seats. The Excelsior is one of ten springs about three fourths of a mile northeast of the village. The High Rock Congress is a peculiar spring on account of a rock through which the water is constantly flowing. The Star and Empire Springs are but a few rods from the High Rock. The Rev. T. C. Cuyler of Brooklyn, who comes here every summer, prefers it to any other. There are many other springs here, but I have mentioned the principal ones.

Now for the hotels. Foremost among them is Congress Hall, commodious and elegant. It has six hundred rooms, and at one time last summer had one thousand and five hundred boarders. Opposite this magnificent building stands the Union Hotel, whose wooden front was last fall torn down, and a handsome brick one erected in its place. It is thought that when the Union is finished it will be larger even than the Congress. Attached to this hotel is a beautiful park, surrounded by cottages which the proprietors rent to visitors.

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On Broadway, south of these hotels, are the Columbian and Clarendon. The Clarendon has been especially patronized by visitors from the "Sunny South." Adjoining and belonging to it is a small garden, and near the centre is the Washington Spring. At the end of the enclosure is a bowling-alley, and one side of it there is a place fenced in that is occupied by a deer, a fawn, two peacocks, and a fox. Every afternoon and evening a brass band play on the front piazza. After examining the Clarendon to our heart's content, suppose that we go back up Broadway, then pass the Union, and come to the American Hotel. This large and handsome edifice is, like the Marvin House, kept open all the year. Dr. Strong's Remedial Institute is in every respect a first-class house, filled with patients in winter and guests in summer. Many distinguished clergymen pass the season there. At the rear of the establishment is a gymnasium, where every morning at nine o'clock some of the boarders go through a routine of exercise. Near Dr. Strong's is Temple Grove. It is a boarding-house in the summer and Young Ladies' Seminary in winter. I have enumerated but a few of the hotels and boarding-houses that are here.

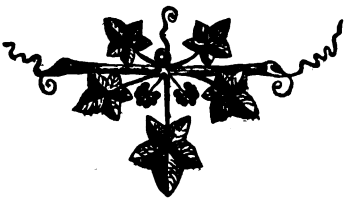
About four miles from this place is Saratoga Lake. It is nine miles long, the greatest width being four miles. There is a beautiful drive to this lake, and on a pleasant afternoon in the season a great many stylish, and some very splendid, equipages may be seen rolling towards it. The fishing there is good both summer and winter, and in the summer a small steamboat is there for pleasure-trips. There are besides numerous row-boats with fishing-tackle and bait-fish, for those who wish them. By the side of this sheet of water is Moon's Lake House, kept to refresh hungry excursionists.

One of the attractions of Saratoga is the Indian encampment. The Indians are here only during the warm months of the year; before winter comes they mysteriously vanish. They belong to a tribe with a very long name, I forget what. These copper-colored people support themselves by making bows and arrows, baskets, fans, pin-cushions, most kinds of bead-work, and by having targets for visitors to practise archery with, at ten shots for a dime. There are, besides, air-gun stands, where one can try his skill at shooting; the "game" being *tin* birds, which are so arranged that after they have been popped over they can be drawn again into position by pulling a cord attached to the stand. Then there is the Circular Railway, which has two hand-cars fitted up nicely with cushions. Each car holds two persons. By paying a shilling one can ride around the track three times, and often there is a race which is very exciting.

There are great horse-races here, that draw a large number of visitors. I forgot to speak of the spouting spring, which was recently discovered; by the force of its gas it throws up mineral-water about twenty feet in the air.

Willie Walcott Fay, age 13.

SARATOGA, N. Y.



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BANDAGE.—AN ACTING CHARADE.

SCENE I.—BAND.

CHARACTERS.

AMY LEE.	*Members of the Band.*
HARRY LEE.	*Guests at the Ball.*

SCENE, *a parlor with groups of children and young people in ball dress, walking about or chatting.* AMY *and* HARRY *advance to the foreground as the curtain rises.*

AMY. Nearly nine o'clock, Harry, and no band.

HARRY. It is too vexatious!

AMY. I am mortified, terribly mortified! Who ever heard before of inviting guests to a *ball*, and not having one note of music?

HARRY. If we were all grown folks it would still be unfashionably early; but I expressly told Signor Scrapanini that it was a children's ball, and he must be here by eight o'clock.

(*Bell rings violently.*)

AMY (*looking off stage*). Ah, here they come!

[The remainder of the scene must be entirely in pantomime, and in the hands of good actors the silent gesticulations can be made intensely funny.

Enter SIGNOR SCRAPANINI, dressed in black; pumps with immense rosettes adorn his feet; he wears a ruffled shirt with a huge pin, a large white neck-tie, a black eye-glass, a very large black mustache (*horsehair*), and carries a baton three feet long. Following him are the boys representing a brass band; all dressed in broad burlesque of foreign musicians. The instruments are made of paper,—a trombone six feet long, and other instruments in proportion. The band go to background, facing the audience, and with much parade prepare to play. The guests form themselves in a quadrille.

The entire figure of a plain quadrille is danced in silence, but with exaggerated bowing and posturing. The band in the mean time go through the postures and gestures of musicians playing vigorously, puffing, blowing, and fingering, while the leader waves his baton, and leads with all the grace and energy at his command.

At the close of the quadrille the leader springs up, and comes down with feet and arms stretched apart; the band give a final blow with cheeks puffed out, the dancers courtesy and bow to the ground, and the curtain falls.]

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SCENE II. — AGE.

CHARACTERS.

GRANDMA, *and her grandchildren*, —

EDWIN.	MARY.	BLANCHE.	WILLIE.
GODFREY.	LOUIS.	SARAH.	LIZZIE.
ANNIE.	LUCY.	TOM.	

SCENE, *a parlor. In the centre a table, spread with gifts. Curtain rises discovering* EDWIN *and* MARY *arranging them upon the table.*

EDWIN. Now, when the cake comes, all will be complete.

MARY. I hope Mr. Snow will ice it exactly as mamma ordered. She told him it was for dear grandma's birthday party, and was a present from all her grandchildren to celebrate the completion of her hundredth year.

EDWIN. What an age!

MARY. Yes indeed. Mamma says few people live to such an age.

EDWIN. But you were telling me how the cake was to be iced!

MARY. It is to have a circle of one hundred flowers round the edge, — a flower for each year, — and in the centre a wreath of evergreen.

(*Enter* WILLIE *and* BLANCHE.)

WILLIE. Good morning, Cousin Mary.

BLANCHE. Good morning, Cousin Edwin. O, how pretty the table looks! I see my foot-warmers there!

WILLIE. And here is my spectacle-case!

(*Enter* GODFREY *and* LOUIS.)

EDWIN. Good morning, Godfrey. Good morning, Louis!

GODFREY. O Mary, the cake is down stairs.

LOUIS. Such a beauty!

GODFREY. Just one hundred flowers in the icing. I counted them!

BLANCHE. I wonder if we shall live to such an age as dear grandma!

GODFREY. How pretty the table looks. I wonder if grandma will see my bouquet of flowers first!

(*Enter* SARAH *and* TOM.)

TOM. How d' ye do?

SARAH. Good morning!

MARY. See our table, Tom. Here is your needle-threader, and Sarah's pin-cushion!

LOUIS. Does grandma know yet, Mary, that we are all to be here to-day?

MARY. Lizzie is with her now, and will dress her and call Edwin to roll her chair, when she is ready to come.

(*Enter* LUCY, *with a sofa-cushion.*)

LUCY. Am I late?

MARY. O no. Annie is not here yet.

LUCY. I came as soon as I finished my cushion.

BLANCHE. What a beauty!

LUCY. See, it is a pattern of a leaf in an oval; and there are just one hundred leaves in the cushion. The lining is made of grandma's wedding-dress.

MARY. Here is a place for it upon the table, Lucy.

(*Enter* ANNIE, *with a rose-bush in a pot.*)

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ANNIE. See my present for grandma. I raised it from a slip cut from the rose-bush under grandpa's library window.

SARAH. And it is a hundred-leaved rose!

ANNIE. Shall I put it on the table, Mary? It is heavy.

MARY. Yes. Put it in the centre, on my lamp-mat.

(*Enter* LIZZIE.)

LIZZIE. Grandma is all ready to come in, Edwin.

EDWIN. Come, Godfrey, you and I will wheel her chair.

[*Exit* EDWIN *and* GODFREY.

MARY. We must form a semicircle. Come.

(*All join hands.* GRANDMA *is wheeled in and* GODFREY *and* EDWIN *join hands with the others to form a ring round* GRANDMA'S *chair.*)

GRANDMA. Good morning, dear children. Have you all come to celebrate my birthday?

ALL. Yes, dear Grandma. We want to make it a pleasant day for you! (*Singing.*)

AIR, — "*Here we go round the barberry-bush.*"

Here we stand round our grandma's chair, —
Our grandma dear, with silvered hair.
We 've come her loving kiss to share
Upon her hundredth birthday.

We bring her gifts, we bring her love,
We wish our gratitude to prove;
We pray for blessing from above,
Upon our loving grandma.

[*Curtain falls.*

SCENE III. — BANDAGE.

CHARACTERS.

DOCTOR AMPUTATION.
BILLY, *the Doctor's boy.*
PADDY O'ROUKE, } *Irish laborers.*
TEDDY O'SULLIVAN, }

SCENE, *a Doctor's office. A large pine table, centre of background. Upon this an immense saw, a carving-knife, and a roll of bandage very wide and very long. Curtain rises, discovering* DR. AMPUTATION *with a pair of spectacles on his nose, reading a large book.* BILLY *stirring something in a great bowl.*

DR. A. Billy!

BILLY. Yes, sir.

DR. A. Is that Mrs. Backache's mixture you 're stirring?

BILLY. No, sir, it 's Mr. Outofjoint's lotion.

DR. A. Oh! (*Silence for a moment.*) Billy!

BILLY. Yes, sir!

DR. A. Did you take Miss Soretoes her pills?

BILLY. Yes, sir.

DR. A. Oh! (*Silence again.*) Billy!

BILLY. Yes, sir.

DR. A. Did you spread a plaster for John Roomatiz?

BILLY. Clean forgot it, sir.

DR. A. Oh! Spread one, Billy. Put on a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, Billy, to make him smart!

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BILLY. 'T would take more than a teaspoonful to make *him* smart.

DR. A. Oh!

(*Bell rings violently.*)

BILLY. There 's the bell. Are you in, sir?

DR. A. I 'm at home, Billy, if it is a patient. (*Exit* BILLY.) Ahem! Oh!

(*Enter* BILLY, *followed by* PADDY, *supporting* TEDDY, *who limps as if hurt.*)

PADDY. Are you the docther?

DR. A. Yes, my good fellow.

TEDDY. O, it 's murthered intirely I am, docther, with a fall from a ladther!

DR. A. Bring a chair, Billy. Sit down, my friend.

TEDDY (*groaning*). O, my leg 's broke! Oh! Oh!

DR. A. Let me see! (*Straightens* TEDDY'S *leg.*) Does that hurt?

TEDDY (*howling*). O, it 's killing me you are!

PADDY. Whist, Teddy. Sure the docther knows what to do.

DR. A. Ahem! A compound fracture! Ahem!

TEDDY. Can't you plasther it up, sir?

DR. A. My good fellow, that leg must come off.

TEDDY. Come off! O docther, it 's funning you are!

DR. A. Not at all. Draw out the table, Billy.

BILLY. Yes, sir. (*Draws table forward.*)

DR. A. Lie down there, and we 'll have it off in a minute.

PADDY. Come, man. (*Helps* TEDDY *to table.*)

TEDDY. O, murther! O, it 's dying I am! O, can't you plasther me up some way, docther?

DR. A. Utterly impossible! Is that knife sharp, Billy?

BILLY. Ground this morning, sir. 'T aint been used since for anything but chopping kindlings for the fire, sir.

TEDDY. O, I 'm a dead man, now!

PADDY. Sure, Teddy, the docther 's the man that 'll fix you up.

DR. A. How 's the saw, Billy?

BILLY. 'T aint been touched, sir, since you used it to mend the woodshed. 'T was in beautiful order then.

DR. A. (*to* PADDY). Hold his arms!

PADDY. Yes, sir. (*Holds* TEDDY'S *arms.*) I 'll do that same.

DR. A. (*to* BILLY). Hold his legs!

BILLY. Yes, sir!

DR. A. Now we 're all ready.

(DR. A. *cuts with the knife and saws with the saw.* TEDDY *groaning and howling all the time, but held down by* BILLY *and* PADDY. *Finally, by sleight of hand, the* DOCTOR *draws out an artificial leg, hidden in* TEDDY'S *trousers, and holds it up.*)

DR. A. A beautiful amputation. Where 's the bandage, Billy?

BILLY. Here, sir.

DR. A. (*unrolling the bandage*). I 'll have you all right, now, in one minute. *Bandages* TEDDY'S *leg, then both legs together, then his arms fast to his sides.*

DR. A. Set him up.

(PADDY *and* BILLY *hold* TEDDY *in a sitting posture. The* DOCTOR *passes the bandage round and round* TEDDY *struggling and yelling till just as his mouth is bandaged up the curtain falls.*)

S. Annie Frost.

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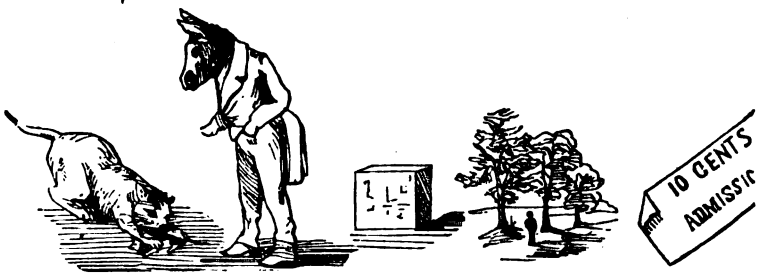
ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 84.



Isabel K.

ENIGMAS.

No. 85.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 7, 11, 6 is different to each of "Our Young Folks."

My 8, 12, 5, 7, 8, 3 is an English city, once the seat of the West Saxon kings.

My 10, 4, 2, 5 was one of the royal colors at the Court of King Ahasuerus.

My 3, 2, 4, 8 is what Napoleon tried to do with Prussia.

My 11, 6, 6, 8, 3 is a web-toed animal.

My 4, 2, 6, 5 is a stringed instrument.

My 9, 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 6, 8 is a game of chance.

My 10, 4, 11, 6 should not be sent to publishers.

My *whole* is a budget most prized by the young,
Though it counts many elders its lovers among;
Warm hearts glean its contents round many a hearth,
And its treasures are spread over all the wide earth.

S. P. F.

No. 86.

I am composed of 67 letters.

My 16, 19, 30, 36, 12, 40, 34, 65, 12, 27, 36, 67, 53 was an illustrious but unfortunate Englishman.

My 57, 50, 45, 46, 53, 13, 20, one of the Muses.

My 42, 26, 51, 50, 6, the goddess of Beauty.

My 13, 22, 45, 61 was a great statesman.

My 24, 66, 60, 60, 62, 6, 8, 48, an English poet.

My 32, 12, 9, 50, 37, 54, a large river in Europe.

My 14, 10, 39, 8, 13, 5, 6, one of the Fates.

My 40, 28, 62, 23, a river famous in mythology.

My 36, 47, 52, 22, 34, 22 was a family famous in history.

My 22, 58, 65, 17, a battle to be remembered in French history.

My 3, 6, 18, 49, 38, 15 was a beautiful Jewess.

My 34, 14, 63, 29, 12, 39, 22, 9, 43 was an unhappy queen.

My 27, 33, 36, 35, 56, 22, 40, the goddess of Revenge.

My 64, 50, 55, 21, 5, 44, a river in America remarkable for beautiful scenery.

My 1, 22, 4, 41, 65, a river famous in song and history.

My 31, 15, 12, 48, 34, 22, 56, 31, 22, 65, 21, 7, a royal prisoner.

My 13, 59, 45, 11, 39, 28, 2, 25, 19, 47, 65, 36, 22, 10, a leader of one of the Crusades.

My whole is an historical event which all Americans should remember.

L.

No. 87.

MATHEMATICAL ENIGMA.

If from my whole two fifths you take,
But one remains behind;
If two and one my whole can make,
Required that whole to find.

E. K. B.

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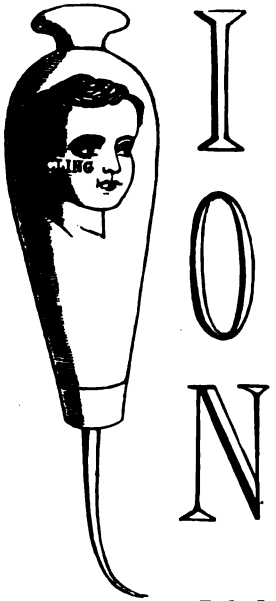
ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 88.



F. O. C.

CHARADE. — No. 89.

My *first* on light fantastic toe
  Essays both jigs and reels,
And, flying o'er the polished floor,
  A charming grace reveals.

My *second* makes our happiness,
  Keeps our best feelings warm,
Softens the thousand ills of life,
  And gives to home its charm.

Among the housewife's plenteous store
  My *third* is always chief;
Brought out when Goodman needs a meal,
  Or beggar seeks relief.

My *whole* is oft the choicest dish
  At the Thanksgiving feast,
Shining conspicuous on the board
  In golden beauty drest.

P.

WORD SQUARE. — No. 90.

1. A flower.
2. A sign.
3. To forward.
4. Terminations.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 91.

Willy Wisp.

ANSWERS.

76. Sonnet.
77. Little pitchers have great ears.
78. 1. Moscow. 2. Pesth. 3. Venice. 4. Madison.
79. Horse.
80. I sigh, thou sighest, he sighs.
[(Eye) (scythe) (house) I S T's (eyes)].
81. Simple Simon.
82.

A	T	L	A	S
T	R	A	C	E
L	A	T	I	N
A	C	I	D	S
S	E	N	S	E

83. Any errors may be pardoned with the thermometer at 90 in the shade.
[(A *nigh* errors) (May) (bee) (pard *on* E D, *with the* thermometer at 90, *in the* shade.)]

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WHO would ever expect to see a Letter Box made a hive for a swarm of busy *b*'s? Opening ours this month the first thing we find is

BURKE BENTON'S BANQUET.

BY B. BEEBEE.

Burke Benton, bearing big baskets, brought bread, beautiful bananas, biscuits by bushels.

"Boys," began Burke, "be busy! Bring butter, buckwheats, baked beans! — buy, beg, borrow! Budge, boys!"

"Breakfast!" bawled Bridget.

"Breakfast be blowed! — better banquet beneath broad basswoods beside babbling brooks!" Burke bellowed back.

Boys, buried beneath big burdens, brought beef, bacon, blackberries, blueberries by bucketfuls. Bernard Barnaby (bald-pate, burly bachelor) bore bursting boxes; besides, bustling Ball Bugbee bought Butcher Blinn's birds; — "big bargain!" boasted Bugbee.

Barefoot Bess began boiling, broiling, baking; Bob Burrage broke boxes; broad-brimmed Benjamin beat both basting Bugbee's birds.

"Beautiful!" Burke bragged. "Begin, banqueters! begin!"

But, behold! bow-backed Billy Bumps bringing bottles.

"Beer!" bubbled bibacious Byron Bent.

"Better be brandy!" blustered blinking, bleary Ben Bixby.

Burke besought both, "Beware!" But both began bibbing bountifully. Bixby bussed barefoot Bess. Barefoot Bess, blushing, boxed, blunderingly, bow-backed Billy Bumps. Billy bounded between Burke's brawny brothers, bawling blackguard ballads. Burke's brothers burst Billy's beer-bottles, beating Billy badly. Benches broke, bull-dogs bow-wowed, Billy blubbered, Byron bit Bixby; barefoot Bess, bidding Burke bring bandages, benevolently bound Billy's broken brow.

"Bad business!" bitterly bewailed Burke Benton, — battered, badly bruised. "Begone, base blockheads! begone!"

Beware, boys, beer-bibbing. Beer begetting booziness, brandy breeding brutality, Burke Benton's bountiful banquet became beautiful bedlam.

W. H. C., Langdon, N. H., throws light upon our "Traveller problem" (in the July Letter Box) thus: —

"Ships crossing the Pacific westward always add a day to their reckoning; returning, they drop one. There must be a dividing line somewhere in that ocean. Further than this I cannot explain, but I hope you will speak of the subject next month."

Well, next month we will throw what light upon it *we* can, if nobody else succeeds in solving the question in the mean time. Several "answers" have already been sent in, but they all hit wide of the mark.

Mabel. — Did you really think such lines as these were "blank verse"?

"Beautiful clouds piled so high;
Against the azure blue of the autumnal skies:
Speak! and tell me ye vast temples
Of everlasting light, if ye
Be angels sporting, in a sea
Of golden sunlight?
Ye do not answer, yet ye
Seem to speak, or try to," etc.

Nay, Mabel, you will have to learn something of the laws of rhythm, and of punctuation too before you can write either blank verse or rhyme.

ALMOST every mail brings us letters like the following from P. B. L., Jr., a lad of eleven years: —

"I received my precious magazine yesterday afternoon, and was n't I glad to see the dear old yellow cover on the counter in the news depot! After the boy had given it to me, I ran nearly all the way home, so anxious was I to read it. Father says he thinks it is the best juvenile magazine published, and he takes great pleasure in reading it himself," etc

Such letters are a great source of gratification to us, as we have said before, and we would not willingly miss one of them. Yet do you not know, dear young friends, that there is a more practical method of showing your good-will to the magazine whose monthly visits are so welcome? If you have a friend, are you satisfied with merely telling him how well you like him, or do you not rather prove your love by doing him some service? Now we will tell you how you may do something for your friend, the magazine.

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In the first place, "Our Young Folks" could never be what it is but for its very large circulation. We, the editors, can bear witness to the ever cheerful readiness with which the publishers pour out their money (and you have no idea what a stream it is!) to make these pages beautiful, entertaining, and instructive to you; yet this could not continue long if there were not a constant stream returning. It is, then, the immense circulation of "Our Young Folks" which enables them and us to make it what it is. We mean to make it better than ever during the coming year; we shall not relax our efforts until every page is bright with pictures or sparkling with entertainment. And we want you all to help us. You can do so in this way: —

Let each person who reads our magazine and likes it, — whether he has written to tell us so or not, — prove his friendship for it by inducing some other person to take it. We believe that nearly every one of our readers could do this with but very little trouble. Give yourselves that trouble; and see how many of you, during the next three months, can add this postscript to your welcome letters: "I have shown my good-will to the magazine by introducing it among my acquaintances, and getting one" — or two, or three, or half a dozen, as the case may be — "to subscribe for it."

A LITTLE girl of our acquaintance — Allie M., of Chelsea, three years old — saw for the first time the other day a person with a black skin. It was an old negro-woman. Allie regarded her with curiosity tempered by awe for a while, then timidly approached, and touched the African hand: then she looked at her own fingers, to see if the black had rubbed off; finally, lifting her eyes wonderingly to the black face, she asked, — "*Did God make you in the dark?*"

THIS cheery letter comes to us from Saratoga: —

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": I have quite recently made your acquaintance, and I am so pleased with you that I want to write you a letter. I am not young, though I *was* young more than a quarter of a century ago: but now the silver threads begin to gleam through "my bonny brown hair." Yet I love young people, and enjoy their society and their sports. It was little Floy that introduced you to me, by bringing several magazines to my sick-room, to "break the monotony and help pass the time more pleasantly." She is a sweet little girl and loves you dearly. You all know that Saratoga is a place frequented by multitudes of people of all ages and sizes, who come for rest and pleasure; and Floy and her mother come each summer to spend a few weeks. Floy makes many friends, she is so kind and unselfish.

Now will you pardon me if I tell you a little about myself? I am an invalid, and my room is in the fourth story of a boarding-house. The proprietor is a physician, and has a good number of patients among his boarders, and I am one of them. My room is my *world*, as I have been confined to it for more than *eleven years*. Sometimes, though seldom, I can take two canes and walk a few steps in the hall just outside my door. That is the extent of my ability to move around. I am obliged to be carried wherever I go, and as that is so painful for me, I am seldom taken from my room. I should love, O *so* much! to ride along some of these beautiful drives, or walk in the lovely parks; but my dear Father knows what is best for me, and I will try to be patient and submissive. He has taken away my parents and all my brothers and sisters, and left me alone, and "yet I am not alone, for the Father is with me." Birds will sing in cages, you know, and I am happy in my little corner of the world. My vision is limited, for the great brick boarding-houses are so near that they shut out the landscape from my view. Yet I have much to enjoy and be thankful for. Kind friends call at my room, often bringing with them some memento of their sympathy. Children come to visit me, too; and I can look out of the window and watch them while they play croquet, which amuses and diverts me much. But it grieves me to see them "cheat," as they often do; for if they do not overcome that sinful trait, they will surely grow up to be dishonest men and women.

I wonder if Sallie M. reads the "Young Folks." If she does, I hope she will learn not to be so selfish, and so determined to have everything her own way. And Harvey M., too, — I hope he will become less mischievous. He does not mean to be a bad boy, but he is careless and thoughtless, knocking the balls with violence against the buildings, and throwing the mallets about, breaking them, and splitting the balls until there are hardly enough left with which to play a game. Last evening, just as one little boy was going to pick up a ball, another struck it a heavy blow with a mallet, bruising the little boy's fingers very badly. Of course he "did n't mean to," but I think boys ought to study to be less harsh in their play.

Well, I have not said much that is interesting; but if you like my letters I will write you again. I am glad you have so instructive and interesting a magazine to read. No need of children growing up ignoramuses when they can have such a feast as you get every month. I am growing weary now, and must stop and rest. So a kind good-by to all who have had the patience to read me through.

Yours affectionately,

Mattie May.

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We are indebted to Miss Ada N—— for this anecdote: At a recent examination of one of the schools in Washington, the question was put to a class of small boys, — "Why is the Connecticut River so called?" — when a bright little fellow put up his hand. "Do you know, James?" "Yes, ma'am; because it connects Vermont and New Hampshire and cuts through Massachusetts!" was the triumphant reply.

"*Empire State*," who has "been one of 'Our Young Folks' from No. 1 to No. 69, and hopes to be a life member" (and thereby shows his good sense), asks this question: —

"Did not Mr. Charles Dickens write 'A Message from the Sea,' which has been attributed to him, although it is not in any edition of his works issued by your publishing house? If he did write it (and I believe the Messrs. Peterson publish it as his), for what reason is it excluded from what Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. advertise as 'The Complete Works of Charles Dickens?'"

"A Message from the Sea" is one of those papers which appeared without name in periodicals edited by Mr. Dickens, and which, if not from his pen, were often written in such close imitation of his style that they readily passed for his. It may be for the interest of one publishing house to reprint it under his name; another is certainly justified in rejecting it, — since even if he did write it (which is very doubtful), he did not choose to acknowledge its authorship.

Mr. Editor, — How does Miss Pearl Eytinge's birthday come so often? The first prize she received was for an essay written when she was only thirteen years of age. The last is for one that shows her to be fifteen. This seems very strange to me; perhaps you can explain it.

Nannie.

Yes, Nannie. Pearl's first essay, "Babies," was written when she was thirteen, but it was not sent in for a prize until she was fourteen, as she told us in a letter at the time.

E. R. C. writes: "In Mr. Hale's articles on 'How to do it,' &c., published in 'Our Young Folks' last year, he says, 'Never use the word *presume*.' Now, in almost every article of Hon. Horace Greeley's the word occurs, as it does very often in Mr. Beecher's writings. Please tell us in the 'Letter Box' which is correct."

What Mr. Hale really said was this (see "O. Y. F." for July, 1869): "Will you take care, in writing yourself, never to say 'commence' or 'presume'?" He does not say it is wrong to use these words, and we must not take what he does say too literally. He has been showing why one should choose short, simple, Saxon words, in writing and speaking, instead of long, complex Latin or French words. It is the fashion with many people to use the French "commence" in place of the Saxon "begin," which they think too homely a word for a fine sentence; and he warns you against falling into such affectations. "I presume" (in the sense of "I dare say" or "I think") is almost as common as "I guess," and could well be dispensed with. Yet "never" is a strong word; and we *dare say* that Mr. Hale himself, after having used "begin" in one sentence, would, if necessary, *commence* the next with its synonyme. Mr. Greeley and Mr. Beecher are forcible writers and speakers, but they are not students of style, like Mr. Hale, and we know that both of them — from habit, not from affectation — often make use of terms which, if not actually incorrect, are not perhaps the best and purest English. If the question of correctness in the use of language should arise between him and them, and we had no opinion of our own in the matter, we should at once *presume* (and here we have no doubt he would kindly permit us to use the word) that Mr. Hale was right and that Messrs. Greeley and Beecher were wrong. After all, the question of style is often one of individual taste; and there are points on which we should, perhaps, differ from Mr. Hale. Yet we know of no safer guide than he for those who are learning "How to Write," and we advise all our young contributors (and some of our older ones) to read over again and again his excellent hints on this subject.

Young Contributors. — We have received some remarkable sketches of birds and animals by our "Young Contributor," C. A. Stephens, which will appear soon. The following have also been accepted: "*Sylvy's Search for the Sun*" and "*Our Midnight Raid*," by Pearl Eytinge; "*Going up Trinity Spire*," by Clarence Fairfield; "*Life in Virginia*," by W. S. Jerome; "*Midget*," by Mary Williams; and "*The Racket on the Roof*," by "S."

"*The Castle and Bridge of St. Angelo*" reads too much as if it were made up from books. "*Wicked Words*" and "*Lines from an Autograph Book*" are also declined.

Answers to our Ten Prize Questions are beginning to come in, together with questions concerning the questions. "Do we mean so and so?" Of course we do, if we say so: and we have no further explanations to make.

One word here, however. Bear in mind, dear young friends, that our object in proposing the Questions is to teach you to investigate, to think, and to express your thoughts; and that, however desirable it may be to win the prizes by honorable means, to attempt to win them unfairly is to defraud yourselves of what is of infinitely greater value. Remember that the answers must be in *your own words*, derived from *your own understanding* of the subjects treated.

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WAITING FOR A BITE.

DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE, JR.] [See the Poem.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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WE GIRLS: A HOME STORY.

CHAPTER XI.

BARBARA'S BUZZ.

LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S world of friendship is not a circle. Or if it is, it is the far-off, immeasurable horizon that holds all of life and possibility.

"You must draw the line somewhere," people say. "You cannot be acquainted with everybody."

But Leslie's lines are only radii. They reach out to wherever there is a sympathy; they hold fast wherever they have once been joined. Consequently, she moves to laws that seem erratic to those for whom a pair of compasses can lay down the limit. Consequently, her wedding was "odd."

If Olivia Marchbanks had been going to be married there would have been a "circle" invited. Nobody would have been left out; nobody would have been let in. She had lived in this necromantic ring; she would be married in it; she would die and be buried in it; and of all the wide, rich, beautiful champaign of life beyond, — of all its noble heights, and hidden, tender hollows, — its gracious harvest fields, and its deep, grand, forest glooms, — she would be content, elegantly and exclusively, to know nothing. To her wedding people might come, indeed, from a distance, — geographi-

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cally; but they would come out of a precisely corresponding little sphere in some other place, and fit right into this one, for the time being, with the most edifying sameness.

From the east and the west, the north and the south, they began to come, days beforehand, — the people who could not let Leslie Goldthwaite be married without being there. There were no proclamation cards issued, bearing in imposing characters the announcement of "Their Daughter's Marriage," by Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Goldthwaite, after the like of which one almost looks to see, and somewhat feels the need of, the regular final invocation, — "God save the Commonwealth!"

There had been loving letters sent here and there; old Miss Craydocke, up in the mountains, got one, and came down a month earlier in consequence, and by the way of Boston. She stayed there at Mrs. Frank Scherman's; and Frank and his wife and little Sinsie, the baby, — "she is n't Original Sin, as I was," says her mother, — came up to Z—— together, and stopped at the hotel. Martha Josselyn came from New York, and stayed, of course, with the Inglesides.

Martha is a horrible thing, girls; how do you suppose I dare to put her in here as I do? She is a milliner. And this is how it happens. Her father is a comparatively poor man, — a book-keeper with a salary. There are ever so many little Josselyns; and Martha has always felt bound to help. She is not very likely to marry, and she is not one to take it into her calculation, if she were; but she is of the sort who are said to be "cut out for old maids," and she knows it. She could not teach music, nor keep a school; her own schooling — not her education; God never lets that be cut short — was abridged by the need of her at home. But she could do anything in the world with scissors and needle; and she can make just the loveliest bonnets that ever were put together.

So, as she can help more by making two bonnets in a day, and getting six dollars for them beside the materials, she lets her step-mother put out her impossible sewing, and has turned a little second-story room in her father's house into a private millinery establishment. She will only take the three dollars apiece, beyond the actual cost, for her bonnets, although she might make a fortune if she would be rapacious; for she says that pays her fairly for her time, and she has made up her mind to get through the world fairly, if there is any breathing-space left for fairness in it. If not, she can stop breathing, and go where there is.

She gets as much to do as she can take. "Miss Josselyn" is one of the little unadvertised resources of New York, which it is very knowing, and rather elegant, to know about. But it would not be at all elegant to have her at a party. Hence, Mrs. Van Alstyne, who had a little bonnet, of black lace and nasturtiums, at this very time, that Martha Josselyn had made for her, was astonished to find that she was Mrs. Ingleside's sister and had come on to the marriage.

General and Mrs. Ingleside — Leslie's cousin Delight — had come from their away-off, beautiful Wisconsin home, and brought little three-year-old

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Rob and Rob's nurse with them. Sam Goldthwaite was at home from Philadelphia, where he is just finishing his medical course, — and Harry was just back again from the Mediterranean; so that Mrs. Goldthwaite's house was full too. Jack could not be here; they all grieved over that. Jack is out in Japan. But there came a wonderful "solid silk" dress, and a lovely inlaid cabinet, for Leslie's wedding present, — the first present that arrived from anybody; sent the day he got the news; — and Leslie cried over them, and kissed them, and put the beautiful silk away, to be made up in the fashion next year, when Jack comes home; and set his picture on the cabinet, and put his letters into it, and says she does not know what other things she shall find quite dear enough to keep them company.

Last of all, the very day before the wedding, came old Mr. Marmaduke Wharne. And of all things in the world, he brought her a telescope. "To look out at creation with, and keep her soul wide," he says, and "to put her in mind of that night when he first found her out, among the Hivites and the Hittites and the Amalekites, up in Jefferson, and took her away among the planets, out of the snarl."

Miss Craydocke has been all summer making a fernery for Leslie; and she took two tickets in the cars, and brought it down beside her, on the seat, all the way from Plymouth, and so out here. How they could get it to wherever they are going we all wondered, but Dr. Hautayne said it should go; he would have it most curiously packed, in a box on rollers, and marked, — "Dr. J. Hautayne, U. S. Army. Valuable scientific preparations; by no means to be turned or shaken." But he did say, with a gentle prudence, — "If somebody should give you an observatory, or a greenhouse, I think we might have to stop at *that*, dear."

Nobody did, however. There was only one more big present, and that did not come. Dakie Thayne knew better. He gave her a magnificent copy of the Sistine Madonna, which his father had bought in Italy, and he wrote her that it was to be boxed and sent after her to her home. *He* did not say that it was magnificent; Leslie wrote that to us afterward, herself. She said it made it seem as if one side of her little home had been broken through and let in heaven.

We were all sorry that Dakie could not be here. They waited till September for Harry; "but who," wrote Dakie, "could expect a military engagement to wait till all the stragglers could come up? I have given my consent and my blessing; all I ask is that you will stop at West Point on your way." And that was what they were going to do.

Arabel Waite and Delia made all the wedding dresses. But Mrs. Goldthwaite had her own carefully perfected patterns, adjusted to a line in every part. Arabel meekly followed these, and saved her whole, fresh soul to pour out upon the flutings and finishing.

It was a morning wedding, and a pearl of days. The summer had not gone from a single leaf. Only the parch and the blaze were over, and beautiful dews had cooled away their fever. The day-lilies were white among their broad, tender green leaves, and the tube-roses had come in blossom. There

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were beds of red and white carnations, heavy with perfume. The wide garden porch, into which double doors opened from the summer-room where they were married, showed these, among the grass-walks of the shady, secluded place, through its own splendid vista of trumpet-hung bignonia vines.

Everybody wanted to help at this wedding who could help. Arabel Waite asked to be allowed to pour out coffee, or something. So in a black silk gown, and a new white cap, she took charge of the little room up stairs, where were coffee and cakes and sandwiches for the friends who came from a distance by the train, and might be glad of something to eat at twelve o'clock. Delia offered, "if she only might," to assist in the dining-room, where the real wedding collation stood ready. And even our Arctura came and asked if she might be "lent," to "open doors, or anything." The regular maids of the house found labor so divided that it was a festival day all through.

Arctura looked as pretty a little waiting-damsel as might be seen, in her brown, two-skirted, best delaine dress, and her white, ruffled, muslin bib-apron, her nicely arranged hair, braided up high around her head and frizzed a little, gently, at the front, — since why should n't she, too, have a bit of the fashion? — and tied round with a soft, simple white ribbon. Delia had on a violet-and-white striped pique, quite new, with a ruffled apron also; and her ribbon was white, too, and she had a bunch of violets and green leaves upon her bosom. We cared as much about their dress as they did about ours. Barbara herself had pinched Arctura's crimps, and tied the little white bow among them.

Every room in the house was attended.

"There never was such pretty serving," said Mrs. Van Alstyne, afterward. "Where *did* they get such people? — And beautiful serving," she went on, reverting to her favorite axiom, "is, after all, the very soul of living!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Barbara, gravely. "I think we shall find that true always."

Opposite the door into the garden porch were corresponding ones into the hall, and directly down to these reached the last flight of the staircase, that skirted the walls at the back with its steps and landings. We could see Leslie all the way, as she came down, with her hand in her father's arm.

She descended beside him like a softly accompanying white cloud; her dress was of tulle, without a hitch or a puff or a festoon about it. It had two skirts, I believe, but they were plain-hemmed, and fell like a mist about her figure. Underneath was no rustling silk, or shining satin; only more mist, of finest, sheerest quaker-muslin; you could not tell where the cloud met the opaque of soft, unstarched cambric below it all. And from her head to her feet floated the shimmering veil, fastened to her hair with only two or three tube-rose blooms and the green leaves and white stars of the larger myrtle. There was a cluster of them upon her bosom, and she held some in her left hand.

Doctor Hautayne looked nobly handsome, as he came forward to her side

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in his military dress; but I think we all had another picture of him in our minds, — dusty, and battle-stained, bareheaded, in his shirt-sleeves, as he rode across the fire to save men's lives. When a man has once looked like that, it does not matter how he ever merely *looks* again.

Marmaduke Wharne stood close by Ruth, during the service. She saw his gray, shaggy brows knit themselves into a low, earnest frown, as he fixedly watched and listened; but there was a shining underneath, as still water-drops shine under the gray moss of some old, cleft rock; and a pleasure upon the lines of the rough-cast face, that was like the tender glimmering of a sunbeam.

When Marmaduke Wharne first saw John Hautayne, he put his hand upon his shoulder, and held him so, while he looked him hardly in the face.

"Do you think you deserve her, John?" the old man said. And John looked him back, and answered straightly, "No!" It was not mere apt and effective reply; there was an honest heartful on the lips and in the eyes; and Leslie's old friend let his hand slip down along the strong, young arm, until it grasped the answering hand, and said again, —

"Perhaps, then, John, — you 'll do!"

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" That is what the church asks, in her service, though nobody asked it here, to-day. But we all felt we had a share to give of what we loved so much. Her father and her mother gave; her girl friends gave; Miss Trixie Spring, Arabel Waite,

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Delia, little Arctura, the home-servants, gathered in the door-way, all gave; Miss Craydocke, crying, and disdaining her pocket-handkerchief till the tears trickled off her chin, because she was smiling also and would not cover *that* up, — gave; and nobody gave with a more loving wrench out of a deep heart, than bluff old frowning Marmaduke Wharne.

Nobody knows the comfort that we Holabirds took, though, in those autumn days, after all this was over, in our home; feeling every bright, comfortable minute, that our home was our own. "It is so nice to have it to love grandfather by," said Ruth, like a little child.

"Everything is so pleasant," said Barbara, one sumptuous morning. "I 've so many nice things that I can choose among to do. I feel like a bee in a barrel of sugar. I don't know where to begin." Barbara had a new dress to make; she had also a piece of worsted work to begin; she had also two new books to read aloud, that Mrs. Scherman had brought up from Boston.

We felt rich in much prospectively; we could afford things better now; we had proposed and arranged a book-club; Miss Pennington and we were to manage it; Mrs. Scherman was to purchase for us. Ruth was to have plenty of music. Life was full and bright to us, this golden autumn-time, as it had never been before. The time itself was radiant; and the winter was stored beforehand with pleasures; Arctura was as glad as anybody; she hears our readings in the afternoons, when she can come up stairs, and sit mending stockings or hemming aprons.

We knew, almost for the first time, what it was to be without any pressure of anxiety. We dared to look round the house and see what was wearing out. We could replace things — *some*, at any rate — as well as not; so we had the delight of choosing, and the delight of putting by; it was a delicious perplexity. We all felt like Barbara's bee; and when she said that once she said it for every day, all through the new and happy time.

It was wonderful how little there was, after all, that we did want in any hurry. We thought it over. We did not care to carpet the dining-room; we liked the drugget and the dark wood-margins better. It came down pretty nearly, at last, so far as household improvements were concerned, to a new broadcloth cover for the great family table in the brown-room.

Barbara's *bee*-havior, however, had its own queer fluctuations at this time, it must be confessed. Whatever the reason was, it was not altogether to be depended on. It had its alternations of humming content with a good deal of whimsical bouncing and buzzing and the most unpredictable flights. To use a phrase of Aunt Trixie's applied to her childhood, but coming into new appropriateness now, Barbara "acted like a witch."

She began at the wedding. Only a minute or two before Leslie came down, Harry Goldthwaite moved over to where she stood just a little apart from the rest of us, by the porch door, and placed himself beside her, with some little commonplace word in a low tone, as befitted the hushed expectancy of the moment.

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All at once, with an "O, I forgot!" she started away from him in the abruptest fashion, and glanced off across the room, and over into a little side parlor beyond the hall, into which she certainly had not been before that day. She could have "forgotten" nothing there; but she doubtless had just enough presence of mind not to rush up the staircase toward the dressing-rooms, at the risk of colliding with the bridal party. When Leslie an instant later came in at the double doors, Mrs. Holabird caught sight of Barbara again just sliding into the far, lower corner of the room by the forward entrance, where she stood looking out meekly between the shoulders and the floating cap-ribbons of Aunt Trixie Spring and Miss Arabel Waite during the whole ceremony.

Whether it was that she felt there was something dangerous in the air, or that Harry Goldthwaite had some new awfulness in her eyes from being actually a commissioned officer, — Ensign Goldthwaite, now, (Rose had borrowed from the future, for the sake of euphony and effect, when she had so retorted feet and dignities upon her last year,) — we could not guess; but his name or presence seemed all at once a centre of electrical disturbances in which her whisks and whirls were simply to be wondered at.

"I don't see why he should tell *me* things," was what she said to Rosamond one day, when she took her to task after Harry had gone, for making off almost before he had done speaking, when he had been telling us of the finishing of some business that Mr. Goldthwaite had managed for him in Newburyport. It was the sale of a piece of property that he had there, from his father, of houses and building-lots that had been unprofitable to hold, because of uncertain tenants and high taxes, but which were turned now into a comfortable round sum of money.

"I shall not be so poor now, as if I had only my pay," said Harry. At which Barbara had disappeared.

"Why, you were both there!" said Barbara.

"Well, yes; we were there in a fashion. He was sitting by you, though, and he looked up at you, just then. It did not seem very friendly."

"I 'm sure I did n't notice; I don't see why he should tell me things," said whimsical Barbara.

"Well, perhaps he will stop," said Rose, quietly, and walked away.

It seemed, after a while, as if he would. He could not understand Barbara in these days. All her nice, cordial, honest ways were gone. She was always shying at something. Twice he was here, when she did not come into the room until tea-time.

"There are so many people," she said, in her unreasonable manner. "They make me nervous, looking and listening."

We had Miss Craydocke and Mrs. Scherman with us then. We had asked them to come and spend a week with us before they left Z——.

Miss Craydocke had found Barbara one evening, in the twilight, standing alone in one of the brown-room windows. She had come up, in her gentle, old-friendly way, and stood beside her.

"My dear," she said, with the twilight impulse of nearness, —"I am an old woman. Are n't you pushing something away from you, dear?"

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"Ow!" said Barbara, as if Miss Craydocke had pinched her. And poor Miss Craydocke could only walk away again.

When it came to Aunt Roderick, though, it was too much. Aunt Roderick came over a good deal now. She had quite taken us into unqualified approval again, since we had got the house. She approved herself also. As if it was she who had died and left us something, and looked back upon it now with satisfaction. At least, as if she had been the September Gale, and had taken care of that paper for us.

Aunt Roderick has very good practical eyes; but no sentiment whatever. "It seems to me, Barbara, that you are throwing away your opportunities," she said, plainly.

Barbara looked up with a face of bold unconsciousness. She was brought to bay, now; Aunt Roderick could exasperate her, but she could not touch the nerve, as dear Miss Craydocke could.

"I always am throwing them away," said Barbara. "It 's my fashion. I never could save corners. I always put my pattern right into the middle of my piece, and the other half never comes out, you see. What have I done, now? Or what do you think I might do, just at present?"

"I think you might save yourself from being sorry by and by," said Aunt Roderick.

"I 'm ever so much obliged to you," said Barbara, collectedly. "Just as much as if I could understand. But perhaps there 'll be some light given. I 'll turn it over in my mind. In the mean while, Aunt Roderick, I just begin to see one very queer thing in the world. You 've lived longer than I have; I wish you could explain it. There are some things that everybody is very delicate about, and there are some that they take right hold of. People might have *pocket*-perplexities for years and years, and no created being would dare to hint or ask a question; but the minute it is a case of heart or soul, — or they think it is, — they 'rush right in where angels fear to tread.' What *do* you suppose makes the difference?"

After that, we all let her alone, behave as she might. We saw that there could be no meddling without marring. She had been too conscious of us all, before anybody spoke. We could only hope there was no real mischief done, already.

"It 's all of them, every one!" she repeated, half hysterically, that day, after her shell had exploded, and Aunt Roderick had retreated, really with great forbearance. "Miss Craydocke began, and I had to scream at her; even Sin Scherman made a little moral speech about her own wild ways, and set that baby crowing over me! And once Aunt Trixie 'vummed' at me. And I 'm sure I ain't doing a single thing!" She whimpered and laughed, like a little naughty boy, called to account for mischief, and pretending surprised innocence, yet secretly at once enjoying and repenting his own badness; and so we had to let her alone.

But after a while Harry Goldthwaite stayed away four whole days, and then he only came in to say that he was going to Washington to be gone a week. It was October, now, and his orders might come any day. Then we might not see him again for three years, perhaps.

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On the Thursday of that next week, Barbara said she would go down and see Mrs. Goldthwaite.

"I think it quite time you should," said Mrs. Holabird. Barbara had not been down there once since the wedding-day.

She put her crochet in her pocket, and we thought of course she would stay to tea. It was four in the afternoon when she went away.

About an hour later Olivia Marchbanks called,

It came out that Olivia had a move to make. In fact, that she wanted to set us all to making moves. She proposed a chess-club, for the winter, to bring us together regularly; to include half a dozen families, and meet by turn at the different houses.

"I dare say Miss Pennington will have her neighborhood parties again," she said; "they are nice, but rather exhausting; we want something quiet, to come in between. Something a little more among ourselves, you know. Maria Hendee is a splendid chess-player, and so is Mark. Maud plays with her father, and Adelaide and I are learning. I know you play, Rosamond, and Barbara, — does n't she? Nobody can complain of a chess-club, you see; and we can have a table at whist for the elders who like it, and almost always a round game for the odds and ends. After supper, we can dance, or anything. Don't you think it would do?"

"I think it would do nicely, for *one* thing," said Rose, thoughtfully. "But don't let us allow it to be the *whole* of our winter."

Olivia Marchbanks' face clouded. She had put forward a little pawn of compliment toward us, as towards a good point, perhaps, for tempting a break in the game. And behold! Rosamond's knight only leaped right over it, facing honestly and alertly both ways.

"Chess would be good for nothing less than once a week," said Olivia. "I came to you almost the very first, out of the family," she added, with a little height in her manner. "I hope you won't break it up."

"Break it up! No, indeed! We were all getting just nicely joined together," replied Rosamond, ladylike with perfect temper. "I think last winter was so *really good*," she went on; "I should be sorry to break up what *that* did; that is all."

"I 'm willing enough to help in those ways," said Olivia, condescendingly; "but I think we might have our *own* things, too."

"I don't know, Olivia," said Rosamond, slowly, "about these 'own things.' They are just what begin to puzzle me."

It was the bravest thing our elegant Rosamond had ever done. Olivia Marchbanks was angry. She all but took back her invitation.

"Never mind," she said, getting up to take leave. "It must be some time yet; I only mentioned it. Perhaps we had better not try to go beyond ourselves, after all. Such things are sure to be stupid unless everybody is really interested."

Rosamond stood in the hall-door, as she went down the steps and away. At the same moment, Barbara, flushed with an evidently hurried walk, came in. "Why! what makes you so red, Rose?" she said.

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"Somebody has been snubbing somebody," replied Rose, holding her royal color, like her namesake, in the midst of a cool repose. "And I don't quite know whether it is Olivia Marchbanks or I."

"A color-question between Rose and Barberry!" said Ruth. "What have *you* been doing, Barbie? Why did n't you stay to tea?"

"I? I 've been walking, of course. — That boy has got home again," she added, half-aloud, to Rosamond, as they went up stairs.

We knew very well that she must have been queer to Harry again. He would have been certain to walk home with her, if she would have let him. But — "all through the town, and up the hill, in the daylight! Or — stay to tea with *him* there, and make him come, in the dark! — And *if* he imagined that I knew!" We were as sure as if she had said it, that these were the things that were in her mind, and that these were what she had run away from. How she had done it we did not know; we had no doubt it had been something awful.

The next morning nobody called. Father came home to dinner and said Mr. Goldthwaite had told him that Harry was under orders, — to the "Katahdin."

In the afternoon Barbara went out and nailed up the woodbines. Then she put on her hat, and took a great bundle that had been waiting for a week for somebody to carry, and said she would go round to South Hollow with it, to Mrs. Dockery.

"You will be tired to death. You are tired already, hammering at those vines," said mother, anxiously. Mothers cannot help daughters much in these buzzes.

"I want the exercise," said Barbara, turning away her face that was at once red and pale. "Pounding and stamping are good for me." Then she came back in a hurry, and kissed mother, and then she went away.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

JUST LIKE AUNT BANGER.

"NOW, girls, it *is n't!*"

Trim, in her superior manner, smiled, — for it was Trim who had just said, "Lovely!"

Rye did not smile; she looked up, half frightened, half disappointed, from over her breadths of green silk, into Aunt Banger's face.

Aunt Banger was running breadths, too; everybody was running breadths: excepting Trim, who had brought the last Bazar, and sat, in a heap of Demorests and Godeys, comparing notes, and criticising curtly.

Rye, with her feet crossed, swam about at intervals on the floor, in billows of green silk, after floating spools, thimbles, needles (it has been estimated

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by a mathematical friend, that Rye will lose, upon an average, six needles to five minutes' sewing), and seized the opportunity, whenever she could, to hold her new dress up in the thick of the afternoon sunlight, "to see the emeralds come out."

Aunt Banger certainly had not meant the silk when she said, "It is n't"; in the first place, because she gave it to Rye herself; in the next, because I doubt if there is a prettier piece of goods in the market. It looked like nothing in the world but lighted waves, with a tiny, fine spray of sea-weed tossing over them, — all green, but the green that lives and quivers and crystallizes into gems, as Rye thought.

It was like playing at a sea-bath to make it up. When it came to trimming, Rye grew perceptibly solemn. It was a fact familiar in the family history, that Aunt Banger objected to ruffles.

"And frills, and plaits, and flounces, and everything that flies and quirks," Rye had confided sadly to Trim. So Trim was over with Godey, and that superior smile.

The pretty mother, — Rye's you will remember, — herself trimmed to the pretty waist, — had said, with a secret look of sympathy that was almost as sweet as ruffles to Rye's little foolish heart, "Don't make Aunt Banger trouble, my dear," and had gone away to take a nap, because dressmaking made her head ache.

So all was quiet on the Potomac, and with Trim for reserve force, Rye had undertaken to fight it out on that line.

Trim had her finger on a plate in Harper representing a young woman with a face like cream-candy and a dress like —

"A grab-bag!" said Aunt Banger. "A country charity fair grab-bag. Nothing belongs to anything. *Disjecta membra!*"

"Latin," whispered Rye to Trim, who had never studied it.

"What does it mean?"

"Hashed up," said Rye, after a meditative silence.

Aunt Banger laid the Bazar across her sharp knees, and sharply ran her sharp forefinger over the cream-faced lady.

"A candy-pull!" Rye suggested, trying to laugh; but she felt more like crying. Trim had said that ruffles were "the thing" (this was last spring), and Trim always knew what was the "thing" better than Aunt Banger.

There were ruffles enough on the creamy lady. Ruffles on the bottom of the skirt, ruffles on the middle of the skirt; ruffles, in fact, all over the skirt; ruffles on the sacque, around the edge, up the back, across the sleeves, up the front, around the collar; a ruffle (in another plate, but the same unfortunate lady, in the same unfortunate suit, for her sacque lay ruffling the sofa) on the waist of the dress, on the sleeves of the dress, on the sash of the dress, —

"Ruffles, ruffles everywhere."

"Or you might take off the upper two, and make a double skirt, — with a ruffle," observed Trim, sweetly, by way of improvement.

"Now, girls!" repeated Aunt Banger, "it *is n't* pretty! It is n't, really.

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Not a bit of it," — she turned over the leaves of the fashion-books in her quick, relentless way, — "there are n't three dresses here I would n't be ashamed to be seen in, — no, not even if I were Rye. What with your frills, and your perks, and your peaks, and your odds, and your ends, and your streamers, you 1870 girls look more like a little set of poll-parrots at a monkey-show" (Aunt Banger was in too much of a hurry to attend to the remarkable zoölogical construction of her sentence) than you do like creatures of refined sense. I say *refined* sense. *Common* sense I leave out of the reckoning altogether."

"But we must be in the fashion," pleaded Trim, as Aunt Banger paused to catch her breath.

"I 'd rather sew myself into a rag-bag, than go round looking as if I came out of the ark!" said Rye, hotly. She felt her ruffles rolling away over the billows of breadths. She had begun in her mind with the modest number of five. If she asked for three now, she knew that she should do it in the teeth of Fate.

"*Not* to speak of the money," proceeded Aunt Banger (when she at once fairly begun it was next to impossible to stop her), — "not to say one syllable of the money — ten, twelve, fifteen, twenty, thirty, nobody knows how many more dollars but those that have got to settle the Lord's and the dressmaker's bills for it — for work and material of *trimming* a single dress, and the Indians starving to death on Lake Superior."

"What have the Indians to do with it?" put in Trim with an air of high personal culture.

"Not to say a word of Indians," continued the old lady, "nor any other folks that can't afford ruffles, nor the wicked, awful waste, nor the Last Trump, nor anything but the *pretty* of it: it *is n't* pretty! These rigs are not in *taste*, girls; they 're not ladylike; they 're not neat; they 're not graceful by any laws of God or man. There is n't an artist in the country, would n't tell you, that, when you walk down town in that plaid suit of yours, Trim Dash, you cut a ridiculous figure. A ridiculous figure! There! Now I 've had my say, do what you like with your dress, Rye Robbins, — but send home Trim and Godey, before you decide."

"But one must trim a skirt," laughed Trim, by no means offended, though by no means convinced.

"A short skirt. Perhaps. Well, yes. It 's more in proportion. I don't want Rye to look ugly. I want to make her just as pretty as I can. She knows that."

"Yes," assented Rye, uncertainly; the ruffles had all slipped off on the green tide, now.

"What *would* you do, Aunt Banger, if you *were* we, you know?" This question came thoughtfully, after a pause.

"I would n't *flop round*," said Aunt Banger, promptly. "I 'd braid, bind, fold, contrive. I 'd have too much vanity not to look heavy and rich and uncrumpled and in place, and where I belonged. I 'd as soon wear a meal-bag, for instance, tied on behind me as that sash of Trim's. I 'd look *finished*, not

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upholstered. Superfluous ornament is ten times worse than none at all. Instead of trimming myself wherever I could, I 'd trim only just where I could n't help it. Ways? I 'd *make* ways!"

"But what 's the use for Prim and me, you see, to make a way? Nobody else would set foot in it."

"Some wealthy Catholic ladies in Paris," said Aunt Banger with her eyes on the ceiling, "have formed a society for reducing, by solemn vows, their expenditure in dress to a fixed and very moderate sum. All the pin-money they save by the means goes to the Pope."

"O," said Rye, blankly. If she had not been a little Protestant Yankee girl, who did not even know what "pin-money" meant, to say nothing of never having owned but three dollars and sixty cents in her life (and that she spent on skates), she might have felt more instructed by Aunt Banger's illustration.

"When I was fourteen years old," said Aunt Banger again to the ceiling, "leg-o'-mutton sleeves came in. Now your Aunt Polly Maria and I did n't like leg-o'-mutton sleeves. 'When I turn Second Adventist and get ready to fly, I 'll wear them, not before,' said Polly Maria. 'Exactly!' said I. But we 've no more mind to be stared at for not knowing enough to know the fashions than you have, Trim Dash. What do we do? We go round with a paper," said Aunt Banger, solemnly.

"Go round with a paper!"

"Polly Maria drew a leg-o'-mutton on it, and I carried it round. There were just twenty-five girls in that town signed it, and they never wore a leg-o'-mutton sleeve, as far as I know, till the day they died. So there was a crowd of us, and who cared? It was the leg-o'-muttons that got stared at, I can tell you!"

"Dear me!" said Rye, "I did n't know anybody ever really did that. I should think it would take a great deal of — of — presence of mind."

Rye brought the last three words out dubiously.

"Any dozen girls in a town, who would make up their minds that belts were prettier than sashes, or folds in better taste than frills, or comfort of more importance than complexion, or that dress-goods should be nicer than their trimmings, or that a pretty thing is better to look at than an ugly one, or a sensible thing better to do than a foolish one, — might set the fashion for a region. But I suppose you and Trim would die in the house first!"

And I don't know but they would.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

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WAITING FOR A BITE.

WHY don't the fishes bite, grandma?
Why don't the fishes bite?
I 'm going to catch one for supper, —
Grandma, you said I might.
Hush, Towser, do leave off barking!
You 'll frighten them all away.
O, I love to go a-fishing!
And I 've been a-fishing all day.

Do wait till I catch one, grandma, —
Till I have one little bite;
I 'm coming right in to supper; —
No, you need not "wait all night."
Twenty great flopping fishes,
That looked like clouds in the sky,
I saw just now in the water; —
I shall catch one, by and by.

Did you say that they *were* clouds, grandma?
O no, you 're mistaken quite;
The clouds would fall in the water splash,
And give me a dreadful fright; —
And pray don't call me a "goosey,"
Nor ask if I mean to beat
The fishes dead with my fish-stick,
When they hop up round my feet.

"No fish in this water," grandma?
Just wait till I get a bite!
You will hold up your hands and wonder
To see such a splendid sight.
I 've counted them, — two, ten, forty, —
All wriggling under the tree,
And into the frying-pan skipping,
For Towser and you and me!

Sure enough, my grandson Dan
Is a mighty fisherman.
If things go on so, there 'll be
No fish swimming in the sea
By the time he gets a beard!
Well, I always was afeard

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Little Dan would grow too wise
For his years; but, bless his eyes!
Mine have seen a funnier sight, —
Grown men waiting for a bite.
Daft ones, wondering all day long,
Why this tiresome world goes wrong; —
Lazy-bones, that think to get
Money without earning it; —
Orators, their senseless word
Flinging to a stupid herd, —
None of understanding good, —
Nothing to be understood; —
Men that angle for a mate,
Hook a-dangling, bare of bait,
Always in the shallowest place: —
Writers, O the idle race!
Spinning out long strings of rhymes,
Hoping from dull brains betimes
Grand ideas to bring to light.
Silly Dan, a sillier sight
Every day the world can show
Than yourself, look high or low;
Though you seem, dear, far from bright,
Don't you? — waiting for a bite!

Lucy Larcom.

A BOY'S VISIT TO POMPEII.

THE Westlow family were gathered about the "evening lamp," reading, or sewing, or studying out the puzzles in the children's favorite magazine, when suddenly Luke Westlow struck the page before him, and exclaimed with startling emphasis, "By George! I wish I was there!"

"Don't swear, Luke," said his sister Sarah, — "I beg of you! What rude manners you have learned in the navy!" for Luke was a young midshipman home on a visit.

"I take back the *by George*, and humbly ask pardon; but, nevertheless, I wish I was there," replied Luke.

"Where, my son? Do tell us," said his mother, hoping to draw from him one of his stories of foreign lands.

"Look here!" cried Luke, holding up the paper he was reading (it was a copy of *Every Saturday*). "The theatre at Pompeii has been reopened after an intermission of eighteen hundred years; and the new manager

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solicits a continuance of the patronage bestowed upon his predecessor, Marcus Quintus Martius!"

"I don't understand that, — I don't understand that, Luke, my boy!" spoke up Grandfather Westlow, from his corner. "A theatre closed eighteen hundred years, Luke? and reopened, you say? I don't understand that!" and he looked as if he would like to have it explained.

"Why, didn't you ever hear how the curtain fell on that theatre, in the year seventy-nine?"

"Seventeen hundred seventy-nine?"

"No, no, gran'ther! seventy-nine without the seventeen hundred. It was the biggest, blackest, awfulest curtain that ever fell on any theatre, I tell you! It fell on the whole city. If you had been there, you'd have thought it was the everlasting curtain falling on the great stage of all," Luke rattled on. "All the world's a stage, you know, as Shakespeare says, — though he hadn't said it then; for Shakespeare, Milton, the kings of England, the governments of modern Europe, the discovery of America, the art of printing, our great inventions, — all these things have taken place, as it were, between the acts. I mean, while that curtain was down."

Still the old grandfather shook his head, smiling, but with a puzzled expression.

"He means, the curtain of ashes from Mount Vesuvius that buried the city of Pompeii," Sarah explained. "You've heard of that, gran'ther?"

"O yes! the curtain of ashes! Now I understand!" and the old man nodded and rubbed his hands. "Curtain of ashes is good!"

"You've been there, haven't you? Tell us about it, Luke!" said his mother, as he was turning again to the pictures in *Every Saturday*.

"There'll be no end to it, if I begin. The city was buried completely; and now in digging it out the engineers and workmen find things just about as they were left by the people so long ago, — kitchen pots and pans, the images of household gods, works of art, the surgeon's instruments, the apothecary's stuffs, the coquette's cosmetics, heathen temples and altars, and so forth. That's what makes Pompeii so interesting. It is one of the greatest curiosities in the world! Not that it was a very large city. It had, perhaps, twenty-five or thirty thousand inhabitants. It was a celebrated seaside resort for the Romans, who went there to enjoy the cool breezes from the bay. The great orator, Cicero, had a residence there, which he speaks of in his letters; so I am told, for I never read them. The Emperor Claudius had a pleasure-house at Pompeii; and it was there that a son of his met with a singular mishap. He and some other boys were tossing up ripe pears and catching them in their mouths; when the little prince imperial threw one so high that when it came down it wedged itself in his throat and choked him to death. The inhabitants appear to have been very much devoted to pleasure, and to have had a merry life, while it lasted. They were fond of art, pictures, architecture, statuary, and delighted in theatrical shows and gladiatorial combats. They were not a very moral people, I am sorry to say; one has astonishing evidence of that as he walks

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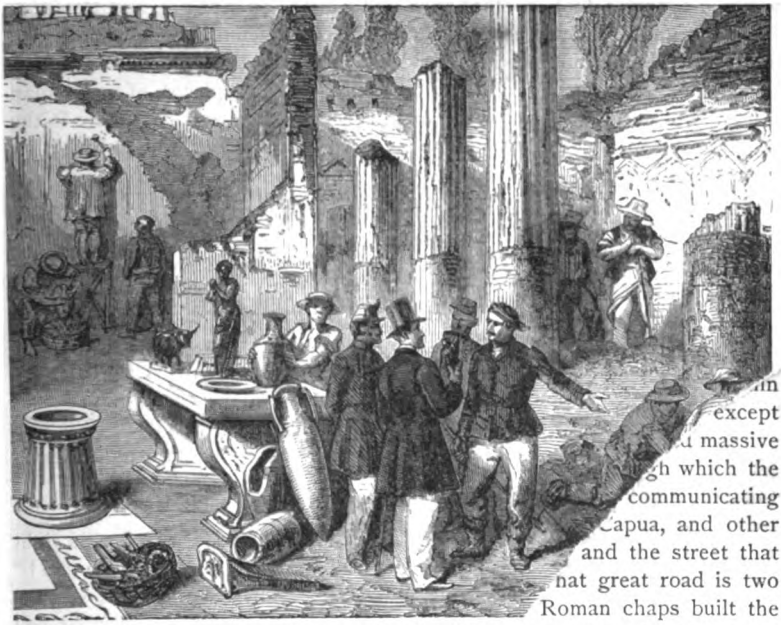

Uncovering the Buried City.

...in
except
...d massive
...gh which the
communicating
Capua, and other
and the street that
hat great road is two
Roman chaps built the
tremendous foundation of
layer, levelled and rammed
through the uncovered part of the city to-d...f lava over all. In Italy you
it should have met with the fate of Sodom and it seems strange enough, so
your map of Italy, and we 'll see if we at built them has passed away!"
about fourteen miles southeast of N... inclined to clap his hands again, but
gran'ther?" ...p his nephew's spirits.

"Yes, yes, I see," said old M...uke went on, "must have been a fine affair,
he did not see at all, but only ...d entrances, a large central one for chariots,
"Why did people live so ... side for pedestrians. The main entrance was
"Why do they live so ... massive framework hauled up by means of chains
been destroyed by it und...d sometimes on the heads of enemies who might
houses are built upon? ...seasonable visits. Much of the upper masonry has
one continuous city alr... grooves in which the portcullis slid are still there,
the Italians call their...d by old stucco-work, showing that Pompeii had n't
to the very slopes of...ut out its neighbors for some years before it was de-
and which sometim...was subject to Rome, and had been dismantled by one
such a thing as get having had a hand in some insurrection."
in the days of P...ass this gate?" asked wondering little Therese.
It was looked up... Luke. "I walked over the old pavements just where
there had not bee... and old people, and little boys and girls walked eighteen
lately had warnin... It must have been a beautiful promenade in their time.
sixty-three there...hey went out from the city, was the sea, — then quite near,
destroyed. It h... almost a mile away, earthquakes and eruptions having

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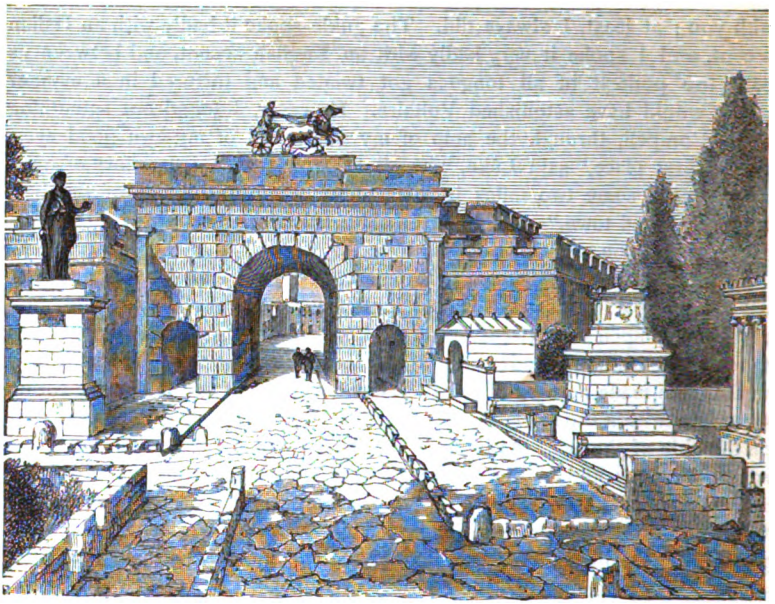

The Herculaneum Gate as it was.

changed the line of the coast. On their right were the mountains, with the soaring summit of Vesuvius before them. The street was bordered by tombs, — for here was the Greenwood, the Mount Auburn, of the Pompeians. Very different it was, though, from our modern cemeteries. The dead were burned in those days, and their ashes were placed in urns, and the urns were put away in sepulchres. The urns were of earthenware, glass, bronze, silver; or, if wealthy, you might enjoy the luxury of having your ashes preserved in a lovely urn of gold. The monuments were of brick or stone, covered with a very durable kind of white stucco; and many of them were quite elegant. Rows of these line the Street of Tombs, as it is now called; and you can walk between them as you approach the Herculaneum Gate, and enter the city. You can stop and read the inscriptions on some of them, if you choose, — and if you understand Latin. You pass the family tomb of Diomed, whose ruined villa is close by, — for there were shops and sumptuous houses in the Street of Tombs. Another monument bears the inscription, — '*Farewell, most happy soul of Caia Oppia! farewell, sweetest mother! We shall follow thee in such order as may be appointed by nature.*' Another was raised by '*Decimilla, a priestess of Ceres, to her husband and sons.*'"

"How strange it must seem to read of a priestess of Ceres on a tombstone!" said Mrs. Westlow.

"Yes, and to think how she probably stood before that sepulchre and mourned for her kindred like any other widowed mother, so many cen-

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turies ago! To us now it does n't seem to have mattered much whether they left the world a few years earlier or later than she did; and I could n't help wondering whether, in talking over now the old life they lived on earth, they might not sometimes forget which died first. I tell you, it is better than a sermon for making a fellow think, just to walk through that street, and reflect how the dead and the living of those days, the boys and girls that played among the tombs, the pompous rich men and the cringing poor men, — how all that busy crowd of people who trod those pavements have travelled together the way the whole world must go!"

The old grandfather could restrain his admiration no longer. Clapping his hands, he cried out, "What a preacher you would have made, Luke, my boy!"

"At the time of the eruption," said Luke, blushing, "when the terrified inhabitants were running hither and thither, some into the city for shelter, and some out of it to escape, a few, it seems, sought refuge in the tombs. They were buried, of course. In one the skeleton of a soldier was found; in another, that of a woman, with a lamp in one hand and jewels in the other: she had fled with her jewels, and lighted a lamp to keep her spirits up in the horrible uproar and darkness; and there the sulphurous gases killed her probably even before she could have been smothered by the storm of ashes. In a third were the skeletons of three men sitting round a table on which were the fragments of a meal; they had been stifled as they were eating.

"Some of the finest residences of Pompeii were in the Street of Tombs. The villa of Cicero — as it is called, though there is no certainty that it was Cicero's — is one. Another is the villa of Diomed, — so called because Diomed's family tomb is close by. This was one of the largest and most elegant houses of Pompeii. Its owner was a nabob. He had money and slaves. He attempted to escape with some of his money and one of his slaves, but scarcely got beyond his door. There his skeleton was found, grasping the key of the outer gate. He had dropped a hundred pieces of gold and silver on the pavement. With the skeleton of the slave at his side was found a silver vase. In the cellar of his house were the skeletons of seventeen persons huddled together, — mostly women; two were young children."

"O, think of their agony as they waited for death!" said Mrs. Westlow.

"The throat of a young girl was found beautifully moulded in the hardened ashes. That seems to have given a hint to Signor Fiorelli, under whose directions the more recent excavations have been made. Some workmen not long since, in opening a street, came to some human bones. They were in hollow places caused by the decay of the bodies after the mud of cinders had become solid about them. Fiorelli thought these cavities must be more or less perfect moulds of the bodies; so he ordered some plaster to be mixed and poured into them. Then, when the crust was carefully removed from about the plaster, behold! he had casts of the poor fellows just as they were buried. A good many such casts have since

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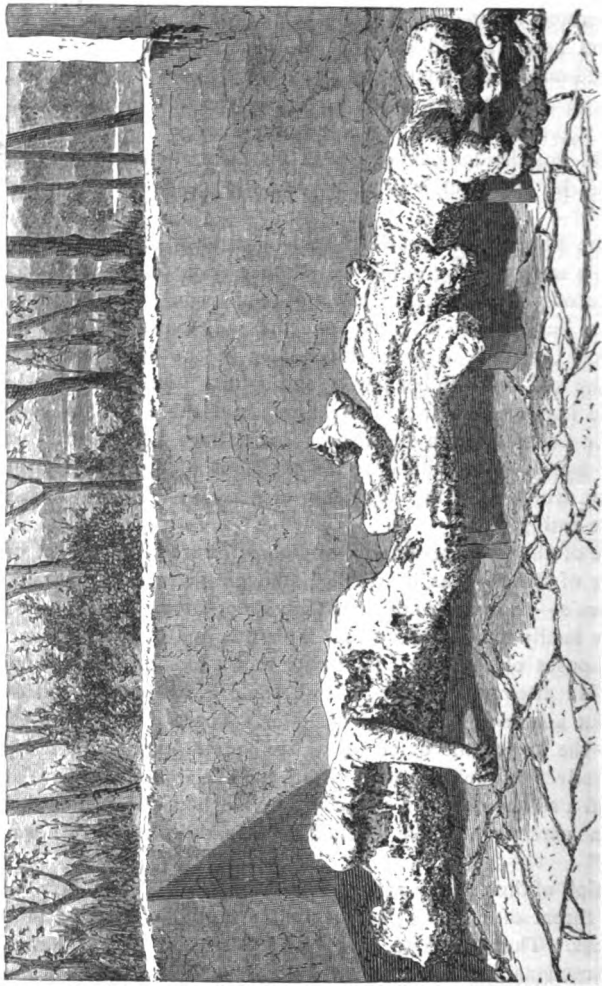
been taken. I have seen some that were wonderfully life-like. The attitude of each tells its own terrible story; and the sight of them makes the great tragedy of Pompeii seem fearfully near and real to us."



Bodies of Pompeians cast in the Ashes.

"How deep was Pompeii covered?" Sarah wished to know.

"I walked through the streets that had been reopened, and, at the end of the excavations, came suddenly to a cliff of ashes twenty feet high. Under that a large part of the city still lay buried. A soil had formed on the top, and there were green fields and trees growing; and there I picked roses in the month of January."

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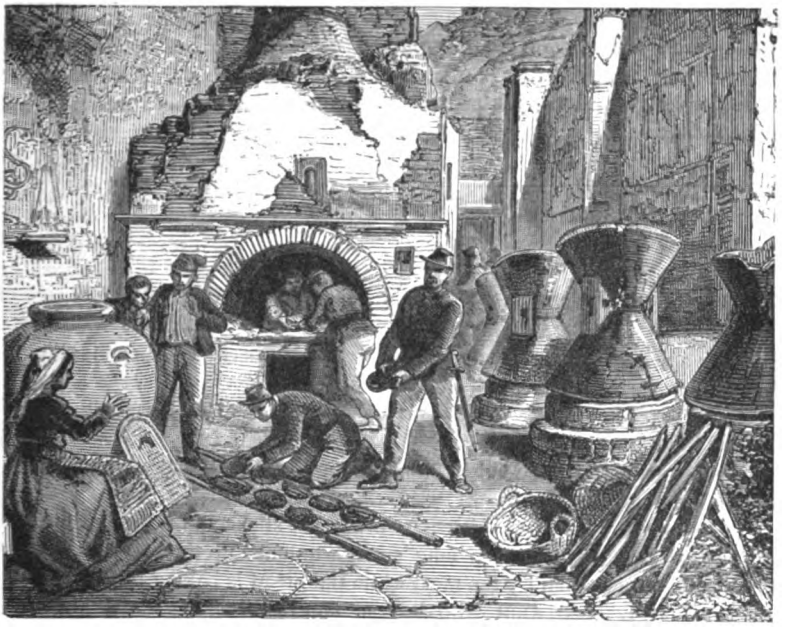
"But below the soil all was ashes?"

"Ashes and coarse cinders and pumice-stones, — whatever had been hurled or blown in that direction from the crater of Vesuvius. Think of the power of the volcano, gran'ther, which could hurl ashes and flaming stones so far, and in such quantity!"

Grandfather nodded, but his eyes were shut.

"Clouds of steam and hot water were vomited at intervals," said Luke; "torrents of rain fell, and the ashes were washed into every nook and crevice of the city. By this means the houses and their contents were preserved rather than destroyed, except the wooden roofs, which were crushed or burned by the showers of fiery stones. Whatever was not burned or broken was sealed up by this mud of ashes enclosing everything, and hardening in a twenty-foot crust over the entire city. That is what makes Pompeii such a curiosity to-day. All the lower parts of the houses, on being dug out, are found, as I have told you, very much as the people left them, — bread in the ovens and paintings fresh upon the walls. Out of the



Discovery of Loaves of Bread baked eighteen hundred years ago.

oven of a bakery Signor Fiorelli took eighty loaves of bread, which had been baked for the people of Pompeii on the day of the eruption in the year seventy-nine, — a dead loss to the baker. The air as well as the ashes had been kept out, and the loaves were in very good condition. Some were found stamped with the letters *siligo grani* (fine wheat), or *e cicera*, which meant

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that the loaf was made of ground peas. The baker must have been also a miller, for there in the same room stood the mills, — curious things to come upon in these days of steam. The hopper and the upper millstone were joined together, in the form of an hour-glass; and they turned on the lower millstone, which was stationary."

"Did they use water-power or windmills?" asked Mrs. Westlow.

"Neither. A lever was inserted in the neck of the hour-glass, and moved about by a jackass, or perhaps a slave. That was all. Simple, was n't it?"

"O, tell us about everything they found in the houses!" cried Therese. "But I want to hear more about the eruption of the mountain. It must have been so dreadful!"

"I was thinking I ought to have told you about that first. But it will be just as interesting if I speak of it now, won't it, gran'ther?"

The old man nodded as before, dropping his head almost upon his breast, and then recovering it with a short jerk.

"Eh? my stories must be very exciting! Gran'ther is fast asleep! Well! it's your bedtime too, little sister. So I think we'll postpone till another evening the account of the great eruption."

So saying, regardless of little sister's pouting and the grandfather's sudden waking up, Luke clapped on his jaunty naval cap and walked out of the house.

J. T. Trowbridge.

AUNT NUTTY'S STORIES TO THE CHILDREN.

IT was a warm, sultry Saturday in July, when Herbert and Alice, having a holiday, started upon a visit to Aunt Nutty.

"Let's get Aunt Nutty to bake us an ash-cake and fry us some meat, Herbert," said Alice.

"Well," said Herbert. "I reckon, though, she will be washing, and won't have time."

"O, never mind," replied Alice; "we can get sticks and make her a fire, and she will only have to stop long enough to make up the bread and put it in the ashes, and then fry the meat while the bread is baking."

When they reached Aunt Nutty's door she was washing under an oak-tree which grew by her house, and could not comply with their request, as Herbert had anticipated; but when Alice proposed to make the fire, she said she would stop work when it was ready, and the children went down into the wood to collect the brush.

Presently Alice returned alone, hot and breathless, and said Herbert was sitting down in the woods and would n't help her.

"What's de marter wid him?" inquired Aunt Nutty.

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"He said he was tired, and sat down," replied Alice; "and when I told him he must help me, he got mad and said he would n't, — that I had enough brush anyhow, and he did n't see any use in getting more. I told him that he would want to eat as much as I should, and he ought to help. And when he would n't get up, I told him that he ought to be ashamed to make a girl work for him, a great boy, and then I came to tell you."

Aunt Nutty went down into the wood and found Herbert sitting, sulky and angry, upon the ground, idly breaking a dry stick which he held in his hand, and looking sullenly and fixedly before him. "Why, what makes you so lazy to-day, Hubbert?" she asked; "is you sick?"

"No, I ain't sick," he answered, and then relapsed into silence.

"Well, git up and come 'long to de house, and I will tell you 'bout what happened to de lazy man."

"I don't want to hear," said Herbert, — rising, however, at the same time, and following Aunt Nutty slowly up the hill.

Story of the Man who was too Lazy to live.

"Well, I 'll tell you, anyhow. Dar was a man once dat was so lazy he did n't know what to do. He would n't work, and would n't do nothin' for hisself, and went on gittin' wuss and wuss, tell at last de people he live wid put him in a cart, and say dey gwine bury him 'live 'cause he was too lazy to live and too lazy to die. So dey car' him 'long, and presny dey meet a man come ridin' up. 'What you gwine do wid dat man in de cart?' he say. 'Gwine bury him,' dey tell him. 'High! what 's de marter? won't he work? If he 'll come wid me I 'll give him a bushel of corn, jest so ruther dan see him kilt.

"When de lazy man in de cart hear dis, he holler out, 'Is it shelled?'

"'No, it ain't shelled,' de man say. 'Can't you shell it?'

"But he jest say, '*Drive me 'long.*'

"So dey went on, and by and by dey meets 'nother man. 'What you gwine do wid dat man?' he say.

"'Gwine bury him,' dey say.

"'Why, don't bury him 'live!' he say. 'If he 'll come wid me, I 'll give him a bushel of wheat.'

"When de lazy man hear him, he holler out, 'Is it ground?'

"'No, 't aint ground; can't you have it ground?'

"But he jest say, '*Drive me 'long.*'

"So dey went on, and presny dey meets 'nother man, and he ax 'gin what dey gwine do wid de man in de cart. And when dey tell him, he say, 'O no, don't bury him; if he come wid me, I 'll give him somethin' to eat.'

"But de lazy man holler out, 'Is you got anybody to feed me?'

"'Why no,' de man say; 'can't you feed yourself?'

"'No, *drive me 'long.*'

"So dey drive him on and put him in de ground and cover him up, 'cause he too lazy to live and too lazy to die. And dat 's de way 't will be wid you if you goes on so."

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STORY OF THE TERRAPIN AND THE DEER.

Herbert had pretended not to listen at first, but afterwards he became so interested and so much frightened at the idea of being buried alive that he forgot his ill-humor; and as soon as Aunt Nutty finished her tale he began to help Alice, and was soon very busy arranging the sticks for making the fire. The fire was soon ready, and Aunt Nutty having prepared their repast, they were engaged with it when they saw Jack, — who was Aunt Nutty's little nephew, and lived with her to bring her wood and water, — running toward the house kicking something along the ground.

"What you got dar, Jack?" asked Aunt Nutty as he came near them.

"'T is old terrypin I find down by de spring," replied Jack; and Herbert and Alice both started up at once to look at it.

"It has n't any head or feet," said Herbert; "how does it eat and walk?"

"Dey is drawn up in de shell," said Jack; "he had 'em out when I see him, and was crawlin' to de bushes, but I kick him over, and soon as he feel me tech him he draw 'em up in he shell and ain't had 'em out sence."

"Well, let him 'lone," said Aunt Nutty; "he ain't gwine trouble nothin', and presny he will crawl away; you ought n't to hurt dumb creeturs, onless dey do somepen to you."

"Don't you remember, Herbert," said Alice, "the one we saw at Cousin Malvern's last spring with his shell cracked, and Harry the hostler told us that some of the tame deer in the park had stamped on it?"

"O yes, I had forgotten that," said Herbert. "Aunt Nutty, why did the deer want to stamp on it?"

"'Cause, honey, dey say dat many years back de deer and de terrypin was courtin' de same lady, and every time de deer git to her house he find de terrypin dar before him.

"So at last he git mad and ask de terrypin right out how de name o' sence he always manage to be dar before him, no marter when he come. 'I know you can't outrun me,' he say, 'and I wants to know how you does.'

"'Is you sure I can't outrun you?' de terrypin say.

"'Well, den,' de deer say, 'let's have a race, and whoever beats shall marry de lady, and you may 'pint de day and choose de road.'

"'All right,' de terrypin say. So he 'pint de day and choose a road wid a wattlin' fence runnin' down one side of it. Den he go and git a whole parcel of terrypins and string 'em all 'long de road under de wattlin' whar dey could hide, and den went off to one end to meet de deer. Presny de deer come steppin' up. 'Good mornin', Mr. Terrypin; I s'pose you's ready for de race,' he say.

"'All ready,' de terrypin say; 'start when you choose.'

"'Well — but, Mr. Terrypin,' de deer say, 'ʼt aint hardly worth while for us to run; you know I can beat you, and you 'll jest get tired for nothin'.'

"'Never mind,' de terrypin say; 'you mighty sure, but I 'll try you anyhow.'

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"'Well,' de deer say, 'if you will you will; so here goes!' and off he start. De terrypin start too, and make b'lieve he was doin' he best; de deer jump by him in one jump, and he stop and slip under de wattlin'.

"De deer run to t' other end, and when he git dar he rise up in de a'r and jump 'bout twenty yards.

"'I *beat!* I *beat!*' he say when he come down; but de terrypin dat was hid under de wattlin' jest before him crawl out and say, '*Ahead yit.*' When de deer look and see de terrypin he did n't know what to make on 't, 'cause he b'lieve dat 't was de same one dat start wid him; so he say, ''T wa'n't no *fa'r* race, 't wa'n't fa'r; let 's have it over.' 'All right,' de terrypin say; so dey turn round and start back, but de terrypin did n't go fur, and hide like t' other one under de wattlin'.

"Dis time de deer run faster, and when he come to de place to stop he went on by and thought dat den he sertny would be ahead; but when he stop and holler out, 'I *know* I beat dis time!' one of de terrypins dat was hid 'way down de road under de wattlin' crawl out and say, ''*Head yit.*'

"So de terrypin beat de deer and got de lady, and when de deer see him gwine to marry her he was so mad he run to him and *stomp* him; and ever sence den de deer 's been stomping de terrypins wharever dey sees 'em, 'cause dey can't b'ar 'em in dey sight."

"Is that all?" said Herbert; "please tell us some more."

"O yes, please, Aunt Nutty," said Alice.

Story of the Fox and the Hare.

"Dat 's all of dat story," said Aunt Nutty; "but I 'll tell you one somepen like it, 'bout de time de fox and de har' was courtin' de same lady, and one could n't b'ar t' other in his sight, 'cause he was so feard dat t' other would git her. So one day de fox went dar to see her, and when he git dar de lady and her sisters all come out to see him.

"'Good mornin', ladies,' he say; 'I hopes you is well dis mornin'.'

"'O yes,' dey say, 'very well, thank you, Mr. Fox; we is mighty glad to see you, 'cause Mr. Har' has jest been here and told us somepen so funny.' Mr. Fox did n't like to hear nothin' 'bout Mr. Har', and he 'gin to swell up directly; but he never say nothin'. 'He tell us,' dey say, 'dat you wa'n't fit to be no more dan his ridin'-horse."

"'What 's dat?' Mr. Fox say, so mad he could hardly speak 'I 'll let him know yit maybe how much to think of me. I forgit I had some business to 'tend to dis mornin', ladies; you must 'cuse me'; and off he walk, ready to bust.

"'He is mad,' de ladies say, when he was gone. 'What will he say to Mr. Har' when he see him?'

"'I 's feard dey will fight,' de lady dey was courtin' say, 'and dat would be bad. You all ought n't to told Mr. Fox.'

"'We don't keer,' de others tell her, 'none of 'em is courtin' us.'

"So Mr. Fox went straight on down to Mr. Har's house, and when he git dar he call him out: 'Mr. Har', O Mr. Har'!'

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"'Who 's dat?' Mr. Har' say.

"'T is me,' Mr. Fox say. 'I come down here to ax you what you mean tellin' de ladies I wa'n't fit to be no more dan your ridin'-horse. I want you to come on straight wid me now and prove it before 'em all.'

"'Well, I can't to-day,' Mr. Har' say. 'I 's so poorly and feels so painful dat I 'clar' I can't travel. You can wait till 'nother day.'

"'No,' Mr. Fox say, 'you must go right now and prove it.'

"'But I can't,' Mr. Har' say; 'I am too sick intirely. I could n't walk dar to save my life. I tell you what, dough, if you 'll jest let me put my bridle and martingale on you, and you 'll car' me part de way, I 'll see how my pains work, and if I can walk den I 'll go, 'cause I 'clar' I can't go no other way.'

"'Well,' Mr. Fox say, after he think long time and could n't see how else to git him dar, 'I s'pose I must car' you half de way anyhow, ruther dan you should n't go.'

"So Mr. Har' put his bridle and martingale on Mr. Fox and buckle on his spurrers, and den git on him gruntin' and groanin' like he hardly could set up. Mr. Fox walk 'long, and when he git half-way he tell Mr. Har', 'Now I done bring you here; git down and come on; you won't have fur to go now.'

"'O me!' Mr. Har' say, 'dis pain! dis pain! What in dis world am I to do? I hardly can make out to set on your back, much less walk; but jest car' me to de top of dat hill and den I 'll try.'

"Well, Mr. Fox creep 'long, so feard de ladies might catch sight of him he did n't know what to do, and when he git to de hill he stop and tell Mr. Har' dat now he *must* git down. Mr. Har' make b'lieve he was trvin' mighty hard to git down, and roll fust to one side and den to t' other. 'I sertny will faint,' he say; 'I can't see no other way but I must faint if I try to walk; now, you will be 'bleeged to car' me to de gate, 'cause I can't git dar widout.'

"By dis time Mr. Fox was right mad, but he see Mr. Har' wa'n't gwine walk, and would n't go if he did n't car' him; so he walk on, tell jest as dey was most at de gate Mr. Har' see de ladies in de porch and stick both his spurrers in Mr. Fox and make him jump off and run by de house before he know what he was doin', Mr. Har' hollerin', '*What I tell you? What I tell you? don't you see Mr. Fox ain't no more dan my ridin'-horse?*'

"Mr. Fox was so mad dat he run down de hill and turn head over heels to try and break Mr. Har's neck, but Mr. Har' jump up and run 'way to marry de lady, and Mr. Fox was 'shamed to go back 'gin, and swar dat he would eat all de young Har's '*live* dat he could catch; and ever sence foxes is been eatin' young har's."

P. C. Hunter.

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FAIRY FELINE.

LITTLE Fairy Feline, who slept on the hay,
Came running to Tabby, her mother, one day,
And said, "O mamma, I 've had *such* a fright
I sha'n't sleep a wink this whole blesséd night!
My three little sisters, and my dear little bub,
With weights on their necks have dived into a tub, —
My three little sisters, Pearl, Pansy, and Jet,
I saw them all swimming, — and Tommy our pet.
As soon as I saw them there splashing around,
I ran to tell *you* for fear they 'd be drowned.
But Bridget stands laughing; she has a big stick,
And if they 're in danger she 'll help them out quick.
She herself pushed them over the slippery rim,
But I *don't* think she knew that they could n't swim."

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"Alack and alas! my Fairy Feline,
When your number of years is equal to mine,"
Says Tabby, "you 'll see by your own common sense
That no little kitten, at its own expense,
With a weight at its throat goes to sea in a tub;
'T is Bridget who did it, and she with her club,
If they try to get out, will beat each little head
Till, worn out with struggling, they sink and are dead."

'I 'll claw out her eyes," said Fairy Feline;
"It shall never be said that a sister of mine
Has been cruelly murdered by Bridget O'Hart,
And not one of our family taken her part.
O mother, no wonder you show such surprise,
But just say the word and I 'll scratch out her eyes!"

"Alas! 't is the fate of my sweet pretty ones!
They are never permitted to see many suns;—
When once they begin to frolic and play
They are put, without ceremony, out of the way.
I have coaxed them by purring to spare me *one brood*,
I have mewed myself sick, but it all did no good."

"Well, mother, if I cannot *fight* in this cause,
Pray tell me the use, if you please, of *my claws!*"

Says Tabby: "Dear daughter, your language to-day
Just proves you a child; you don't know what you say:
You are ignorant of the opinions of men,
Which *I've* heard repeated again and again,—
Opinions and doctrines of right and of wrong:—
'*He is wrong who is weak; he is right who is strong.*'
Both mistress and maid act as if it were true;—
If you claw out their eyes, there 's no mercy for you.
Eat what 's set before you!—keep mice off the place!
This, child, is the mission of our lowly race.
Who redresses a wrong by scratching out eyes
Goes to sea in a tub, and *as certainly dies.*
We can still mew and purr, and what we can't cure,
With mewing and purring, we 'll try to endure."

Fairy lowered her back and smoothed down her fur,
And, for old Mother Tabby's sake, tried hard to purr.
She could n't see why these strange things should be,
But Dame Tabby, she said, was wiser than she;
So she drew in her claws till they felt soft as silk,
And went quietly off to her saucer of milk.

A. J. H.

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GOING TO THE MENAGERIE.

FOR at least two weeks the post-office and the tavern sheds in Burnham had been adorned by flaming posters, setting forth the wonders of the Great American Travelling Menagerie; and about them the children stood in little groups, drinking in all the promises of delight, and wishing from the depths of their hearts that their parents had "settled" in Dorn. For it was in Dorn that the menagerie was to exhibit; Burnham it passed over as a little place of no importance. Burnham children, I can tell you, felt the sting of this contempt most deeply.

The next best thing was to see the caravan go by. Of course it would not be like the grand triumphal entry, for the golden chariot would be covered, and all the animals shut up, and it was n't likely that the band would play even a note. But there would be the great elephant; they could n't put *him* out of sight; and the dear little Shetland ponies, and perhaps a camel. It would be something just to see the cages, and who knew but the lion might give a roar, or the monkey put his head out at some opening? It was worth watching for, at any rate, and the children thought and talked of it continually.

The performances at Dorn were to take place on Thursday afternoon and evening; by half past eight or nine on the morning of that day people might begin to look out in Burnham. Such were the calculations made, but, alas! they were at fault. Just as grandfather laid down the Bible and took off his glasses, little Mary Desmond heard a heavy, rumbling sound. Quick as thought she glanced at her brother Sidney, and Sidney opened his eyes very wide and gave a little nod, but nobody could say anything just then. All through prayers the heavy, rolling, rumbling sound kept on, mixed with the scamper of feet on the sidewalk, and the chatter of young voices. And when, at "amen," the children rose and rushed to the door, nothing was to be seen of the menagerie but the end of a blue wagon vanishing over the hill!

Mary Desmond sank down in a despairing little heap; Sidney had life enough left in him to ask questions.

"Has it all gone by?" he said.

"All? I should think it had!" replied Harvey Brown. "How much did you want?"

"And was it very fine?"

"You 'd better believe! It was just old splendid!"

"Was there a camel?" said poor little Mary.

"Two of 'em, and the cunningest little Shetlands, and a monstrous great elephant that shook the ground as he went by, swinging his trunk *so*," — Harvey described a sweep with his arm, — "and a baby elephant, as like the big one as he could trot, and such lots of cages, and Jim Dean and

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I, we *thought* we saw the lion a-looking out at one of the holes, but we were n't quite certain."

Sidney groaned. As for Mary, the very depths of her misery inspired her with a sudden idea. She jumped up, ran into the house for her hat, and hurried to the store, where a gentleman sat comfortably under the awning reading a newspaper. Mary did not give her courage time to falter. "Uncle George," said she, plunging at once into her subject, "do you think you could take us to Dorn to-day?"

"To Dorn! What for, my child? O, the caravan, I suppose. Why, did n't you see enough of it as it went through?"

"Grandfather was having prayers and we never saw *one bit* of it, not even the tail of one of the ponies!" said Mary, earnestly. "Uncle George, don't you think you could?" she added, in an imploring voice.

Her uncle looked down and saw the two brown eyes shining like stars, and the eager, anxious little face, and remembered that he used to be a child himself.

"How many of you want to go?" he asked.

"Why, there 'd be Sidney and I, and don't you think Charley would like it?" (Charley was her cousin, Uncle George's youngest boy.) "And then there 's Mary Childe; I know she 'd give anything to go!"

"H'm!" said her uncle, reflectively. "We can take the Democrat; it will hold us all. What does your mother think about it?"

"I have n't asked her yet," replied little Mary.

Uncle George laughed aloud. "Oho!" said he; "so this is all your own scheme is it? And now I suppose you 'd like to have me go over and persuade your mother, as you have persuaded me?"

"Yes," said Mary, delighted at the prospect of such an ally. "I don't think she need mind, for we sha' n't have to ask her for any money. I 've two dollars and a half in my saving's bank, and Sidney has *lots* in his. I should n't wonder, Uncle George, if we could hire the horse and wagon and pay you for driving us out!"

"That would be a fine thing for me certainly." And with the little niece skipping at his side he made his way to Grandfather Desmond's. Mary wisely said nothing, but left him to state the case, and after a short discussion the affair was arranged. Mary dashed off to find her brother Sidney and Mary Childe, and tell the joyful news. Meanwhile little Dudley Desmond came and stood at his grandmother's knee. He was only five years old, and had not been included in the calculations.

"Grandmother," said he, mournfully, looking up in her face, "I don't see how they *can* all go off and leave me here alone!"

This was too much for grandmother. "Don't you think you can take him, George?" she asked. "He is so little, he 'll not fill up much space."

"O yes, let him go," said Uncle George.

A minute after Mary came flying in. "O Uncle George!" she cried, quite out of breath, "can't you make room for little Laura Childe? She could sit between Mary and me, and she wants to go, *so dreadfully!*"

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"Well — yes," said Uncle George. "The Democrat is strong. I don't believe we shall break down." And all might now have proceeded in a peaceable and orderly fashion had he not had *his* bright thought in turn. "Why not make a day of it while we are about it?" said he. "If we can get to Dorn by half past ten, we shall be in time for the grand triumphal entry!" The children raised a shout of delight. "Only in that case you must look sharp. I will find Charley." And he hastened out.

There are drawbacks even to the joy of hurrying off to Dorn on a bright June morning to see a splendid sight. Grown people *will* have such notions, and children are obliged to submit! So Charley Desmond found it, when he rushed into the house and proceeded to put on his Sunday suit over the shirt and collar he was wearing. His mother had her views, and the suit had to come off, and clean underclothes go on.

Mary, too, had her trials. "Why, mother!" she exclaimed, as Mrs. Desmond carried her off to her own room, "Mary Childe says there is n't the *least* need that we should dress; we can go just *exactly* as we are!"

"Mary Childe's mother will have something to say about that, I fancy," replied Mrs. Desmond; and the washing and changing went on.

"If they are to be gone all day," said grandmother, "they must carry something to eat. George can't take such a troop to the hotel!"

"O no, grandmother," said Sidney, as he ran off to get ready, "we sha' n't want anything. We could n't eat it if we had it!"

"Wait till twelve o'clock and see how you feel then," said grandmother. And she went to the kitchen to find Jane and hasten preparations. But Jane, unluckily, had gone to market; she was nowhere to be seen. Grandmother stopped to think. There was cold boiled ham in the pantry, — she could cut some sandwiches; there were cookies and corn-starch cakes in the jars, and apples in the cellar. Only Roxbury russets, to be sure, for no others would keep into June, but better than no apples. The children would be very glad of them by dinner-time. She got the various articles together, and was cutting off the ham in thin, delicate slices, when through the open doors she saw Mary come out all dressed and ready.

"Wait for your lunch," she called, but whether the child heard was doubtful. Grandmother did not stop to inquire. She only hurried on, cutting the ham and spreading the bread.

Three minutes later Uncle George drove up; and then Mrs. Desmond's wisdom was apparent. For there, on the back seat, sat Mary Childe in her new spring suit and best hat, and by her side little Laura, all white and blue ribbons, her curls shining like gold-thread in the sun. Mary felt very glad that her own toilet, too, had been cared for.

Everything was soon arranged, — the three girls on the back seat, Uncle George and Sidney and Charley on the front, while Dudley was to sit in laps alternately. Some people might have called it crowded, but the children never dreamed of inconvenience. Just as they were seated Jane came along with the market-basket on her arm. "So you are off!" said she. "Mary, have you got any lunch?"

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"O, we don't want any!" chorused the children. "I've got plenty for all of us," said Mary Childe. Uncle George was in as great a hurry as any of them, and away they drove.

But Jane looked rather blank when she got in the house and found grandmother putting the sandwiches in a basket. "Why, they're gone!" she said. "Gone!" exclaimed grandmother, and they both hurried to the gate. They beckoned and shouted, but all in vain; the little heads never once turned; they were too firmly set towards Dorn and the caravan!

"This is a pretty piece of work!" said grandmother.

"They might know they'd want something to eat," said Jane.

"Eat!" exclaimed grandmother, indignantly. "They've no idea they'll ever want to eat again the longest day they live! They'll find out their mistake by noon, I guess," comforting herself for her despised preparations. "I tell you what we'll do," as a fresh thought occurred to her; "the doctor is going to send by the stage for medicines, and I'll give the basket to Tim, and ask him to hand it to Mr. Desmond if he sees him anywhere. I can't have all that tribe coming upon Mary Childe for lunch."

Meanwhile the happy party drove on, all unconscious of poor grandmother's dilemma. The sun shone, the leaves rustled, a pleasant little breeze fanned the children's cheeks and fluttered their ribbons. It was a charming drive, and they reached Dorn in ample time. They drew up on a grassy spot of roadside and witnessed at ease the grand triumphal entry. There was the majestic elephant, swinging his trunk, as Harvey Brown had said, and the baby elephant following; the queer-looking camels, after whom Mary's heart had longed, the darling little Shetlands, and numerous cages drawn by gayly decorated horses. But when the great golden chariot came on, with the band in uniform, and all the instruments struck up their music, that was the glorious moment! If Mary Desmond had not been wedged in so tightly on the back seat, there would have been danger of her flying right over the house-tops at the sound!

Spite of their excitement the children grew very hungry, and Mary Childe's lunch was disposed of to the last crumb, besides some cakes and crackers which Uncle George procured. Then they went to a hotel and had lemonade, and laid in a supply of nuts and candy. With all this, they were on the ground in time to buy the very first tickets that were sold.

When they stepped inside the tent, what a scene it was! The sunshine came in softened through the canvas, and made a pleasant light that seemed to the children different from the common daylight they were used to. All around the edges of the tent were ranged the cages; nothing hidden now; the animals in full view. The little party walked from one to another, and admired the lions and tigers, the bears and panthers, the zebra with his curious stripes, the chattering monkeys, the bright-plumaged birds. They pitied the poor polar bear panting with the heat, though a great block of ice had been placed in his cage to cool the air; they shuddered at the fierceness of the royal Bengal tiger, which paced up and down, lashing its tail and growling with a fury that would have been terrible

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to encounter outside those iron bars. By the time they had made the round, people began to pour into the tent, and it was time to take their seats. How pleasant it was to sit there and look around, to see the elephants quietly feeding, the keepers going about, and the crowds of people coming in! Nicely dressed people and shabby ones, handsome people and homely people, men, women, children, even babies in arms. And then the performances! The children gazed, perfectly fascinated; it was a scene of enchantment from beginning to end.

When all was over, and they were on their way home, Uncle George asked Mary if she felt satisfied. "Satisfied is no word at all!" she answered, fervently; "it does n't *begin* to express it!"

The home folks were looking out for them. "Did Tim give you the basket?" asked grandmother, when there was a lull in the narrative of the day's doings. No, nothing had been seen of Tim.

Late that night he returned; he placed the medicines and the basket upon the Desmonds' stoop. And now at last the lunch fulfilled its mission; some hungry dog or cat discovered it and had a feast. Next morning when the door was opened the basket lay overturned, apples were rolled about the stoop, and cake and cookies strewed the grass, but every fragment of the sandwiches had disappeared.

This little drawback was the only one connected with the expedition.

Katherine F. Williams.

HOW TO DRAW.

No. V.

MY DEAR ALLIE, —

Before we begin thinking much about "Light and Shade" (which is the subject of my present letter to you), as connected with drawing, I want you to see what can be done with a single tint, that is, with a shaded surface of *one* color. I should like to have you commence your study in drawing to-day by filling up (using a soft pencil) a circle about the size of the copy below, with lines such as you see in Fig. 1.

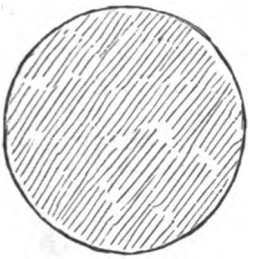

FIG. 1.

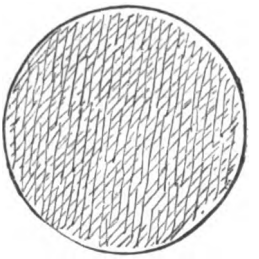

FIG. 2.

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Do this as well as possible, and then cross the lines with others, such as you see in Fig. 2. Take care to keep the *diamond* shape when lines come together, as in Fig. 3, always avoiding the square in Fig. 4. Continue to fill up the circle, as in the first examples, by the use of *lines only*, until you obtain a piece of work like Fig. 5.

FIG. 3.

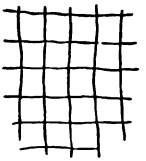

FIG. 4.

FIG. 5.

Most excellent practice, I assure you, this filling in spaces with one tint, and I don't care how often you attempt to do it; the more frequently the better.

Now we will proceed to the study of

LIGHT AND SHADE.

Form is developed by means of these attributes, and objects would appear perfectly flat were it not for their use.

Every solid opaque body has one part on which the light is brightest, and one part on which the shade is strongest, as you may perceive by looking at this illustration of a cube, Fig. 6.

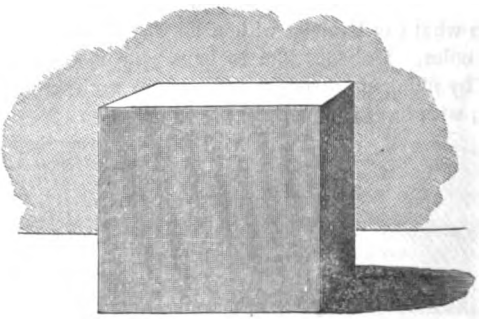

FIG. 6.

The intermediate tint is called the middle tint, because it is equally

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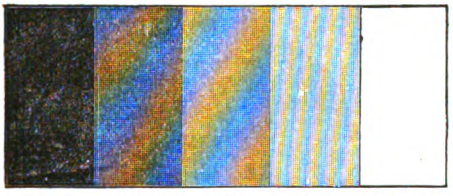
removed from the extreme light and the extreme dark, and it may be subdivided into the half light, the middle tint, and the half dark, as illustrated by Fig. 7.

FIG. 7.



The middle tints occupy the largest portion of the object, the extreme light and dark being limited to a very small space.

The *brightest* part of an object is that on which the light falls directly, and it is called the high light.

The shadow *side* does not mean the *shadow*.

All objects are viewed under three kinds of light, namely, sunlight, daylight, and artificial light, and the appearance of an object varies according as it is seen under one or another of these. Generally speaking, the brightest light makes the darkest shadow. Opaque objects, — those we cannot see through, — when lighted by a single light, can be illuminated on one part only; the space situated on the side *not* lighted is then *in* shadow, and the space on the ground where the light is obscured by the object is *the shadow*. Shadows are similar in form to the body by which they are cast; thus the shadow of an upright post (Fig. 8) is straight, the shadow of a ball (Fig. 9) circular.

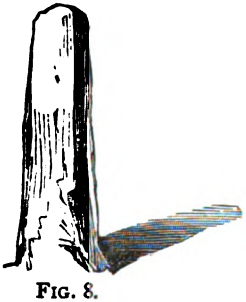


FIG. 8.

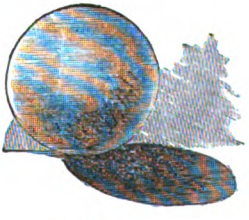


FIG. 9.

Reality, vigor, and effect follow the use of shading in drawings, and the draughtsman who declines to study its principles will inevitably have only a limited success in picture-making.

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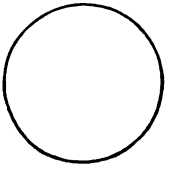
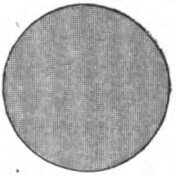
Outline alone is insufficient for the representation of objects. Various dispositions of light and shade are necessary to give the appearance of solidity to them, as you may see by looking at the accompanying illustrations, Figs. 10–14. You will notice that the same outline answers for all.

FIG. 10.



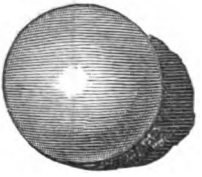
Circle.

FIG. 11.



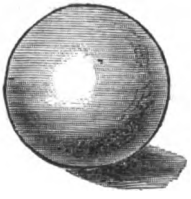
Circular Disk.

FIG. 12.



Hemisphere.

FIG. 13.



Sphere.

FIG. 14.

Hollow Hemisphere.

So far, so good! Now you may set yourself to work copying the examples I have given you, and I want you always to be very particular to make a correct outline of every object you wish to represent before you attempt to shade it.

Bearing this well in mind, begin the drawing of a leaf. Work carefully and patiently. Define, very lightly, the edges of the shadow, just as you see them in this outline sketch of a leaf, Figs. 15, 16; then draw your shading, using lines (you see they are nearly all running in one direction), and be

FIG. 15.

FIG. 16.

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very careful to leave the edges of the shadow light and fine, not coarse. As to variety in a shadow, it is very easy to obtain it after the groundwork (the flat body of general shade) is produced.

It is a good plan when you are shading heavy, with dark masses of shadow, to make them on separate pieces of paper, and then, placing them beside the copy, to compare them with it. By so doing you can test the accuracy of your work, and ascertain how truly you have *seen* the shadow in the original drawing.

Another thing. In representing the dark touches of shadow you must make them thoroughly smooth and even, never by any means spotty. Each shade, too, must be of definite shape to represent a particular form of shadow, and of a certain depth of tone (quality of tint) to imitate a particular effect.

This one example — the drawing of the leaf — will give you a fair idea of what is expected of you when shading from simple copies. The following rules concerning light and shade (light, shade, and *shadow*, I should say) are to be committed to memory.

RULE 1. — When a shaded surface recedes from you, the intensity of the shade diminishes as the surface recedes.

RULE 2. — The intensity of light on a lighted surface grows less intense as the surface recedes from you.

RULE 3. — The brightest light is never on the outline of a cylinder in light, neither is the darkest shadow on the outline of the part in shade. (Fig. 17.)

RULE 4. — When an object throwing a shadow and the surface on which the shadow falls are equally dark and near each other, the shadow is darker than the shaded side of the object.

RULE 5. — The outline of a shadow is most clearly distinct close to the object casting the shadow, and it diminishes in distinctness as it recedes *from* the object.

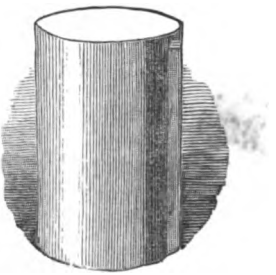

FIG. 17.

Study them all thoroughly, my little pupil, and when you can draw and shade freely from the simple copies I shall by and by send to you, you may begin to practise from simple models, which may be studied both in outline and in light and shade.

As you get older you will pass in your work from the primitive solids, — the cube, pyramid, cylinder, and sphere, — to drawing from wooden imitations or plaster casts, and from the objects about you in nature, animate and inanimate. And now for a little more practise-work to occupy your spare moments.

In the first examples set you in this letter you found a single surface of *one* tint, but here (Fig. 18) you will find a surface of *many* tints all deli-

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cately blended together, to make what is called a *gradated* surface. I want you to copy it exactly.

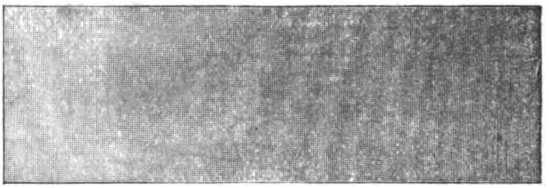

FIG. 18.

Affectionately yours,

Charles A. Barry.

SPINNING.

A SPIDER was swinging herself in glee
From a moss-covered swaying bough;
A breeze came rollicking up from the sea,
And fanned her beautiful brow.
She hung, it is true, with her pretty head down,
But her brain was cool as you please;
The fashion quite suited the cut of her gown,
And she could look up in the trees.

She saw where a humming-bird lighted down;
At his throat a bright ruby gleamed;
On his head was a gold and emerald crown,
And he sat on a bough and dreamed.
The spider ran up on her silver thread,
And looked in the little king's face;
"If I may but sit at your feet," she said,
"I 'll spin you some beautiful lace."

The humming-bird looked in her shining eyes,
And then at her nimble feet,
And said to himself, I have found a prize,
She is useful as well as neat.
"You may sit by my side, if it please you well,"
Said he, "the summer-time through;
And since you spin on a noiseless wheel
I 'll do the humming for you."

Belle W. Cooke.

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THE WILLIAM HENRY LETTERS.

THIRD NEW PACKET.

Lucy Maria to William Henry.

DEAR BILLY, —

'T is a pity about that forefinger. Pray get it well enough to handle a pen, 't is so long since you 've written.

So you want home matters reported. Eatable matters of course will be most interesting. Milk and butter, plenty. Gingerbread (plain) ditto. Gingerbread (fancy) scarce. Cookies, quiet. Plum-cake in demand. Snaps lively. Brown bread firm. White bread (sliced) dull. Biscuits (hot) brisk. Custard unsteady. Preserves not in the market.

What do we do, and what do we talk about? Why, we talk about our cousin William Henry, and what we do can't be told within the bounds of one letter. Think of seven cows' milk to churn into butter, besides a cheese now and then, and besides working for the extra hands we hire this time o' year! I should have written to you before, when we first heard of your accident if I could have got the time. Hannah Jane is away, and we 've let Mattie go with Susie Snow to Grandma Snow's again, for a few days. Grandma Snow likes to have Mattie come with Susie, for 't is rather a still, dull place. So you must think we are quite lonesome here now, and we are, especially mother. Father tells her she 'd better advertise for a companion! I 've a good mind to advertise to be a companion. What do companions do? The old lady might be cross, or the old gentleman, but that would n't hurt me, so long as I kept clever myself. Don't doubt I 'd get fun out of it some way. There 's fun in about everything, I think.

I 've been trying to get father and mother to go to Aunt Lucy's and stay all night. But father thinks there would n't be anybody to shut the barn-door, and mother thinks there would n't be anybody to do anything, though I 've promised to scald the pans, and do up the starched things, and keep Tommy out of the sugar-bowl. He takes a lump every chance he can get. Takes after his father. He puts sugar on sweetened puddings if mother is n't looking! We 've made some verses to plague Tommy, and when Mattie gets her piano they are going to be set to music.

SONG.

A SWEET TOMMY.

As turns the needle to the pole,
So Tommy to the sugar-bowl.
Tra la la, tra la la!
Sweet, sweet Tommy!

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Tommy always takes a toll,
Going by the sugar-bowl.
Tra la la, tra la la!
Sweet, sweet Tommy!

Were Tommy blind as any mole,
He 'd always find the sugar-bowl.
Tra la la, tra la la!
Sweet, sweet Tommy!

He 's a funny talking fellow. We took him into town last night, to see the illumination. This morning we heard him and Frankie Snow telling Benny Joyce about it. Father and I were listening behind the blinds. Made father's eyes twinkle. Don't you know how they twinkle when he 's tickled?

"You did n't see the *rumination*, and we did!" we heard Tommy say.

"Rumination? What 's a rumination?" asked Benny.

"O hoo! hoo!" cried Tommy. "Denno what a rumination is!"

"Why," said Frankie, "don't you know the 'Publicans? Wal. That 's it."

"O poh!" said Benny. "Publicans and sinners! I knew they 's coming!"

"And soldiers!" said Frankie. "O my! All a-marching together!"

"O poh!" said Benny. "I see 'em go by. Paint-pots on their heads, and brushes in 'em! I was n't goin' to chase!"

"Guess nobody would n't let ye!" said Frankie.

"Did n't either!" cried Tommy. "Did n't have paint-pots!"

"Did!" said Benny. "Guess my great brother knows!"

"Guess we know," said Frankie, "when we went!"

"And the town was all celebrated," said Tommy. "And the houses all gloomed up! And horses! O my!"

"O poh!" said Benny. "When I grow up, I 'm goin' to have a span!"

If mother does go she 'll take Tommy, for she would n't sleep a wink away from him over night. Father pretends he 'd go, if he had a handsome span. Says he has n't got a horse in the barn good enough to take mother out riding. When Mammy Sarah was here washing, she told him how he could get a good span. You know he 's always joking about taking summer boarders. Says Mammy Sarah, "Now 't is a wonder to me you don't do it, for summer boarders is as good as a gold-mine. Money runs right out of their pockets, and all you have to do is to catch it!" She says we could make enough out of a couple of them, in a month's time, to buy a handsome span, and she is n't sure but the harness.

I think we begin to be a little in earnest about summer boarders. For we have rooms enough, in both houses together, and milk and vegetables, and mother 's a splendid cook. Mammy Sarah says, "They ain't diffikilt, and after they 've been in the country couple of weeks, they don't eat so very much more than other folks."

Father says he wants to take them more for the entertainment than the money. He wants rich ones, but not the sensible kind, that know money is n't the only thing worth having. Says what he wants is that silly, stuck-

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up kind that put on airs, and make fools of themselves, they 'd be so amusing! Thinks the best sort for our use would be specimens that went up quite sudden from poor to rich, like balloons, all filled with gas. I believe there 'd be lots of fun to be made out of them. I 've seen one or two. Gracious! You 'd think they were n't born on the same planet with poor folks! Mother 'd rather have the really well-informed, sensible kind, that we may learn something from them. A couple of each would be just the thing. How do you like mother's picture? We don't feel at all satisfied with it. If she could only be taken at home! Then she 'd look natural. Father says the world is going ahead so fast, he believes the time will come when every family will have its own picture-machine, much as it has its own frying-pan. Then when folks have on their best expressions why clap it right before them. Then they 'll look homeish. Says what he wants is to have mother's face when she 's just made a batch of uncommon light biscuits, or when Tommy 's said something smart. Won't there be funny pictures when we can hold up a machine before anybody any minute, like a frying-pan, and catch faces glad or mad or sad or any way? I made believe take Tommy's, and then showed them to him on a piece of paper. Guess I 'll put them in the letter. They 'll do to amuse you. I draw an hour or so every day. First I have to make my hour. Sometimes I have to make more. For I will read a little, if the world stops because of it. But about the faces. This one is when he was crying because he could n't have sugar on his potatoes. Another is when he was spunky at Frankie Snow for bursting his little red balloon. One pleased-looking face is when father brought him home a little ship, all rigged. And a laughing one is when the cow put her head in the window. We tell him we 'll have them framed and hung up, so he can just see how he looks. Mother says 't is all very well to laugh at Tommy, but she guesses some older ones' pictures would n't always look smiling and pleasant, take them the year through!

As soon as your finger is itself again do write, for we miss your letters. We expect to have gay times here this summer. Company coming, but we sha' n't make company of them. Expect to have splendid times. What shall we do evenings? If you go anywhere where there is anything going on do write us about it, so we can go on the same way. When are you coming? Write me a good long letter when you can.

Your affectionate cousin,

LUCY MARIA.

Your father is going to write you a letter. Quite wonderful for him. O William Henry, you don't know how much I think of your father, and what a good man he is! I guess you 'd better write to your grandmother before you do me, she 's so pleased to have you write to her.

Father wants to know, when that ball hit you, if you *bawled!*

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William Henry to Aunt Phebe.

DEAR AUNT PHEBE, —

I thank you for taking your time to write to me when you have so much work to do. My forefinger has about recovered the use of itself. The middle one did go lame a spell, but now 't is very well I thank you. Mrs. Wedding Cake did them up for me. I think she 's a very kind woman. Dorry says he 'd put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, or lay down his life, if she wanted him to, or anything else for the only woman he knows that will smile on boys' mud and on boys' noise.

Ten of us went on an excursion with the teacher, half-price, to Boston, and had a long ride in the cars, over forty miles. We went everywhere and saw lots of things. Went into the Natural History Building. You can go in for nothing. You stand on the floor at the bottom and look 'way up to the top. All round inside are galleries running round, with alcoves letting out of them, where they keep all sorts of unknown beasts and birds and bugs and snakes. Some of those great birds are regular smashers! 'Most dazzles your eyes to look at their feathers they 're such bright red! I 'd just give a guess how tall they were, but don't believe I 'd come within a foot or two. Also butterflies of every kind, besides skeletons of monkeys and children and minerals and all kinds of grasses and seeds and nuts there such as you never cracked or thought of! They are there because they are seeds not because they are nuts.

And there 's a cast of a great ugly monster, big as several elephants, that used to walk round the earth before any men lived in it. If he was n't a ripper! Could leave his hind feet on the ground and put his fore-paws up in the trees and eat the tops off! They call him a Megotharium! I hope he 's spelt right, though he ought not to expect it, and I don't know as it makes much difference, seeing he lived thousands of years before the flood; and lucky he did, Dorry says, for the old ark could n't have floated with many of that sort aboard. He was n't named till long after he was dead and buried. Patient waiter is no loser, Dorry says, for he 's got more name than the ones that live now, and is taken more notice of. We saw a cannon-ball on the side of Brattle Street Church, where 't was fired in the Revolution, and we went to the top of the State House. Made our knees ache going up so many steps, but it pays. For you can look all over the harbor, and all round the country and see the white towns and steeples for miles and miles. Boston was built on three hills, and the State House is on one of them. I can't write any more now.

W. B. has left school, because his father got a place for him in New York. His father thought he was old enough to begin. He 's a good deal older than I am.

From your affectionate nephew,

WILLIAM HENRY.

How do you like this picture of that great Mego — I won't try to spell him again, eating off the tree-tops? The leaves on the trees then were

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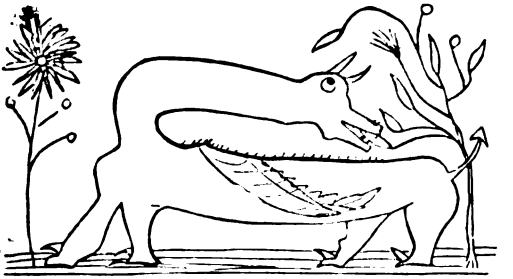
different from the ones we have now. Dorry made the leaves, and I made the creature.



A Letter to William Henry from his Father.

MY DEAR SON, —

Perhaps you have thought that because I am rather a silent man, and do not very often write you a letter, that I have not much feeling and do not take interest in you. But no one knows how closely I am watching my boy as time is bringing him up from boyhood to manhood.

Sometimes your grandmother worries about your being where there may be bad boys. But I tell her that among so many there must be both good and bad, and if you choose the bad you show very poor judgment. I think if a boy picks out bad companions, it shows there is something bad in himself.

She says I ought to keep giving you good advice, now you are just starting in life, and charge you to be honest and truthful and so forth. I tell her that would be something as it would be if you were just starting on a pleasant journey, and I should say, "Now, William Henry, don't put out your own eyes at the beginning, or cut the cords of your legs!" Do you see what I mean? A boy that is *not* honest and truthful puts out his own eyes and cripples himself at the very beginning.

There is a good deal said about arriving at honor and distinction. I don't want you to think about *arriving* at honor. I want you to take honor to start with. And as for distinction, a man in the long run is never distinguished for anything but what he really is. So make up your mind just what you want to pass for and be it. For you will pass for what you are, not what you try to appear. Go into the woods and see how easily you can tell one tree from another. You see oak-leaves on one, and you know that is oak all the way through. You see pine-needles on another, and you know that is pine all the way through. A pine-tree may want to look like an oak, and try to look like an oak, and think it does look like an oak, as it can't see itself. But nobody is cheated. So a rascally fellow may want to appear fair and honest, and try to appear fair and honest, and think he does appear fair and honest, as he can't see himself. But, in the long run, nobody is cheated. For you can read a man's character about as easy as

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you can the leaves on the trees. Sometimes I sit down in a grocery store and hear the neighbors talked about, and 't is curious to find how well everybody is known. It seems as if every man walked round labelled, as you may say, same as preserve-jars are labelled "currant," "quince," &c. Only he don't know what his label is. Just as likely as not a man may think his label is "quince marmalade" when 't is only "pickled string-beans"!

Just so with boys. Grown folks notice boys a great deal, though when I was a boy I never knew they did. The little affairs of playtime and schooltime, and their home ways are all talked over, and by the time a boy is twelve years old it is pretty well known what sort of a man he will make.

Now don't mistake my meaning. I don't want you to be true because people will know it if you are not, but because it is right and noble to be so. I want you to be able to respect yourself. Never do anything that you like yourself any the less for doing.

A boy of your age is old enough to be looking ahead some, to see what he is aiming at. I don't suppose you want to drift, like the seaweed, that lodges wherever the waves toss it up! Set up your mark, and a good high one. And be sure and remember that, as a general thing, there is no such thing as luck. If a man seems to be a lucky merchant or lawyer or anything else, 't is because he has the talent, the industry, the determined will, that make him so. People see the luck, but they don't always see the "taking pains" that 's behind it. I remember you wrote us a letter once, and spoke of a nice house, with nice things inside, that you meant to have by "trying hard enough." There 's a good deal in that. We 've got to try hard and try long and try often and try again, and keep trying. That house never 'll come down to you. You 've got to climb up to it step by step.

I don't know that I have anything to say about the folly of riches. On the contrary, I think 't is a very good plan to have money enough to buy books and other things worth having. I don't see why a man can't be getting knowledge and growing better at the same time he is growing richer. Some poor folks have a prejudice against rich folks. I have n't any. Rich people have follies, but poor people copy them if they can. That is to say, we often see poor people making as big fools of themselves as they can, with the means they have. Money won't hurt you, Billy, so long as you keep common sense and a true heart.

We are all watching you and thinking of you here at home. If you *should* go wrong 't would be a sad blow for both families. Perhaps I ought to tell you how I feel towards you, and how, ever since your mother's death, my heart has been bound up in you and Georgie. You would then know what a crushing thing it would be to me if you were found wanting in principle. But I am not very good, either at talking or writing, so do remember, dear boy, that even when I don't say a word, I 'm thinking about you and loving you always. God bless you!

From your affectionate father.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

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BEFORE FLYING SOUTHWARD.

A BIRD sat singing on a tree;
"Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!" he sang, —
The while the waving bough made rhyme. —
"What days can bring such joy to me
As this dear, dying summer-time,
More dear than song can tell?" he sang.

"O little home the boughs amid,
What spot the wide world through," he sang, —
And now the gray leaves fluttered down,
Nor could the nest be longer hid, —
"Though skies that smiled erewhile now frown,
What spot so dear as you?" he sang.

"O winds that on bright summer eves
Have rocked my callow brood," he sang, —
And as he sang a fierce, quick moan
Sounded among the poor dim leaves, —
"I only think of love long shown,
Though now your touch be rude," he sang.

"O gracious roses that have tossed
All day your sweets to us," he sang, —
The while the flowers hung pale and dead, —
"What care I that your beauty 's lost?
I but recall you burning red,
Stately and odorous," he sang.

"O tree, within whose branches strong
And reaching heavenward," he sang, —
And now his voice grew sweet and low, —
"My bride and I all summer long
Have watched the round moon come and go!
Nay, parting is too hard!" he sang.

"Alas! alas that it must be!
But winter's grasp is fell," he sang, —
The while the waving bough made rhyme, —
"Yet naught to which we go can be
So dear as this dear summer-time;
Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!" he sang.

Lily Nelson.

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OUR YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

OUR YOUNG HAWKS.

"O DEAR! that wicked, awful old hawk has got another of my pretty chickens! those cunning little Sea-Brights! O, he 'll get them all, I know he will!"

It was my little sister Mollie, coming sadly in from the barn, with the dough-dish in her hand. She had just got home from school; and had run out a moment to see her little pets as the rest were sitting down to supper. Sad enough she looked as she took her place beside me at the table.

"What, another gone, Mollie?" said father; for this had been the usual nightly report for several days past.

"Yes, and 't was that little one, that had such a cunning little topknot on its head, and was so much smarter than the others, and used to go off catching bugs for himself. O, he was so smart and pretty! I 'd rather have lost any one but that."

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"It 's too bad, Mollie," said father. "Boys, can't you contrive to shoot that hawk? I see him sailing about nearly every day. He 'll have all of Mollie's chickens, sure as fate, now he 's begun to come."

"I 've fired at him twice already," said Will. "But our old gun scatters so, it don't do any good. If we had one of those Springfield muskets, which they 're selling now at eight dollars apiece down at Mr. Wrisley's, I could bring him every time."

"O, don't condemn the old gun, Willie," said grandma. "It served all through the Revolution, and did good service in your grandpa's hands. Perhaps it 's indignant at being used now against thievish crows and hawks."

"It won't hit anyhow," said Will.

"I know," said Mollie, — "Will's hands tremble so when he fires it!"

"They don't either," cried Will, indignantly. "Besides, I should think anybody's *would* tremble to get such kicks as that gun gives."

"That old hawk has got a nest somewhere near here, with young ones in it," said grandma. "That 's why he 's so bold, and regular in his visits, — he 's got a young family on his hands. If you could break up the nest, he would stop coming."

"But how shall we find the nest?" said I.

"I 'll tell you how," said grandma. "School don't keep to-morrow, and Mollie can watch the old hawk. Be up early, Mollie, for he 'll come sailing over after his breakfast as soon as he can see. Your eyes are sharp, and you must watch and see where he flies to, especially if he gets another chicken, or has anything else in his claws. I should n't wonder if it was over at the Great Ledge. There 's where they used to build when I was a girl."

So all next day Mollie watched the hawks. Love and revenge, as the story-books say, united to make her vigilant. And when we went in to supper she came running to meet us. "I 've found it! I 've found it!" she cried. "It 's over at the Great Ledge, just where grandma said. This afternoon, not more than an hour ago, I saw the old hawk fly over with a snake as long as a whip-lash in his claws. He flew straight over towards the Great Ledge, and I ran; and when I got there I saw him fly away from that old pine that stands half-way down the side. I can almost look down into the nest. But I don't believe anybody could ever get to it, for it looks terrible dizzy over there!"

"We 'll try," said father.

So after supper we went over to the Great Ledge, which is a rocky crag nearly two hundred feet high, about half a mile west of the house. It overhangs a wild, inky-looking sheet of water called Winona's Pond, — for an Indian girl is said to have jumped over here into the water beneath, because her lover had deserted her for another pretty squaw, — rather a poor reason, to be sure. The old pine in which the hawks had built is quite a curiosity. It springs from a crevice midway down the precipice, and its top comes up within thirty feet of the top of the crag. Mollie had followed us over.

"There it is," said she. "You can see the sticks and dry grass down there, where that great limb has crooked round by growing against the rocks; and that smaller one has grown across it." Yes, we saw plainly enough. "But nobody could ever get down there, I know," she added, apprehensively, her kind little sisterly heart alarmed lest some perilous exploit were about to be set on foot.

"Guess we shall have to shoot into the nest," said father. "A good charge of shot will do the business. Did you bring the gun?"

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"O, I wish we could get the young hawks!" said Will. "Why can't we do as they do at the Shetland Islands?"

"How 's that, Will?"

"Why, the people there get their living by robbing the nests of the sea-fowl that build along the cliffs on the coast. They drive down a crow-bar and fasten a rope to it, with a stick in the end, called 'a horse,' to sit on. Sometimes they have some one to pull them up, and sometimes they have loops in the rope, and go up and down alone."

"And do you think you 'd really have pluck enough to go down, if we should fix it so?" said father.

"Yes, sir; it 's safe enough, if the rope is strong," replied Will.

"Very well," answered father, examining the ground about the edge; "you may try it. Run to the house, you and Tom, and get the crowbar, and that long rope off the windlass over the great doors in the barn; and bring along the gun with you, — perhaps we may get a shot at the old hawks."

Our bare feet flew, and in a short time we were back at the ledge again. Father had cut a stout stick for "a horse," which he now firmly knotted in the end of the rope. Then taking the crowbar, he planted it deep in a crevice, a little back from the edge, and fastened the rope to it. Will had got his jacket and suspenders off, and now placed himself astride the "horse."

"O, don't go!" pleaded Mollie. "You 'll fall into the water, just as poor Winona did."

"I 'm all ready," said Will, turning to us. Father eyed him dubiously a moment. I began to think he was going to be the one to back down. But just then his eye happened to fall upon the suspenders lying with the jacket, and, catching them up, he tied them round Will's waist and the rope, so that he could n't fall off now if he did get dizzy, unless the suspenders broke, — and grandma's knitting always holds pretty well. Then we let him slide slowly down the shelving rocks till Mollie, who was peering over the edge, cried, "He 's 'most down to it!" and a voice from far below sang out, "Hold on!" The rope was made fast.

Both old hawks had now returned. Seeing Will at the nest, they sailed down past him, almost brushing him with their wings, as they uttered their peculiar whistling scream. But as they rose again, a charge from the old gun in the hands of father sent one of them flapping and tumbling down the rocks, while the other sailed off to a safer distance.

Meanwhile a great commotion was going on down at the nest. The young hawks, now fully half grown, were not taken without a hot resistance. Will's hands suffered, as one by one he seized the little fighters, and, tying their legs, slung them across his "horse."

"I guess there 's three of them," said Mollie; "there 's been three separate squalling spells."

"All ready!" shouted Will, as he upset the old nest and sent it rattling down the rocks; and in a few moments he came creeping back over the shelving edge with his fierce little captives.

Meanwhile I had gone around and down where the old hawk had fallen. He was standing upon the sharp edge of a rock, — tottering, with his wings drooping, but doing his best to keep his legs. Seeing me, he uttered a screech of rage, and bristled up for battle. Getting a good stick, I made up to him, and struck sidewise at his neck. But bobbing down his head he jumped at me — for his wings were broken — and set

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his long talons into my jacket; then he fell back and hung there, for his strength was gone, and I easily wrung his neck. We hung him up to a tall pole on the top of the ledge, for a warning to his brother marauders; just as they used to hang up the pirates in Robert Kidd's time. He was a very large one, of the kind we call hen-hawks or hen-harriers; from tip to tip of his wings he measured four feet and an inch. His back was a dark gray, but the under part of the body whitish. The legs were short but stout, and armed with talons two inches long, and the beak was large and sharply hooked.

The young ones were exact little pictures of their fierce old father. There was n't much chicken to them, I tell you. They were ready enough to fight till the last breath, and to begin the moment anybody came near them. That was the only idea they had in their rough little heads. And with each other 't was tit for tat, — two tits if they could get a chance. I 'm afraid the old hawk-mother had never spent much time with them on the Golden Rule. 'T was an altogether different rule they lived by at any rate. We put them into a basket filled with hay, and set it up on the scaffold, out in the barn.

The old rooster, an old Shanghai fellow, was the first to discover the strange brood. He was very much excited. We soon heard his *broguey* exclamations, and found him pacing back and forth in front of the basket, declaiming at a great rate. We took one of the hawks out and set him down on the floor. In an instant the rooster flew at him and struck his clumsy old spurs together. But our little savage had thrown himself flat on his back with his talons up, and when the rooster charged upon him he struck them into the old fellow's breast, taking out two big clawfuls of feathers. With a loud squall old Chanticleer jumped down from the scaffold and fled. We never saw him near the basket again. He was satisfied.

They were very fond of mice; and we used to keep our mouse-traps set down cellar and out in the corn-chamber.

About a week after we got them Tom Davis came up to see us. Of course we took him out to see the hawks. His dog had come with him, — a spotted coach-dog, sent him by his uncle, who lives in Boston. We had been telling Tom about the hawk and the rooster.

"I 'd like to set Spot on them," said Tom.

"You may," said Will.

So we got them out on the floor in a row, and Tom rubbed Spot's ears and set him on. Spot sprang at them and they sprang at him. They all three fastened their claws into his sleek hide; one had a clinch in his nose. Spot *ti-yied* and shook and rushed about. The little hawks cawed and screamed and held on. Spot at last shook himself clear from them, and ran out of the barn; and no amount of coaxing could get him up there again. *He* was satisfied.

"I declare," said Tom, "they 're game little chaps! Give me one; won't you?" So we gave him one. In fact, it had come to be no small job to keep them in food. But now Will and I had one apiece, and each looked out for his own bird. "Jack" and "Dick" we used to call them. They soon came to know us, and grew quite tame. O, how they would scream when we brought them live mice and squirrels, they were so glad! They never let them get away either. Nothing ever got out of those strong claws. But throwing them their food alive gave them the idea of catching for themselves, I suppose; for one morning when we went out, Dick — that was Will's — had got one of Mollie's chickens. He was just finishing the poor little fellow, and keeping Jack off, who wanted a share. The feathers were all scattered about.

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O, how Mollie cried! But we coaxed and coaxed her; and finally the thing was hushed up without being told in the house. Well for our hawks, I assure you. We then quietly moved the old hen and chickens into the wagon-house.

But Dick's bad habit soon got him into trouble. The kittens were at the barn. They were not more than a week old, and had n't got their eyes open; and a few mornings after, while the old cat was in the house after her milk, Dick took a kitten. He mewed, I suppose, for we saw the old cat run out all at once; and pretty soon we heard a fuss at the barn. 'T was at prayer-time, just after breakfast. Grandpa always used to pray standing, with his hands on the chair-back. The row at the barn increased. I 'm afraid we did n't hear all the last part of the prayer, — 't was a terribly long one! Well, when we got to the barn matters were in a bad way. Such a growling and spitting and screaming! Dick and the old cat were at it, rolling over and over, and fighting for dear life. 'T was claw for claw this time. I don't know which would have come out best. Dick had lost an eye; but he had got a death-grip at the old cat's throat, and was pounding her savagely with his wings. 'T was all we could do to get them apart. Such a big row was not to be concealed. A crowd began to gather. Father came and saw just how things stood. Then it all came out about the chicken, and poor Dick was ordered for instant execution.

"Is it *your* hawk, Will?" said father.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I 'll give you five minutes to put him out of the way."

Will felt pretty blue; and we all came out and left him with poor condemned Dick. He never would tell what he did with him; but he *disposed* of him in some way, for at noon, when father asked, "Will, have you put that hawk out of the way?" he said "Yes, sir"; and that settled it. Nothing more was ever said about it.

Jack was now alone; but he did n't mind that. I don't believe he ever shed a tear over the calamity of his wayward brother; besides, he was heir to Dick's share in the mouse-traps. He was always a good-natured fellow when he was n't hungry; then he was pretty hard-hearted. But he never molested any of the fowls about the barn, though the hens always looked upon him with suspicion. I suppose the rooster was always telling them that he was a hawk at bottom, despite all his politeness.

We gradually gave him his liberty, and he used to fly all over the farm, but rarely went near any of the neighboring houses. He would come flying into the field where we were at work, and perch on our shoulders, then spring up into the air and sail slowly around us. Sometimes he would come down slyly and take up our caps in his claws; but he always brought them back. He would come at a whistle, like a dog, and he loved to romp and play. But he "played rough." 'T was no sport for him unless he could contrive to let a little blood now and then.

There was constant war between him and the martins that lived in the house at the top of the long pole. As soon as Jack made his appearance in the yard, they would begin a series of divings at his back. They would go within an inch of him, and sometimes graze him as they passed. When pretty mad, he would storm their house, and thrust his claws in at their windows. I 've known him to sit for two hours upon the top of their box, keeping up a regular blockade; for during that time not one of them durst for its live pass in or out. By September he was about as large, though not nearly so fierce looking, as the old hawk we had shot.

But despite his many virtues he was destined for a violent death. One night about the middle of September a young fellow came along, wanting to get boarded for a

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few weeks. He was from Cambridge, and was "very much interested in natural history," he said. He wished to spend some weeks in the vicinity, for the purpose of shooting and stuffing birds. So father told him he might stay as long as he wanted to. He had plenty of guns and shooting-jackets, and began inquiring if there were any of the *Picidæ* about there, and also for "members of the genus *Circus*." 'T was some time before we found out he only meant woodpeckers and hawks. But, bless you, for all his long names, he did n't know a crow from a hawk when he came to see them flying over. By the way, he called a crow a *Corvus Americanus*. I remember that one afternoon, a few days after he came, he started off after some of the *Picidæ* on his own hook. Well, night came on, but he did n't return; and father felt very uneasy about him. By and by we began to hear lonely halloos down in the woods south of the house. There was an old ten-acre lot, all grown up to bushes down there; and he had got lost in it, and was going round and round in a circle. Will went down and piloted him out. He had "got a little bewildered" he said.

O, how tickled we were! But we did n't want him to see us laughing, so we ran off to bed, where we lay and shook.

"He looked so wild," said Will, "when I got to him; and he had his pocket compass out, but said it had n't done him a bit of good." But that was n't his worst exploit.

He had seen Jack, and had held him on his shoulder, and ought to have known him anywhere. But a few days after, he happened to be down near the Great Ledge, and Jack came sailing along after him, just as he always used to, and lighted in a dry tree. All at once our hero of the ten-acre lot spied him out, and thought it was a wild hawk. He blazed away, and for a wonder hit him. Poor Jack! he brought him to the house all wounded and bleeding. The heavy duck-shot had gone through and through him. He died before night. Morley felt as badly as we did when he found out what he had done. He was a pretty good fellow, after all, only green. I suppose I ought not to tell this. He wanted to give me ten dollars to heal the wound, and have nothing said about it. But I did n't take the money, and he deserves to be exposed for his stupidity.

We gave him Jack's body to stuff. He did know how to do that; and Jack looked quite natural sitting on a perch, with his bright glass eyes. But I never could bear to look at him. For with all his art, our Cambridge friend could n't bring back the arch glance and the queer cruel playfulness of "the last" of Our Young Hawks.

C. A. Stephens.

PRIZE ESSAYS.

THE SHIP AUGUSTA.

THIS ship, the Augusta, was named for me by my father, who is a ship-owner; and as I visited it almost daily while building, and was at the launch when it plunged into the blue Merrimack, I will picture it to you.

My vessel, as I call her, was constructed in the yard of Mr. Currier, which is situated on the beautiful Merrimack, in Belleville, which is a suburb of Newburyport, where I live.

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The keel was laid in the lovely month of October, when the trees across the river reflected their scarlet and golden leaves in the still water. After that was accomplished the raising of the frame came on, and every time I rode up to the yard I could see how rapidly it was progressing.

It is very interesting to know how many different countries contribute and send materials thousands of miles to build one ship. For instance, St. Petersburg, in a cold and barren country, exports the large and heavy cordage; but Manilla, which contributes the delicate ropes, on the contrary, is situated on the island of Luzon, which has a tropical climate, fanned by the sea-breezes.

You may ask where the lumber comes from? A large part of it is sent from the South; in fact, all the hard pine and white oak used for decking and planking the vessel comes from North Carolina, and the majestic masts and spars are imported from Mobile, where the warm Gulf Stream flows past its southern shores.

The copper, which is used a great deal in the vessel, and principally in fastening the planks together, comes from the Lake Superior Copper Mines, which are situated in the northern part of Michigan.

It generally takes seven or eight months for a ship to be built, and as the Augusta was commenced in October it was ready to launch in May.

I will now describe to you the yard of Mr. Currier, with all its lumber and planks, and oxen hauling hither and thither the great timbers, the busy workmen sawing, hammering, and pounding in the great iron spikes and bolts, and chopping the hackmatack knees, each one intent on his own work. One might think all these various sounds extremely unpleasant to the ear, but it is very cheerful to hear the busy hum of industry.

It was the noon of one of those perfect days, which are so rare in May, when I rode up with some of my friends to see the launch of the Augusta. Launches are to me no uncommon sight, as I have seen them ever since I can remember. But still each time I witness this glorious spectacle it delights me as much as ever.

When we arrived at the yard our attention was attracted by the hammering, and as we saw that the workmen were driving the blocks we hastened our steps, and a little while before she launched reached a great pile of timbers, where we had a fine view.

The master-builder generally stands near the bow of the ship, which of course when she launches points landward, and at a given signal the workmen knock away the great blocks which support her, and she plunges stern foremost into the foaming river, carrying with her all the smaller wedges with which she is set up on the stocks.

As it was a very pleasant month when the Augusta launched, the Merrimack was crowded with little boats, some filled with workmen to pick up the blocks which were carried into the water, and others with people who thought they could have a better view in that way.

The Augusta now slides into the sparkling water, the little boats disperse, and as she goes a great wave rises, wetting the feet of the people who have ventured too near the water's edge.

When she is fairly in the stream she swings round and drops both anchors. How nobly she looks out in the river, with her colors flying in the breeze!

What a great thing it is that God has given man the power to obtain knowledge in the art of building ships which are able to traverse the mighty ocean!

Lottie A. Moseley, age 14.

NEWBURYPORT, Mass.

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MY HOME.

MY home is in Minnesota near a beautiful lake. The lake is bounded on three sides by beautiful woods, and on the other by rolling prairie, so common in Minnesota, which stretches down to the water's edge like a living carpet of green. In summer the shores are bordered by fragrant white water-lilies embedded in glossy green leaves. Small sail-boats dot the water here and there, and the rippling waves dance merrily in the sunshine. When the colder weather comes and King Winter claims his reign, then the waves are silent, and the bosom of the lake is covered with a sheet of ice, and the skaters glide merrily over it, and their happy laughter is echoed in the woods around.

Our house stands a quarter of a mile back from the lake on a small rise, and is surrounded by numerous shade-trees and evergreens. From there we have a splendid view of the lake and the country for miles around. *I* think the *living* pictures which we can see from our windows are more beautiful than *painted* ones. From the east window we can see the green, rolling prairie, bounded by a belt of dark-green woods. On the north are more woods, and through openings in them we can catch glimpses of another large lake, famous for water-lilies and fine fish. From the west window you can see more prairie, with small groves scattered here and there, and the houses of a pretty village heighten the effect of the *picture.*

Such are my home and its surroundings. Could you see it, I am sure you would like it. I for my part think it is the dearest and most cosey place on earth, for it is my *home*, and many sweet and hallowed associations are connected with it.

Jennie Webb, age 16.

GREENLEAF, Minnesota.

THE GRAY SQUIRREL.

LAST winter my brother Gilbert had a gray squirrel given him. It was a little wee thing, but it was cross. So the man that owned it told Bertie that he would give it to him if he would pick it up. Bertie was afraid, and another boy picked it up and said, "Ho, I ain't afraid"; but the man said, "No, I want Bertie to"; so he did, and it bit him; but he would not drop it because he wanted it so bad.

It was no bigger than a field mouse and had on a collar and chain. We gave him some wool, and he made him a nest in a closet in the kitchen. Mother said the chain was too cruel, so we took it off, and he ran about the house; but he was always wild. One day I caught him in my hood, and sat down to hold him, and we both fell asleep.

His name was Adjidaumo, but he did not mind it.

In the summer he went up stairs and got out of the window on the roof, and made him a house of some bits of cloth and green twigs in the spout, and lived there awhile, but he soon ran away.

May Hull, age 8 *next rose time.*

BRIDGEWATER, Mass.

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THE SOLDIER'S FAMILY. — AN OPERA FOR CHILDREN.

CHARACTERS.

MARK TAYLOR, *a private in the —th Mass. Regt.*
RUTH, *his wife.*
POLLY JANE, *his daughter, aged* 14.
SAM, *his son, aged* 12.
Four or five other soldiers.

SCENE I. — MRS. TAYLOR'S *kitchen, a neatly furnished country room.* MRS. TAYLOR *is seen sitting alone by the open fire at twilight; she sings to the tune of "Flow gently, sweet Afton."*

I sit here alone in the twilight so gray,
And think of my husband in camp far away;
My work through the day keeps me cheerful and bright,
But the heartache returns with the stillness of night.

And now is soon coming our Thanksgiving Day, —
O, how can I keep it when Mark is away?
Yet the children will mourn if I let it go by,
So to make it seem cheerful to them I must try.

If only their father the good things could share,
How light then would seem all my trouble and care!
And why can't I send him a box of the best,
That he may have turkey and pies like the rest?

I will certainly do it! O fortunate plan!
And the children will help me as much as they can;
No longer I 'll sit here my woes to deplore,
But begin on my mince-meat for dear Mark once more.

(*She rises, wipes her eyes, and steps briskly about; lights a candle, gets a pan of apples and a knife, and begins paring. Enter* SAM *and* POLLY *from out of doors. They throw down their school-books on the table, and sing noisily to the tune of "Marching Along."*)

Our lessons are ended, we 've come home to stay!
We 've got a vacation, — a week and a day!
Thanksgiving is coming, and soon 't will be here,
The jolliest day of the whole of the year.

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CHORUS.

Good by to school! we are ready for fun!
Good by to teachers too, every one!
Hurrah for vacation, for home, and for play!
Hurrah for the goodies of Thanksgiving Day!

MOTHER. (*Same tune.*)

O hush, children, listen! I 've got a new plan!
And you must both help me as well as you can!
Let 's send out a box of good things to papa,
And give him Thanksgiving in spite of the war.

(*All together, joyfully.*)

Turkey and pies! what a happy surprise!
Won't tears of joy come right up in his eyes!
Doughnuts and apples and walnuts all cracked!
It 's a real jolly plan, mother, that is a fact.

(*They run about humming over the chorus; the children put away their coats and hats;* POLLY *takes her mother's place in paring apples;* SAM *brings out a tray and chops away vigorously on those already pared, while* MRS. TAYLOR *sits down to finish a pair of blue woollen socks for the father. When all are settled they sing, to the same tune as before,* SAM *keeping time with the chopper,* POLLY *with her head, and* RUTH *with her foot.*)

Yes, altogether we 'll work with a will,
A good generous box for dear father to fill!
All the home goodies he surely shall find,
For though long out of sight, he is not out of mind.

CHORUS.

Chop, chop away! we are working away!
Pies must be finished for Thanksgiving Day!
Knit too, and pare; all the work must be done!
Working for father is nothing but fun!

[*The curtain falls.*

SCENE II. — *Four days later. The door-yard of* MRS. TAYLOR'S *house.* SAM *is seen with his sled, on which is strapped the Thanksgiving box for his father. The ground is covered with snow, and he stamps his feet and swings his arms, as if cold with waiting. Sings to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."*

Come, Polly Jane, put on your things!
We 'll go down town together;
And send this box right off to-day
In spite of freezing weather.
O, hurry up and do not waste
My precious time with prinking!
No business ever *would* be done,
If left to *girls*, I 'm thinking.

(POLLY *appears tying her hood, singing to same tune.*)

O fie, for shame, you saucy boy!
You know it is not true, sir!
Who made these pies and knit these socks
And fried these doughnuts too, sir?
Who made that very coat and cap?
And taught you all your letters?
Be careful, sir, what words you use
In talking of your betters!

SAM.

You girls are smart about the house,
I never will deny it,
But when it comes to work out doors,

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I 'd like to see you try it.
For girls to plough or go to war
You know it would n't answer.

POLLY.

But you must own I milk a cow,
As well as any man, sir.

(*Both laugh, and taking hold of the sled-rope, sing together as they go out.*)

Well, come along, we 'll surely freeze,
If here we stand disputing!
Girls *are* the best for household work,
And boys know most of shooting.
Then trudge we on, with father's box
And start it for the South — O!
The goodies in it sure will bring
The water to his mouth — O!

(*They go out stamping their feet in time, as if very cold.*)

SCENE III. — *Evening before Thanksgiving Day.* MARK TAYLOR *is seen sitting alone in his tent, by a little stove, reading by candle-light. Enter four of his friends, noisily singing to the tune of "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching."*

Read, read, read, you 're always reading!
Throw down your book and come along!
For at cards we 've needing you,
And we 've got a jolly brew
Of hot punch in Wilson's tent, so come along!

MARK.

No, no, no, you 'd better leave me;
I don't feel like cards to-night;
I am homesick, that 's the truth,
For I 've had no news from Ruth
Or the children, and I fear there 's something wrong.

MEN.

O, for shame! don't be a baby!
They 're all safe enough at home!
Come! the whiskey 'll warm your heart,
And the cards may take your part;
You 'll feel better if a five you chance to win.

MARK.

No, no, no, I scorn such comfort!
Leave me and my book alone!
And I think it is a shame
That you cannot play a game
Without risking the hard pay that should go home.

(*They go out.* MARK, *left alone, tries to read for a while, but finally throws down his book, takes three photographs from his pocket, places them on the table before him, and studies them long and lovingly. At last, brushing tears from his eyes, he puts them away again, and begins pacing up and down, singing to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."*)

A year ago this very night
My Ruth was by my side;
We sat and watched our boy and girl
With loving, grateful pride.
Our kitchen fire glowed warm and bright,
(I cut the wood myself,)
How twinkled in the ruddy light
Ruth's dishes on the shelf!

The children popped their snowy corn
And cracked their shagbarks sweet,
While wife's dear flying fingers knit
These socks now on my feet.
O happy little country home!
Eight weary months have gone
Since sad I turned my back on you
That chilly April morn.

'T is full two weeks since letters came;
I 'm heartsick with this fear!
God grant no harm come to my home
While duty holds me here!

(*Enter soldier, singing to same tune.*)

A box for you out here, old boy!
Don't look so horrid blue!
Home goodies from the farm, I guess!
A lucky dog are you.

(*They hurry out together.*)

[*Curtain falls.*

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SCENE IV. — MARK *alone with the opened box on the table before him. Pies, cakes, apples, &c., may be seen or not according to the convenience of the actors. He sings to the tune of "Death of Ellsworth."*

Where are now the dark forebodings
That oppressed my mind?
To them all most happy answer
In my box I find.

CHORUS.

God bless my wife and children
For their thoughts of me!
Now indeed I 'll keep Thanksgiving
Humbly, gratefully!

Lightened of my load of terrors,
I 'm a man once more;
I must with less lucky fellows
Share this generous store.

CHORUS.

Pies, turkey, nuts, and apples.
Cake and socks below;
Clark shall have this pot of jelly, —
They say he 's very low.

Best of all! here is a letter
Signed "your faithful wife!"
Such indeed she 's always proved me,
Brightening all my life.

CHORUS.

Thank God for wife and children,
For their love for me!
From my heart I keep Thanksgiving
Humbly, joyfully.

(*Sits down to read the letter.*)

[*Curtain falls.*

Properties required in this play.

Table and chairs, pan of apples, knives, chopping-tray and knife, school-books, knitting-work, children's coats and hats, sled, coarse wooden box, a book, a letter, candles, and photographs.

The tent can easily be made with a couple of clothes-horses and some sheets. Any army coat and cape will suffice for Mark's uniform.

Flour or white cloth can give the effect of snow on the ground in Scene II.

L. D. Nichols.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 92.

Dick Dilver.

ENIGMA. — No. 93.

My *first* is in cord, but not in line.
My *second* is in ash, but not in pine.
My *third* is in ale, but not in wine.
My *fourth* is in coarse, but not in fine.
My *fifth* is in bold, but not in shy.
My *sixth* is in bee, but not in fly.
My *seventh* is in roast, but not in fry.
My *eighth* is in stand, but not in lie.
My *ninth* is in hill, but not in vale.
My *tenth* is in tack, but not in nail.
My *eleventh* is in package, but not in bale.
My *twelfth* is in bonnet, but not in vail.
My *thirteenth* is in rain, but not in hail.
My *fourteenth* is in house, but not in jail.
My *whole* is the name of a popular author.

J. L. A.

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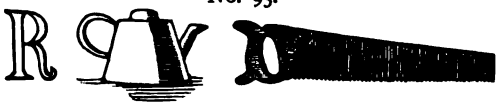
GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES.

No. 94.

Hautboy.

No. 95.



CHARADE. — No. 96.

My *first* is plain or fair, petite or grand, —
A masterpiece from the Almighty's hand.
My *next* we see good women often doing;
Bad men must do it, or go on to ruin.
A pronoun in the objective case my *third*,
My *whole* you 'll own is a most powerful word.

Aunt Ottie.

COMPOUND SANS-TETE. — No. 97.

Whole, I am a resinous gum,
Found only in the tropic zone.
Remove my first — the mighty deep —
And you have left a precious stone.
Remove my next — an exclamation —
And an accomplice may be seen.
My third take off — a garden plant —
And leave a nickname there, I ween.
My fourth — a short word — then remove,
And if you 've guessed aright,
Part of a house will then be left
To cheer the puzzler's sight.

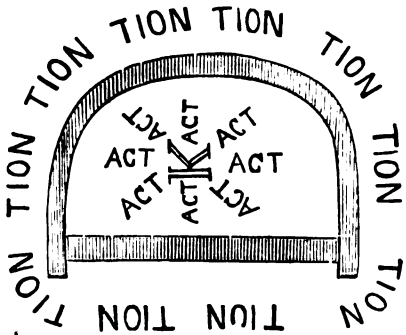
Empire State.

WORD SQUARE. — No. 98.

My *first* a blessed Christian grace,
My *second* may describe a face,
My *third* the milk-maid bears aloft,
My *fourth* a girl's name, sweet and soft.

E.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 99.



F. C. O.

ANSWERS.

84. A catastrophe. [(A cat) (ass) (tea row fee.)]
85. Our Letter Box.
86. The Boston Tea Party, the sixteenth of December, seventeen hundred seventy-three.
87. Stone. [Two fifths (*st*) and *one* = the whole.]
88. Cling to the right in the face of all opposition. [(Cling *to the right in the* face *of* awl *opposite* I O N.)]
89. Pumpkin Pie.
90.

R	O	S	E
O	M	E	N
S	E	N	D
E	N	D	S

91. Alexander the Czar's daily income equals our President's entire salary.
[(L X & R) (these R's) (Daily *in* comb) (equals) (hour) (Presidents *in* tire) (S alley re)].

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO "OUR YOUNG FOLKS."

OUR Serial Story for 1871 will be written by MR. J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Full announcement next month.

THE TRAVELLER PROBLEM.

SINCE our October Letter Box was closed numerous answers to the "Traveller Problem" have been received. For these we heartily thank our correspondents, — not only those who have met with success in their attempts to solve it, but also those who have failed. It has been very gratifying to us to see so many of our young friends giving serious thought to a question like this, and taking the trouble to write us their conclusions. There is honor in having *tried* to solve it; and in failure there is no disgrace, since many older and wiser heads have been scratched over it in vain.

For the benefit of new subscribers who missed seeing our July number, in which the problem appeared, we repeat it here: —

"Suppose a man able to travel so fast that, starting, we will say, from Chicago, on Monday at noon, he keeps the sun directly over his head while he makes the entire circuit of the earth. As he journeys, he asks everybody he meets, 'What day is it?' The answer for a while is, 'Monday at noon.' But it is certainly Tuesday at noon when he gets round to his starting-place; and the question is, When will people begin to tell him it is Tuesday?"

Some have replied, "When he gets around to his starting-place"; others, "When he gets exactly half-way round"; as if the day could change at a certain point in the United States or China, all the people on one side of a line saying it was Monday, and all on the other side declaring it was Tuesday.

Yet it is evident that there must be a dividing-line somewhere; and it has been indicated in more or less precise terms by several correspondents, though no one has given so thorough a solution of the problem as we could have wished. The best answers — all in the main correct — have been sent by J. G. Porter, Watertown, N. Y; Mary S. Case, Columbus, O.; Frank R. Welles, Towanda, Pa.; A. N. Fellows, Iowa City, Iowa; Isaac Hart, Dinwiddie County, Va.; and W. N. Wetmore, East Wilson, N.Y. J. G. Porter writes briefly: —

"The question, as I understand it, resolves itself into this, — Where does one day end and another begin? This limit I think is generally fixed at the 180th degree of longitude E. or W. of Greenwich. I would then answer that when the traveller crosses this meridian people will begin to tell him it is Tuesday."

The answers given by A. N. Fellows and Frank R. Welles's are equally brief, and to the same effect.

W. N. Wetmore says the dividing-line is "the meridian which passes through Behring's Strait," — not without reason, as such a meridian would completely divide Asia from America, and it is certainly between the main bodies of those two continents that the day changes. Yet the meridian of 180° — at which it has been decided by the commercial world that the change shall practically be made — cuts off the East Cape of Asia, on the extreme point of which, it would seem, the day ought to begin.

Mary S. Case is not quite sure where the line is, though she declares it to be somewhere in the Pacific. She says: "When ships cross this line they change their time to one day earlier or one day later according as they are sailing from the Eastern hemisphere or from the Western. Now it is not very hard to see why this line should be in the Pacific Ocean. When the nations scattered from Mt. Ararat they went in both directions and were stopped by the oceans. Of course if your traveller had then started from the Pacific Monday noon, and kept with the sun, he would still have found it Monday noon when he reached the Atlantic. Crossing the Atlantic after America had been settled from Europe, he could still call it Monday noon, and find no difficulty until he came to those who had emigrated *eastward* from Ararat. These he would have found in China if he had happened to be travelling in the latitude of China, and therefore he would naturally have placed the dividing-line between that country and America, where it actually is. Now if America had been peopled from Asia, then the day would have changed somewhere on the Atlantic Ocean. But

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as the emigration did take place from Europe the line has been placed in the Pacific."

In short, emigration, proceeding westward from Asia round the globe, keeps company with the day, so to speak, until Asia is again reached, when the day is found to have changed. To the inhabitants of the continents, the day rises in the Pacific, sweeps round the globe, and sets again in the Pacific. Ships crossing that ocean apparently gain or lose a day. "Gentlemen," says the captain, entering the cabin after crossing the dividing-line, "five minutes ago it was Monday; now it is Tuesday!" Or his words may be even more paradoxical: "Five minutes ago it was Monday; now it is Sunday again!" Of course this passes for a capital joke, yet it is an every-day matter of fact.

Not that the entire day is actually lost or gained in this sudden manner. Indeed, no *time* is lost at all. It is easy to see how our imaginary traveller, to whom the sun does not set or rise for twenty-four hours, has a day of twice the ordinary length, and so gets one day behind in his reckoning. Now, those who in reality circumnavigate the globe in the same direction see, like him, one sunrise less than those who remain at home; and the missing day is, in this case, accounted for as follows. By moving westward with the sun, they prolong each day a little, — four minutes, in fact, for every degree of longitude passed over. When they have passed over three hundred and sixty degrees, making the complete circle of the earth, they will have added to the days of their reckoning the entire amount of time belonging to the day that has dropped out of it.

On the other hand, those who sail round the earth towards the east shorten their days a few minutes each, and to make up for the sum thus subtracted, — equal to 1,440 minutes, or twenty-four hours, — they have to repeat somewhere a day in the calendar.

It is of late years customary for ships to make the necessary change in their reckoning at the meridian opposite Greenwich (180°). Yet they have not always done so; and there was a time, not very long ago, when our traveller, crossing the Pacific, and hailing every vessel he met or passed, would have been told that it was Monday noon by those sailing in the same direction with himself, and that it was Tuesday, by those that had come from the westward.

We are here reminded of another old-fashioned problem, the solution of which turns upon the same curious facts. It was said some years ago that a certain ship, in sailing round the globe, had found six Sundays in the month of February: how was that possible? Here is the answer: —

In the first place, we will suppose it is a leap year, and that February comes in and goes out on Sunday. The ship sails to the eastward, and does not change its reckoning in crossing the Pacific; and it comes into port on the evening of Sunday, the last day of February, having had five regular Sundays in the month. But it has gained a day by the voyage; and accordingly it finds that in port the next day is Sunday.

This makes six Sundays in the shortest of the months; and it occurs to us here that a man might even find a seventh.

Let the captain of the same ship, after passing one Sunday on board his own ship, and another (the next day) on shore, on the third day go on board a vessel just arrived in port after sailing round the globe in the opposite direction. Evidently that vessel will have lost a day, and if she has not changed her reckoning he will find still another Sunday on board her!

We print this month the last of the "William Henry Letters" which will appear in this magazine. It will be seen that something has been omitted between the last packet and the present one, for this opens with an allusion to some accident that had happened to William Henry's finger. If any of our readers wish to know what that accident was, — as of course they all will, — we must refer them to the "William Henry" book, soon to be published. In that all the omitted letters will appear, together with many more, which follow this month's packet. The freshness, naturalness, and originality of this admirable series have given it an extraordinary popularity; and should "William Henry" in the book meet with a tithe of the favor which has followed his course in the magazine, he will make a stir in the coming holidays. Look out for him!

"WILLOWBROOK," August 24, 1870.

MY DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I have just been reading the "Young Folks" for September. "We Girls" have been having great times, but I am so sorry that they must leave their house. How wonderful Arthur Kavanagh is! He makes one think of John Carter, who made the picture of the "Rat-catcher and his Dogs," which I saw in Boston. To think of his being a member of Parliament! What strange things the Professor tells us! It does not seem as if the sun passing through a cake of ice *could* ignite gunpowder.

I am boarding in a little country village far up on the Kennebec. And whom do I have for playmates but the "Prudy" children? We have very good times together, fishing for "chubs" and playing in the "seat in the trees," which is rather decayed. One day we built a fire on the ground under the trees, where we had previously made a fireplace of bricks and stones, which answered our purpose very well. Prudy made the fire out of dry sticks with some paper and a shaving, and when it

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was going nicely she went into "Grandma Parlin's" and came out with two ears of green corn in her hand, which we roasted and ate.

Then another day we went fishing on the banks of the river, and Flyaway amused us very much by exclaiming every few minutes, "O ye peopils, I had a bite!" or "O ye peopils, I 'se got a fish!" as the case might be.

Let me tell you that poor old "Grandpa Parlin" died only last week. He was eighty-five years old, I believe. Grandma Parlin lives in a large brick house on the river side of the street, and quite near the bank. It has a piazza and a large beautiful lawn. Sophie May lives there too, and is their aunt.

I have taken the "Young Folks" ever since it began, and like it more and more, especially since it has had "Our Young Contributors" in it.

Good by. From your friend,

GUSSIE T. T., 11 *years old.*

HERE is a well-deserved compliment to one of our "Young Contributors":—

BOSTON, September 8, 1870.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS":—

I wish to write a few words in praise of the admirable essay on Hens printed in the September number of your magazine and signed "Abbott E. Smith, aged 14 years." A few weeks since I sent twenty-five cents to the publishers of a New York weekly paper to purchase a "Handbook of Poultry," and really, after reading it, I knew scarcely anything more about the subject than I did before. But I must say that Master Smith's little essay contains so much practical information for amateur poultry-raisers, and is written in such clear and concise language, that I would give more for it than I would for a dozen of the catchpenny handbooks got up to sell.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM L. W——.

PAWTUCKET, September 20, 1870.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

Besides the wish of expressing my enjoyment in reading you, I have always wanted an excuse to write to you, and a rather curious coincidence affords me one. I am much interested in what "E. R. C." writes concerning Mr. Hale. My father and I were speaking of the word "presume," and I asserted that Mr. Hale had said, "Never use the word presume." My father could not believe that Mr. Hale ever said so. When, however, I triumphantly showed him the passage, "Will you take care, in writing yourself, *never* to say 'commence' or 'presume'?" he declared it qualified by the words "in writing yourself." Now I do not see that those words have any bearing on the "never" in question. [Neither do we.]

But you, dear "Young Folks," side with my father. [No, begging your pardon; we do not.] You say, "What Mr. Hale *really* said," &c., &c. What does the *really* mean?—that "E. R. C." has not quoted correctly? [That is precisely what it means.] I fully agree with what follows the sentence, "He does not say it is wrong to use these words." Will you be kind enough to explain this in the Letter Box, and oblige a sincere admirer of both "Young Folks" and Edward E. Hale?

FANNY HINGHAM.

Yes, Fanny. We have thrown into brackets our remarks on the most noticeable points in your letter. If they are not satisfactory, we must refer you to what *we* "really said" in that article. We have there done our best to explain Mr. Hale; if we have not succeeded, there is no help for it unless Mr. Hale will take pity on us and explain himself.

ST. LOUIS, August 28, 1870.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": It is just two years since your pleasant face appeared regularly among us, though long before that occasional glimpses of you caused me to wish, and wish, and *wish*, that you were *mine*. I consider the Letter Box one of the most interesting parts of the magazine, it is so pleasant to hear from others who take the same enjoyment in you, from so many far-away places. Perhaps you will remember "C. W. A.'s" request for a correspondent [in the July Letter Box]; well, a little bird told me that he received over a hundred letters in reply, and of course was obliged to decline almost all of them. Now if so many would like to hear from other subscribers, why cannot it be brought about by the same kind medium?

Many do not like to give their real names, but if they would send some signature to the "Young Folks," and those who answered it could enclose their epistle in a stamped envelope, would not the editors, apprised of the real address, forward it?

Would it not be a nice plan to have a list of correspondents at the end of each Letter Box, giving a signature, their age, and where they live?

If the editors are willing to agree to the plan (I *know* the *young folks* would like it), I will start it by sending my requisites for a correspondent.

Please publish this letter and see what your readers think of it.

Only think how interesting to hear from subscribers from all parts of the world, telling how they live, &c.; how much enjoyment, improvement, and information could thus be obtained! Then all the Young Folks could get acquainted!

If you will be kind enough to give this consideration and insert my request for a correspondent, you will greatly oblige "CORALINE."

Wanted, a Correspondent. A girl of seventeen desires to correspond with a girl of about the same age, living either in the Old World, in the South-

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ern States, or in Mexico. Must be a reader of "We Girls," a good letter-writer, and give plenty of information. The subscriber resides in a Western city and can write an interesting letter.

Address "CORALINE," care Editors "Young Folks."

Enclose a stamped envelope.

This is a very nice idea indeed; but do you imagine, "Coraline," that editors have so much leisure time on their hands that they can readdress and forward some hundreds of other people's letters every month, and think nothing of it? O, you don't know an editor's life! In this case, however, in order to "set the ball rolling," we engage to forward Coraline's letters; in the mean time we will see what "Our Young Folks" say to this idea. Perhaps some one will suggest a plan which will give the editors less trouble. Our will is good, but life, you know, is fleeting.

THE department of "Our Young Contributors" proves to be not only entertaining, but also a very useful study for youthful writers. *C. W. G.* (writing from Rochester) says: "I have taken your charming magazine ever since it commenced, and I cannot praise it too much. I am so glad you have added the department for 'Young Contributors,' as I can now see just *where* my composition failed."

Others write in the same spirit. One, having failed twice to get into that department, makes a third attempt, and says in a private note: —

"You will surely think that 'try, try again' is *my* motto, and also that it is rather a tiresome one. Here is my third "try," but if I fail now I shall give it up. It is no use. You told me I needed practice. I reckon I need *genius*. I've been practising just one half of my sixteen years, — and for nothing, it seems.

"I like 'Our Young Folks' more and more every time I read a new number. It is superior to almost *any* other periodical, I think.

"Do you suppose I can *ever* succeed as a poet? I am not sorry I've been 'taken down,' because I have been too much flattered by my friends before now. I shall always love 'Our Young Folks,' and like the 'Letter Box' *so much*."

What! give up so, and you only sixteen? The good sense and admirable spirit you show in your letter are the best proof that you have qualities which, with the poetic talent you certainly have, should insure you success.

I. F. P., Amoskeag, N. H., thinks the answer to Uncle Dick's riddle is "*Echo*." But that opinion will hardly find an echo among our readers.

"*Annita*." Certainly, — send the sketch.

OUR Ten Prize Questions have proved exceedingly popular. Every mail brings us a great number of answers from all parts of the country. As soon as all the answers are in they will be promptly examined; and we hope to be able to announce the prizes next month.

Meanwhile we print the following *jeu d'esprit* for the amusement of competitors: —

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": Puzzling my brains over answers to the "ten prize questions," I called in aid from the young gentleman whose initials you see below. He very kindly sat down and agreed to write out a few ideas and hints on the subject for me. Here is the result of his labor. [We have room for but a few of the young man's answers. EDS. O. Y. F.]

"We see only one side of the moon because only one side is turned to us. It is said that we should also turn only one side to the world, and that should always be calm, cold, and polished.

"What causes an iron basin to float? Why, water, of course.

"Why will a common pump raise water only thirty-two feet? Because it is a *common* pump, — a good one will probably do better. I had a *pair of pumps* once that raised me more than a hundred feet, — to the top of the Capitol. Their power was not increased by suction on my part, however.

"What causes dew? Dew tell! A certain amount of moisture is due the earth from the atmosphere, and it is the atmosphere's dewty to pay it, which it does. F. H. B."

Now I was disappointed in that boy; but I was obliged to be amused. I thought then that if his answers did n't get a prize, they might seem funny to the readers of the 'Letter Box,' and so send them for it, to be put in if you choose.

Your true friend, Y. F., E.

SEVERAL answers to our September puzzles came in just too late for acknowledgment in the October Letter Box. Estelle L——, in sending answers to six of them, wrote: "I shall try for a prize this time in answering these Ten Prize Questions. . . . . We wish you would propose prize questions again some time, — it is so much better than writing compositions or inventing puzzles for those who have n't a natural gift that way.

"As many others have written, I am so much pleased with the 'Young Folks' I do not like to give it up. So I want it to grow up with me."

That 's right, Estelle. During the coming year we shall offer a variety of prizes, which will be intended to suit as many different tastes and talents.

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DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE, JR.] SCHOOL OF FREED CHILDREN. [See page 724

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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WE GIRLS: A HOME STORY.

CHAPTER XII.

EMERGENCIES.

MRS. HOBART has a "fire-gown." That is what she calls it; she made it for a fire, or for illness, or any night alarm; she never goes to bed without hanging it over a chair-back, within instant reach. It is of double, bright-figured flannel, with a double cape sewed on; and a flannel belt, also sewed on behind, and furnished, for fastening, with a big, reliable, easy-going button and button-hole. Up and down the front — not too near together — are more big, reliable, easy-going buttons and button-holes. A pair of quilted slippers with thick soles belong with this gown, and are laid beside it. Then Mrs. Hobart goes to bed in peace, and sleeps like the virgin who knows there is oil in her vessel.

If Mrs. Roger Marchbanks had known of Mrs. Hobart's fire-gown, and what it had been made and waiting for, unconsciously, all these years, she might not have given those quiet orders to her discreet, well-bred parlor-maid, by which she was never to be "disengaged" when Mrs. Hobart called.

Mrs. Hobart has also a gown of very elegant black silk, with deep, rich border-folds of velvet, and a black camel's-hair shawl whose priceless

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margin comes up to within three inches of the middle; and in these she has turned meekly away from Mrs. Marchbanks's vestibule, leaving her inconsequential card, many wondering times; never doubting, in her simplicity, that Mrs. Marchbanks was really making pies, or doing up pocket-handkerchiefs; only thinking how queer it was it always happened so with her.

In her fire-gown she was destined to go in.

Barbara came home dreadfully tired from her walk to Mrs. Dockery's, and went to bed at eight o'clock. When one of us does that, it always breaks up our evening early. Mother discovered that she was sleepy by nine, and by half past we were all in our beds. So we really had a fair half night of rest before the alarm came.

It was about one in the morning when Barbara woke, as people do who go to bed achingly tired, and sleep hungrily for a few eager hours.

"My gracious! what a moon! What ails it?"

The room was full of red light.

Rosamond sat up beside her.

"Moon! It's fire!"

Then they called Ruth and mother. Father and Stephen were up and out of doors in five minutes.

The Roger Marchbanks's stables were blazing. The wind was carrying great red cinders straight over on to the house roofs. The buildings were a little down on our side of the hill, and a thick plantation of evergreens hid them from the town. Everything was still as death but the crackling of the flames. A fire in the country, in the dead of night, to those first awakened to the knowledge of it, is a stealthily fearful, horribly triumphant thing. Not a voice nor a bell smiting the air, where all will soon be outcry and confusion; only the fierce, busy diligence of the blaze, having all its own awful will, and making steadfast headway against the sleeping skill of men.

We all put on some warm things, and went right over.

Father found Mr. Marchbanks, with his gardener, at the back of the house, playing upon the scorching frames of the conservatory building with the garden engine. Up on the house-roof two other men-servants were hanging wet carpets from the eaves, and dashing down buckets of water here and there, from the reservoir inside.

Mr. Marchbanks gave father a small red trunk. "Will you take this to your house and keep it safe?" he asked. And father hastened away with it.

Within the house, women were rushing, half-dressed, through the rooms, and down the passages and staircases. We went up through the back piazza, and met Mrs. Hobart in her fire-gown at the unfastened door. There was no card to leave this time, no servant to say that Mrs. Marchbanks was "particularly engaged."

Besides her gown, Mrs. Hobart had her theory, all ready for a fire. Just exactly what she should do, first and next, and straight through, in case

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of such a thing. She had recited it over to herself and her family till it was so learned by heart that she believed no flurry of the moment would put it wholly out of their heads.

She went straight up Mrs. Marchbanks's great oak staircase, to go up which had been such a privilege for the bidden few. Rough feet would go over it, unbidden, to-night.

She met Mrs. Marchbanks at her bedroom door. In the upper story the cook and house-maids were handing buckets now to the men outside. The fine parlor-maid was down in the kitchen at the force-pump, with Olivia and Adelaide to help and keep her at it. A nursery-girl was trying to wrap up the younger children in all sorts of wrong things, upside down.

"Take these children right over to my house," said Mrs. Hobart. "Barbara Holabird! Come up here!"

"I don't know what to do first," said Mrs. Marchbanks, excitedly. "Mr. Marchbanks has taken away his papers; but there 's all the silver — and the pictures — and everything! And the house will be full of men directly!" She looked round the room nervously, and went and picked up her braided "chignon" from the dressing-table. Mrs. Marchbanks could "receive" splendidly; she had never thought what she should do at a fire. She knew all the rules of the grammar of life; she had not learned anything about the exceptions.

"Elijah! Come up here!" called Mrs. Hobart again, over the balusters. And Elijah, Mrs. Hobart's Yankee man-servant, brought up on her father's farm, clattered up stairs in his thick boots, that sounded on the smooth oak as if a horse were coming.

Mrs. Marchbanks looked bewilderedly around her room again. "They 'll break everything!" she said, and took down a little Sèvres cup from a bracket.

"There, Mrs. Marchbanks! You just go off with the children. I 'll see to things. Let me have your keys."

"They 're all in my upper bureau-drawer," said Mrs. Marchbanks. "Besides, there is n't much locked, except the silver. I wish Matilda would come." Matilda is Mrs. Lewis Marchbanks. "The children can go there, of course."

"It is too far," said Mrs. Hobart. "Go and make them go to bed in my great front room. Then you 'll feel easier, and can come back. You 'll want Mrs. Lewis Marchbanks's house for the rest of you, and plenty of things besides."

While she was talking she had pulled the blankets and coverlet from the bed, and spread them on the floor. Mrs. Marchbanks actually walked down stairs with her chignon in one hand and the Sèvres cup in the other.

"People *do* do curious things at fires," said Mrs. Hobart, cool, and noticing everything.

She had got the bureau-drawers emptied now into the blankets. Barbara followed her lead, and they took all the clothing from the closets and wardrobe.

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"Tie those up, Elijah. Carry them off to a safe place, and come back, up here."

Then she went to the next room. From that to the next and the next, she passed on, in like manner, — Barbara, and by this time the rest of us, helping; stripping the beds, and making up huge bundles on the floors of the contents of presses, drawers, and boxes.

"Clothes are the first thing," said she. "And this way, you are pretty sure to pick up everything." Everything *was* picked up, from Mrs. Marchbanks's jewel-case and her silk dresses, to Mr. Marchbanks's shaving-brushes, and the children's socks that they had had pulled off last night.

Elijah carried them all off, and piled them up in Mrs. Hobart's great clean laundry-room, to await orders. The men hailed him as he went and came, to do this, or fetch that. "I 'm doing *one* thing," he answered. "You keep to yourn."

"They 're comin'," he said, as he returned after his third trip. "The bells are ringin', an' they 're a swarmin' up the hill, — two ingines, an' a ruck o' boys an' men. Melindy, she 's keepin' the laundry door locked, an' a lettin' on me in."

Mrs. Marchbanks came hurrying back before the crowd. Some common, ecstatic little boys, rushing foremost to the fire, hustled her on her own lawn. She could hardly believe even yet in this inevitable irruption of the Great Uninvited.

Mrs. Lewis Marchbanks and Maud met her and came in with her. Mr. Marchbanks and Arthur had hastened round to the rear, where the other gentlemen were still hard at work.

"Now," said Mrs. Hobart, as lightly and cheerily as if it had been the putting together of a Christmas pudding, and she were ready for the citron or the raisins, — "now — all that beautiful china!"

She had been here at one great, general party, and remembered the china; although her party-call, like all her others, had been a failure. Mrs. Marchbanks received a good many people in a grand, occasional, wholesale civility, to whom she would not sacrifice any fraction of her private hours.

Mrs. Hobart found her way by instinct to the china-closet, — the china-room, more properly speaking. Mrs. Marchbanks rather followed than led.

The shelves, laden with costly pottery, reached from floor to ceiling. The polish and the colors flashed already in the fierce light of the closely neighboring flames. Great drifts and clouds of smoke against the windows were urging in and stifling the air. The first rush of water from the engines beat against the walls.

"We must work awful quick now," said Mrs. Hobart. "But keep cool. We ain't afire yet."

She gave Mrs. Marchbanks her own keys, which she had brought down stairs. That lady opened her safe and took out her silver, which Arthur Marchbanks and James Hobart received from her and carried away.

Mrs. Hobart herself went up the step-ladder that stood there before the

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shelves, and began to hand down piles of plates, and heavy single pieces. "Keep folks out, Elijah," she ordered to her man.

We all helped. There were a good many of us by this time, — Olivia, and Adelaide, and the servant-girls released from below, besides the other Marchbankses, and the Hobarts, and people who came in, until Elijah stopped them. He shut the heavy walnut doors that led from drawing-room and library to the hall, and turned the great keys in their polished locks. Then he stood by the garden entrance in the sheltered side-angle, through which we passed with our burdens, and defended that against invasion. There was now such an absolute order among ourselves that the moral force of it repressed the excitement without that might else have rushed in and overborne us.

"You jest keep back; it's all right here," Elijah would say, deliberately and authoritatively, holding the door against unlicensed comers; and boys and men stood back as they might have done outside the shine and splendor and privilege of an entertainment.

It lasted till we got well through; till we had gone, one by one, down the field, across to our house, the short way, back and forth, leaving the china, pile after pile, safe in our cellar-kitchen.

Meanwhile, without our thinking of it, Barbara had been locked out upon the stairs. Mother had found a tall Fayal clothes-basket, and had collected in it, carefully, little pictures and precious things that could be easily moved, and might be as easily lost or destroyed. Barbara mounted guard over this, watching for a right person to whom to deliver it.

Standing there, like Casabianca, rough men rushed by her to get up to the roof. The hall was filling with a crowd, mostly of the curious, untrustworthy sort, for the work just then lay elsewhere.

So Barbara held by, only drawing back with the basket, into an angle of the wide landing. Nobody must seize it heedlessly; things were only laid in lightly, for careful handling. In it were children's photographs, taken in days that they had grown away from; little treasures of art and remembrance, picked up in foreign travel, or gifts of friends; all sorts of priceless odds and ends that people have about a house, never thinking what would become of them in a night like this. So Barbara stood by.

Suddenly somebody, just come, and springing in at the open door, heard his name.

"Harry! Help me with this!" And Harry Goldthwaite pushed aside two men at the foot of the staircase, lifted up a small boy and swung him over the baluster, and ran up to the landing.

"Take hold of it with me," said Barbara, hurriedly. "It is valuable. We must carry it ourselves. Don't let anybody touch it. Over to Mrs. Hobart's."

"Hendee!" called out Harry to Mark Hendee, who appeared below. "Keep those people off, will you? Make way!" And so they two took the big basket steadily by the ears, and went away with it together. The first we knew about it was when, on their way back, they came down upon our line of march toward Elijah's door.

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Beyond this, there was no order to chronicle. So far, it seems longer in the telling than it did in the doing. We had to work "awful quick," as Mrs. Hobart said. But the nice and hazardous work was all done. Even the press that held the table-napery was emptied to the last napkin, and all was safe.

Now the hall doors were thrown open; wagons were driven up to the entrances, and loaded with everything that came first, as things are ordinarily "saved" at a fire. These were taken over to Mrs. Lewis Marchbanks's. Books and pictures, furniture, bedding, carpets; quantities were carried away, and quantities were piled up on the lawn. The men-servants came and looked after these; they had done all they could elsewhere; they left the work to the firemen now, and there was little hope of saving the house. The window-frames were smoking, and the panes were cracking with the heat, and fire was running along the piazza roofs before we left the building. The water was giving out.

After that we had to stand and see it burn. The wells and cisterns were dry, and the engines stood helpless.

The stable roofs fell in with a crash, and the flames reared up as from a great red crater and whirlpool of fire. They lashed forth and seized upon charred walls and timbers that were ready, without their touch, to spring into live combustion. The whole southwest front of the mansion was overswept with almost instant sheets of fire. Fire poured in at the casements; through the wide, airy halls; up and into the rooms where we had stood a little while before; where, a little before that, the children had been safe asleep in their nursery beds.

Mrs. Marchbanks, like any other burnt-out woman, had gone to the home that offered to her, — her sister-in-law's; Olivia and Adelaide were going to the Haddens; the children were at Mrs. Hobart's; the things that, in their rich and beautiful arrangement, had made *home*, as well as enshrined the Marchbanks family in their sacredness of elegance, were only miscellaneous "loads" now, transported and discharged in haste, or heaped up confusedly to await removal. And the sleek servants, to whom, doubtless, it had seemed that their Rome could never fall, were suddenly, as much as any common Bridgets and Patricks, "out of a place."

Not that there would be any permanent difference; it was only the story and attitude of a night. The power was still behind; the "Tailor" would sew things over again directly. Mrs. Roger Marchbanks would be comparatively composed and in order, at Mrs. Lewis's, in a few days, — receiving her friends, who would hurry to make "fire-calls," as they would to make party or engagement or other special occasion visits; the cordons would be stretched again; not one of the crowd of people who went freely in and out of her burning rooms that night, and worked hardest, saving her library and her pictures and her carpets, would come up in cool blood and ring her door-bell now; the sanctity and the dignity would be as unprofanable as ever.

It was about four in the morning — the fire still burning — when Mrs.

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Holabird went round upon the outskirts of the groups of lookers-on, to find and gather together her own flock. Rosamond and Ruth stood in a safe corner with the Haddens. Where was Barbara?

Down against the close trunks of a cluster of linden-trees had been thrown cushions and carpets and some bundles of heavy curtains, and the like. Coming up behind, Mrs. Holabird saw, sitting upon this heap, two persons. She knew Barbara's hat, with its white gull's breast; but somebody had wrapped her up in a great crimson table-cover, with a bullion fringe. Somebody was Harry Goldthwaite, sitting there beside her; Barbara, with only her head visible, was behaving, out here in this unconventional place and time, with a tranquillity and composure which of late had been apparently impossible to her in parlors.

"What will Mrs. Marchbanks do with Mrs. Hobart after this, I wonder?" Mrs. Holabird heard Harry say.

"She 'll give her a sort of brevet," replied Barbara. "For gallant and meritorious services. It will be, 'Our friend Mrs. Hobart; a near neighbor of ours; she was with us all that terrible night of the fire, you know.' It will be a great honor; but it won't be a full commission."

Harry laughed.

"Queer things happen when you are with us," said Barbara. "First, there was the whirlwind, last year, — and now the fire."

"After the whirlwind and the fire —" said Harry.

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"I was n't thinking of the Old Testament," interrupted Barbara.

"Came a still, small voice," persisted Harry. "If I 'm wicked, Barbara, I can't help it. You put it into my head."

"I don't see any wickedness," answered Barbara, quickly. "That was the voice of the Lord. I suppose it is always coming."

"Then, Barbara — "

Then Mrs. Holabird walked away again.

The next day — *that* day, after our eleven o'clock breakfast — Harry came back, and was at Westover all day long.

Barbara got up into mother's room at evening, alone with her. She brought a cricket, and came and sat down beside her, and put her cheek upon her knee.

"Mother," she said, softly, "I don't see but you 'll have to get me ready, and let me go."

"My dear child! When? What do you mean?"

"Right off. Harry is under orders, you know. And they may hardly ever be so nice again. And — if we *are* going through the world together — might n't we as well begin to go?"

"Why, Barbara, you take my breath away! But then you always do! What is it?"

"It 's the Katahdin, fitting out at New York to join the European Squadron. Commander Shapleigh is a great friend of Harry's; his wife and daughter are in New York, going out, by Southampton steamer, when the frigate leaves, to meet him there. They would take me, he says; and — that 's what Harry wants, mother. There 'll be a little while first, — as much, perhaps, as we should ever have."

"Barbara, my darling! But you 've nothing ready!"

"No, I suppose not. I never do have. Everything is an emergency with me; but I always emerge! I can get things in London," she added. "Everybody does."

The end of it was that Mrs. Holabird had to catch her breath again, as mothers do; and that Barbara is getting ready to be married just as she does everything else.

Rose has some nice things, — laid away, new; she always has; and mother has unsuspected treasures; and we all had new silk dresses for Leslie's wedding, and Ruth had a bright idea about that.

"I 'm as tall as either of you, now," she said; "and we girls are all of a size, as near as can be, mother and all; and we 'll just wear the dresses once more, you see, and then put them right into Barbara's trunk. They 'll be all the bonnier and luckier for her, I know. We can get others any time."

We laughed at her at first; but we came round afterward to think that it was a good plan. Rosamond's silk was a lovely violet, and Ruth's was blue; Barbara's own was pearly gray; we were glad, now, that no two of us had dressed alike. The violet and the gray had been chosen because of our having worn quiet black-and-white all summer for grandfather. We

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had never worn crape; or what is called "deep" mourning. "You shall never do that," said mother, "till the deep mourning comes. Then you will choose for yourselves."

We have had more time than we expected. There has been some beautiful delay or other about machinery, — the Katahdin's, that is; and Commander Shapleigh has been ever so kind. Harry has been back and forth to New York two or three times. Once he took Stephen with him; Steve stayed at Uncle John's; but he was down at the yard, and on board ships, and got acquainted with some midshipmen; and he has quite made up his mind to try to get in at the Naval Academy as soon as he is old enough, and to be a navy officer himself.

We are comfortable at home; not hurried after all. We are determined not to be; last days are too precious.

"Don't let 's be all taken up with 'things,'" says Barbara. "I can *buy* 'things' any time. But now, — I want you!"

Aunt Roderick's present helped wonderfully. It was magnanimous of her; it was coals of fire. We should have believed she was inspired, — or possessed, — but that Ruth went down to Boston with her.

There came home, in a box, two days after, from Jordan and Marsh's, the loveliest "suit," all made and finished, of brown poplin. To think of Aunt Roderick's getting anything *made*, at an "establishment!" But Ruth says she put her principles into her unpickable pocket, and just took her porte-monnaie in her hand.

Bracelets and pocket-handkerchiefs have come from New York; all the "girls" here in Westover have given presents of ornaments, or little things to wear; they know there is no housekeeping to provide for. Barbara says her trousseau "flies together"; she just has to sit and look at it.

She has begged that old garnet and white silk, though, at last, from mother. Ruth saw her fold it up and put it, the very first thing, into the bottom of her new trunk. She patted it down gently, and gave it a little stroke, just as she pats and strokes mother herself sometimes.

"*All* new things are only dreary," she says. "I must have some of the old."

"I should just like to know one thing, — if I might," said Rosamond, deferentially, after we had begun to go to bed one evening. She was sitting in her white night-dress, on the box-sofa, with her shoe in her hand. "I should just like to know what made you behave so beforehand, Barbara?"

"I was in a buzz," said Barbara. "And it *was* beforehand. I suppose I knew it was coming, — like a thunder-storm."

"You came pretty near securing that it *should n't* come," said Rosamond, "after all."

"I could n't help that; it was n't my part of the affair."

"You might have just kept quiet, as you were before," said Rose.

"Wait and see," said Barbara, concisely. "People should n't come bringing things in their hands. It 's just like going down stairs to get these presents. The very minute I see a corner of one of those white paper

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parcels, don't I begin to look every way, and say all sorts of things in a hurry? Would n't I like to turn my back and run off if I could? Why don't they put them under the sofa, or behind the door, I wonder?"

"After all —" began Rosamond, still with the questioning inflection.

"After all —" said Barbara, "there was the fire. That, luckily, was something else!"

"Does there always have to be a fire?" asked Ruth, laughing.

"Wait and see," repeated Barbara. "Perhaps you'll have an earthquake."

We have time for talks. We take up every little chink of time to have each other in. We want each other in all sorts of ways; we never wanted each other so, or *had* each other so, before.

Delia Waite is here, and there is some needful stitching going on; but the minutes are alongside the stitches; they are not eaten up; there are minutes everywhere. We have got a great deal of life into a little while; and — we have finished up our Home Story, to the very present instant.

Who finishes it? Who tells it?

Well, — "the kettle began it." Mrs. Peerybingle — pretty much — finished it. That is, the story began itself; then Ruth discovered that it was beginning, and began, first, to put it down. Then Ruth grew busy, and she would n't always have told quite enough of the Ruthy part; and Mrs. Holabird got hold of it, as she gets hold of everything, and she would not let it suffer a "solution of continuity." Then, partly, she observed; and partly we told tales, and recollected and reminded; and partly, here and there, we rushed in, — especially I, Barbara, — and did little bits ourselves; and so it came to be a "Song o' Sixpence," and at least four Holabirds were "singing in the pie."

Do you think it is — sarcastically — a "pretty dish to set before the king?" Have we shown up our friends and neighbors too plainly? There is one comfort; nobody knows exactly where "Z——" is; and there are friends and neighbors everywhere.

I am sure nobody can complain, if I don't. This last part — the Barbarous part — is a continual breach of confidence. I have a great mind, now, not to respect anything myself; not even that cadet button, made into a pin, which Ruth wears so shyly. To be sure, Mrs. Hautayne has one too; she and Ruth are the only two girls whom Dakie Thayne considers *worth* a button; but Leslie is an old, old friend; older than Dakie in years, so that it could never have been like Ruth with her; and she never was a bit shy about it either. Besides —

Well, you cannot have any more than there is. The story is told as far as we — or anybody — has gone. You must let the world go round the sun again, a time or two; everything has not come to pass yet — even with "We Girls."

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

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FREED CHILDREN IN VIRGINIA.

I HAVE heard children tell about "feeling funny," but I never knew exactly what they meant until the first time that I stood up before a school of little black children down in Virginia. I "felt funny" then, sure enough. They had never been to school before, they scarcely knew what a school was; and they all sat with their great, shining black eyes fixed on me, — the blacks so very black, the whites so very white, like huckleberries in a bowl of milk, somebody said, — till I grew so nervous that I felt as if I must either laugh or cry, and could n't quite make up my mind which it should be.

Taking their names decided me. It was a long time before I could keep from laughing whenever I heard them. When the colored people were slaves they had no family names as we have; they were just called Jim or Tom or Sally; sometimes they added the name of their master or mistress, but often they had only the one.

One little boy gave his name as "Dandy Jim."

"What is your other name?" I asked.

"Ain't got no oder name."

"What is your mother's name?"

"Name Aunt Polly."

"What is your father's name?"

"Name Uncle Jake."

"And have n't you any name but Jim?"

"Done tole yer my name *Dandy* Jim. Mammy ca' me *Jim*, ole mass' ca' me *Dandy Jim*. Likes dat ar de bes'."

Then I came to another who called himself "Pres'den' Linkum."

"Why," I said, "you are not President Lincoln."

"Is too. My mammy say so."

I asked his mother about it, and sure enough all the name he had was President Lincoln, or, as she called it, "Pres'den' Linkum." Truth compels me to acknowledge that "President Lincoln" did not always behave in just the manner that would have been expected from a personage with such a distinguished name.

Another had never been called anything but "Buster." There was one pretty, bright-looking little fellow, about five years old, with just enough of a lisp to make him as cunning as possible. When I asked his name he said, "I 'th Mahala Thpriggth' boy."

"But what is your name?"

"Dat ar my name."

"What does your mother call you?"

"Ca' me *Boy*."

"What do other people call you?"

"Ca' me Mahala Thpriggth' boy."

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So there was nothing to be done but to put him down as "Mahala Spriggs's boy." Then there was "Gin'al Butler," and "Jim Crow"; as black as a crow, and as full of mischief as the Jim Crow who the old song says used to cut such queer capers. I don't believe there was ever another school register like that one. When I called the names they ran something in this way: "Dandy Jim," "President Lincoln," "Buster," "Mahala Spriggs's Boy," "General Butler," "Jim Crow." And the owners of these names answered to them as seriously as if there was n't anything funny about it. And there was n't to them; they did n't see that their names were at all out of the way.

They had been accustomed to running wild out of doors all their lives, and it was very hard for them to sit still for two or three hours in school. It would not have been quite so hard if our school-room had been more comfortable; but we had no nice brick school-house; we had to use an old barrack, or a barn, or whatever we could get. And we had no desks or chairs; only long benches, — some of them without backs, — where the children had to sit packed as close as herrings in a box. They could not very well help getting into trouble under such circumstances, and every few minutes some one would call out, "Teacher, dis yere boy a chunkin'"; by which they meant pushing with his elbows; or, "Teacher, please make dis yere gal 'have herse'f"; or, "Teacher, make dis yere boy stop rollin' he eyes roun' at me." Nothing troubles them so much as to have "eyes roll' roun'" at them. Sometimes matters were more serious, and I would hear, "Boy, I 'll mash yer mouf ef yer don' lemme 'lone." When they are very angry they always want to "mash" somebody's "mouf."

One day a bench full of girls in front of one of the boys' benches was overturned, and the girls rolled in a heap on the floor. "How did this happen?" I asked.

"Dis yere Charlie," they all screamed in a breath, "*he* done did it; done chunk de bench, an' dash we all on de flo'."

"Why, Charlie," I said, "what made you do that?"

"*I does hate girls*," said Charlie; and he seemed to consider *that* good and sufficient reason for upsetting a bench full of them.

But they very soon got over all this, and became as quiet and orderly as any one could desire; and I never saw any children at the North so eager to learn, or who tried so hard as these. Their parents were all very poor, and but few of them were able to get books for their children, so many of the boys used to work after school hours and earn money to buy their own books. One little fellow only seven years old had looked with longing eyes, as day after day one and another came with a primer. At last I missed him. He was gone a week, then came with a primer which he showed in triumph. "Done got my book," he said. He was such a little fellow that I never thought of his having bought it himself, so I said, "I am very glad. Who gave it to you?" He drew himself up with offended dignity as he answered, "Did n't nobody gub it to me. Dar don't nobody buy *my* books; buys um myse'f."

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"Where did you get your money?" I asked.

"Done kotch bait fer it."

He had caught small fish which he sold to the fishermen for bait, and, saving up the pennies he earned in this way, at last had enough to buy a book. The boys had all sorts of ways of making money, and knew quite well how to take care of their own interests. One boy ten years old, as soon as he could read in the primer, started a night school. There were several men who wanted to learn to read, but as they were at work all day they had no chance to go to school. They engaged little Dick to teach them in the evening, paying him five cents a week each. He always insisted upon being paid in advance. I asked him why that was.

"Well," he said, "I dunno noffin' 'bout dem ar men; dey mout go off any time, an' ef dey 's got dar week's larnin' fus', I mout whistle fer my money. But I 'se on'y a chile, I can't go nowhars widout my mammy, an' ef dey pays dar money, dey 's sho' nuff ter git de larnin'."

I thought that was bright enough for a Yankee boy. He earned money in this way to buy all the books he needed, and put quite a little sum into the savings-bank besides.

These children would spend their last cent for a book, if they went without anything to eat in consequence. They did care more to *learn* than to *eat*. Often they would come to me late in the day and say, "Please, ma'am, kin I run home jes' a few minutes when my class is froo? I ain't had noffin' ter eat to-day."

"Why," I would ask, "what made you come without your breakfast?"

"Had work ter do dis mornin', an' when I got froo it wor late, an' I 'se feared I be late fer school, so I did n't wait fer no breffus."

They had no clocks; their only way of telling the time was by the sun; and on cloudy days, when they had no guide at all, they were so afraid of being late that it was a very common thing for them to bring their breakfast to school and eat it there. There was one little girl who lived more than a mile from the school. The roads were very bad in wet weather, and she had to cross a brook where there was no bridge, only stepping-stones. After a heavy rain the water would rise so that the stones were entirely covered, and she had to wade through as best she could. She used to come through storms that would have kept many grown people in the house, and often came into school wet to the skin, and with the water running in streams from her clothes. For one whole year this little girl was neither absent nor tardy.

Whenever any of the children happened to be late, they were sure to bring some very good excuse, though sometimes it would be very comical. One morning about ten o'clock a boy came rushing, all out of breath, into the school-room, exclaiming, "'Deed, ma'am, I could n't he'p bein' late dis mornin' not ter save my life. My mammy done got a cow, an' de cow doneg ot a calf, an' de calf done runned away, an' de cow done gone af'er de calf, an' I done gone af'er de cow, an' I spec I be late ebery mornin' now, gwine af'er dis yere."

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My class in Sunday school consisted of a dozen boys between the ages of eight and twelve; most of them bright, and one a real original, — a sort of boy Topsy; unlike anything in the wide world but just himself. He belonged also to my day school, and on entering gave his name as "Chris."

"Chris what?" I asked.

"Name Chris," he repeated.

"But have you no other name?"

"Done tole yer my name 'fore; name Chris"; and he looked at me in amazement at my stupidity. So as "Chris" he was registered, and that melodious monosyllable was the only name he ever acknowledged.

His dress was the most wonderful thing that ever was seen, and was arranged without the least consideration of times and seasons. On a stormy winter day when the cold seemed to pinch one's very bones, and an Esquimaux suit of furs would have been comfortable and suitable, Chris would dawn upon the school in smiling satisfaction, attired in the thinnest possible summer clothes, and usually barefooted. On a warm spring day when every one else threw aside extra wrappings, he would frequently appear with two suits of woollen clothes, one over the other, and an overcoat that reached to his heels, the tatters dragging on the ground, and collecting a mud fringe around the edge of the garment. With this costume he wore usually one boot and one shoe, or if he so far conformed to fashion as to wear *a pair* of boots, one leg of his pantaloons was sure to be tucked in, and the other left hanging down. Uniformity was something that his soul abhorred. Surmounting this varied attire was a hat, — but that must have a paragraph all to itself.

No description can do justice to that hat; it was without its like in the wide world. His mother had made it out of some black material, quilted. It was immensely large, of no particular shape, and the binding was sewed so tightly round the edge that the rim — broad enough for a Quaker — was drawn down almost straight, and rested on his shoulders. This article he wore wrong side out through the week, — "so 's ter keep toder side clean fer Sundays," — he explained; and as the lining was of bright-colored calico, he looked, at a little distance, as if his head had turned into a big sunflower.

Every Sunday I read to the class some part of Bible history, and the next week questioned them as to what they remembered of it. On one occasion I had taken the story of Adam and Eve. Chris seemed particularly interested, and abandoned his usual occupation ot pinching his neighbors for fully five minutes to listen. The next Sunday when I asked who could tell me anything about our last reading, his hand went up instantly.

"Can you tell me about it, Chris?" I asked.

"Yaas'm, kin tell a heap. Boy, I 'll mash yer mouf ef yer don't quit foolin' wid me. Guess I knows as much as you does." This last was addressed to one of the class who audibly expressed his doubts as to Chris telling anything about a lesson. It was the first time he had attempted such a thing, and the children were astonished beyond measure. Having

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quieted them, I said, "Now, Chris, let us hear how much you can remember."

"Yaas'm. De Lord done made Adam an' Eve, an' put 'em in de garden ob *Evil.* (Boy, I 'll choke yer eyes outen yer head ef yer don't quit rollin' 'em at me.) Dey got 'long well nuff till Eve done eat de apple, den she carry one to Adam an' *cuss at him* to eat it, an' den dey done druv 'em outen de garden, an' put an' *ingine* at de gate to keep 'em from comin' back."

"What kind of an engine was it, Chris?" I asked, when he paused breathless.

"*Fire-ingine*, ma'am," responded Chris, triumphantly. He had understood *angel* as *engine*, and this accounted for his interest in the story. He had once seen a fire-engine that had greatly interested him, and nothing could persuade him that it was not the very same article that had barred the gates of Eden against the return of the exiled pair.

Almost a match for Chris in oddity was his neighbor Peter; but there was this difference, — Peter learned readily, and as a rule understandingly, and was a remarkably intelligent boy for his age and advantages, or rather *dis*advantages. Whatever question was asked of Peter was sure to receive an answer of some kind, whether he knew anything about the subject or not. He utterly disdained to ask for assistance or explanation, and this disposition, together with his unbounded confidence in himself, frequently led him into comical, and to him rather mortifying, mistakes.

One Sunday the class was repeating in concert Psalm 103. In the fifth verse, — "He satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's," — Peter said something that sounded strangely. I could not make out just what it was, but surely something not in the text. I stopped the class and told him to repeat the verse alone; and evidently considering this a distinction awarded to his superior merits, he shouted out with great emphasis, "He satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like *a nigger's*."

At one of the monthly concerts he undertook to recite the third chapter of Matthew, and told about the "Pharisees and the *Paducees*," and burning the chaff with "*unsquenchable* fire"; and once when the hymn "I want to be an angel" was sung, Peter sang, apparently pouring out his whole soul in the words, "I wants to be an *eagle*, an' wid de *eagles* stan'."

Was it any wonder that they should have made many and great mistakes, kept as they had been in ignorance as complete as that of heathen lands? Was it not the greater wonder that they so eagerly and readily applied themselves to study; that they learned so rapidly and remembered so well?

Many pleasant days we spent together in that old school-house, and when the time came that we must say "good by," it was hard for us all; very hard I know for me, for dearly had I grown to love my little Virginia freed children.

Elizabeth Kilham.

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THE YEAR'S LAST FLOWER.

WITCH Hazel bough! Witch Hazel bough!
Strange time it seems to blossom now!
The sky is gray; the birds have flown;
With rustling leaves the ground is strown;
The May-time with her cowslip crown,
Sweet Summer showering rose-leaves down,
The autumn days, a bannered train,
With colors like the flag of Spain,
Have come and gone, without the power
To win from thee a single flower!
But now, when woods and fields are bare,
And chill with coming snow the air,
All wreathed with spring-like bloom art thou,
All decked with gold, Witch Hazel bough!

Witch Hazel bough! Witch Hazel bough!
Could I believe old stories now,
Within my hand, were I a witch,
Thou hadst the power to make me rich;
To prove a true divining-rod,
And show, where, under stone or sod,
Or growing tree, or running brook,
I should for hidden treasure look!
A child, I sought thy charm to try,
But, woe is me! no witch am I;
For never gleam of elfin gold
'T was my good fortune to behold;
No magic dwells in me, or thou
Hast lost thy spell, Witch Hazel bough!

Witch Hazel bough! Witch Hazel bough!
Though wizards' arts are powerless now,
A high resolve, a steadfast will,
A fearless heart, work wonders still;
To find and win a needful store
Of goods and gold, and wisdom's lore,
The true divining-rods for me
Henceforth must toil and patience be!
Then welcome, honest Labor! Thou
Shalt bloom unplucked, Witch Hazel bough!

Marian Douglas.

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A BOY'S VISIT TO POMPEII.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

"IT was a holiday at Pompeii," said Luke, on the following evening; "and the inhabitants were nearly all at the amphitheatre. Suddenly, at about noon, a strange cloud broke forth from the volcano. It shot up to a great height, in a tremendous lurid column, spreading and branching out at the top, — having the form of a pine-tree, according to the younger Pliny, who saw it from Misenum, across the bay. It was streaked with enormous flames, and spotted with masses of earthy matter blown out from the crater. The earth shook, and an awful roaring noise was heard, with peals of thunder. You can imagine the wild panic of the people as the performances at the amphitheatre closed and the frightened crowds rushed out. 'Vesuvius is on fire!' was the cry, — 'Vesuvius is on fire!' and the people jostled and trampled each other as they fled for their lives. The air grew rapidly dark; a fearful gloom covered the city, as the cloud spread and filled the sky; and soon ashes began to fall, like a thick, heavy gray snow, and there was almost total darkness, lighted only by the flames from the burning mountain and the fiery stones that began to shower down like meteors over everything. There!" said Luke, seeing his grandfather about to applaud, "I 've got up that description regardless of expense, and I trust it 's satisfactory."

"Thrilling!" said the old man, with childlike wonder and enthusiasm; "I see the cloud, the flames, the falling stones and ashes! Some must have fallen hissing into the sea!"

"The elder Pliny, who was then in command of the Roman fleet at Misenum, set sail across the bay in the afternoon, — it was the twenty-fourth of August, in the year —"

"Seventy-nine, without the seventeen hundred; I don't forget that, Luke, my boy! Go on!"

"He was a celebrated naturalist, and he wanted to take a nearer view of the stupendous fireworks, and at the same time rescue, if he could, some of the inhabitants. As he approached the coast, cinders and black pieces of burning rock began to fall into the ships; and the sea, heaved and tossed by the agitation of the earth, threatened to flow off and leave them aground. His pilot begged him to put back, but he persisted in landing at Stabiæ with some of his men, and afterwards lost his life attempting to retreat to the ships. The sea was too rough for them to embark, and soon flames and deadly vapors from the mountain overtook them, and he was suffocated, and fell dead, while his friends escaped. His nephew, the younger Pliny, tells the story in a letter to Tacitus the historian; and that is the fullest account we have of the famous eruption."

"Were there many folks buried up in Pompeii?" asked Therese.

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"Some hundreds, probably; but thousands must have got away. Those who thought only of flying for their lives did well. But those who sought shelter in cellars and under porches, waiting for the dreadful storm to pass, met with certain death. Ashes and stones and flames shut them in, and they were suffocated and buried. Fortunately the trembling of the ground and the rocking of the houses prevented all but a few from taking that course: they remembered too well the earthquakes of sixteen years before. Those who were at the amphitheatre, which was on the opposite side of the city from Vesuvius, rushed out through the gates and into the open fields. Those that were delayed in the city followed as best they could, covering their heads with pillows, or anything they could lay hands on, to protect themselves against the falling stones. Some fled to the coast, thinking to escape by sea, but it was too rough for them. In the darkness and confusion many lost their way, and wandered despairingly about, struggling through the hot, deep drifts, and finally sank down, overcome with fatigue, in the midst of the raining cinders. Families were separated, and those who got away wrung their hands with agony, calling in vain upon the names of those who were left behind. Mothers returned to save their children, and perished with them. Avarice caused the death of many who might have escaped if they had n't gone back for money and jewels in their houses; cinders and stones blocked their way out again, and volumes of heated and flaming gases rushed down upon them from the volcano. More than one skeleton has been found with a purse in its bony hand. In the prisons were skeletons with irons on their legs."

"How terrible it must have been for those who did escape to watch from a distance the destruction of the city, with their homes and friends!" said Mrs. Westlow. "How long did the eruption continue?"

"For three days without cessation, — torrents of water alternating with the fire and ashes. The intense darkness continued all that time, except when the horrible scene was lighted up by the glare of the volcano. On the fourth day there was a pause; the sun appeared as if coming out of an eclipse, and shone with a sickly light. Then the inhabitants of Pompeii looked for their city, and saw in its place an immense smoking plain, a desert of hot and steaming ashes. Only the highest walls, loaded with cinders, and a few burnt and blasted trees, appeared above the dark-gray mound that covered their homes. You can imagine a city buried in the snow after a three days' storm; but can you imagine one buried in ashes from a volcano? Then you have an idea of Pompeii."

"What did the people do?" asked Sarah. "Of course, to attempt to dig out their houses would have been a hopeless task!"

"Undoubtedly. Yet there is evidence that some did go back and take away a portion of their goods. It must have been comparatively easy digging then."

"How is it now, Luke, my boy?"

"The mud of mixed cinders and volcanic stones has hardened to a massy crust, which is very hard digging. Many of the inhabitants sought refuge

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in towns along the coast; yet a few remained near the buried city and built a village out of its ruins. Four hundred years afterwards that, too, was destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius. From that time the name of Pompeii was almost forgotten, and even the spot where it had stood remained unknown, until the middle of the last century. The modern Italians are a listless sort of people, and the sight of ancient ruins everywhere about them has made them so careless with regard to such things that when an aqueduct was carried over a part of Pompeii, and the workmen in digging came upon the walls of houses and the columns of temples, very little was thought or said about them. That was near two hundred years ago. In seventeen hundred and forty-eight, some statues and other works of antiquity were discovered in sinking a well; and after that Charles III. of Naples set about excavating the old city. All the country was then covered with orchards, vineyards, and towns, as it is to-day. It was a long time before it was even known that it was Pompeii that had been discovered. The work went on very slowly, and was often stopped. For years nothing was done, except when certain illustrious visitors were entertained by the Court of Naples. For their amusement the digging was resumed, and curiosities were taken out, — having perhaps been previously discovered and put back into the rubbish for the occasion. Everything of interest or value was until quite recently carried off and deposited in the Museum at Naples. But within the past ten years a better order of things has been established by the new Italian government. The work of excavation is pushed forward with system, and a museum of curiosities has been formed on the spot, where it ought to be."

"Did you see the digging, Luke, my boy?" asked Grandfather Westlow.

"Ah!" said Luke, "shall I ever forget the morning when I walked down a narrow street, — along with Miles Osborn, Tom Burney, and our guide, — and, near the end of it, came in sight of the workmen and workwomen —"

"Workwomen, Luke?" interrupted Sarah.

"To be sure; and a curious sight it was to us Yankee lads," said Luke. "There was n't a wheelbarrow on the spot. The men, with picks and bars and shovels, broke up the hard-packed mass of rubbish, which was then carried off in baskets on the heads of girls. They emptied it into the dirt-cars of a railroad built for running it off down towards the sea; and came back laughing and chatting and swinging their empty baskets, — as picturesque a troop as ever you saw. The work went on under the eyes of officers who stood ready to pounce upon anything of value that might be discovered, — especially when they had got down into the houses, where great care had to be used in order that nothing should be broken."

"Tell us just how the city looked to you, Luke," said Therese.

"We seemed to be walking amid the ruins of a curious little old town of low, one-story houses, after a great fire. Only the walls are left standing. Roofs and doors have disappeared; and, what strikes one as very remarkable, there are no front windows! The streets are extremely narrow. In

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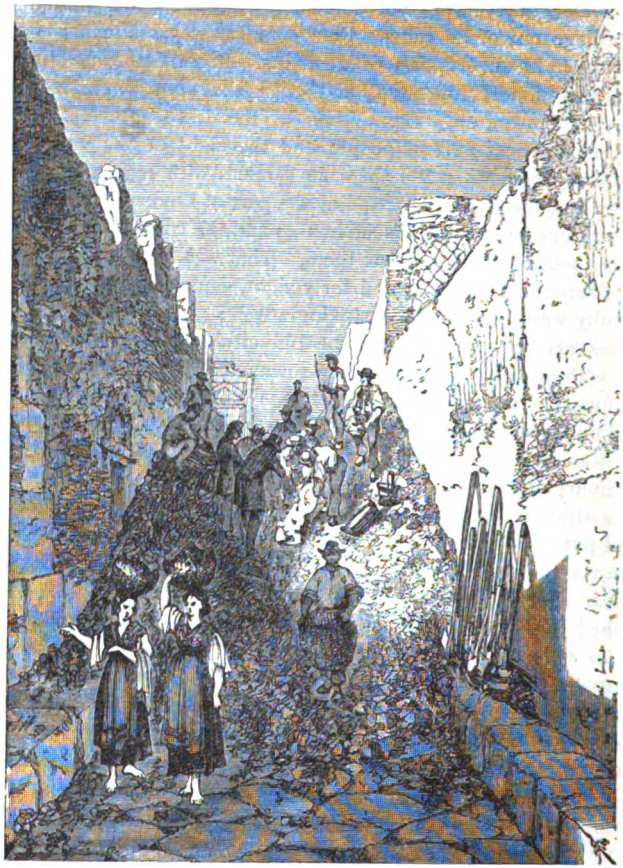

Clearing out a Narrow Street in Pompeii.

very many of them there was room for only a single chariot — or perhaps I should say ox-cart — to pass between two little narrow, high sidewalks. They were paved with blocks of lava, like the streets of Naples to-day. The cart-wheels — "

"Do say chariot-wheels, Luke," Sarah interrupted him, — "it sounds so much more romantic!"

"Yes, but the Pompeians were not greatly addicted to riding; besides, more carts than chariots must have passed through those contracted streets, where anything but very slow, unromantic driving was out of the question. Still, if you prefer it, I will say — the chariot-wheels passed always in about the same place, and there are the smooth worn grooves they have left, as fresh and distinct as if they had been moving by only yesterday. On the corners there are curbstones, and you can see the marks where they were struck by the last wheels. Occasionally in the middle of the street you

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come to a single stepping-stone placed for the use of foot-passengers in crossing from sidewalk to sidewalk. As the street was the gutter, that stone must have been a great comfort to the dandies of Pompeii in rainy weather. But we young fellows amused ourselves by crossing these narrow streets at a single stride. Some were no more than two and a half yards in width, including the sidewalks; the broadest was only about seven yards. The curbstones in front of some of the shops were pierced with holes, for the convenience, our guide said, of fastening the cows and donkeys that came in every morning loaded with produce from the country. There are horse-blocks before some of the houses; and you can imagine the young aristocrats of Pompeii mounting from them their steeds or chariots."

"But what a dreary, dull-looking place it must have been, without front windows!" exclaimed Sarah.

"The doors of the houses were closed only at night," Luke replied. "Besides, there were shops in all parts of the city; and, as they were open in front, you can fancy the vivacious shop-keepers and townspeople of that southern climate, chattering and gesticulating gayly over the counters."

"But how were the houses lighted?" Sarah was anxious to know.

"The model Pompeian house," replied Luke, "had two interior courts. The first, which was something more than a court, serving as a sort of airy drawing-room, was called the *atrium*. It was entered from the street through a vestibule, on the pavement of which may still be seen the Latin inscription '*Salve*,' — a word of welcome. Or perhaps there was the warning, '*Cave Canem*,' — Beware of the dog! Over the *atrium* was a roof with a large square opening in the centre. This lighted all that part of the house. Directly beneath the opening was a large marble basin, called the *impluvium*, that received the rain from the roof and supplied the dwelling with water. Around the *impluvium* was a covered portico adorned with statues and paintings, — an elegant sort of open parlor, pleasant to sit or walk or talk in. Around the portico were ranged the small sleeping-apartments, where the lodgers lay on the floor upon a few clothes, — for the Pompeians had no beds like ours. The *atrium* opened into another court beyond, called the *peristyle;* that was surrounded by rows of pillars, and had a choice little flower-garden in the centre, and the open sky above. Around the *peristyle* were the domestic quarters of the house, with the kitchen and the dining-hall, where the guests reclined upon couches and ate with their fingers, for they had no forks."

"I hope they had napkins!" said Mrs. Westlow.

"The rich had some very curious ones. They would n't burn; so, when they were soiled, instead of being put into water to be washed, they were just thrown into the fire, and afterwards taken out as fresh and perfect as ever. There was still another style of napkin, which we should be rather astonished to see used nowadays. Guests whose fingers were wet with wine would call a cup-bearer and wipe them on the hair of his head. That was the Oriental fashion."

"Was n't there any up stairs to the houses?" Therese wished to know.

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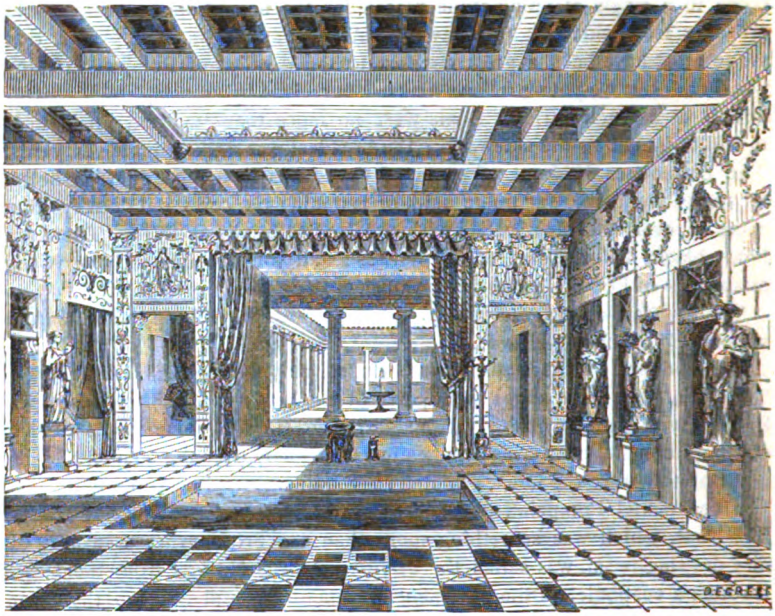

The Atrium, opening into the Peristyle.

"The attics of some of them formed a sort of low upper story, which was devoted to the use of servants and storage. That sometimes had windows on the side of the street."

"Did the people have carpets?"

"No indeed; but they had something far more durable, — beautiful mosaics of colored stones or glass, which formed an elegant pavement. They had no pictures hung in gilt frames on the walls, but the walls themselves were painted. The covering of ashes, which preserved so many things, preserved the paintings too. When first uncovered they appear as fresh and bright as when the storm fell upon them eighteen hundred years ago. But they soon fade, exposed to the air; and they can be kept only under glass."

"O, how I wish I could go there!" said Therese.

"You would be disappointed. Nearly everything of value that can be moved is taken from the houses as they are uncovered, and even the paintings are carefully cut out of the walls, so that the place looks naked and desolate enough. Still, a few pictures and many signs and inscriptions remain. Over a school-room there was a painting of a schoolmaster flogging a pupil, — a sign intended to attract parents rather than children, I fancy. A terra-cotta goat showed where goat's milk was sold. Two men carrying a wine-jar on a pole between them indicated a wine-store. There are advertisements, political notices, even declarations of love, painted or

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carved on the walls. I remember one or two of these: '*Auge loves Arabiemus*"; '*Methea, the daughter of Comina the actress, loves Chrestus*"; though whether they were carved there by the lovers themselves, or by persons who meant to make fun of them, is more than I know."

"O Luke!" exclaimed Sarah, "how can you doubt? Such things never could have been written by the lovers."

"If we were telling the story of any staid town or village of America, — of course," replied Luke. "But the manners of Pompeii were different. The people worshipped the Goddess of Love, and there was n't a very close veil of delicacy thrown over matters we are so modest about. Many of the inscriptions are in verse; and a fellow is startled now and then at seeing a familiar line of Virgil or Ovid, which reminds him that those poets were neighbors and contemporaries of the Pompeians, and perhaps walked those very streets, and saw their writings quoted on the walls of the public buildings. The sides of a passage leading into one of the theatres is covered with inscriptions scrawled there by the crowds waiting for the doors to be opened. There were walls devoted to bill-posting. Old advertisements were whitewashed over, and in their place new ones were painted in slender, showy red letters. Think of uncovering on one of these walls a freshly painted placard, announcing that there is to be a new comedy at the Odeon, or that fifty gladiators will have a bloody combat at the Amphitheatre to-morrow."

"Gladiators, Luke, my boy?" spoke up the old grandfather, who had been listening in silent wonder all this while.

"To be sure. Gladiatorial shows — fights between men trained for the purpose, or between men and wild beasts — were favorite pastimes with the Pompeians. They had learned that sport of the Romans, whose Coliseum was the largest and most famous amphitheatre in the world. It would accommodate nearly a hundred thousand people; its walls were a hundred and sixty feet high, and it covered between five and six acres of ground. There some most astonishing games took place, — gladiatorial fights, Christians thrown to the lions, grand hunts, when the immense arena was planted with trees and wild beasts were let loose among them, and sea fights, when it was filled with water. The Amphitheatre of Pompeii was a pocket affair, in comparison; and yet it was capable of seating twelve or fifteen thousand people, — more than half the population of the city. It was oval-shaped, — four hundred and thirty feet long and three hundred and thirty broad."

"How could they put a roof on so big a building?" Grandfather Westlow inquired.

"It had no roof; but in rainy or sunny days the spectators were protected by awnings. You can imagine them sitting there on the tiers of benches rising from the arena, watching the games, when Vesuvius was seen to be on fire. There is the volcano smoking in the background to-day. *Arena* is the Latin name for sand; and the great central space devoted to the fights was so called because it was covered with sand to absorb the blood that was shed. It was surrounded by a wall six feet high, and that

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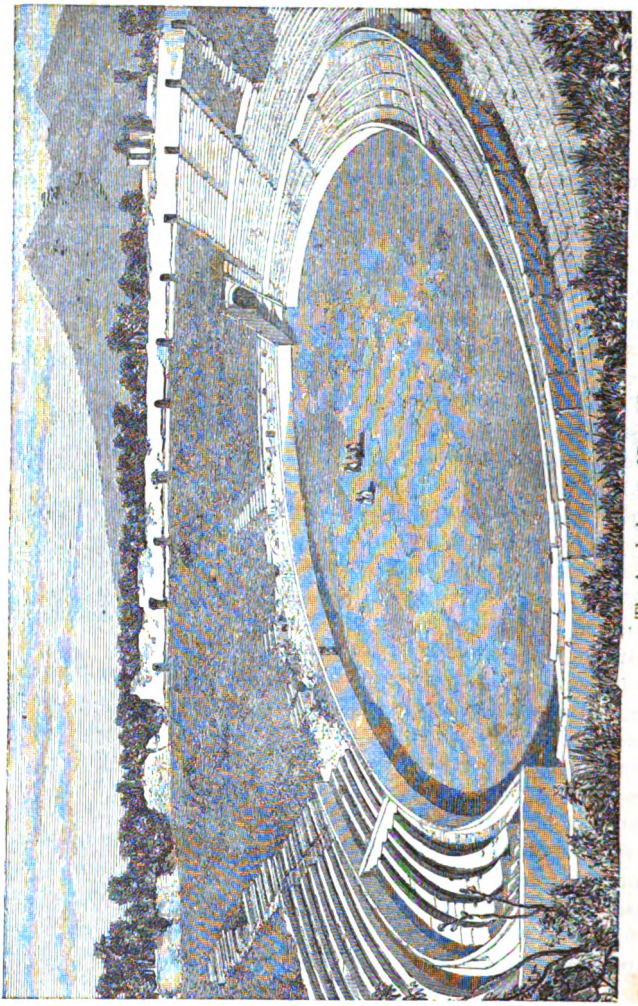

The Amphitheatre of Pompeii.

was topped by strong iron gratings to prevent the tigers and leopards from leaping over amidst the spectators. The gratings are gone, but holes drilled in the stones for the iron supports are still left. The amphitheatre is not built up from a level plain, but is set in a deep hollow; that plan saved the expense of high walls and immense foundations for the upper benches. To reach it you have to pass through orchards and vineyards growing over a part of the city not yet dug out."

"Is that the theatre which the newspapers say is about to be reopened, after having been closed eighteen hundred years?" asked Sarah.

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"The *theatres*," replied Luke, "were in another part of the city, on the side of the sea. There were two of them, — the tragic theatre, capable of accommodating five thousand spectators (the largest theatre in Boston holds only about three thousand), and the Odeon, which would contain fifteen hundred. This little theatre is, I suspect, the one that has been reopened. It is better preserved than the other. It had a roof, which the larger theatre had not. The larger one was covered with awnings, like the Amphitheatre. Not always, though, for some of the placards make a point of saying 'There will be awnings,' with other attractions. The theatre was built on a hillside, like the Amphitheatre, and the spectators entered from the top and walked down to their places. Tickets of admission have been discovered, made of bone, earthen, and bronze. The position of the seat to which the bearer was entitled is distinctly marked on some of them, — such an entrance, such a division, such a bench. There was no shifting of scenery, on the ancient stage, as on ours; but all the action took place before one immovable scene. The curtain, instead of falling at the end of a play, rose, having been rolled up under the stage. The actors wore huge masks and thick-soled shoes, and clothes stuffed out to make their bodies look large in proportion, and had mouthpieces arranged to give sound to the voice, like speaking-trumpets. I could tell you ever so much more about them, but see! grandfather is asleep again —"

"No, I 'm not!" said the old man, brightening up instantly. "You were

Lamps of Earthenware and Bronze found at Pompeii

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telling about — the people worshipping the Goddess of Love, I believe. Go on!"

"They worshipped not only Venus, but other heathen deities, — Jupiter, Mercury, Iris, — and there are their temples to-day. I would tell you about them, and about the public buildings, — the Forum, which was a sort of exchange, the courts of justice, the baths, — but it would take a week of evenings to do anything like justice to them. Then there are all the curious and interesting things found in the houses, temples, and tombs, — urns, vases, kitchen utensils, lamps, necklaces, jewelry, trinkets of all sorts, some of most beautiful and graceful patterns. Then there are the paintings and statues; I could give you an eloquent discourse on the condition of art in Pompeii, if I had time, and a very slight knowledge of the subject, which I have not! So I have the honor to announce," added Luke, bowing gracefully, "that our second lecture on Pompeii is now concluded."

"A vote of thanks!" cried Grandfather Westlow, eagerly.

The vote was put, and carried unanimously, little Therese standing on the piano-stool and holding up both hands. As Luke bowed again, she threw them over his neck; and, catching her in his arms, he carried her off to the conservatory.

J. T. Trowbridge.

HOW TO DRAW.

VI.

WE have now come, dear Allie, to the last of our lessons in Drawing. Very much, I am aware, will be still wanting in my letters of instruction to you; my aim, in the brief space allowed me in these pages, having been chiefly to *point the way* for you to go in Art. Nevertheless, good seed is planted, and your watchfulness and constant nourishing may produce therefrom excellent fruits.

Let us see now how far you have advanced in your studies. You have learned to distinguish the difference between good and bad drawing, and are able to make pretty fair lines. You know somewhat of the theory of sight, and a little concerning perspective and the principles of light and shade. If now you are willing to return cheerfully to making straight and curved lines, in a workmanlike way, whenever you need the practice, all is as it should be; only be careful not to weary your eyes.

It will be well sometimes to use pen and ink in your studies, because you can learn to produce the most minute work with them. Do you not remember the beautiful photograph I once showed you from a charming design by Mr. Hammatt Billings, made to illustrate "The Sleeping Palace," a poem by Mr. Alfred Tennyson? It was all made with a fine pen, shadows as well as thinnest lines, and it is certainly one of the most charming

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works of art ever produced in America. Mr. Darley, too, often uses pen and ink with striking effect. In fact, all the celebrated artists and designers employ the pen as well as the pencil in their works.

More and more light will dawn upon your mind as you progress in your studies, and more and more readily will you grasp at ideas of beauty. Draw as often as you can something to be remembered, and INSIST always upon making your hand obey your eye with perfect service, even if it be only a straight line that you desire to make.

Keep a place in your memory, too, for ideas of the things you see and for thoughts suggested by them. Never fear that your mind, young as you are, will fail to hold on to them; for the perceptive faculty is already strong in you, and it will attract many valuable things to your mental storehouse, and cause you to keep them there. Remember also (I wish it could be enforced upon all the readers of this magazine) that you can be taught to labor in art as long as you live, — just as well as you can be taught to swim, to ride, to dance, just as well as you can be taught French or German. I do not deny that some persons, almost from earliest childhood, show a particular inclination for drawing, and exhibit what seems to ignorant people a rare proficiency in it; but they require teaching like all others, and they *must* have it, in *some* way, or fail to do justice to their perceptions. Have you imagined that the great masters in art sprung at once into renown without service — and hard service too — in elementary work? Michael Angelo was once the pupil of Ghirlandajo; Titian, of Bellini; Raphael, of Perugino; and Vandyck, of Rubens. It would be hard indeed to find an instance of a great worker in art who was not at some time in his life a faithful scholar.

That the Greeks believed all men capable of learning to draw is evident from the law passed at the request of Pamphilus, the master of Apelles, and the founder of one of the great systems of instruction in art.

That law COMPELLED the study of drawing in the public schools.*

And now concerning the best books to aid you in the continuation of this study. First on the list I place Mr. John Ruskin's "Elements of Drawing." I want you to keep it always within easy reach, so that it may be often in your hands; and if any one tells you that you are not old enough for such a book, refer him to the ninth page of the Preface.

You can begin with Professor Charles Ryan's excellent treatise, "Systematic Drawing and Shading"; or "Right Lines in their Right Places," by Professor Davidson, of London. Equally good in their way are "Object Lessons," by Mr. Welch, of the Michigan State Normal School, and "The London Drawing-Book," by Mr. Robert Scott Burns.

I would also recommend the complete series of progressive Drawing-Books, by Mr. W. H. Bartholomew, twelve in all. In this series constant

* Massachusetts has this year passed a similar act. Section 2d reads: "Any city or town may, and every city and town having more than ten thousand inhabitants shall, annually make provision for giving free instruction in Industrial or Mechanical Drawing to persons over fifteen years of age, either in day or evening schools, under the direction of the School Committee."

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instruction in the elements of the art of drawing follows the first example set, and a trained eye and ready hand will surely come to any pupil who will patiently study them. They are used in the public schools of all the large American cities, and in a large number of colleges, State Normal Schools, and private academies, and their entire completeness as books of sound instruction entitles them to the highest degree of praise. I hope my dear little pupil will draw faithfully every one of Mr. Bartholomew's most excellent examples.*

In regard to pencils. I prefer the "Eagle" to any others. When you cannot obtain a piece of common black rubber, get the "Diamond" rubber, which is to be used, as all rubber should be, *upon* the line you wish to erase and not across it.

And this brings me to the close of my letter, and to the opportunity of saying that I hope you will improve yourself daily in the art of drawing.

Yours very affectionately,

Charles A. Barry.

PANTRY SCHOOL.

I 'M thinking of the school-house, Ned,
"Where we sat side by side,"
And studied Webster's Spelling-book,
And laughed o'er Gilpin's ride;
And traded jack-knives now and then,
When not engaged in play,
And got our jackets nicely warmed—
How often I 'll not say.

I 'm thinking of the roadside green,
Of every tree and nook,—
And how in sultry hours of noon
We swam in Pantry Brook;
And when upon the casement came
The ruler's tattoo loud,
How each of us in passing in
Took off his hat and bowed.

I 'm thinking of the benches rude,
And desks, so broad and steep,
On which we left our autographs
In letters wide and deep;

* We shall publish in "Our Young Folks" during the coming year a series of illustrated articles on "Light and Shade," and kindred topics, which will be a great help to young artists. — EDITORS.

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And where our first new writing-book,
  So free from stain and spot,
We soon adorned, on every page,
  With many an off-hand blot.

I 'm thinking of the "old slough," Ned,
  And its waters dark and cool,
In which we bathed our sunburnt feet
  While on the way to school;
And where the youthful tadpoles lay,
  In spring-time, many a score,
And golden-lilies richly bloomed
  In summer, near the shore.

I 'm thinking of the forests cool
  Where firs and cedars grew,
And where our feet in mosses sank
  As we hunted gum to chew;

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And of the pleasant meadows where,
On many a scattered tree,
We heard the red-winged blackbird sing
His song of "quonk a ree."

I 'm thinking of the hour-glass, Ned,
With its sands so white and fine,
On which our teacher smiling gazed
As neared the hour to dine;
And I feel my sands are wasting, Ned,
For oft the children say,
As I fondle them upon my knee,
"Papa, you 're growing gray."

C. F. Gerry.

THE WONDERFUL SECRET, AND WHO TOLD IT.

THEY told a very big story, those men who began it, and those men who have been saying it over ever since: "Women can't keep secrets; women can't keep secrets." We know better, little girls, — you and I, the other little girls, and the grown women, — don't we?

It was a wonderful secret that Maria, the nurse, took Bobby and Alexander, Nannie and Fanny and Baby into; and, with their five little hands on their five little hearts, they vowed to keep it for ever and ever. Baby could only coo her vow, and Nannie was obliged to find her heart for her, put her fingers on the right spot, and hold them there while she did it.

Who do you think told that secret first, — the baby? Perhaps so. She told a great many things that nobody ever understood, before she put away her own sweet language for ours. Nobody knows what Baby told; nor ever will, for nobody can grow old and wise enough to learn the baby language. She used to lie on her back, playing with her fingers and toes, and jabber as fast as her tongue could wag. Probably she told herself pretty stories, for she frequently smiled quietly at the end. Probably she made some jokes for herself, since it was a common thing for her to shout and roll and laugh big tears into her eyes in the midst of the jabbering. However, nobody knows.

Baby was a little girl, and I have no doubt men would declare that she told the secret. I do not believe it. But what if she did? What if the Chinamen should tell us their secrets? We should n't know that they were talking about anything but the weather and the stocks.

So it was n't Baby. It was n't Nannie, and it was n't Fanny. Then who was it? *Somebody* told mamma; mamma told me, and I 'll tell you —

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THE SECRET.

On a day in June they all went out walking, — Maria and the children. They were dressed in their very best. Their dresses were whiter than the white clouds. Their sashes were redder than the red roses. Their hair was as golden as the sunshine, and it rippled like the curly little brooks in the country, only a great deal more.

Five little curly-headed, golden-headed, happy-hearted children out for an airing on a day in June! Of course for a while it was a great deal of fun. Bobby and Alexander went ahead hand in hand. Nannie and Fanny, hand in hand, came after. Nurse and the baby followed on. Everybody else was out to take the lovely weather into their souls. Everybody else was dressed up finely. Everybody else was smiling at the sunshine and getting happy-hearted. And it did seem as if everybody stopped those children for a kiss apiece, or just to say to some one, "The little Browns, my dear. Such charming children!"

By and by it was n't so much fun, for Fanny felt a bone down in her ankle with an ache in it, and she cried some little salt tears. Then she felt another in the other ankle, and she sobbed right out loud.

"Shoo! shoo!" said Maria. "What 's that?"

"It 's me," said Fanny. "I 've got two pains. I want to go home, Maria."

"Stomach-ache?" said Maria.

"No-o-o. Feets-ache."

"I guess she 's tired," said Bobby. "I am kind o'."

"I am too, awful," said Alexander.

"Me too," said Nannie.

"Now you look-a-here," said Maria, standing still there on the pavement, and lifting her hand up and shaking it at those children, "you ain't a-goin' home. You 're a-goin' a-walking. And I don't want to hear no more o' that imperdence! March on now."

And they marched. They were afraid of Maria. She was a new nurse. Their dear old nurse had gone away and married somebody three weeks before. Then Maria had come, and she was very different from her who had gone. She was young. Her eyes were black and bright. Her cheeks were red, and she did her hair up in a waterfall; tossed her head elegantly, showed all her white teeth when she smiled, and made beautiful bows to the gentlemen who moved in her circle. When mamma had company in the evening Maria tumbled the children into bed without hearing their prayers, left them lying alone in the dark, and hurried down into the kitchen to entertain Mr. Rooney, the hack-driver.

She told them queer stories that were untrue from beginning to end, — about giants and hobgoblins and ugly witches, who pinch bad little children in the dark, and carry them away when they are uncommonly bad. Maria knew very well that they would never fall into crueller hands than hers, and that they would never be punished by any worse pinches than nips of

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conscience. But they believed the stories, and began to have wretched moments of fear. They were afraid of the great, soft, warm dark that comes to cover us up away from the sunshine, when we are sleepy and tired; afraid of the shadows that bring the beautiful dreams; afraid of the little gray mice scratching behind the plaster; but more afraid of Maria, who threatened such terrible things.

She shook the children and slapped them sometimes, and always forbade their telling mamma what went on in the nursery. If they told, the giant would come, she said, and the witches and hobgoblins.

But she did not mean to be cruel. She was proud of her pretty face, and very proud indeed of Mr. Rooney's admiration. She wanted the whole time for crimping her hair and making her cheeks rosy, snipping her ribbons and mending her finery, promenading Main Street and flirting, — Miss Maria did. Who could do all these things with children bothering? Not Maria. So she snubbed and frightened them, and *kept them down.*

This is why they marched on. This is why Fanny cried a little low cry to herself and Nannie pouted and Alexander and Bobby made horrible faces while they marched. Maria nodded and smiled and tossed her head and they walked and walked and walked.

"*Oh!*" said Fanny. She had kept back as many as a dozen of them, but that *Oh!* slipped out. And immediately Maria said, "Childern!" They all turned their heads around instantly. "Just you stand here and mind the baby a minute while I step to the corner. And keep an eye on your manners now."

But they kept all their eyes in great wide-open surprise on Maria, and forgot the baby, their manners, and their tired feet. For Maria was sailing down the street in the most astonishing manner, flirting her skirts and throwing her head north, south, east, and west, crooking her elbow into the sharpest kind of a peak, pinching her parasol-handle between her forefinger and thumb and tipping it away from the sun into people's faces, — sailing down the street to Mr. Rooney, who stood on the corner, holding his horses, smiling a welcome, and beckoning a "Hurry up!" with the outspread fingers of his left hand.

"If there ain't Mr. Rooney!" said Alexander.

"I bet he 's going to carry Maria away to get married," said Bobby.

"Mari-a," squealed Fanny, "come back!"

"Let her go off and stay off," said Nannie.

But Maria did not do it. She came back, and Mr. Rooney drove away.

"You want to travel," said Maria, "about as fast as you can over to Birch Street. Come on."

She snatched the handle of the baby's carriage and led the procession herself, with such long steps that they ran all the way to keep up with her. Great big Maria was out of breath when they got there, and she leaned against one of the birch-trees in Birch Street and panted with all her might. The children dropped down on the grass and puffed away, and Bobby and Alexander took off their hats, fanned themselves and Nannie and Fanny, and wondered what could be coming next.

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THE TWO COMPANIONS.

[*From the Illustrated* CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.]

THE SNOW-BIRD

[*From the Illustrated* WINTER POEMS.]

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It was a very astonishing afternoon altogether; for Maria, as soon as she found her breath again, sat down, all in her best clothes, on the grass with the children, and said in a charming, low, sweet tone, "Childern, my dears."

At first they only looked amazed and stared at each other. But when she said it again, "Childern, my dears," very, very sweetly, they smiled and forgave her in their hearts for all the ugly things that she had ever said and done. They began to love her a little, — the blessed children!

"My dears," said Maria, "perhaps you might have thought I was n't allers kind and lovin' to you. But, laws! I want to train you up in the way you should go, childern. You would n't want to grow up shaming your pa and ma, you know. Most generally I *have* to be stern with you, dears. But once in a great while it does to give you a treat."

"Ha, ha!" said Alexander.

"O Maria, dear Maria, get sas'fras sticks!" whispered Fanny.

"It 's better 'n sas'fras," said Maria.

"Japanese?" said Bobby, tenderly.

"No, my dears," Maria replied, "it is n't candy." And the sunshine in their faces went under little clouds of disappointment.

"It 's very private, to begin with," said Maria. "Now I think more of it, maybe I 'd better not; for you 'd be sure to tell."

"Is it very nice?" Bobby asked.

"Nice! O my! You 'd go wild. I never heard o' such fun — never — never!" said Maria.

"We would n't tell, Maria."

"O yes, you would. Childern can't keep nothin'."

"You better try us once!" Alexander cried.

"I don't know, my dears," said Maria. "I don't know."

But she allowed herself to be teased into telling them the secret after each one had said, with the right hand on the heart, "I make a pledge never to tell what Maria 's going to tell me."

"Well, then," said Maria, "there 's a very nice gentleman what has a very nice kerridge, and he 's been so kind and obligin' as to offer to take me and you childern out for a ride on this beautiful summer's day."

The four little Browns fell to tickling and squeezing each other in the abundance of their joy, and the baby nearly burst the bonds that strapped her in the carriage with laughing.

"And then again," said Maria, "your ma and this gentleman ain't good friends; so that 's why it can't be mentioned. Now look out for the old witch if you ever tell, Alexander and Bobby and Nannie and Fanny."

"O Maria, we would n't!" "O, we could n't tell, Maria!" they cried.

But once, only three weeks ago, it would have spoiled all their fun to leave mamma out of it, not to tell her about it and talk it all over with her. And three weeks ago they would have thought it almost as bad to have a secret from mamma, unless it happened to be birthday or Christmas time, as to tell her a falsehood. Somehow Maria had got them dreadfully mixed up, with her threats and stories.

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Birch Street was only a lane with four little brown shanties on one side of it, — a short lane, put there for the purpose of pointing the way to three big roads going out into the country. While Maria and the children sat under the birch-tree no one passed but a kitten turning somersets in the grass. There was not much danger of mamma's friends finding them there.

After a while Mr. Rooney drove his great black carriage and his great black horses around the corner and shouted "Whoa!" Mr. Rooney had kind blue eyes and a pleasant face, and he laughed a great deal and said some funny things to the children that made them laugh too. Better than that, he jumped them up into the carriage on the soft, chintz-covered seats, and, better still, when they were there he fumbled in his coat pocket and brought out a paper of peppermint candy in sticks.

"Will ye hould your whisht with the mither now?" said he.

And they answered, "Yes, Mr. Rooney."

There they sat, Nannie and Fanny on the back seat and Alexander and Bobby opposite, and there on the walk sat the baby in her carriage, scolding and putting out her hands to be taken.

"What do you say to that, Mr. Rooney?" said Maria, with her hand on the baby's carriage.

"Drat the infant!" said Mr. Rooney. "Sure, and we 'll lave it behind."

"*Behind!*" said Maria, snapping her eyes at him.

"Behind on me trunk-rack, Maria. Take it out and I 'll show ye."

So Maria unstrapped the baby and held her while Mr. Rooney lifted the little carriage on behind his big one and fastened it securely.

"Chuck it inside," said Mr. Rooney, coming back to Maria and pointing his thumb at the baby. "Chuck it in and hop up, Maria."

But she thought a moment before she did it.

"Now, Nannie and Fanny," said Maria, finally, making up her mind to obey Mr. Rooney, "you just move a little and let me set the baby in between you, — there, so. You can kind o' hold her up and take care of her, and Bobby and Alexander, settin' opposite, can watch her. Now Mr. Rooney 's a-goin' to shet these doors up tight, and I want you all to set still and be good childern and keep away from these doors, or they 'll fly open and you 'll get killed and can't go ridin' again, and then there 's the old witch comin' after you."

Mr. Rooney shut the doors, he and Maria climbed up in front, the whip cracked, and the ride commenced.

"Ain't this nice?" said Alexander.

Much to his surprise nobody answered yes; and Alexander fell to wondering whether it was very nice to be shut up in that close carriage without a breath of cool air, or a chance to look out.

The baby pulled at her hat-strings, and whined a little petition to have them untied. The pink in her cheeks was deepening to crimson, and her fluffy hair lay down close to her head in heavy, moist curls.

"There, there, Baby Blossom," said Nannie, after the mother fashion, "so it should have its hat off and come right up here in sister's lap."

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The damp curls were lifted and laid against Nannie's waves, and Baby's soul was comforted.

"I 'm 'most roasted," Nannie said.

"Let 's divide," said Bobby, tearing the paper from the candy; and after those comforting words nobody thought of roasting.

In the paper on Bobby's knee lay ten sticks, white and pink; and as there were just ten hands waiting, sticks and hands were charmingly accommodated to each other. After the dividing came the nibbling and munching, and after the munching ended there was nothing left of the treat but sticky lips and fingers.

The baby cried for more, and then she cried out against the heat, and then she cuddled down in Nannie's arms and softly cried herself asleep.

"Ain't she awful heavy, Nannie?" Bobby asked.

Nannie had so many tears choking up her throat that she could only nod a yes to Bobby; for she had held the heavy baby until her back and arms were full of pains.

"Poor Nannie!" "Nannie, dearie," "Nannie, never mind," they said, and bustled about and made a little bed for baby on the seat.

Alexander's jacket was pulled off and folded into a pillow, and Baby moved and laid upon it with great care and fear of her awakening. There was room by her feet for Nannie, and the boys took Fanny in between them.

After that was all over, when the baby had ceased fretting and lay quietly dreaming, when Nannie had no pains for them to think about, and there was n't a crumb of candy left for comfort, they had nothing to do but think how warm they were, and what a shame it was that they must sit back in those seats and miss the sights without.

They jumped up and down, tossed and tumbled and fretted, until all their warm blood was boiling and Nannie's bubbled over.

"I don't care, any way!" she cried. "I think it 's real mean; and I 'm going to look out of that window." Up she jumped in her despair and leaned against the door, whose upper half was glass. Bobby cried, "Don't, Nannie. You 'll get killed." Fanny cried, "It 's opening, it 's opening!" and jerked at Nannie's skirts. Alexander reminded her of the witch. But Nannie saw the cool, green fields, and a little stream rippling and glimmering through them. She saw the long grass waving and the low clouds bending, and she began to shake her head at witches, having a dim, sweet faith just then in Love only. She turned about, sat down upon the seat, and made a little speech.

"Children," said she, "I don't b'lieve there 's any witch in the whole world. It just came over me while I was looking out. Everything is too nice, and I ain't afraid one bit."

"*Don't believe it!*" said the boys, and Fanny shook her head.

"S'pose it should get pitch dark in here all of a sudden."

Nannie shut her eyes, poked her fists into them, and sat in the blackness for a good many seconds.

"Ain't afraid," said she. "I 've changed all my mind, just as quick. I can think about the light in the dark, you see."

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"You wait till night comes, Nannie Brown, and Maria goes off and leaves you. Then you 'll be scared, I guess."

"No, I won't," said Nannie, "never again; and I 'm going to ask mamma the first chance I get, if there are any witches and things."

"You 'd better not."

"Why?"

"*Maria.*"

That was all the answer; but it made Nannie shudder a little. However, she said, "I shall do it any way. I have such a feeling. I have such a feeling." And she sat and shook her head and thought, shook it and thought and thought. "I think mamma would 'most cry if she knew about all our secrets and everything," said Nannie. "And I 'm never going to have another one."

"Are you going to tell her this one?" cried Alexander.

"Of course I ain't," said Nannie, "or I 'd be a story-teller and a promise-breaker. But I sha' n't make another promise, sir, — never again; and I 'm going to look out some more."

"P'ease, Nannie, p'ease, Nannie, do-o-ont!" Fanny begged, as Nannie leaned against the door; and she had hardly said it when the door did fly open, and Nannie stood trembling and terrified inside, catching at something that saved her, and caught at by all the children.

"O dear me!" she gasped.

Smothering their fright, they huddled together on one seat and waited for Maria to come in there and shake the senses out of them. But Maria had other things to think about. Mr. Rooney's voice was to Maria like the roar of the ocean, that drowns the cries of little brooks. She heard him talking and heard nothing else, and after a while the children dared to breathe and even whisper.

"There!" said Nannie, "where 's your witch? Maria said she 'd come if that door opened. I 'd just like to see her come along if she 's coming."

"Don't the door bang, though?" whispered Bobby. "But ain't it nice to have it open?"

"O, I 'll tell you!" said Nannie. "We 'll all get down on the floor, and then we can see splendidly."

Down on the floor with their feet curled under them, their golden locks lifted and tossed by the breezes blowing in, their eyes dazzled and delighted by the pictures without, they rode along, while Baby slept and smiled above them on the cushion.

It was like going to a panorama to ride through the country in Mr. Rooney's hack, now that the door was open, the difference being that they, and not the pictures, moved along; and still another difference being that God, not man, painted the pictures.

They had scarcely seen a white house set in a garden of roses, where butterflies danced and flirted in crowds, where a road with many windings, creeping off into a green distance, flashed out in the sun. Only a glimpse of the road and there was a meadow. Clover-tops nodded and cows sleepily sniffed up their sweetness.

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A little girl stood by the roadside in one place kicking dust over her bare, brown toes. Farther on two sat under the shadow of a high wall and played with holyhock dolls. There were ragged boys astride rickety fences; whole boys getting ragged as fast as they possibly could. There were baby chickens and ducks and turkeys making the acquaintance of the world, rolling around on it and pecking away at it to learn what manner of world it was, blinking their eyes at the blue above it to learn how it was guarded from without, and chasing around on their wee, dumpy legs their wee, dumpy brothers and sisters, to peep out to them their wonderful wisdom. There were grown-up hens and ducks and turkeys, cackling their gossip to one another, cackling great scoldings at their children, and cackling sometimes little tender words too. They were not wondering about the sky. They were not marvelling at the green earth. They were only hunting for crumbs and corn to put into the mouths of their babies. They were old birds and very sensible.

The door creaked and swung, and several times it slammed violently. Maria never heard; and they rode on.

There were not many houses. But by and by they came to one that was long and low and red. Mr. Rooney shouted "Whoa!"

"Shut the door quick, quick!" whispered Nannie; and Bobby reached out and closed it before Maria's face appeared at the window.

"We 're going in here to get some lemonade," said she, "and if you 're good childern Mr. Rooney 'll fetch you out some."

They watched Mr. Rooney and Maria go up the steps into the front room, sit down by the open window and fan themselves with huge palm-leaf fans. They saw a little girl carry a tray in with two tumblers on it, come out, and disappear. Presently she reappeared with her tray. This time it had four tumblers and she was bringing it out to the carriage.

She found the carriage door wide open when she got there, and the children all ready for her.

"Halloa!" said Bobby.

"Halloa yourself," said the little girl. "And what's more, your nurse says you ain't to spill a drop on them sashes, or look out for the witch."

"Pooh!" said Nannie, after a great swallow, "there ain't any."

"Who 's afraid?" inquired Alexander.

"Your grandmother!" said the girl, who was inclined to be impudent.

"She ain't," said Bobby.

"O, ain't she?" said the little girl. "Bunny, Bunny, Bunny," she called, dropped her tray and ran. She came back very soon with something rolled up in her pink calico apron. "Guess what I 've got," she said. "A kitten?" "No." "Chicken?" "No." "Puppy?" "No. See." She pulled away enough apron to show a white head, two bright eyes, and two long white ears with pink linings. The children had finished their lemonade, and they just gave themselves up to that rabbit. It was so "lovely and beautiful," such a "sweet little darling," and they wanted it "*so* much" that they offered to give the little girl anything she would ask for it.

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She first asked what they had to give, and they turned all their pockets inside out. Nannie had only a little embroidered handkerchief with ihlang-ihlang on it. The little girl had never taken a sniff of ihlang-ihlang, nor owned a bit of embroidery in her life, and she said she would take that for one thing. Fanny had nothing at all; but Bobby had an empty spool, a jews-harp and a broken jack-knife, and Alexander had a new pair of gloves and three pennies, beside a very soiled and tumbled photograph of Bobby and himself embracing each other.

The little girl stuffed her pocket with the contents of theirs and handed Bunny over.

"Don't tell Maria," said Nannie.

"Catch me!" said the little girl. "There, she 's coming. Gi' me the tumblers and shut up the door."

Maria never looked in, and they started home.

The motion of the carriage affected Bunny very strangely. He ran out of one lap into another, refused to be held by anybody's hands in particular, hid behind each of the children in turn, and ran hither and thither like a

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crazy rabbit. They all tried to soothe him, but Bunny would not be soothed. He would not heed their pet names and coaxing words at all.

"What *shall* we do?" said Nannie. "It is n't so bad now; but what shall we do when we get out?"

"I can take him wite up in my dwess the way that girl did," said Fanny.

"Maria 'd see him then easy enough, and he 'd get away too."

"I might put him in my hat," said Bobby.

"He 'd pull your hair all out, Bobby Brown."

"Bunny, Bunny, Bunny darling," Fanny called. But Bunny turned away from the smile on her face and hid under her dress. Naughty, wilful Bunny! He tickled the baby's cheek and she awoke with a frightened sob.

"There 's that child," said Nannie, "to be taken care of now! I declare I 'm worn out. Well, come up here, Baby."

"Oo! oo!" said Baby. "Google-a, google-a, ke!" and she dived at Bunny, snatched him by the ears, held him tight, and laughed till she was purple in the face. Bunny kicked, but Baby held on. She had the advantage and she kept it, and by and by that naughty rabbit lay down in her lap and behaved like a good little lamb.

They went very fast on the way home, and because they were so worried about Bunny seemed to have no time at all to consider what to do with him.

"Give him to me," said Nannie, as the carriage stopped in Birch Street. "Take Baby, Allie. I 'm the biggest, and I 'll manage Bunny."

Though how she was to do it poor Nannie did not know. She had no cape nor sack over her dress to hide him under. She had nothing outside her dress but her long hair. There were masses of that to be sure. The golden waves nearly covered her up from her head to her sash.

"Bobby, Bobby," she said, "take my hair and throw it over Bunny."

She squeezed him under her arm, and, though his toes scratched out behind and his fiery eyes gleamed through the gold, he was concealed in front from Maria. They hurried home, — Maria charging them all the way never to breathe the secret, threatening the witch if they did, — and somehow Nannie got up stairs into the north room, where no one slept, and shut Bunny up in the closet.

Maria was hunting for her in the hall when she came out. She caught her shoulder very roughly and hurried her into the nursery. The other children were waiting there, and they hardly had the marks of the candy washed from their faces when mamma came up.

"What a long walk you have been taking!" she said, after she had kissed the children.

"Law yes, ma'am!" said Maria. "I could n't get them childern in. They would walk and walk till they about tired me out."

"Maria," mamma said, with a sad, sad look in her face, "I tried to get time to talk with you about something this morning. I have the time now, and you may give Nannie the baby and come down stairs with me."

Maria looked very red and angry, but she followed mamma, and left the children in a state of great excitement, wondering what could have been found out and what could be going to happen.

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"Whatever comes," said Nannie, "we must n't tell that secret, because we promised."

"No, sir, never!" Bobby cried, frowning darkly at the bare thought of such a dreadful thing.

"Bunny! Bunny!" said Fanny. "Where is he!"

Nannie dropped the baby, flew into the north room, opened the closet door, picked Bunny up and brought him into the nursery, and he galloped and played hide and seek, and they had the maddest kind of fun with him for ever so long.

At length a board creaked in the hall. Somebody was coming. Bobby caught Bunny, threw him into the closet, and mamma came in before he could latch the door.

"Mamma is going to be your nurse for a few days," she said. "Maria has gone away. No matter why. Will you like your new nurse, do you think, my little boys and girls?"

"O mamma, you dear old sweetie!" Fanny said.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" the boys cried.

But Nannie slipped her little hand into her mother's, put up her lips and whispered her old whisper: "The very dearest mamma in the world!"

The baby only sat and cooed.

"Mamma," said Nannie, "are there any witches and giants and things in the world to pinch us and everything?"

"Witches and giants!" mamma repeated, laughing. "Witches and giants, my darling! No, indeed! There is more love than anything else in the world for little children. God loves the little children. And their mothers love them — O, so dearly!"

At that moment Bunny poked his nose out of the closet. His bright eyes glistened in the crack. The baby commenced jabbering one of her long stories. Bunny galloped into the nursery, and BOBBY blurted out the secret!

A LETTER FROM SANTA CLAUS TO THE CHILDREN.

MY DEAR CHILDREN, —

Did the beautiful summer go and leave you? And did you mourn for the flowers and try in vain to call back the singing birds? How cruel of them to hurry away, just as the dismal winter days came on, when you needed them more than ever!

But pray be comforted, my darlings! For though your summer friends are gone, don't you know who is coming? Somebody who is just starting from the north with a pack on his back, — a right jolly Somebody who loves children! And he says to himself, "Ah, 't will be a long time before

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the birds and flowers return, a long time before the skies are bright and fields are green again! What will become of the little folks? Something must be done? For if they should go to sleep as the bears do, and sleep till spring, what a dreadful thing it would be!"

And so this Somebody comes round in the very middle of winter, with a noise and a stir and a rowdedow, and wakes them up and sets them laughing and singing and dancing and clapping hands and shouting "Merry Christmas!" "Merry Christmas!" No fear after that of their doing as the bears do, and sleeping till spring!

And, children, the good time draws near, for I am coming, O, very soon. This long time the north-wind has been whistling to me and roaring out to me, "Santa Claus! Santa Claus! Away with you! Tarry no longer!" And my little nephew, Jack Frost, pinches me and whispers, "Hurry up! Hurry up! The children are waiting and longing!"

O, I am so glad that you are! 'T is such a pleasure to be sure of a welcome! To know that so many bright eyes are looking out for me! Bless your little hearts! Santa Claus will be your friend always, always. He 'd rather have the children's love than anything else in the whole world.

O yes, I mean to belong to the children, and be on their side, and bring them beautiful things. For don't the grown folks have always dollar bills growing in their pockets, and ten-cent bills and other kinds, that they can spend? But the children, poor little dears, have spent their cents and eaten up the candy! Never mind, darlings! Just get your stockings ready, that 's all, — long stockings, short stockings, seamed, plain, white, blue, gray, red, speckled, spotted, striped, footed up, cut down, heeled and toed, poor little flannel ones run together at night, after the washerwoman's work is done, anything, no matter what. And be sure the baby hangs his sock! But no fair to hang rubber boots, or grandpa's long stockings, that come 'way up, they are so hard to fill, and my time is precious. For just think of all I have to do in a single night! And when the stockings are hung, go to bed and set your hearts at rest. No need even to think of what you want most, for Santa Claus knows much better than you do yourselves!

Now, then, I am almost ready. My pack is made up, and I am just putting on my seven-leagued snow-shoes, which step me over the house-tops. I shall come in the dead of the night, with a crack of the whip and a jingling of bells! — though you will not hear me, little dears, for you 'll be sound asleep. But in the morning, the joyful Christmas morning, when you see the plump stockings, then you 'll know all about it, won't you?

O, the jolly times there 'll be taking out the goodies, opening the papers, and turning stockings inside out to get what 's in the toe! O, the shouting and clapping! O, the thousands of children that will dance for joy! It makes my old heart dance for joy, too, and the tears of joy overflow, and run down my beard, and there they hang in the long icicles you 've seen in my picture, I suppose.

Yes, my pack is ready and I shall not fail you. How could I fail you? Did I ever? You know I never did. It would break my heart to think

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of all those dear little stockings empty! No, I never was a day behind, and never shall be. I have tried to get for you the very nicest and prettiest things, and I hope, dear children, that you will both give and lend. For selfishness does grieve me so! The little boy to whom I brought that tin trumpet, — I believe there was a tassel to it, but may be mistaken, — what do you think? He would n't let the others blow! And the boy that had the sword, what should he do but want to be the captain every time!

I picked out a bright-eyed little girl, and brought her a stick of candy as large round as a wax-candle, and she only gave away just one little taste! Another child had a picture-book with lions in it, — or if they were not lions they were some other animals, — and she carried that picture-book to school, and kept showing the covers, but if any little scholar peeped in at the pictures, she shut it up!

Another had a scalloped cake. There was pink candy grated over it, and a big sugar-plum on top. She carried this about in her pocket, and pinched off little bits at a time. When anybody said "Let me taste," she only shook her head and put another pinch in her own mouth. I could tell her name, but 't would shame her so!

But one blessed little girl took all her goodies and sat awhile on the doorstep, and to every half-starved beggar-child that came along she gave a taste of something nice. O, it did my very heart good to see her!

For I am a friend to all the beggar-children. Yes, I 'm thinking of you, you poor sorrowful ones! Lonely orphan, I 'm thinking of you! And weak little cripple, I 'm thinking of you? Ah, it is sad, it is pitiful! You have no home, but hungry and cold you beg from door to door. Where you sleep nights nobody knows. In some old shed, perhaps, or under the doorstep, or in a cart. Old Santa Claus can't bring gifts to you darlings, for you have no stockings to hang, and no chimney for him to creep down. But he mourns and weeps for you, and tears of sorrow mingle with the tears of joy!

No. Santa Claus cannot bring you beautiful things, but he will whisper in the ears of the happy little children, "Remember the sorrowful ones, who have no home, no friends, and not even a stocking to hang at Christmas Eve!"

From your loving friend,

SANTA CLAUS.

Mrs. A. M. Dias.

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THE LODGERS IN A SMALL BOY'S POCKET.

WHO THEY WERE.

THERE were seven of them.

The *Pocket-Book.* A very good one in its day, but rather old and worn now.

The *Ball.* Very round and black, and a fine bouncer.

The *Rubber.* Also something of a bouncer.

The *Pencil.* Short, black, rather blunt at the point, and badly chewed at the other end.

The *Knife.* A four-blader.

A *Box of Beans.* The Box a Thimble-box, neatly lined with white velvet. The Beans, unhappy because separated from their Bean-Blower.

WHAT THEY HAD TO SAY FOR THEMSELVES.

"I am dissatisfied," said the Pocket-Book. "This Pocket is narrow and dark, and we are too crowded. When the Small Boy puts his hand in here and fumbles about for one of us, the others are all huddled together."

"He 's a good fellow, though," said the Ball.

"That may be," replied the Pocket-Book, "but I am accustomed to something very different, and at my age it comes hard. I almost wish she had put me in the fire as she meant to."

"Who was *she?*" asked the Ball.

"My mistress," replied the Pocket-Book. "Her father gave me to her in my palmy days. I was a beauty then, — brown leather lined with crimson, memorandum-book, place for money, cards, tickets, stamps, everything convenient. She would n't take any but clean money and she never stuffed me full, but this Small Boy makes me carry dirty pennies, and a comb that gnaws me all the while with its sharp teeth."

"Dear me!" said the Ball. "How did you happen to change hands?"

"The old story, — worn out in the service, and thrown away," replied the Pocket-Book. "She used to keep me in a nice drawer, and once in a while in her pocket, but it was a roomy, comfortable pocket, with nothing else in it but a lovely, perfumed handkerchief. I felt that I was the worse for wear, but one day there appeared in the drawer a new Pocket-Book (Porte-monnaie he called himself). I knew then it was all over with me. The new one was nothing to compare with me in my prime, but he had a dog's head in gilt on his side, and he was proud of it. I was laid by for a while, but one day she took me up. The Small Boy stood by her side.

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I heard her say to him, 'I was going to burn it, but perhaps I can put it in order for you,' and he said, 'O goody!' so she pasted a piece of paper over where it said 'Alice from Father,' and wrote on it, 'Robin Snow.' And she mended some places where my lining was torn up, and gave me a new elastic, and took out the memorandum-book that I had carried so long. I used to like to hear her read it over, there was so much variety in it. There was poetry, and there were receipts for puddings, and there was a bit from a sermon. I remember she wrote it at church once. It was something about doing 'with your might what your hands find to do.'"

"I wish I had a scrap of paper," said the Pencil, "I 'd make a note of that. But go on."

"That is all," said the Pocket-Book. "Here I am waiting, with little hope for the future."

"Hope for the best," said the Ball. "One never knows what is before him. Sometimes when I am dull and pining for exercise, down comes a little soft hand and pulls me out and tosses me up in the air. It 's beautiful to fly up through the green leaves towards the blue sky, even if you do come down rather hard on the ground between whiles."

"It would n't suit me," said the Pocket-Book. "What I want is to be young and bright again, and that is too much to expect."

"Yes, I suppose it is," replied the Ball, "but when I find myself flying through the air I *feel* as young as ever, and that is almost as good as to *be* young. Let us all tell our experience, and that will pass away the time, though I have n't much to tell. I never knew what it was to live till I came into the hands of this Boy. To be sure, he lost me in the cellar once, and I lay in the dark till I was almost in despair, and one day he dropped me into the water-butt. If I had n't happened to be waterproof I should have been spoilt. But I 've had gay times with him, and hope to have more."

"Ah, you are naturally light-hearted, and that 's the difference," said the Pocket-Book.

"Very likely," said the Ball.

"I am disgusted," said the Rubber. "I can bounce as well as you, my gay Ball, but I never have a chance unless some one drops me by accident. And I am all the time rubbing and scrubbing and correcting mistakes that I never made."

"If you mean to refer to me," said the Pencil, "let me tell you that it is not my fault that you have to rub out so many of my marks. If you 'll believe it, I used to belong to one who did n't even keep a Rubber. He never made mistakes, and of course *never* had to rub anything out. But this Small Boy! He 's a good fellow, as the Ball says; but for writing! My goodness! He always turns the S in his name the wrong way and then has to rub it out and write it again, and he always puts me in his mouth at every other letter, so that it is almost impossible to rub out my marks, and then he keeps me so blunt that I can scarcely write at all. Besides, I am accustomed to write something worth remembering. Robin Snow is a very

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good name, and easy to write, but to be writing it, and writing it, from morning till night, I 'm sick of it. *I* propose that we all run away."

"So I say," said the Knife, "and if I could only open one of my blades I 'd cut a hole, and we 'd get away easily. I used to be a valuable member of society, but this Boy! Why! He never uses my file-blade at all, and it 's rusty, and my small blades he can't open, so they are rusty too. And my big blade he digs open with a hair-pin and then uses for all sorts of things, so it 's more like a saw than the bright, handsome young blade, it was once. I too say, let 's run away."

"I should like to have my dear silver Thimble back again, instead of these wretched Beans," said the Box.

"And we should like to have our dear Bean-Blower instead of this tiresome Box," said the Beans.

THE CONSPIRACY.

"Then I 'll tell you what we 'll do," said the Pencil. "The very next time the Small Boy wants one of us, let us cling together, and make such a mess of it that he 'll have to take us all out at once, and then in the confusion we can contrive to get away, perhaps."

"I am content to stay with him," said the Ball. "However, I 'll not interfere."

"I have no hope of getting away," said the Pocket-Book, "but I 'll not prevent the rest from going. There 'll be more room."

"Let us go, by all means," said the Knife.

"Yes," said the Rubber. "No more scrubbing for me, I can bounce as well as any one, if I only have a chance."

"I 'll go to my dear Thimble," said the Box.

"Anything to get away from this Box!" said the Beans.

THE RESULT.

The next day when the Small Boy said to himself, "Where 's my Pencil?" and began to fumble in his pocket, the Pencil said, "Stand by me, my mates!" and dodged behind the Pocket-Book, and then behind the Rubber. Then he slipped into a corner behind the Knife, and then rolled round awhile with the Ball, till at last the Small Boy was perfectly discouraged, so he said to himself, "My patience! Where *is* that Pencil?" and at the same time pulled all the things out with a jerk, and away jumped the Pencil and the Rubber down behind the seat of the sofa, the Knife rolled under the edge of the bookcase, the Box fell out on the floor, and Sister Mary said, "Why, there 's my Thimble-Box! I 'm glad I 've found it," and the little Beans all ran down the register! The Pocket-Book stayed where it fell, and the Ball took a good bounce and came back to its master.

So then the Small Boy concluded that, as he could n't find his Pencil, he would go out and play with his Ball instead, and he put the Pocket-Book back in his pocket.

"Room enough, now, to be sure," said the Pocket-Book. "Very well, I 'm resigned."

Annie Moore.

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ADVENTURE WITH A STRANGE BEAST.

THE last days of September had come. Harvesting was done, potatoes dug, and the corn all in. And now we were husking it. The long barn floor was full of the dry corn-shocks. And a row of red-posted kitchen chairs, half buried in the husks, told where we spent our evenings. Father had gone up to the Lakes to see about his winter's logging So Will and Jed and I had charge of the farm.

We were to finisl husking, cut the winter's wood, and take care of the stock. *We* were masters now. To be sure, grandfather was always telling us how things must be done, but we did n't mind that much. We 'd had a little plan in view all summer, which we meant to carry out after father had gone. I don't know that he would have cared, but we had kept still about it. We meant to do a little "trapping" that fall after we were alone, over at the Old Mill. We call it the Old Mill yet, but there 's no mill there now. There used to be a mill there on Roaring Brook, where it tumbles over the rocks and flows off into the lake below. But the mill went down the stream years ago. And the owner, Old Foy, soon followed it down the stream of Time, and lodged near one of his old mill-wheels, in a little nook of his now desolate clearing. A rough stone marks the place. We always used to stop for a look at Old Foy's grave. There is another stone near it, — Old Foy's wife's perhaps. The old house where they used to live near the mill is now doorless and windowless, and the roof has fallen in. Alder clumps and high briers have straggled across the whole clearing. But it 's a clever place for mink and muskrat, — or musquash, as some call them : musquash is the Indian name. Here we were planning to set our traps. It is about a mile from the house over there, and all the way through the woods. The next forenoon we hurried through with our husking. By noon we had finished our usual day's work. So the afternoon was fairly ours ; and, taking our traps, hatchet and gun, we started for the Old Mill.

Going through the woods we shot a couple of squirrels for a "drag." A drag is a bundle of squirrels, or some sort of game, dragged along on the ground, from trap to trap, to make a trail and scent, so that the mink will follow it. We came out on the stream at the lower side of the opening, and had a glimpse of a black mountain mink as he darted under the bank. We had but three steel traps, and after setting these had to make wood traps — "figure-four" traps hunters call them — of stakes and poles, with a figure-four spring. There were several "otter slides" along the bank ; but we had no traps strong enough for otter. So we went only for mink and muskrat this time.

Out in the old mill-pond, above the dam, there were a number of muskrat houses built of mud and turf, like a beaver's house, only smaller. The muskrats go into

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them under water, and come up into the house part, which is above the water line. They seem to know just how high the water is going to rise the coming year; for they always build so that the spring freshets shall not cover them. Some years they are higher than others; and the old hunters know by them how high the streams are going to rise. Traps for muskrats have to be set under water, so they will drown after getting into them, or else they will gnaw off the leg in the trap and get away.

Hunters visit their mink-traps every other day. So the second day after setting ours we went over to see what we had got. Creeping noiselessly up to the first, — one of the steel traps, — we found it sprung and the bait gone. There were several long black hairs clinging to the jaws of the trap.

"He 's got out," whispered Jed.

"I did n't know mink had such long hair," said Will.

We went on to the second, — a wood trap. That was sprung, and not only sprung, but torn all to pieces.

"We must make them stronger," said Jed; "they don't hold."

We then went to the next, — another of the steel traps. It was gone; and the chain which held it was broken. But after looking awhile we found it among the brakes with a muskrat's leg in it and bits of fur lying about.

"Something 's been here," said Will, "and has been robbing our traps."

Every trap was sprung, except the steel trap under water in the pond; and the "figure-four" traps were torn up and the stakes and poles scattered about.

"Some bear, or lucivee, has passed through here," said Will. "But perhaps he won't come back; so we 'll set them again."

We did n't wait two days this time, but ran over the next night, taking Jip the dog with us. The traps were in the same plight as before; and we found one beautiful mink-skin torn up on the bank, as if to provoke us.

"What can it be?" said Jed.

"Some large creature," said Will; "look at those tracks in the mud there." Jip ran about here and there, and taking the scent followed it off into the forest. But it was getting dusk and we called him back to go home with us. We had no thoughts of pursuing the animal into "the back woods" at this time of day.

"It 's no use to set the traps again," said Jed.

"I 'll tell you," said Will, as we went back through the woods. "We 'll take over the old bear-trap and set it. That 'll hold him, I guess." So the next morning we got the rusty old trap down from the wood-house chamber and oiled the springs. It has n't been used much for the last twenty years. And that night we took it over. 'T was a pretty good lug too; for it weighs seventy-five pounds. But we carried it on a pole between us. We had to use a long lever to set it, the springs were so stiff. And once it sprung itself, as we were placing it, and came near catching Will 's leg; it grabbed hold of his pants. But we got it all right at last, baited it, and chained it to a tree. Hunters never chain a bear-trap. But we did this. They only fasten a clog to them to drag.

The next night we went over again. We heard the iron clank, as we went up through the bushes; and, looking out into the opening, saw a large black animal in the trap. Keeping Jip back, we went up to him, hoping the old chain would hold.

"Don't look like a bear," said Jed; "black enough, though."

The creature reared up from its crouching position with a snarling growl as we came near. It had a long, lithe body, covered with shaggy black hair. The legs were short, but very stout; and the tail was long and bushy. The head was rather

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long than round, and had a frightfully fierce, wicked look. The ears were small, and laid back like a cat's when angry or scared.

"It can't be a lucivee," said Will. "A lucivee has a round head, with tufts of hair on its ears. Besides, its color is gray and white, while this creature is entirely black."

"Lucivee" (*Loup cervier*) is the common name for the Canada lynx.

Jip now sprang at him in spite of us. The creature struck with its paw, and spit like a cat, only louder; and there was the same strong pungent odor. The long white claws shot out of his toes. Jip leaped back; he did n't care to close with him. The creature would raise the heavy trap which held his fore-foot, and strike with it at the dog and at us when we went toward him. Will got a club and gave him a blow fair on the head; then struck him several times as he lay stunned and quivering on the ground. "You won't rob us again, I guess," said he.

"Let 's take him to the house, and see what grandfather thinks it is," said Jed.

So we put a stick in the chain, and began dragging him, trap and all, through the woods. We had got about half-way over, when all at once he "came to life," and jumped at us quick as thought. We dropped the chain and ran, with the old fellow rattling along after us. But Jip sprang upon him and took his attention. Poor Jip! he paid for his valor. The creature tore him dreadfully, and was holding him down with his claws, when Will came to the rescue with his club, and knocked him over again. We all pounded him this time; and he was pretty limp by the time we had finished with him. 'T was quite dark when we got to the house.

"I don't believe he 's really dead yet," said Will, as we drew him under the great apple-tree in the yard. "Let 's chain him to the tree, and leave him till morning." We had a strong dog-collar and chain, which we used to fasten Jip with. So we locked that round his neck, and hooked the chain around the apple-tree. Then we took off the trap; he was, to all appearance, dead. We were so busy with the chores that we did n't go out to him again that night. But in the morning we saw the old chap sitting up at the foot of the tree. He had a headache, I guess, for he was n't very lively. It would n't have been at all surprising if he had had, we thought.

"Get grandfather out," said Will. Jed ran in; and pretty soon they came out together.

"What 's that, grandfather?" we asked.

The old gentleman looked a moment. "Where did you get that creature?" cried he. "That 's a black-cat!"

"A black-cat?"

"Yes, we used to catch them when the country was new, but I 've not seen one for years."

Ah, well! we 'd caught a black-cat then. During the forenoon Mr. Clives, who lives on the farm below, came in.

"What sort of an animal is that, Clives?" asked Will.

"Whew! that critter? Where d' ye get 'im? Why, that 's a wolverine."

"A wolverine?"

"Yes, wolverine or glutton. Some call 'em gluttons."

Well, we gave our "glutton" a woodchuck, which he tore in pieces and ate in spite of his headache. Just at night, Edwards, who lives on the farm above, came down to borrow father's broad-axe. By the by that broad-axe resides with Edwards generally; but we 'd been up after it the night before. After getting the axe, Will said, "Mr. Edwards, we 've a queer beast chained up out here. Come and see if you can tell us what it is."

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Edwards went out with us. The glutton had got into the tree and was lying stretched out upon a limb watching us.

"I declare," said Edwards. "Odd-looking beast! Make 'im get down." We got a pole and gave him a poke; whereupon he leaped down, pretty near the man with the broad-axe. "Well, I do declare," said he. "I should pronounce that a yoho."

"A yoho?" we exclaimed.

"Yes, they call 'em yohoes, because at night you'll hear 'em going, 'Yo ho-ho-ho-ho-ho.' I've heard 'em time and again, when I've been up Madawaska way."

"Well, I guess we've caught a chameleon," said Will. "But we'll call him a yoho till the next man names him."

We gave the yoho some beef-bones to gnaw for his supper. He was n't particular at all *what* he ate. Quantity was his hobby.

The next evening old Hughy Watson, the trapper, called. He was just back from one of his hunting tours. We were always glad to see him, and hear his stories.

"Hello, Hughy," cried Jed. "See what we caught the other night. What is it?"

The old man stared at it. "Why, that's a fisher, fast enough. But how you boys ever caught him and chained him there is a mystery to me. Why, they're the toughest, most resolute beast we have to deal with. How in the world did he come to be there?" So we told him the whole story.

"O yes, robbed your traps. You're trapping then? Yes, that's a fisher's own trick. O, you can't pound them to death; they're too tough for that." And the old fellow laughed heartily.

"But, Hughy," said Will, "grandfather says it's a black-cat."

"The black-cat is different from the fisher," said Hughy. "It's tail is shorter, and its legs are longer. Not near so savage either."

"But Mr. Clives said it was a wolverine or glutton," said Jed.

"Did Clives say it was a wolverine? He's wrong. Wolverine is taller, not so stout, more like a wolf. Did you say Edwards said it was a yoho? That's all Edwards knows. Some people call a lucivee a yoho because they yell out so. This creature's no more like a lucivee than 't is like a grizzly bear. The fisher is an animal of the cat kind, or, as some think, of the weasel kind. They used to call it the fisher cat."

So after that we called him Tommy the Fisher Cat. I don't know how he came by the name of Tommy, exactly. I suppose he got it, as people get the measles; the first thing we knew he had it. Something in his face or motions suggested it perhaps.

"What are you going to do with him, boys?" said grandfather one day.

"O, we're going to take him to the fair," said Jed.

The county fair was coming off in a few days.

"Not so bad an idea after all," said Will, as we sat husking that evening. "We might take him to the fair. I guess he'd draw a crowd. We can fix a stout cage into the old express-wagon."

So the next day we made a large box with strong bars on two sides like a cage, and set it under Tommy's tree, with his supper in it. He went in and we closed the door on him. All we had to do then was to load the box on to the wagon, taking care not to get our hands too near the bars. It is nine miles to the fair grounds. We started early in the morning, Will and Jed and I on the box, and Tommy in it, glaring out through the bars. We got into the village just as the people were going

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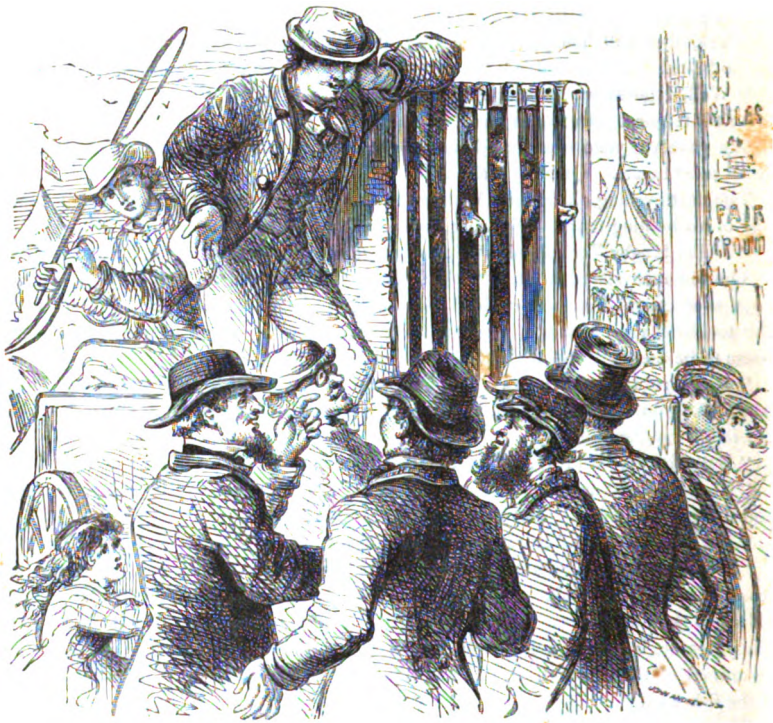
over to the grounds. It was easy to see that we were creating a sensation. A crowd of boys followed us amid a chorus of "See there!" and "What's that?" We were stopped at the gate, where a consultation was held among the managers, whether or not we should be let in. A majority seemed of the opinion that our animal was n't of the right stamp. He was n't exactly an "agricultural" beast. They did n't consider



him a fit companion for calves and sheep. But we promised to keep him close; and Will told them such a droll story of the way we caught him, that they all laughed; and taking advantage of the gate's opening just then we whipped in. Nobody cared to jostle us; and we got a good place under a tree. There was a crowd round us all day; and we had plenty of questions to answer. If we 'd had a tent we might have made lots of money, by letting spectators in at ten cents apiece.

Along in the afternoon a big fellow with a bloodhound came up to the cage. When he heard how the fisher had used our dog, he wanted to set his dog on him. He knew his dog could whip him. At last he said so much, Will told him he could set his dog on him if he wanted to. We got out the end of the chain, fastened it to the tree and opened the door of the cage. Tommy came out at a jump. A ring was formed, and the fellow put in his dog. In a moment they were at it. Such a barking and spitting and growling! You could hear them all over the grounds; and all the people came running up to see the row. The dog was a game fellow, but Tommy soon won the fight. The hound could n't bite through his tough hide at all;

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and the fisher's claws had nearly stripped the dog in pieces. The fellow was mad enough, and wanted to shoot Tommy. But the crowd would n't let him interfere. They told him he had got up the fight, and could n't complain, for he 'd had fair play. So he had to stand and see his dog chewed up.

Just then we saw several strangers, smart stylish fellows, in the crowd. And when quiet was restored, they came up to see Tommy.

"It 's a carcajou," said one.

"We call it a fisher," said Will.

"A fisher?"

Will explained as well as he could.

"I don't know anything about fishers," said the gentleman. "This is a carcajou plain enough." They all agreed that it was a carcajou, — a name we had never heard before.

"Is this your beast?" said the gentleman, turning to us again.

"Yes, sir," said Will.

"Will you sell him?" We told him we would. "What 's your price?"

"Fifty dollars," said Will at a venture.

"Here 's your money," said the stranger, counting out the greenbacks. "We want this animal for our menagerie." Then it flashed upon us who they were. A travelling menagerie had come along during the day, and put their big tent opposite the fair grounds. These gentlemen were the managers. They soon had one of their empty cages wheeled in; and their men put Tommy into it. We watched him as he rode off in his shining cage, and disappeared into the great tent; and that was the last we ever saw of Tommy the carcajou.

C. A. Stephens.

PRIZE ESSAYS.

SPIRIT LAKE.

OUT here in the region of prosaic prairies we have a tiny lake that might rival in beauty and singularity many places famed among artists and geologists. Situated a short half-hour's drive from our village, it is the favorite resort of all picnic and fishing parties.

If you are visiting friends in the village, a ride to the lake is proposed for your especial benefit; and early some bright June morning the carriages of your party are on the road. On the way you are told something of the history of this wonderful lakelet, and the conjectures that arise as to its origin. Your companions tell you that it has neither inlet nor outlet, and perhaps that it has no bottom; but this you doubt, and with good reason. Its origin is ascribed to a volcanic eruption or an earthquake, and if you timidly suggest that perhaps it "grew there" your opinion is scouted with much ardor. But as your carriage has by this time reached the limits of the village and is entering the woods, to suit the conversation to the surroundings you are entertained with the rich store of legends that the Indians tell of the "Mini-waukan."

After crossing the last of the seven bridges that span a little stream you are told to be on the lookout for the first glimpse of the lake; a few rods farther and you see the water glimmering through the trees; next the rocks rise suddenly on the right;

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a moment more, and the whole lies before you. There is the faintest ripple on the surface of the water, and the tiny waves advance upon the miniature beach, caressingly touch the horses' feet, and, receding for a moment as if to gather courage, advance again as before. On the opposite shore the gray rocks, dim in the distance, form a high bluff crowned with the waving pine. On either side are towering cliffs composed of loose stones heaped together in wonderful confusion; there are huge rocks crowned with others smaller, with others still overhanging their tops, until those at the summit are so nicely balanced that seemingly a touch would send them into the water below. Between the rocks, their roots clinging to the gray stone, tall pines, mingled with a few hardy oaks, are seen waving their branches as if in approval of the reflected images in the mirror beneath.

After feasting your eyes for a while upon this scene, you respond to the call of your friends, and seat yourself in the boat that is waiting. While on the water you have a better opportunity to admire the scenery; and you are filled with awe as you gaze on the rocky cliffs that surround you. On all sides but the one that you first approached, where the shore is low and sandy, the rocks apparently form an impassable barrier. But what is your surprise and delight to see, as the boat rounds a little cape, a lovely valley. Near the water are several farm-houses with neat fences, beautiful lawns, and stately oaks, and behind them fruit farms stretching to the hills beyond. On this side you do not see the sandy bottom, which is the characteristic of the one you have just left, but beautiful pebbles shining through the clear water.

After landing and rambling about for a time, perhaps climbing the bluff in spite of the warnings of your friends to "beware of rattlesnakes," you come to the lawn on the shore to partake of a liberal luncheon with an appetite sharpened by exercise. After lunch the party is divided into small groups, and each seeks a favorite amusement for the afternoon. Some find pleasure in fishing; for the children, croquet has superior attractions; a few yield to fatigue, and go to sleep beneath the trees. But the greater portion of the party, including yourself, wander about with no particular end in view, enjoying each moment as it brings new beauties to your notice.

But now a horn, sharply blown by some impatient waiter, warns all that the sun is sinking. The fishers reluctantly draw in their lines, the children hastily gather together the mallets and balls, the loiterers hurry toward the shore, and every one is seated in the large boat that slowly recrosses the lake. As the sun sinks out of sight behind the hills, the voices of your companions rising in some lively song are echoed back from the rocks. If you hold an oar, the boat doubtless moves very slowly; but no one is in a hurry, and the moon is bright overhead long before you reach the other side.

Now you begin to appreciate the beauty of the lake; the soft moonlight falling upon the water and the light wind sighing through the pines lend an additional charm to its scenery. The merry laughter ceases, and you move on in silence broken only by the dripping of the oars; and you can almost imagine that you see the spirits of the Indian girl and her lover, that, according to the legend, haunt the lake at such times, starting from the weird shadows in their white canoe.

But you have at last reached the shore, and as the boat touches the sand the spell is broken; the talk flows on, the laughter is resumed. And now all are seated in the carriages which are drawn up on the shore to allow each one a last look. You make the most of that last moment, for henceforth the lake must be, in your mind, a thing of the past; and though you may afterwards visit many places famed for beauty, you will never forget the "Spirit Lake" among the hills of Wisconsin.

Helen Remington, age 15.

BARABOO, Sauk County, Wisconsin.

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MY WINTER GARDEN.

In the latter part of last October one of my friends and myself thought we would see if we could have a kind of fernery, only without glass. One Saturday afternoon we went to the woods. We spent the whole afternoon there getting plants. We got two kinds of ferns, several kinds of mosses, and some hepaticas. I found two little delicate maiden-hair ferns, but broke them both in getting them up. The next week we went to some other woods. There we found the beautiful partridge-berry vine, — large beds of it around old stumps. Never can anything be prettier than it was, with its roundish-shaped leaves and red berries. I believe some people call them squaw-berries, but I like partridge-berries best. I think the plump partridges must like to eat them. We got some wintergreens too, and some pretty little white stones; we thought the stones would look pretty with the mosses.

It happened very nicely that my birthday came at this time, for my sister gave me for my birthday present a little school-desk on iron standards, to make my winter garden in. It was some days before we could get any one to line the desk with zinc, the tinners were so busy setting up people's stoves. So we put all the plants into a large box and put it down cellar. Every morning I sprinkled it. At last the desk was done, and the very afternoon it came home we began to arrange our mosses and things. First we filled it with the rich earth and leaf mould we had brought from the woods, — and how tired we got lugging it home! How pretty it did look after it was all done and had its first shower! It has smelled just like the woods all winter.

One of the partridge-berry vines has blossomed. There were little twin blossoms on one stem. They were white tinged with pink, and looked very cunning through the microscope, and now I understand that the two eyes in the berry come from the two flowers.

At first I had two or three kinds of ferns, but some have died; several are left of one kind. The wintergreen plants have berries on them. There is some prince's-pine in it too, and something I did not know the name of when I got it, but a lady who was calling one day said it was Tiarella. There are a pear-leaf winter-green, some very little pine-tree, and some lichens, which were very bright red and green when I got them.

I have some little hepaticas, but they have not blossomed, though my friend's have, and I think hers must have had buds on when she got them. They are lovely. There are three little callas in my garden that look very green. They are the only cultivated plants I have in it. Besides, there are several things that I do not know the names of; some have come up without planting. A little strawberry has grown up in that way. Fresh grass has come up ever so many times.

I was disappointed not to have some arbutus, but the snow came before I could get any.

We thought the winter garden, unlike summer gardens, would not do well in the sun, so we put it in a north window where it has done quite nicely. If I have one next winter I want to begin it earlier, and I think I shall put it in an east window.

Hattie P. Rood, age 12.

Great Barrington, Mass.

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BLUEBEARD.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.

ARRANGED AS A PANTOMIME FOR HOME PRESENTATION.

CHARACTERS.

BLUEBEARD.	SISTER ANNE.
FATIMA (*his bride*).	BIG BROTHER.
KADIGA (*her mother*).	LITTLE BROTHER.

*Various dead wives and as many wedding guests as convenient.**

ACT I. — THE WEDDING.

The Scene is to give the spectators the idea of a room in some disorder. On one side is a dressing-table, upon which are a glass, brushes, cosmetics, &c. In the background stands a large Saratoga trunk.

The curtain rising discovers Fatima in a *negligée* of curl-papers and a long bib. At her right stands Sister Anne holding the wash-basin while Kadiga is engaged scrubbing her face, using soap and towels regardless of the eyes and feelings of the struggling victim. The washing sufficiently prolonged, Sister Anne is despatched by appropriate dumb show for the curling-tongs. Then follow mishaps in taking the hot tongs by the wrong end, burning off Fatima's curls, and the like. Rouge and lily-white are next applied with a liberal hand, Kadiga surveying her work with the eye of an artist, while Sister Anne, to her mother's annoyance, seizes every opportunity to improve her own complexion at the side glass. The toilet completed, the bib is removed, and Fatima appears as partly dressed. Much anxiety is now expressed (by looking at watches and out of the window) concerning the wedding garments. The flurry is interrupted by loud ringing, and the Little Brother shows up the milliner's young man overloaded with boxes. In great joy they rush at him to examine their contents, when the young man stops them by deliberately unfolding a bill several feet long, insisting that the bill must be paid before the boxes can be opened.

Kadiga and Fatima in dismay hurriedly look over the bill. Sister Anne leads the young man to the front and tries various beguiling arts to the effect that it is all right, and he will certainly be paid soon. The young man expressing incredulity

* The costumes may depend upon the resources of the house and what can be borrowed for the occasion. The original Bluebeard was a Frenchman. In the drama he is considered a Turk, and treated as such, while in the story we are given to understand that he was a Spaniard. Authorities differing so widely, it is safe to indulge private taste, and consult convenience. It will be found to be more amusing if the principal parts are all taken by young gentlemen.

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by inviting her to look into his eye, she retires in dudgeon. Kadiga tries her powers of persuasion, but he remains inflexible, and a violent scene ensues in which they follow each other across the stage several times, shaking fists in each other's faces, stamping, expostulating, &c.

During this action Sister Anne is seized with an idea. She leads Fatima to the Saratoga trunk, which they open and hastily throw out its contents; then as Kadiga and the young man approach the climax of dispute she places a band-box behind him, over which he falls backwards, crushing it. Fatima covers him with a large shawl. They then together, despite his struggles, drag him to the trunk, thrust him in and lock it. Then follows a pause for breath, after which they undo the boxes and bedeck themselves. While this is going on the young man, who has rapped several times, now begins a steady pounding, to the annoyance of the family. A short consultation is held. Sister Anne is again fired with an idea, and running out quickly returns with the tea-kettle, while Kadiga seizes the poker and Fatima unlocks the trunk, raising the lid slowly until his head appears. He is easily convinced that it is safer to be quiet, and subsides.

A series of impatient rings announces the bridegroom. Much confusion follows in clearing the room, but, things generally being tucked away, Bluebeard is admitted and embraced by Kadiga with great show of affection. She leads him to Fatima, and both she and Sister Anne look discreetly aside during the greeting.

Salutations over, the bell again rings, and the young man, raising the lid of the trunk, looks out, but is detected in the act by Sister Anne, who closes it and seats herself thereon. The small brother, with a large wedding favor, ushers in the guests one by one, each being received in turn by Kadiga with airy politeness. As the guests pass in order to the bride and groom, Kadiga relieves Sister Anne at the trunk. The action is repeated after each arrival, both showing the greatest solicitude lest the young man should pop out. All the available guests shown in, a lively jig is commenced, Fatima, Sister Anne, and Bluebeard dancing in the centre, while the guests perform a sort of "Crow" or "Shaker" dance on either side. Kadiga, still seated on the trunk, expresses intense desire to dance, by beating time, taking steps, etc. Her feelings gradually overcome her, and she comes to the front to foot a jig with Bluebeard; but remembering herself, runs back to the trunk. Too late. She reaches it just as the young man springs up and unfolds the bill, shaking his fist in rage. Fatima faints in Bluebeard's arms, and the curtain falls on a scene of lively confusion.

ACT II. — THE SECRET CHAMBER.

Scene, a room with a large door or folding-doors in the back, supposed to be in* BLUEBEARD'S *house.*

Bluebeard and Fatima (now married) leisurely cross the room, engaged in a gracious and animated conversation of gestures. The bell interrupts them; Fatima playfully retires and ushers in her mother and Sister Anne, both in full travelling costume, with umbrellas and band-boxes. Bluebeard submits to Kadiga's embraces, but returns Sister Anne's so cordially that Fatima feels called upon to interfere. She prettily slaps Bluebeard's hands, but pinches the offending sister. Peace restored, the wrappings are removed, and together with the band-boxes, &c., packed upon Bluebeard, who, overloaded, with difficulty takes them off. As he goes out a

* Folding-doors may easily be arranged if a pair of old-fashioned clothes-horses can be procured. A full drapery curtain thrown over them, opening in the middle, makes the scene complete.

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small boy brings a large letter, which is instantly seized, and the ladies busy themselves extracting information from it by holding it to the light, raising the covers and the like, until Bluebeard returns. He quietly takes it from them, but they continue to show their interest by following him from place to place and looking over his shoulders. Bluebeard, after reading it, intimates that he has a three days' journey to take, and requests, in proper pantomime, that his carpet-bag may be prepared with shirts, stockings, etc. A large bag is brought out and filled with a variety of useful and useless things. Much trouble in particular is experienced in stowing a large umbrella and a tall hat, but, packing finished, the bag is forcibly locked, and Bluebeard himself under Kadiga's careful hand is nearly smothered in wraps. He now leaves his purse and watch with Fatima, and, taking out a bunch of keys (four very small and one huge one), explains by pointing out the various rooms they will unlock.

The ladies are of course in raptures at the prospect of an exploration. At the fifth key he points to the folding-doors, forbidding them to open them, while they declare that they would n't even think of looking there. Before tearing himself away he embraces them all tenderly, — the bag very much in the way, nearly upsetting Sister Anne, and finally dropping upon Kadiga's feet, causing the usual disturbance.

Bluebeard off, the handkerchiefs, which have been properly used, disappear. Kadiga takes the keys and attentively examines them, while Fatima and Sister Anne quarrel over the key-hole of the forbidden doors. Kadiga, thinking that she is alone, turns to use the key, only perceiving her daughters as she is about to unlock the door. She starts and then scolds them for being so curious, ending by applying her own eye to the hole. Fatima now takes the key from her, and after an instant's pause puts it in the lock, which works so hard that the key is only turned by the united strength of the three.

The doors swing open to doleful music, showing as many dead wives as the space will hold, — one with a black eye, another with a bloody nose, a third with a swelled face and cut head, heads and arms without bodies in various positions, — all the figures in white shown against a black background.

At the sight Fatima swoons, Sister Anne sinks on her knees in terror, and Kadiga, shaking and chattering in the liveliest fright, staggers towards the doors, upsetting one of the wives. She falls towards Kadiga, who in replacing her knocks over another, until the united exertions of Sister Anne and Kadiga are required to hold them up while the doors can be closed, and even then one head is left unperceived sticking out between the doors. They pause for a moment and lean back to regain composure. Kadiga turns to seek the key and meets this face. Another paroxysm of fright is required before the head is replaced and the doors are locked.

Fatima now receives their attention. They raise her, and by various gentle means, including pinching, slapping, and biting of fingers, she is brought to her senses. Fatima takes the key, and, seeing blood on it, rubs it to remove it; but in vain. Each of the others tries in turn, but without success: all much alarmed. A tub of water, soap, and sand are brought. Then, rolling up sleeves and tucking up skirts, they work frantically until interrupted by the bell. Sister Anne rushes to the window, returning to announce Bluebeard. In consternation the washing things are hurried off right and left. The confusion much increased by the impatient ringing of the bell. Kadiga takes off the large key, and they endeavor to counterfeit innocent surprise as Bluebeard enters. He soon perceives something to be wrong, and demands the watch and pocket-book. They are given him, and he looks them over suspiciously. The keys have to be demanded a second time before they are produced. He misses

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the fifth key. Kadiga endeavors to convince him that there were only four. Turning suddenly, he detects Sister Anne passing the big key to Fatima. He seizes it in triumph. The wretched culprits faint together, falling after the rigid style of a row of bricks.

ACT III.—DEATH OF BLUEBEARD.

Supposed to transpire upon the roof of BLUEBEARD'S *castle. Screens of various heights covered with dark cloth are placed right and left to represent turrets rising above the walls. The lights should be dim, and dismal music proceeds from the piano as the curtain rises.**

After a short pause, to allow the scene to sufficiently depress the audience, Bluebeard appears, key in hand, leading Sister Anne, who, much loath, is persuaded across the stage and locked in a low tower. She looks over the top, and at sight of the cruel Bluebeard below gives way to convulsive sobs, burying her face in her handkerchief. Bluebeard expressing himself satisfied that she is safe, goes out to return, bearing Kadiga, limp and faint, on his shoulders. As he is unlocking the door he leans her against the wall. She suddenly revives as his back is turned and escapes. Perceiving her retreating drapery, he follows and returns with her, more limp than before. She contrives again to vanish. This time he seizes her round the waist and trots her before him, without stopping, into the tower, locking her in. Kadiga appears above the wall, and, seeing Sister Anne, gives way to damp emotions. Sister Anne, reviving, takes out a long telescope (one that opens easily), and looks out for help. Kadiga in spectacles does the same. Joy and disappointment. Bluebeard in the mean time has brought in Fatima and fastened her into a third tower. He now seats himself to sharpen his sword, pausing often to try its edge. Sister Anne again uses the telescope with better success. Both she and her mother make the most frantic gestures for help, which draw Bluebeard's attention. Stealthily creeping under the tower, he makes a cut at Kadiga's neck, but she, having watched him, dodges at the right time, and he falls headlong. The gestures of the ladies for help are now perfectly desperate, exasperating Bluebeard so greatly that he tries again to cut the dear lady short, but is interrupted by the Big Brother, who, leading the Little Brother by the hand, jumps over the wall. Bluebeard retreats in haste. The brothers release the ladies, and the family in rage start in pursuit, Kadiga first leading Sister Anne, who holds Fatima's hand, Fatima holding the Big Brother's hand, and the Little Brother tagging the line. Bluebeard in disorder crosses the back, closely followed. Again he crosses in front, the line still nearer, until as he vanishes Kadiga seizes his foot. In his struggle he drags her out a little. Fatima clasps her mother round the waist, Sister Anne Fatima, and the brothers in like manner. They tug at the foot (a dummy one) until it yields, suddenly stretching out some yards of leg and upsetting the company. They then, scrambling up as it recoils, separately continue the pursuit. Bluebeard, now much exhausted, again enters, and is brought to bay by Kadiga, who, armed with an enormous umbrella, engages him. After a desperate battle he dies. The family form a touching group around the monster as the curtain falls.

(*In acting in pantomime the greatest care should be taken to avoid profuse and unmeaning gestures. Let each motion be deliberate and emphatic, prolonging the action sufficiently for the audience to catch the meaning. A little practice before a full-length glass will be of much service.*)

J. V. F.

* The piano should accompany the pantomime throughout, ceasing only when the curtain is down.

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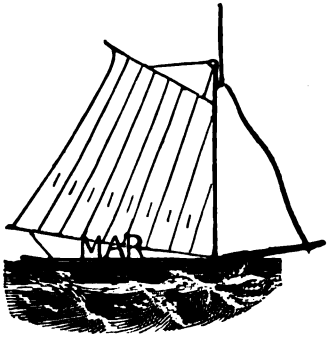
GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES.

No. 100.



Hautboy.

No. 101.

&.E.E.

WORD SQUARE.

No. 102.

1. A warehouse.
2. A language of Asia.
3. A Greek letter.
4. Not wrong.
5. To elevate with success.

L. B. H.

No. 103.

My sister's name begins the square,
Then comes a friend that 's French and fair,
A Russian gulf next yawns in sight,
A space of time completes it quite.
From left to right, from top to base,
All read the same, each in its place.

Charles Hood.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 104.

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ENIGMAS.

No. 105.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 10, 14, 5, 7 is a metal.
My 11, 9, 4, 12 is a sentiment.
My 8, 14, 7, 2, 6 is a tree.
My 8, 5, 3 is a vehicle.
My 1, 9, 13 is an animal.
My *whole* is a celebrated university.

H. I.

No. 106.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 9, 21, 11, 17, 13, 1 is required in playing base ball.
My 3, 16, 20, 10 is a fruit.
My 11, 1, 7, 14, 2, 10, 12 is used at the toilet.
My 3, 6, 19, 18, 5, 15 is a vegetable.
My 7, 4, 19 is an animal.
My 16, 8, 11 is a part of the face.
My *whole* is the name of a plant growing in North America.

Charlie R. J.

No. 107.

I am composed of 45 letters.

My 19, 44, 3, 27, 24, 6,
"Hath thrown by his helmet and cross-handled sword,
Renouncing his knighthood, denying his Lord.
My 22, 14, 28, 31, 26, 4, 41,
"An ancient timepiece says to all."
My 10, 40, 16, 42, 25,
"You dimly see her through
The glittering haze of that prodigious rain."
My 32, 43, 34, 2, 45, 1,
"Among the faithless, faithful only he."
My 13, 37, 23, 1, 10, 4,
"With gentle hand and soothing tongue,
She bore the leech's part;
And while she o'er his sick-bed hung,
He paid her with his heart."
My 39, 8, 5, 13, 37,
"White-breasted, like a star,
Fronting the dawn, he moved."
My 30, 13, 20, 2, 8, 36,
"Old Scotia's saint."
My 21, 11, 33, 38, 10, 35, 15,
"Sitt'st like empress at her sport,
Flinging thy white arms to the sea."
My 12, 17, 9, 45,
"Without hope, e'er loved the brightest fair,
But love can hope where reason would despair."
My 7, 26, 38, 6, 14, 6,
"Once had a king
But little known in story;
To bed betimes, and rising late,
Sound sleeper, without glory."
My 29, 18, 44,
"Doth to the moon complain."
My whole was the glorious utterance of one who
"Seemed
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care.
Sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention, still as night."

E. B. B.

ANSWERS.

92. Least said soonest mended. [(Least *said*) (soo nest) (men dead.)]
93. Charles Dickens.
94. Manhattanville. [(Man) (hat) (anvil.)]
95 Arkansas. [(R) (can) (saw.)]
96. Tremendous (Tree-mend-us).
97. Copal (–opal, –pal, –al, –L).
98.

H	O	P	E
O	V	A	L
P	A	I	L
E	L	L	A

99. Act always with kind intentions. [(Act *all ways, with* K *in* D) (*in* ten "tions.")]

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OUR PRIZE QUESTIONS.

But for the fact that this number of our magazine closes the volume in which our Ten Prize Questions appeared, and in which the announcement of the prizes properly belongs, we should certainly have felt compelled to postpone our decision another month. There were something like three hundred and fifty sets of answers sent in, making, in round numbers, three thousand five hundred answers to our ten questions! If the most of these had been worthless, our task would have been easy. But, along with many more well worthy of notice, there were fifty lists of answers found to possess decided merit. Out of these the prizes were to come; and, we assure you, dear Young Folks, it has cost us no little toil and anxious thought to compare them, list with list, and even answer with answer, and distinguish, not the three deserving prizes, but the forty-seven to which we must be content to make no award!

To add to the difficulty, we could not find in any one list, nor in any three lists, a perfect set of answers to all the questions. One answer would seem too brief to be satisfactory; another, too long to be concise; a third, slightly inaccurate in some particular; while a fourth, although sufficiently correct, concise, and full, would perhaps be awkwardly expressed. We were not surprised at this result. On the contrary, our wonder has constantly been that so many excellent lists of answers, and so many admirable answers to particular questions, should have been sent in.

The answers have come from all parts of the Union, from Maine to California, and from Minnesota to Texas. There was not so large a proportion from New England as we expected; and, as will be seen, New England takes but one of the prizes. There were about the same number of girls as boys among the competitors, and their contributions were, on the whole, quite as meritorious as the boys', — although it so happens that only one of the prizes, and that the third, goes to a girl.

Some of the letters which came with the answers have gratified us quite as much as the answers themselves, — perhaps more, as qualities of the heart are more winning than those of the head.

Emily Y. C——, of Malden, Mass., writes: "Although I have but little hope of obtaining a prize, I have the satisfaction of knowing that your questions have made me think."

Lizzie M. S——, Dayton, Ohio: "When I first began to study out the answers to these questions, I did not have the slightest idea that I should ever send them; but I have taken so much pleasure in them, that I have made up my mind to see if you think they are worthy of your notice."

Edward S. B——, St. Joseph, Mo.: "Whether my efforts shall be deemed worthy of a prize or not, I think the information I have got in this way will more than pay me for the time and trouble."

Annie S. P——, Athens, Pa.: "I feel that though the attempt may prove a poor one, yet the information which I have derived from careful study of these questions has been of great benefit to me, and I shall always be grateful to my dear 'Young Folks' for this good lesson."

"*Nettie*," Van Ettenville, N. Y.: "We have experimented in astronomy with apple suns and apple moons. Sometimes our apple planets have revolved round 'The Evening Lamp' (which was only a tallow candle) with beautiful precision. Such apparatus has one advantage over the more costly kind: when you get through using you can eat it. I am a farmer's daughter, nearly twelve years of age."

Eva H—— sends a list of *printed* answers all the way from Austin Co., Texas, with these pleasant words: "I set it up with Boston type, in a Boston stick, out of a Boston case, inked with a Boston roller, printed with a Boston press, and am myself, on both father's and mother's side, of Massachusetts extraction. So you see your Boston questions have received a Boston answer."

Only the want of space prevents us from making many more extracts from similar letters. But those given will suffice to show the spirit in which our prize offers have been received.

The question that "seemed very simple," but which we thought would 'occasion more blundering than all the rest," was, of course, the fourth, — and, in fact, it did. Yet the hardest question to answer was, in our judgment, the tenth. While a large number of answers to this were correct as far as they went, only five or six were at all satisfactory.

The prizes are awarded as follows: —

"For the clearest, most concise, and in all re-

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spects most satisfactory set of answers," the first prize ($25) to Holland C. Anthony, No. 115 State Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., age 16.

For the next best set, the second prize ($20) to Henry P. Howell, Painted Post, N. Y., age 14.

For the third in rank, the third prize ($15) to Annie L. Payson, Foxboro', Norfolk Co., Mass., age 15.

In making these awards we have passed over not without very great regret the answers sent in by Charles S. Gause, of Harrisburg, Pa., — the best, in many respects, but failing in the quality of conciseness. Those of Milton Brayton McKnight, of Reading, Pa., have almost equal merit, and the same defect. These two writers give capital explanations of the causes which enable us to see at times a very little of the other side of the moon.

Among others whose answers have especially interested us we may mention Francis R. Welles, of Towanda, Pa. (who gives a very ingenious answer to the tenth question); Jessie B. Cochrane, Albany, N. Y.; Amanda Smith, N. Y. City; Charles W. Stone, Templeton, Mass.; Geo. S. Underhill, Stockton, Cal.; Estelle Lewis, Fredonia, N. Y.; N. Archer Randolph, Chadd's Ford, Pa.; Jane D. Sass, Charleston, S. C; Ella Dodge, Morristown, N. J.; H. Belle Miller, Chicago, Ill.; Winfield Scott Moody, Jr., Norwalk, Conn.; F. Augusta Young, N. Y. City; Charlie H. McKee, Agricultural College, Pa.; Miss Nellie Goodwin, Rockford, Ill.; Ruth Appleton, N. Y. City; Ella S. Delano, Washington, D. C.; Stella Pratt, Centre, Ala.; Wyllys Benedict, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and all from whose letters we have quoted above. These, however, are only a few of the authors of really remarkable contributions.

We hoped to be able to print entire the three lists of answers for which the prizes are awarded. But we have already devoted so much space to this matter, that we must be content to give a single list made up from the three, with duplicate answers to the two most difficult questions.

1. What makes the draft of air in a chimney?

Ans. It is caused by the air which, made lighter by the expansive force of heat, ascends through the flue; to fill the place of this air, that surrounding rushes in, becomes heated, and ascends, thus creating the draft. — *H. C Anthony.*

2. Why do we never see but one side of the moon?

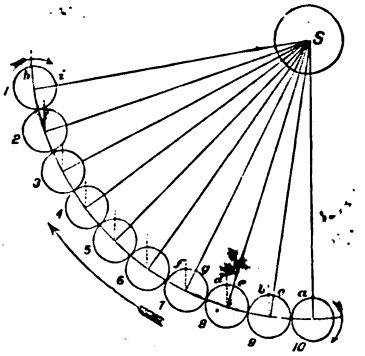
Ans. The moon, while revolving around the earth, also revolves once on her axis; therefore she always presents the same side to the earth. — *Annie L. Payson.*

3. What causes an iron basin to float?

Ans. The form of the basin is such, that, while partly immersed, it displaces a body of water the weight of which is equal to its own weight. — *H. P. Howell.*

4. How many complete revolutions on its axis does the earth make in one year?

Ans. 366. While the earth makes one revolution on its axis, it moves forward in its orbit, so that it must make the $\frac{1}{365}$ part of another revolution before it brings the same meridian to the sun. — *H. P. Howell.*



Let 10, 9, 8, &c., be successive orbital positions of the earth; S the sun. In 10 suppose it to be noon at *a*. When *a* (10) reaches *b* (9) the earth will have made one entire axial revolution, but a day will not have passed till it reaches *c*. The earth will then have had to move over the extra arc *b c* in order that one day may have elapsed. When at 1, ¼ of its orbital revolution, the earth will have made a number of ENTIRE revolutions axial, when *a* is at *h*, but that a number of ENTIRE days may have passed, it must revolve the extra quadrant *h i*. When it has completed its orbital revolution it will be found to have made one more axial than there are days in the year, or 366¼. — *H. C. Anthony.*

5. Why will a common pump raise water (by suction) only thirty-two feet?

Ans A pump works by suction because, when the piston is raised, a vacuum is formed below, into which the outside water is forced by the atmospheric pressure. Since a column of water thirty-two feet in height equals in weight one of air the whole height of the atmosphere (their transverse areas being equal), one higher cannot be sustained by atmospheric pressure. — *H. C. Anthony.*

6. What causes dew?

Ans. All bodies cooling quicker, after sunset, than the surrounding atmosphere condense the vapor in it, which is deposited upon them in small drops of water forming dew. — *Annie L. Payson.*

7. What is the Gulf Stream?

The Gulf Stream is a current of water flowing from the Gulf of Mexico through the Straits of Florida; then northeast along the coast of the

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United States Off Newfoundland it divides into two branches. One branch continues the same course, sweeps the coast of the British Isles and loses itself in the Arctic Ocean. The other flows nearly east, then curves south around the northwest coast of Africa. The water of the Gulf Stream is warmer and looks bluer than the waters of the ocean which surround it. — *H. P. Howell.*

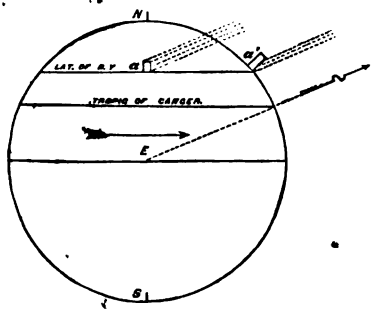
8. What makes the Rainbow?

Ans. The rays of the sun in passing into the drops of rain are separated by refraction into the colored rays of which light is composed, and these are reflected to the eye of the spectator. We can see the rainbow only when the sun is in a position to send its rays into the drops of rain in just such a direction that the angles of refraction and reflection will send them back in the right line to meet the eye. — *H. P. Howell.*

9. If you were to descend perpendicularly into the earth, say from Chicago, and pass through its entire diameter, in what region of the globe would you find yourself on coming out upon the other side?

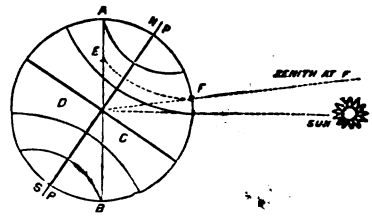
Ans. In the southern part of the Indian Ocean in the region of Kerguelen's Land. — *Annie L. Payson.*

10. Why does the sun in summer, when it is in reality south of us, as seen at noon, appear to rise in the northeast and to set in the northwest?



Ans. Let *E* be the earth. The sun in the summer solstice will be in the direction ---~~~→ The house *a*, it being sunrise there, will receive the sun's rays upon its N. and E. faces. At noon it will be at *a'*, and will be illumined only on its southern side. At sunset it will again return to *a* (on the farther side of the earth) and will be lighted on its N. and W. faces. — *H. C. Anthony.*

Owing to the inclination of the axis of the earth to the plane of the earth's orbit, the circle of illumination varies. When the sun is on the Tropic of Cancer, the circle of illumination cuts the Arctic and Antarctic Circles, as at A B in the figure, the side C being illuminated, while the side D is in shadow. As the earth turns from west to east, a



person at E will see the sun, in the morning, in the northeast. At noon, when he is at F, the sun will be south of his zenith. Passing by the sun (providing he has not changed his position) the sun will disappear at his back, or in the northwest. — *H. P. Howell.*

As we have been obliged to reduce the original diagrams in the above copies to suit our space, we will here say that, in Mr. Howell's, the line of vision from *E* to the sun should run *parallel* to the line from the centre of the earth to the sun, — that orb being at such a vast distance that it makes no perceptible angle with points the most remote from each other on our planet. It would have been well if he had indicated this, although the want is not so apparent in his drawing as in our cut. Mr. Anthony has wisely attempted to show only the *direction* of the sun, not the sun itself.

In answer to No. 2, Mr. Anthony adopts the theory held by some late astronomers, that "one hemisphere of the moon, being heavier than the other, is naturally drawn by universal gravitation towards the earth, as the nearest planet."

We should have been glad of space to show how three or four of the questions have been better answered by others than by the successful competitors. But we fear that readers not specially interested in the subject may think that it has already filled too large a space of the Letter Box; and we hasten to conclude, hoping that all our young friends who have honestly endeavored to answer these ten questions will find that they have gained something better even than the prizes they sought to win.

As we said last month, we shall during the coming year offer a variety of prizes, intended to suit all tastes and talents. One of a very novel character will be announced in the January number.

The prospects of "Our Young Folks" for 1871 are — we are most happy to say — brighter than ever. We never before had in store so many delightful novelties for all classes of readers. Sketches of natural history will be an important feature of the new volume, including stories of wild sports, and adventure with beasts, birds, and fishes. Some capital bear, panther, monkey, and shark stories have already gone to the engravers for illustration.

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Nearly every number will contain familiar talks about the Wonders of the World we live on, and the Curiosities of Science and Art, fully illustrated, and conveying the most useful information in the most entertaining way. Dialogues, acting charades, operas, pantomimes, and declamations, designed for home and school, will appear regularly throughout the year. Sketches of Travel, History, Adventure, and the Manners of Strange People, will be given, from the pens of our most interesting writers.

A series of subjects of especial interest to girls will be treated by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and others; and every number will contain something designed for YOUNGEST READERS.

"OUR YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS" — an entirely original feature, which has proved extremely popular — will be continued; and in it we shall print the best essays, sketches, poems, and short stories sent us by our young friends. C. A. Stephens, who made his first appearance in this department, will become a regular contributor to the body of the magazine, making room for others to succeed him, gain practice and skill, and be promoted in their turn.

"JACK HAZARD AND HIS FORTUNES," by J. T. Trowbridge, will begin with the January number, and be continued throughout the year; and the magazine will abound with sprightly short stories by our best writers, old and new.

E. R. C. writes again: "Please tell us whether this sentence is correct or not: 'I just let each one of them try it for themselves.'"

It is not correct. It should read, "Just let each one of them try it for himself."

P. C. asks: "Where can I learn more about the city of Pompeii?"

There have been many books, great and small written upon this interesting subject, but the latest and best with which we are acquainted is Charles Scribner & Co.'s "*Wonders of Pompeii*," which has already been noticed in these columns. It is written in a lively style, and is well illustrated. It is one of the publishers' excellent series of "Wonder Books."

IN the October number we told our young friends how they could do us a service, and at the same time help to beautify and improve the magazine, by sending us the names of new subscribers. We knew that every one could do this easily, but we did not expect that the first answer to the call would bring us twenty names! The person who sends them is a girl out in Ohio. Think of that, boys!

Of course all cannot take the time to get so many subscribers; but any boy or girl can send us on or two, or three names, with but very little trouble. Now is the time, young friends, to tell your mates about "O. Y. F." for 1871.

E. H. P., Boston. We did not answer your question of last April because we knew little about telegraphy, and were unacquainted with books on the subject. If you wish to become an operator, your best way is to walk into some telegraph-office, frankly state your object, and talk with those skilled in the profession. If coldly received in one place, try another. You will somewhere find civil and communicative operators, and they will give you far more practical information on the subject than we can.

WOODSTOCK, ILL., October 22, 1870.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

"Coraline's" letter, published in your November number, will be read with interest, I think, by all who have had any experience with "unknown correspondents"; and especially by the few of us — all those "left of one hundred" — who have had the pleasure of keeping up correspondence with "C. W. A."

As you seem willing to receive suggestions on the subject, why could not those wishing to correspond *incognito*, who live in the towns and smaller cities, have their letters directed to the proper drawer or box, using only initials, or any name whatever? You will remember that "C. W. A." adopted this plan, as I did in answering him. (But "Charlie" and I are on more intimate terms now.) Those living in the city, or wherever letters are delivered by carriers, might have them directed to the street and number, in the same way. This would be freeing "the Editors" from a task which it would be impossible for them to perform.

But, to conclude, what is the harm in using real names? It seems to me bad enough to know nothing *but* the name. If this be not a "deed of darkness," why may it not "seek the light"?

Wishing Miss "Coraline" all success in her interesting project (I should be tempted to write her myself, if I could answer to a single one of her requisites), I remain

Your interested subscriber,

H. A. T.

We have received several letters similar to the above. "*Me*" writes: "I think Coraline's idea of correspondence is excellent, and if the writers once get interested it will prove instructive as well as amusing. Why can't those who request correspondents have the first answers forwarded to the post-office of the city in which they reside, under an assumed name if they prefer it? and then they can send their real address to whichever correspondents they choose."

We leave those who like the plan to adopt either of the methods for carrying it out suggested above.

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We shall do what we can to favor it; and if it works well we engage to print from time to time the names of such persons, desiring "unknown correspondents," as shall be sent to us for the purpose. We begin this month with the following brief list (others have been received too late for insertion): —

Minnie Benton, Box 2128, New Haven, Conn.

"*Me*," New York P. O., New York City.

Freeman C. Griswold, Greenfield, Mass.

Minnie Benton, who writes us a very pretty letter, says: "Please ask 'Coraline' through the 'Letter Box' if she will correspond with me."

"*Me*," who says she can write an entertaining letter, wants for a correspondent "a boy or girl not younger than sixteen, a reader of Charles Dickens, and a resident in the United States."

It is of course understood that no reader of "Our Young Folks" will offer or accept a correspondence from any but honorable motives.

We print this month two extra holiday pictures from two charming little illustrated books soon to be issued by Fields, Osgood, & Co. The first is from Dickens's simple and affecting story of "A Child's Dream of a Star," and in it the artist has shown us the boy and his sister, who used to wonder all day long at the beauty of the flowers, at the blueness of the sky, and "at the goodness and power of God who made the lovely world."

The second picture is from the "Illustrated Winter Poems," and in it we see

"The snow-bird twittering on the beechen bough,"

as Bryant describes it in his beautiful "Winter Piece."

The pantomime of Bluebeard, in this number, will be found a capital thing for private representation, as well as very funny to read.

Willie J. B. "Can you tell me the names of some good books for holiday and birthday gifts?" Certainly. We suppose you know all of Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co's. books, and wish to learn of others. Mr. A. F. Graves, of Boston, has some excellent books, pretty outside and good inside. Of his latest books, "The Sunshine Series," "Amy Garnett," and "Joe and the Howards," are perhaps the best. These are well described in the advertising pages, to which we refer you.

Among the tempting array of new juveniles published during the year by Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co. are the two prize volumes, "Short-Comings and Long-Goings" and "Lute Falconer," together with a host of other good things for the young, particularly set forth in their announcement.

Henry A. Young & Co., of Boston, have some attractive and commendable books for young readers. We advise all to read "Mark Dunning's Enemy," a striking temperance story. "Breaking the Rules," an English school-boy story; the "Lindendale Stories" by Francis Forester; and Miss Phelps's "Gypsy Series," are good enough for parents to make a memorandum of for the coming holiday season.

The two new prize books, "Both Sides of the Street" and "Moth and Rust," beautifully illustrated and bound in gold and black, from the press of Henry Hoyt, are now ready, and make an appropriate gift to young people during the coming holidays.

Anastasia. — "I want to make my mother a Christmas present of a Sewing Machine; can you tell me which o the many now in the market is most simple and can be used for a variety of work?" There are so many good sewing machines, that we should hesitate to pronounce any one the *best* in all respects; but for simplicity and general usefulness the *Weed Family Favorite* is excellent.

H. P. P. writes from Marshall, Texas: "Will you be so kind as to inform me what is the best work on Taxidermy? I am expert in the use of a gun, and often wish to preserve the fine specimens of animals and birds I find here."

"The Naturalist's Guide," by C. J. Maynard, is the latest and probably the best work on the subject. It contains full directions for collecting, preserving, and mounting birds, mammals, and fishes, and is well illustrated. Published by Fields, Osgood, & Co.

Mary S. Case writes: "Having tried to answer the 'Traveller' question, I should like to ask another: "If a man were to travel northeast as long as that was possible, where would he come to?"

The discussion of Mr. Hale's charge to young writers "never" to use the words "commence" and "presume" has excited a good deal of interest among readers of the Letter Box. Other communications on the subject have come to us; among them one from Mr. Hale himself. We shall give it next month, together with much other interesting matter crowded out of this number by the answers to the prize questions.

Lucy Chase, of Springfield, Mass., sends answers to all our November puzzles, with but one slight mistake. Other answers have been sent in by George Valentine, Coxsackie Station, N. Y., Harry B. Clossen, Springfield, Vt., and "Guess," Whitewater, Wis.

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